abi fox

LOVE^2

YOUR LOVE LIFE
EXPANDS AS YOU DO

You were guided here for a reason.
You might not know why just yet.

But something pulled you in—a whisper from your soul, a nudge from the part of you that knows there's more.

And as you turn these pages, you'll soon realize:
My story is your story.
Because I am you.

I have walked through the same lonely nights, the same aching longings, and the same fierce unravelings. I have sat in the stillness of heartbreak, questioning everything.

I have numbed, resisted, and run from my own pain, only to find it waiting for me. I have cracked open again and again, learning that the only way through is deeper in.

And you? You are here because some part of you is ready.

Ready to stop running.
Ready to feel.
Ready to come home to yourself.

The Four Stages of Your Becoming

This book is not just a story—it is a journey back to yourself.

A roadmap through the four sacred stages of love—not the kind you seek in another, but the kind you discover within.

You'll recognize these stages because you've already lived them—in fragments, in cycles, in the quiet moments you thought no one saw.

This book is a reflection of your own becoming.
It is a mirror for the parts of you that ache to be seen.
It is an offering to the woman who is ready to feel everything—even the parts that scare her.

There will be moments when these words hit tender places. That's how you'll know you're on the right path.

Because healing is not meant to be tidy—it is meant to be sacred, messy, and beautiful.
So, take a breath. This is your journey home.
And I am walking with you. Because I am you.

LOST & LONELY


“YOUR BODY IS BETTER THAN YOUR FACE”

Lost & lonely

My first boyfriend definitely imprinted some very unhealthy beliefs onto me. I was young impressionable and very very vulnerable. I was in very stressful times at school, I felt sheltered and hindered by my parents who were overly strict with me. I sought the freedom they so easily gave my brother, but not me.

Being with a boyfriend gave me more freedom and connection I didn't have in my home or school.

It meant I pinned a lot of hopes onto my relationship and the consequences of this were ignoring the red flags, ignoring the things that didn't feel good because I didn't want to be alone.

I can't remember the context of the conversation, but I remember him saying to me that my body was better than my face. What the actual fuck?!

I felt so confused and angry, yet i also internalized it. It was too much for me to process so I buried it. Soon it became a complex about not being pretty enough, and only being wanted for my body.

I then began to compare myself to other women, leading to other women becoming a threat to me.

Lost & lonely

A seemingly insignificant comment created a whole belief system and blueprint for my life.

I felt so hurt and so betrayed. I gave to him far more than he gave to me. I over-exerted my affections trying to make him feel more for me than he actually did.

When this relationship ended, i closed my heart. I ‘had sex like a guy’ as I called it - disconnected from emotions and not getting attached.

Then, I chose relationships with safe men, who held me on a pedestal, who would never cheat on me and whom I believed would never leave.

Sadly, this was no reason to be with a man. I wasn't fulfilled. They didn't feel loved or appreciated. I didn't feel a huge attraction or passion but I had a (perceived) sense of safety.

I shut down my heart and blocked my sexual energy.

Is it any wonder I felt so disconnected and sexually surpresed? All because I had felt so hurt from my first boyfriend, with no way of processing the emotional pain. I locked it all in a box and made myself impenetrable and increasingly unfulfilled as a result.

Lost & lonely

I remember when I used to walk into the 6th form common room, weighed down with dread.

Each step felt like i was walking in quick sand. Every movement a struggle. Each step slowed down by a heaviness that just can't be shaken off. And thoughts of fuck, I'm gonna be in this forever. It really felt like hell.

How did I end up here?
How is this my life?
What did i do to deserve this? Is this normal?

I didn't feel normal. I felt like I was living someone else's life. Or maybe I just was wishing so much to be out of this hell hole that everyone else seemed to love so much. It was pain I wouldn't wish on anyone, not even the people who contributed to this pain.

I felt invisible. Unimportant. Intentionally isolated by others. Victimised at times. And I just couldn't understand why.

Yet I never told my family how I felt, because back then I didn't really understand what was happening.

Lost & lonely

I remember my 6th form tutor pulling me aside to speak to me about my lateness. I lived closer to that school than most students had to travel.
Yet i was late every day. Being late meant I didn't have to be there a second longer than I had to be.

My happiest place was at my dance class, where I felt accepted and loved, and i could express freely. I looked forward to dance all week. If only life was like my dance class. A place of real friends, music, dancing and creativity.

Little did I know, that life would one day feel like this. Back then, it was my respite from the consistent hell I felt all day at school.

When I had a boyfriend, that gave me breathing room. It gave me the chance to feel loved and connected. Yet it also gave me a temporary escape from my pain, somewhere safe to be. Which ultimately created an unhealthy dependency on my man for my happiness and safety.

Little did I know, that this period of my life shaped me for a long time, and stopped me from truly growing into a mature woman.

Lost & lonely

Deeply traumatic feelings every day stopped me from growing emotionally, it's as though i was stuck in time while everyone around me was aging and evolving.

It was as though i was lost at sea alone and unable to communicate to anyone what was really going on, drifting further and further away.

So what did i do? The only thing I knew how....

Pretend that everything is ok, that I was strong, confident and got my shit together. Then i masked it even more with controlling my food intake, binge drinking & obsessive behaviours.

It is easy to see how addictions start when you know the root cause of your pain. I got pretty good at appearing confident and hiding my vulnerabilties. Yet what i needed most was love and support.

It was all backwards. What I needed was to take myself out of situations, places and people where I didn't feel loved. What I needed was to stop pretending, and start getting real with myself about what I needed and find where those needs could be met.

When I did this, I was able to cultivate more authentic real connections. That's when life really began.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAY ANYWHERE YOU DON'T FEEL LOVED

LOST & LONELY

EXOREXIA

A disordered eating pattern triggered by emotional pain after a breakup, where unhealthy food behaviours are used to cope with feelings of loneliness, abandonment, and grief.

Lost & lonely

I was the girl who always had a boyfriend. When one relationship ended, I usually jumped straight into someone else's bed or arms, depending on the connection.

As I reflect on those days, I can see that it all stemmed from a deep fear of being alone. I truly believed I couldn't be alone because it was too painful. Without a partner, I felt like I had no one. It probably wasn't true, but that's how it felt.

I needed the stability, support, and safety I thought a man provided. In the polarity teachings of tantra, this sense of safety and support represents masculine energy, which is not only found in men but in women as well. I had no connection to my inner masculine because, even at 20 years old, I felt like a little girl who couldn't find her way in the world.

Breakups had a significant impact on my eating behaviors. My disordered eating worsened at university after my 2.5-year relationship ended.

Have you ever been so upset after a breakup that it consumed your entire body? Did you struggle to feel joy? Did you fear you could be stuck in this depth of grief and sadness forever?

Lost & lonely

My exorexia began because I was so deeply afraid of being alone. I couldn't sit with myself; I hated who I was when I was alone.

Boyfriends became distractions from my pain. They showed me the love I didn't feel inside. So, when a breakup happened, all that pain and deep grief erupted like lava from a volcano. I was completely overwhelmed. I self-soothed through food.

I fell into anorexic behavior. I hardly ate. A typical day would look like a bowl of Special K for breakfast, another bowl for lunch, then two large cookies from the Tesco bakery before going out drinking with friends in the evening.

I don't know how I got through the days.
I kept losing weight. When I drove home to Leeds on weekends, my mum would gasp in horror at how ill I looked. My face was grey, gaunt, devoid of life. My body grew skinnier and skinnier.

I ended up taking antidepressants, seeing a counselor, and eventually confided in a friend I trusted, which helped pull me out of the downward spiral.

The hard truth was that I was profoundly lonely and felt incredibly misunderstood and unimportant—things I couldn't admit to myself back then.

Lost & lonely

I felt so much shame about my lack of a solid female friendship group and longed for a sense of acceptance and belonging. The emotional weight of my shame triggered my need to control my external world.

I self-soothed through food, focusing on anything but my own thoughts and feelings. I felt so worthless that I treated myself and my body abusively, starving myself of food and real love.

In later breakups, I swung between overeating and undereating. I went from 8 stone to 10 stone in just a few years. My weight yo-yoed, and my body seemed to scream,

"What the hell are you doing? I'm trying to support you, but you're ignoring me. I'm trying to tell you what I need, and you're acting like I don't exist."

I had chronic digestive problems, insomnia, hair started falling out. I was constantly in and out of doctors who couldn't find anything wrong, nutritionist would guide me with my diet. But until I healed my emotional pain, found the antidote to loneliness, nothing would change.

Suppressed emotions and stress I believe to be a big factor in causing disease in the body. I had a big health journey ahead of me as I sought to heal emotionally and physically.

Lost & lonely

Lost & lonely

When I went to university at 18, I felt like a 12-year-old—so unprepared for adult life. I was studying something I had zero interest in, and I felt like a dummy compared to the others in my class. Once again, I struggled to make solid female friendships and ended up with mostly male friends.

That familiar sinking feeling I had in school was looming over me—I didn't belong here.

Yet, I went to parties, had fun with friends, played games with the guys, but I still felt lonely and separate from everyone. I couldn't understand it. I was so confused. I was surrounded by people, but I felt like shit all the time.

Would anyone notice if I wasn't here? Who would call me if I went missing? Who actually wants me around?

When it came time to look for a house to share with friends, I didn't have anyone. People did try to support me, but I didn't have that solid group of friends where living together was a no-brainer. I constantly felt alone, disliked and unwelcome.

Friends from uni have told me in recent years that I seemed so confident, and they couldn't believe that underneath I was so lonely and unhappy.

Lost & Lonely

Eccedentesiast:

someone who hides their pain behind a smile

Lost & Lonely

I was an Eccedentesiast—someone who hides their pain behind a smile.

I pretended that all was well. I soldiered on, as I had been taught to do. There was no space for emotions—you just had to get on with it. So, I did. But it came at a terrible cost to my well-being—physically, emotionally, mentally, and spiritually. I was terribly disconnected from my body.

Do you remember that episode of Friends in Season 10, where Monica and Chandler lock the others out of the apartment, and they appear in the door like floating heads?

I was like a floating head—living from the torture of my mind, disconnected from my body. A floating head with a fake smile.

I thought I was doing the right thing by acting like everything was okay. I know now I did myself a great disservice by not continuing with that counselor and getting ongoing support for my mental health. I needed someone I could trust to open up to. The fake smile created a decade of PTSD. I suffered so deeply in my teens and early twenties.

Honestly, I don't know how I made it through that decade.

TURNING POINT

Lost & lonely

One of the turning points of my lost and lonely phase was committing to my growth. I had hit rock bottom. The only way was up, even if it felt like a fucking long way.

When you choose you, the opportunities come into your life. I made a decision after an all nighter where I skived work the next day, that I was worth more than the life I was living. I've never looked back.

One man who helped me turn my life around was Dr Ro - my first mentor in 2013 and one of the most inspirational men I've ever known His coaching weekends gave me a sense of belonging. I felt accepted and loved for all of me.

I was given permission to be myself. I could cry, be angry, be loud and dance like a wally - there was no judgement, only love and acceptance.

A totally new experience for me. Yet it opened me up to actually believing that I could figure out who I was, why I am here and have the loving relationship I deeply desired.

One month after doing Dr Ro's Transform Your Relationships weekend, I met the man that would become my husband. And he was one of the most important men I would ever meet.

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OPENING TO LOVE

Opening to Love

Having lived a lifetime of loneliness, it's no surprise that when love came knocking, I was ready. Or I thought I was.

When I met "Baloo" I was smitten. I had never met anyone like him. He was living an incredible life of freedom in Ibiza, and freedom from the corporate city life was exactly what I was seeking.

We connected instantly. We talked, danced, and kissed all night. It felt like magic. He was also drunk, and I was sober, so I wanted to make sure we could hang out when we were both on the same page. Just to make sure!

From our first date to the endless trips up and down to London, where he was living for the winter, we were inseparable.

Hours of talking on the phone, messaging, and romantic little trips to see each other at every possible moment. He would surprise me with flowers, take me to experiences like Cirque du Soleil and Dinner in the Dark, and we would lay together for ages, just staring into each other's eyes.

It was like nothing I'd ever felt before.

Opening to Love

My life became all about him and us. Life didn't feel right when I wasn't with him. I felt complete.

Every time I went to see him in London, my heart would wrench and ache when I had to get the DLR to King's Cross, then jump on the train back to Leeds.

One moment, he was standing there, holding me, running his fingers through my curly hair, looking deep into my green almond-shaped eyes. In that moment, I expressed the truth of my being.

"You're the one I've been waiting for."
To which he replied,
"You're the one I've been looking for."

It was one of the most romantic moments of my life. I remember telling my mentor at the time, and it gave her goosebumps. I had consciously put my attention on attracting a partner in the previous few months.

He also matched the vision I wrote down at the Dr Ro event literally word for word. I knew what I wanted, and within a month he appeared.

Opening to Love

I felt happy, loved, and was experiencing life in a way I never had before. Being with him felt like anything was possible. It felt like we were the only two people in the world when we were together.

I felt like my prayers had been answered.
It did feel like magic! My housemate at the time was so inspired, saying we had “movie love.”

I was happy. I felt safe. I felt complete.
Finally I felt the love I had been craving for my whole life.

What a dangerous, wicked game to play.

Indeed, the fairytale I was living would become, as my good friend Gina said, a hell hole.

GERONIMO

A high-stakes leap of faith or a bold decision to dive into the unknown, where the outcome is uncertain and the risks are great. Often driven by great hope or desire, the possibility is either a thrilling success or a painful fall.

Opening to Love

Looking back, that was my Geronimo moment. A Geronimo is a death dive act where a circus performer jumps from a great height into an impossibly small cup of water.

There I was, at a great height in my life, with things finally beginning to go right, choosing to dive into Baloo's arms and our love bubble—only to disappear completely.

Wow—I've been waiting for you! Finally, you're here!

My fairytale man had come to rescue me from the misery I was suffering. My inner princess believed her savior had found her, and all would be well.

See what I mean? That's some heavy eggs to carry in a fairly flimsy basket.

I placed too much emphasis on my relationship. It became my everything. Nothing else felt as important now that I had met him.

You could say I created space to pour energy into our relationship to nurture it and allow it to grow.

Opening to love

On the other hand, you could also say I abandoned everything else in my life to make sure this relationship worked—and that he wouldn't abandon me.

I didn't know it at the time, but this was a deep deep belief I was holding, and I was terrified of it coming true.

We were in love. I can't deny that. Yet, looking back, there was so much happening deep beneath the surface in that tiny cup of water I dove into, steering and directing our relationship without either of us knowing.

To be waiting for someone the way I was, was a disaster waiting to happen. I had so much pinned on this relationship.

The mentality of "I am finally happy because of this relationship" meant that, as soon as I wasn't happy, as soon as things weren't going smoothly, I blamed him.

I took no responsibility for my life and placed insurmountable expectations on him. It wasn't fair.

It was heavy, and it was one of the factors that contributed to the crashing down of my fairytale love into a very harsh reality.

“IT’S WHAT YOU DO WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE”

Opening to Love

One winter, we went to Tulum because his work took him there to produce events. (Yeah, sounds cool, right?) Yet for me, it meant disrupting my routine, stepping out of my rhythm, and putting his work ahead of my own.

"Let's go to Tulum and then travel around Guatemala together this winter!" it sounded like an adventure.

But part of me didn't want it. As exciting as it sounded, I knew it meant adapting myself to his lifestyle.
I needed structure, routine, and space to focus on growing my coaching business, which, at the time, I poured more energy into than my cooking business.

For my creativity to flow, I need stability. When I travel, my sensitive nervous system takes time to adjust to a new place, find my rhythm, and settle into flow. But back then, I didn't have that level of awareness. I just felt a subtle niggle—something wasn't quite right, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

I remember saying, "This is his time. I'm willing to sacrifice focusing on my business so he can focus on his. It's what you do when you love someone."

This translates to:

‘YOUR NEEDS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN MINE’

Opening to love

One small sentence. One big meaning.
Blaming love became my excuse, my get-out-of-jail-free card. It let me avoid focusing fully on myself and giving myself what I truly desired. I desired freedom, stability, and independence. I wanted to feel proud of myself, alive, and in my creative flow. I wanted to work in love, sex & relationships.

Instead, I felt trapped, in a self-made prison, watching him live freely while I stayed in my own suffering.

Love means so many things to different people. But don't make the mistake I did by using it as an excuse to abandon your dreams and passions. You'll be doing love, and yourself, a disservice. I butchered something pure and sacred by using love as a scapegoat for my perceived failures.

Hello, resentment and blame.

What you do for love can have many meanings.
If you're sacrificing your own needs and desires because "that's just what you do when you love someone," it can end up causing you to unintentionally project blame onto your partner.

Blame breeds resentment, which blocks true connection and intimacy.

Opening to Love

Loving someone shouldn't mean abandoning yourself.

Self-abandonment is one of the loneliest places to be.

Let love guide you to greater fullness, inspiration, and growth. The lovebirds who are meant to stay together will grow together.

And those who aren't will fly free to become who they're meant to be—and attract their true mate from a place of authentic expression.

B**ut here's the real question:**
Are you willing to put your own needs first, even if it means disrupting the status quo?
Can you love deeply while honoring yourself, your passions, and your path?

Divine love doesn't require sacrifice. It requires two people—whole, aligned, and free to be their most authentic selves.

Are you ready to step into your full power, are you ready to let go of the victim, the one who fears being alone or being abandoned?
Are you ready to allow love to transform you from the inside out?


MY INTUITION TOLD ME

Opening to love

This was on my wedding day in 2018.
This picture sums up that version of me perfectly.

Completely divided.
Two parts of me living in one body

One part of me - my intuition, my higher self, knew deep down, before the wedding that he couldn't give me what I needed. I even called a friend 3 months before telling him my doubts. I was questioning cancelling the wedding. I KNEW!

But I didnt listen. I convinced myself things would change and he was the man for me.

The other part of me, the one living from fear and unhealed trauma, believed so fully in their love.

She was so in love with his potential, and so desperately wanted to believe it could work. Because so much was riding on it.

If it didn't, she had to face all of the pain of a breakup, a major life change & navigating an expensive life in Ibiza alone with all its associated fears.

And being single again silently questioning,
Will anyone else love me?

Opening to love

Staying with someone for fear of being alone is tragic.
For both of you. And incredibly unfair.
Sadly, it is what I did.

Yes there was love there. We shared a great love once.
But it changed. I changed. I realised my needs weren't being met. Instead of leaving, i tried to change him, I tried to fix something that couldn't be fixed.

And I drained myself energetically as a result.
I had to work really hard to reclaim my sxxual energy, my creativity & physical fitness.

Staying in this sxxless marriage not only was tough on my sxx drive, but it affected everything else too.

My self worth plummeted. My self love was non existent.
I lost myself completely.

NOBODY, no relationship, is more important than you and the relationship you have with yourself.

You come first, always.
If your relationship is feeling rocky, focus on healing yourself. Come back to your joy, your pleasures and your independence.

When you are feeling full in who you are, that energy ripples into your relationship.

‘WHERE DID THE PASSION GO?’

Opening to Love

"Wow, you are my inspiration."
"You have movie love."
"You two together are so magical."
"You're perfect for one another."
"What a stunning couple."

We used to hear this **all the time.**

In Ibiza, I was constantly tagged in Facebook groups when photographers needed an in love couple for their portfolio. So why didn't it feel like that anymore? It looked good. But the feeling had gone sour—like rotting fruit left too long in a bowl.

It was confusing.

How could something so good and so magical become so frustrating and unfulfilling?

How could all that desire and passion vanish?

At the beginning, we had sex twice a day like rabbits. Now? Months would go by without touching each other.

We used to be the couple people admired... and then, I was having affairs—not with people, but with parties, friendships, music. Anything that made me feel alive.

Opening to Love

I even flew to Bali for six weeks just to reconnect with myself and my sensuality. I had lost myself. I craved connection. I craved aliveness.

Deep down I knew what I needed, but I lacked the courage to let him go.

I kept pouring my energy into fixing us.
I was committed to mine and our growth. But when cracks started appearing in our relationship, I abandoned my own desires and threw everything into us. This was where I went wrong.

Fear was running me. I was living on a bed of unhealed trauma, which was unconsciously making all the decisions.

I was terrified the relationship would end, so I tried to fix it. I lost myself completely.

I put my dreams on hold—learning to DJ, doing tantra teacher trainings, ISTA, and other powerful experiences —because I feared they would pull us apart.

Deep down, I KNEW following my true calling would be the end of us, as we had become 2 very different people.

Opening to Love

In abandoning myself, I also found myself again.

This taught me the most important truth about intimacy: To create an authentic relationship, you must stay true to yourself every step of the way.

It seems obvious right?
But back then, I was trapped in my shadows and couldn't see the truth. There has to be a balance of energy. I was pouring everything into us. He wasn't.

He also wasn't the type of man I really wanted to be with anymore, but my fear of being alone drove me to try to change him, instead of loving him as he was & letting him go.

He wasn't available for what I wanted and needed.
At some point, I had to stop pouring my energy into something broken—
And start pouring it into myself.

Because here's the truth:
Your growth and your needs are your highest priority.
Never abandon them for a relationship.
If it's meant to be, it will grow naturally.

But only if you stay true to yourself first.

THE LAST WORDS YOU EVER WANT TO HEAR FROM THE MAN YOU LOVE

Opening to Love

One September evening, I was spending a night at home with Netflix and accidentally stumbled across something that made my heart stop.

There had been a big elephant in our bedroom for quite some time. Everytime I mentioned the elephant, he either got defensive or went completely silent. The more I tried to talk, the more he tried to avoid the conversation.

Yet it seemed he was having conversations with other people about it. I was watching Netflix on his laptop when I saw a whatsapp message pop up with a first line that caused my insides to knot in sheer horror.

Shit. What do I do? I am torn between wanting to respect his privacy and the need to finally hear his perspective on the elephant in the bedroom.

I read the first line,
“I no longer desire you”

Well isn’t this fuckin’ fabulous. Just what every wife wants to read a year into their marriage.

Opening to love

I was so convinced that our lack of intimacy could be worked on if he only worked on himself. If we went to couples therapy or saw a tantra coach. But if this was where he was at, perhaps it's gone past the point of no return and it's too late for us.

Intimacy can be rekindled, desire reignited. I still believe this. I also believe that if you truly love one another and are committed to your growth, then so much is possible. Yet it only works if you're both willing to work on yourselves as individuals.

I couldn't help but wonder, if it's got to this stage without talking to me about it or working on his own growth / sexuality, then shit, are we doomed? Is this it? Is my whole fairytale future crumbling before my eyes?

Are we so out of alignment in how we live and what we value that we can't find our way back to what we once had?

I was flooded with emotions. I didn't know what to do, what to think, or how to move on.

I was devastated. And I started to see the reality of our relationship more clearly.

THE MOMENT I CHOSE LOVE, EVERYTHING CHANGED

Opening to Love

For the record - i didn't read the whole message. I couldn't bring myself to read it. Nor could I invade his privacy in something that was clearly so hard for him to express to me.

Just 5 words allowed my deepest concerns to occupy my reality with as much weight as a dead whale at the bottom of the ocean.

Could there be much soul shattering words from the person you love telling you they no longer desire you?! Instead of staying angry at him & drowning in waves of sadness, I chose compassion.

It took all my strength and devotion. What must he be going through to be feeling all of this and not be able to talk to me?

He must also be feeling the weight of a dead whale in his stomach. In this moment, I let my fears go and anchored into faith and love.

I chose to stop making this about me. I allowed my heart to fill and expand with all the love I could feel. I intentionally sent him love.

Opening to love

A couple of hours later, he came home. I woke up when I heard him come into the room. The elephant had left for now, the tension disappeared.

After feelling so alone and disconnected in our relationship, something magical happened. He showed me so much love. His heart was beaming. It was so tangible i could almost grab it!

He expressed his love and warmth so openly with me - I could feel him out of the fear in his head & back in his heart. Here's the magic of energy, here is how powerful we are as human beings - he FELT me send him love.

In the moment I sent him love, he received it, he could feel me. He was out with mates, and he said I came to him with warmth, compassion and love.

The uncomfortable truth melted away for a moment as we reconnected to what brought us together in the first place.

I knew at that moment I had made the right decision not to read his message. I wanted him to communicate with me in his own way, in his own time.

I truly believe this activated the Priestess within me.

Opening to Love

A priestess is here to serve & initiate.
She creates ritual and is here to serve by raising collective consciousness, anchor the frequency of the divine feminine and restore balance on this planet

This was the difference between mothering him and trusting him, between control and surrender.

Between my Princess and my Priestess.
Princesses blame, complain, and expect.
Priestesses love, devote, and initiate.

The pain of feeling undesired in my marriage was excruciating. It lasted far longer than I cared to admit.

Yet, it initiated me into my soul's work. I had to go through such deep pain and starvation of love & intimacy to step into my sacred work.

It was the greatet training I could have gone through.

It awakened my Tantric Priestess and allowed me to step fully into my calling—to guide others on the path of sacred sexuality.

✨ Pain is a gateway to pleasure. ✨

Opening to love

When I look back on the time in my life I do not recognise the woman I was. I would NEVER stay in a relationship now if it felt like this did back then.

When we separated, I initiated a decoupling ceremony for us to end our relationship consciously, with love and respect. We couldn't have it any other way. Despite all that happened, we loved each other, we just weren't in love anymore.

Part of this ceremony was sharing the things were angry or frustrated by - a chance to express the things we never did, so we didn't hold onto them anymore.

My list of 'grievances' to him was LONG. There was so much anger there, so much that had been built up over 8 years that I didn't process. Rather than being alchemised for my growth, It just became the story of our relationship,

Don't make your next pay for your ex ;-)
It is your responsiblity to face and let go of all of those things that caused you pain. Or you'll just carry that pain into your next relationship and repeat the same patterns again and again, living the same old story.

In the midst of heartbreak, I had to take agood look in the mirror at who I had been and take responsibility for my actions. There was to be no more blaming him.

Opening to Love

I blamed him for a lot. At the time, it felt justified. But here's the thing - I STAYED! I allowed it to continue. I wasn't happy and yet I still stayed. That was on ME.

It was clear that now was the time for me to stop being a victim, and start to see what role I had in creating this reality.

When I came to the forgiveness part of the de-coupling ceremony, I couldn't forgive him for the lack of desire, sex and intimacy. I just couldn't fogive him.

Fast foward 3.5 years later, not only do I reflect back on how there was nothing to forgive, but the feeling of gratitude in my heart is stunningly beautiful.

I am grateful for every single second of our marriage and everything that happened. It taught me so much. It transformed me in a way that only pain can.

This is true transformation.

It takes courage to face your challenges head on. to stand unwavering in your truth, to meet your fears with fierce love, and to reclaim the power that has always been yours. Now, the real work begins: to embody this strength, to rewrite the story in your bones, and to rise

Unshakeable, Fierce, Free

V

VULNERABILITY & HEALING

Vulnerability & Healing

We live in a world with social norms of drinking and eating to de-stress or watching porn to get turned on.

I remember turning to binge drinking after break ups as it was the only way i could handle the emotions and fears of reverting back to life alone without a boyfriend. I have so much compassion for that version of me.

I remember in my 20s when I felt very sexually unfulfilled during relationships, and was suppressing my desires to be more free and explore with women & in groups, I used to watch porn to get that fix.

In a very hot & sticky summer of 2021, as I began to accept that my marriage was ending, I also accepted that feeling the pain of this break up was inevitable.

Having done a lot of deep inner work to connect back to my body to feel sexually alive again and be able to feel my emotions, there was no going back to old ways of escapism.

During my marriage my disordered eating got worse. I had to turn to food for pleasure because I wasn't getting any from him and I had no consistent self pleasure practice. Food was also a way to not feel all the anger at him for not 'showing up' or the sadness in my heart at what our relationship had become.

VULNERABILITY & HEALING

I had become a proper secret shameful eater. And this literally ate me up inside. I had chronic health problems because I was ignoring all of my emotions. Emotions are just energy in motion, and when they are ignored, they create energetic blockages in the system, that show up as headaches, gas, bloating, physical pain, fatigue, UTIs, thrush, you name it.

Yet, over time, I slowly got on top of it. The more I felt my emotions, the more I didn't need to go to the cupboard late at night to sneak a bowl of granola or a spoon of almond butter without anyone seeing.

This wasn't my way anymore. Escapism was not an option for me. I had developed such a strong self awareness so I knew the only way was to actually be present with how I was feeling and to face all of the fears i had ignored and put in a box for so long.

It takes courage to really look at yourself, to get intimate with yourself, to acknowledge how you really feel beneath the confident mask you've so easily worn all these years.

The fact is it is easier to escape.

VULNERABILITY & HEALING

NUMBING WAS EASY.
FEELING WAS
TERRIFYING.
BUT IT SET ME FREE.

Vulnerability & healing

It is easier to spend hours watching netflix instead of journaling all of your negative thoughts. It is easier to go out drinking for the night rather than feeling the pain in your heart.

It is easier to go out and have meaningless sex with strangers than you actually open your heart to someone you care about. It is easier to lose hours scrolling on Vinted & Amazon, anything to avoid actually being present with yourself.

Just because it's easier, doesn't mean it is right.

Isn't the life, the love & the adventures you want for yourself worth the adjustment of priorities? If you knew you couldn't fail, what would you do? If you knew you were worthy of love, how would you show up in your relationships?

Back then, if I knew I was worthy of love, I would have left my marriage years earlier. I would never have accepted a sexless marriage where I felt undesired and under appreciated. I know he would have left earlier too if he believed in his worth.

When the break up process started, I knew I was worthy of more. I knew this was happening for me, even though it was pain like I had never encountered.

VULNERABILITY & HEALING

YOUR SUPPORT TEAM IS ESSENTIAL TO YOU MOVING THROUGH YOUR PAIN WITH SAFETY AND MORE EASE.

Vulnerability & healing

I knew i couldn't handle the pain of this break-up on my own. I invested in hypnotherapy, breathwork sessions, energetic clearings, womb healings, tantric massages, various types of bodywork, psychic readings. You name it, I probably explored it.

Your support team is essential to you moving through your pain with safety and more ease. You are never alone. Yet going through the gut wrenching pain of a heartbreak, as well as the crashing down of your fairytale future, and facing some of your deepest fears, it feels like you are alone.

Suddenly, after so many years of receiving this person's energy, there is nothing. There is a big void. Often it isn't the person you miss, it is the energy you were receiving from them that was filling a hole. This is why it is essential you do not abandon yourself or fill yourself up with alcohol, drugs, food or whatever your choice is to feel full.

The key is to feel held in this feeling of emptiness. To let yourself feel this void and learn what you need to feel whole without anyone else.

The friendships I had around me during this time were life savers. I could express my feelings, cry on their shoulders, speak out my fears and be in my pain around them.

Vulnerability & Healing

One day I asked my close female friends for emotional support; I invited 8 sisters to my house. I laid in the centre of the circle and allowed myself to receive their love, touch and support. They asked me what I needed and I remember crying out in pain, “Baloo”.

As though witnessing myself from above, I knew this wasn’t what I truly needed, but the wounded part of me believed it.

As I tapped into my pain body, all I wanted was my ex partner. I felt utterly broken and incomplete, I didn’t believe I could live my life without him.

My body felt tight and all I wanted was to curl in a ball and hide from the depth of this pain. Yet in this holding from my wonderful sisters, I could feel all of it - knowing I was safe to feel it, knowing it was emotion needing to move through me, knowing that in order for me to move on, I couldn’t store this energy in my body anymore. I would not be a victim to this.

Their hands were placed on my womb, my heart, my feet and my head. I was held like a baby in a womb, being given life support through my struggles and suffering. I was being witnessed in my rawest expression. **Feeling my pain somehow felt safe.**

Vulnerability & Healing

Expressing it all was deeply vulnerable yet safe. I felt so immensely grateful for these women would all come to be there wholeheartedly for me and let me feel so loved. I needed to feel love because I was lacking in self love, and that is what this man taught me.

I learned how to truly love myself without needing anything from anyone else .

I filled the void with love instead of alcohol and drugs like I once did before, because that was the most loving thing I could do for myself.

I promised myself one man would not ruin me.

I would not be a victim to one man. I am worth more than that. I had to dig deep and find my courage.

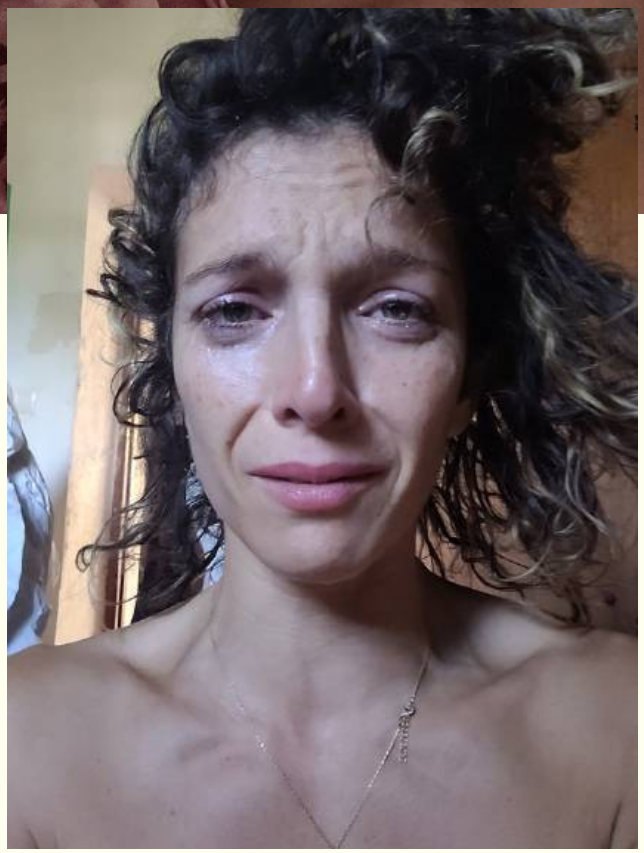
That meant asking for help, letting friends know that I wasn't ok, and allowing myself to be in the pain.

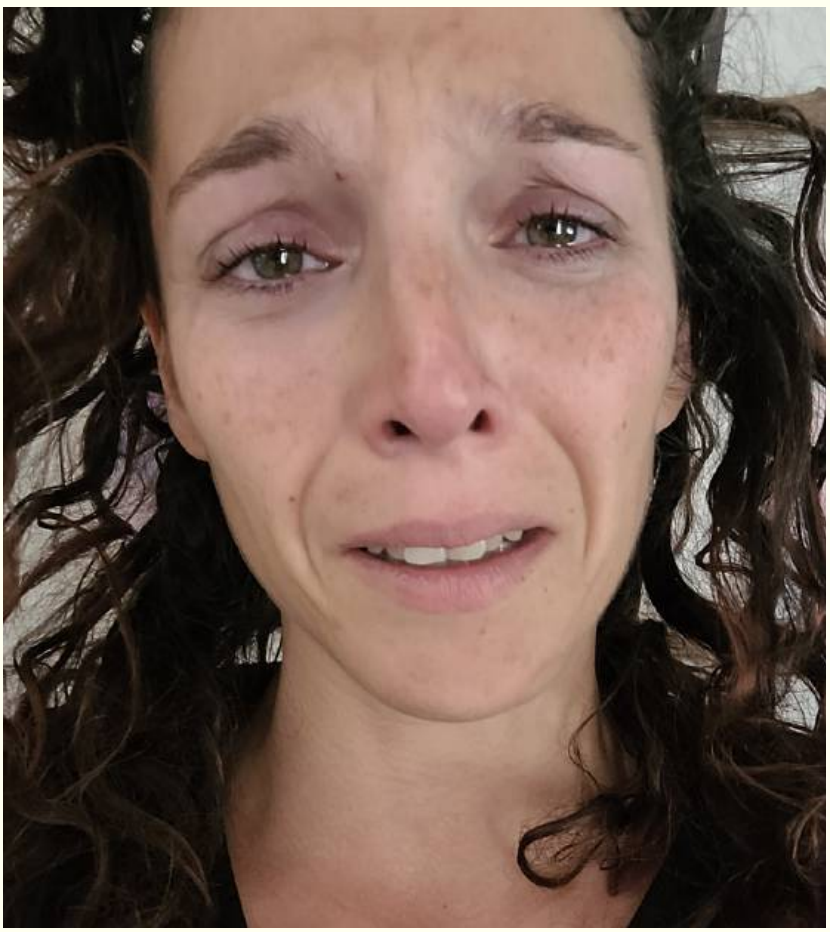
My wise warrior woman stepped up in the battle of heartbreak to protect me and guide me to victory.

Pain doesn't break you—resisting it does. When you let yourself be held, when you allow love in, you don't just survive heartbreak—you rise from it.

And you'll never be the same woman again.

Vulnerability & Healing





Vulnerability & Healing

I didn't realise how uncomfortable I was in my body until I began my embodiment & sexuality trainings, delved deeper into tantra, and worked with my mentor. Before this, I just thought what I experienced was normal.

Digestive issues, bloating, gas & cramps.
Insomnia, panic attacks, depression.
Chronic fatigue, yo-yo diets & weight fluctuations.
Aches and pains all the time.
Neck pain that would leave me unable to hold my head up for days.
Constant UTIs, thrush, bladder infections that landed me in the hospital on a drip.

There was always something wrong with me. At least, that's how it felt. It was utterly depressing. I felt trapped in my own body, unable to escape the cycle of discomfort and illness.

I wanted to feel strong. To lift weights, to dance like a crazy person without getting whiplash, to go on long hikes without pain. I hated my body. I was angry at her for always having problems, for constantly restricting me from living freely. I was frustrated, resentful, and exhausted.

The truth was, I had been numbing out. And I knew it.

Vulnerability & Healing

I knew I was turning to food, work, and relationships to avoid feeling, to avoid connecting with myself. But even though I tried to fill the void, I still felt disconnected, ashamed. It was a vicious cycle. I knew what I needed to do, so why wasn't I doing it?

I didn't know how to sit with myself. To be present in my body. To feel my feelings without running away from them. To practice self-love rituals and truly listen to my own needs.

Then, in one of my trainings, I was guided into a deeper conversation with my body. The exercise was simple: What if my body were a person with feelings? What would she say? What did she need?

It was profound. For the first time, I realized I could stop fighting with her. I could stop resisting my body and start listening. She had been trying to communicate with me all along. And I had ignored her.

Imagine fighting with someone every day! Eventually, you wouldn't want to spend time with that person, right?

That's what I had done with my body—I ran away from her. I avoided stillness, self-care, and connection, choosing instead to numb out.

Vulnerability & Healing

But when I realized that I had been at war with myself, it hit me: Sadness, relief, and clarity flooded me all at once.How could I expect to feel healthy while constantly attacking myself? I had been battling myself on an emotional and physical level, and my body had responded by turning against me.

It made so much sense now. I had a weakened immune system. I was always getting sick and took ages to recover.

When you are in a constant state of self-attack—through stress, shame, or unresolved emotions—your nervous system stays in fight-or-flight mode. This weakens your immune system, and over time, it can even cause your body to attack itself, mirroring the inner battle.

Since I started cultivating peace within myself, my health has improved tremendously. But it wasn't a quick fix. It took time, tools, and dedication.

The game changed when I stopped resisting the pain. I learned to feel it, allow it, and express it. I embraced it as part of the journey. I learned tools and practices to help me process emotions and return to stillness without the need to escape.

Vulnerability & Healing

To heal, we must first be willing to feel. Vulnerability is the pathway to transformation. Healing isn't about forgetting the pain—it's about allowing it to teach us.

It's about learning to live with it, to find strength in it, and to use it as fuel for growth.

If you truly want divine love, deep intimacy, and mind-blowing sex, it comes at the cost of your own transformationand your willingness to own your power. This means facing your emotions, releasing shame, and stepping into your truth.

You are strong enough to face anything.

And through it all, you can find an unshakeable self-worth, holding yourself with unwavering compassion, kindness, and love—no matter the challenge you're facing.

Healing starts within. It's about learning to sit with yourself, trusting your body, and loving the parts of you that you once resisted. If you're ready to begin your own healing journey, embrace the discomfort.

Sit with it. Listen. And let it transform you.

HEARTBREAK IS ONE OF THE MOST TRANSFORMATIONAL EXPERIENCES YOU CAN HAVE

Vulnerability & healing

I convinced myself this relationship would work because failing and being alone was not an option. I was too scared to be alone and go back to the never ending pain and loneliness that my life used to be. I believed that nobody else would love me, so I had to stay and make this work, even though I felt unloved and undesired by staying with him. *What a conundrum I was in!*

My nervous system did not have capacity to face being alone. I did everything possible not to be in my body. I hardly exercised, I binge ate, emotionally ate, watched endless TV series or worked from my laptop or cooking in the kitchen.

Building somatic and nervous system capacity means being able to be with what we are feeling. Until I was prepared to feel what I was feeling, I was stuck.

Gradually over time, I built it up. Breathwork, meditation and various emodiment practices were essential for me.

And remember, you only get what you are ready to handle. We probably should have ended 4 years earlier but we weren't ready. I certainly wasn't. I had to go through it all the way I did. I had to experience the sexless marriage, the chronic health problems, burn out, sexual blocks, emotionally eating, all of it.

I was ready when I was ready.

Vulnerability & healing

It was a huge plaster to pull off. But pulling it off too soon would have been more harmful, as it would have opened up wounds I wasn't ready or able to heal. The break up signified I was ready to take off that plaster, let go of all that pain and start to heal. It was a real gift.

This descent into my underworld catalysed a transformational and liberating return to my light, resilience & strength.

It was pain like I'd never experienced. I remember seeing him packing all of his stuff from our house, feeling completely shattered inside.

It was as though a bomb had gone off in my life and the future I'd been envisioning had gone.

My whole belief system shattered too. What I thought I knew about love disappeared.

I didn't just have to piece together my broken heart, I had to rebuild my entire world in a new reality I never even knew could exist.

The grief was incomprehensibly enormous and seemingly never ending.

Vulnerability & Healing

The first few weeks were the hardest of my life. I had 10 retreats to cook for in 13 weeks. I was non stop busy which was a blessing in a way, but I was running on empty. I had the support of some incredible friends who I could cry with, be physically held by, laugh with, go dancing with and just be in their company in whatever emotional state I was in. I was completely loved and held in my pain.

In time, there was relief. I always accepted the break up. I knew it was the right decision. It was actually me that said to end it, after being in a mushroom ceremony together at home, and the plant told me, *'He is never going to desire you or meet your needs'*.

I sobbed and sobbed during that ceremony. It was the most excruciating realisation but a liberating one too.

As time passed, I rode the waves of grief. I committed to my fitness and this was pure medicine as it allowed all this emotion to MOVE!

So much anger was coming out. Anger at him, at myself, at how long I let it go on for led me to walk through the woods near my house screaming, raging in fact.

I felt like a dragon breathing fire.
I would have loved to witness me in this moment!

Vulnerability & healing

Anger was something I was afraid of within myself. I had so much unexpressed anger and resentment that I was actually afraid of what would happen if I let it out.

The funny thing happened when I got more intimate with my anger. I felt more peaceful and if you can believe it more powerful.

It was as though the anger took up so much space within me, just like furniture in a house, that once I roared it out of me, I felt spacious, alive and at peace.

I just needed to know it was safe to feel, it was safe to express.

It’s time to normalise the expression of emotions, just like children do. Your anger is creating illness in your body. Your anger can be channelled into power and the ability to create change in your life.

It certainly did for me. Even amidst all of the pain I was feeling, I found sources of joy and pleasure.

When you limit your capacity to feel pain, you also limit your capacity to feel pleasure.

Feeling is to be ALIVE.

ANGER ISN'T DESTRUCTION—IT'S CREATION

Vulnerability & Healing

One of the most powerful parts of my journey has been getting intimate with my anger, learning how to process it and then alchemise it into power.

So one warm summer evening in Ibiza, I did a Kali ritual with 3 friends in a yurt.
Kali, the Indian Goddess of Death, holds a significant position in Hindu mythology and is associated with time, power, and destruction.

We each journalled on everything we felt anger, raging, frustrated or disappointed about. We brought as much as possible up to the surface.

We summoned up our anger basically, like proper modern day witches.

We sat in circle, all wearing black, in the centre of this yurt in the middle of the Ibiza forest.
One at a time, we went into the centre of the circle being witnessed in our expression of anger.

Held by our sisters, supported in our expression, encouraged to bring more and more up to the surface to be felt, expressed and alchemised.

A safe space to be seen, witnessed and supported in our anger. No judgment, only acceptance.

Vulnerability & Healing

It was one of the most powerful things I've experienced.
Once all 4 of us expressed, we sat in stillness.
I could feel something i had never felt before.

Pure power.
Power was
Throbbing
Pulsating
Vibrating through the yurt.

Power was pouring out of us all.
Pouring out of every cell, every molecule.
Vibrating with aliveness.
I felt like i was in a womb of female power. Capable of anything and everything.

I learned to accept and welcome my anger because it is the source of power and creation.

Anger is indeed a catalyst
A catalyst for what depends on you and how you choose to relate with it.

Are you willing to change all those things that make you angry? Are you ready to reclaim your power?

E

EXPLORING PLEASURE & SEXUALITY

Exploring Pleasure

Exploring pleasure

Not only was I healing a shattered heart, but I was also rebuilding my self-worth, reconnecting with my body, and exploring my sexuality in a way that felt healthy and grounded.

It would've been easy to go out and sleep with a bunch of guys just to feel desired again—especially after half a decade of not being wanted.

Ouch. That sounds brutal, doesn't it? But the truth is, it was brutal. Five years is a long time. Far too long.

I let it go on until it felt like free-falling—no rock bottom in sight, just a constant descent into nothingness. But in that nothingness, I made one choice that changed everything—I never tried to escape my pain by chasing pleasure.

I didn't use sex to numb the heartbreak because I knew that would only create more wounds to heal later. That wasn't the way. It never is.

I had already spent years avoiding the truth in that relationship. There was no way in hell I was going to keep making that mistake now that I was finally free. I learn from my mistakes. This northerner may be loud, she may swear a lot, but she ain't fucking stupid. As Forrest Gump once said, 'stupid is as stupid does.'

Exploring pleasure

So, how could I rediscover my sexuality without falling into mindless, meaningless encounters?
Luckily, living in Ibiza—and being surrounded by the right people—meant the opportunities for deep, conscious exploration were everywhere. I had already been dipping my toes into tantra, sacred sexuality, and erotic teachings over the years, but now, I was ready to dive in fully.

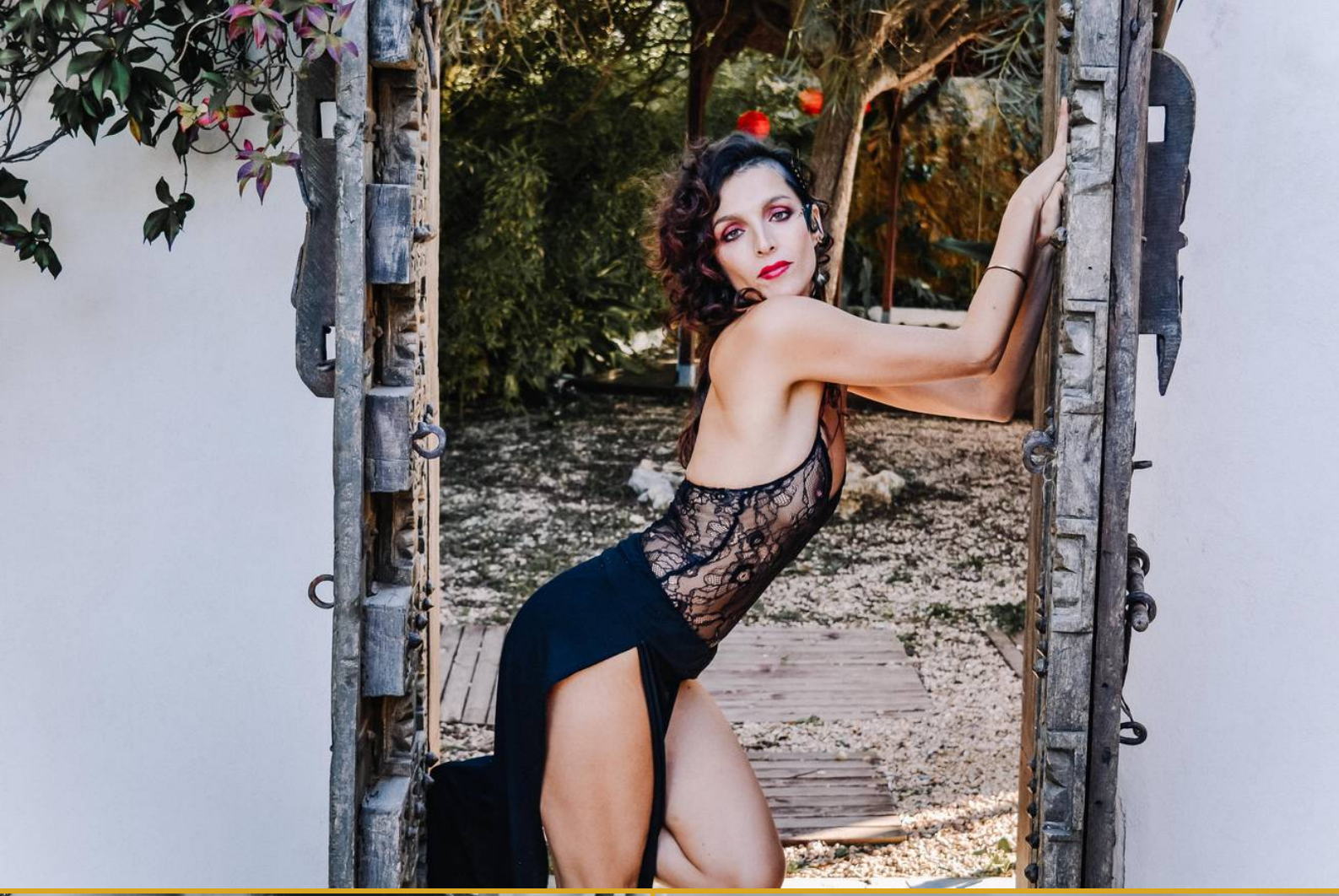
I was committed to growth. I craved deeper connection. I wanted to honor my heart, my body, and my truth. Authentic intimacy and safety were non-negotiable. My heart was healing. I needed time.

So, I explored—intentionally:
I went to temple nights, I cooked for and participated in tantra retreats. I attended multiple ISTA trainings.
I joined countless sharing circles, sister gatherings, and workshops. I immersed myself in sex-positive spaces that aligned with my values.

I opened myself to new connections—even if just for an evening—where his energy, his presence, or his touch could remind me of the woman I still was.

Not broken. Not unwanted. But alive, desired, and whole.
I found a way to reclaim my sexuality without abandoning myself in the process.
And that changed *everything*.

HEALING MY HEART LED ME TO RECLAIM MY SEXUALITY—WITHOUT LOSING MYSELF IN THE PROCESS.



Exploring pleasure

Just one month after separating from my husband, I chose to go to a Temple held in a stunning villa in Ibiza. This had been a desire for months and months, years actually.

But with the delicate state of our relationship we couldn't possibly go together and I didn't feel able to go alone. So my desire was put on hold. This felt like the story of my life!

Despite the deep whirlpool of grief I was in, I knew that being in a Temple Night would be medicine.

It was not about being sexual and connecting with loads of people for me. There's a common fear that it's just a sex party with the word sacred thrown in front of it.

This is not true. It is a space for healing, for prayer, for expansion and liberation. Actually, The word tantra in sanskrit actually means just that. 'Tan' meaning to expand and'Tra' meaning to liberate.

I had been skirting around the edges of tantra and sacred sexuality for many years. I did my first tantra workshop in 2015, yet I was always inviting my partner to join and he never would. I felt frustrated and confused.

Exploring pleasure

I was looking in at so many of my friends experiencing incredible shifts, connections and liberation through exploring their sexuality. It felt as though I was looking through the window at the life I should be living, the life that was calling me but I was unable to get in.

Amidst my gut wrenching pain and broken heart, on a cold October evening, I finally found myself on the other side of the window. I felt right at home.

There were no nerves, no anxiety, no fear around expressing myself. It was the outlet I had needed for my expression for so long.

Staying in that sexless relationship for so long blocked my sexual expression to the point that I wondered if I would ever feel sexually alive or desired again.

Temples allowed me to rewrite that program.

I could fulfill suppressed desires. I could allow myself to feel sexually alive again. I could be in my sexual energy without having to open up to a man 1:1. which I was in no way ready for.

I couldn't stomach the idea of being intimate with another man, but that shouldn't mean I couldn't explore what pleasure meant for me.

Exploring pleasure

The collective energy was incredibly powerful. Just by being within such a safe space for expression I could simply be myself, with no expectations, no pressures and no judgment.

I am incredibly grateufl that these types of safe spaces exist, as I could heal and explore pleasure at the same time, consciously, in a way that felt good without avoiding any emotions.

I actually felt right at home.
It was natural for me to be in such spaces.

I believe so deeply in authentic expression. It is a big part of the work I do and why I am here. Temples are a space for exactly that.

I knew this was my world. I knew this was a big piece that had been missing in my life. I knew I could heal my broken heart, explore my sexuality and be in rage, grief and pleasure all at the same time.

I had so mnay surpressed desires that I wanted to explore, and now I finally had the opportunity to do do.

I knew that I was opening myself up to experiences I had always wanted. This gave me so much peace in the most painful moment of my life.

I always relied on my partner to give me pleasure, and when I realised I could be the source of my own pleasure, I was ALL IN.

I found a HEALTHY SOURCE OF PLEASURE.
Tantra, Feminine embodiment and sacred sexuality teachings and trainings illuminated the path back to myself and my power.

I devoted myself to myself and my deepest desire for intimacy. I longed for deep intimacy with another. Yet that longing became less as my self pleasure practices became integrated in my life.

I became more at peace when I stopped chasing my desires externally, and started to come back home to myself.

My empowerment came from my pleasure.
My power is my pleasure. My pleasure is my power.

YOUR PLEASURE IS YOUR POWER

Exploring pleasure

A major realization I had was how much that relationship affected my sense of worth—how it stifled my sensual and sexual expression and held me back from growing into the woman I was meant to be.

I was afraid to leave, but staying was slowly killing me, slowly draining me of all of my life.

The more you expose yourself to something that isn't in alignment—something that isn't for your highest good—the more your system normalizes it.

Your nervous system isn't logical; it's a record of every experience you've lived through, shaping what your body perceives as safe.

So when you finally break free and step into something better—deeper intimacy, true love, expansive pleasure—it can feel unsettling, even wrong. Not because it is, but because it's unfamiliar.

I experienced this firsthand. My mind ached for intimacy, but when it arrived, my body resisted. At first, being truly seen felt too intense. Being desired felt so unfamiliar.

Even love, the thing I craved most, felt like too much. I was also learning to trust men again, to trust myself again.

Exploring Pleasure

It took a conscious choice to lean in, to let myself receive, to allow healing to unfold.
After years in a sexless marriage, where I felt unwanted and disconnected, my body had adapted to that reality.

When I began exploring deep, conscious intimacy—when I was touched with reverence, held with presence, and seen fully for who I was—my nervous system panicked.

But I kept showing up.

I kept choosing love, pleasure, and connection, until my body recognized them as home.

Because the truth is, you can teach your body safety in the good, just as it learned safety in the bad.

The more you immerse yourself in love, presence, and pleasure, the more natural they become.

My journey into pleasure wasn't about seeking something outside of myself—it was about learning to be with me.

I had to become comfortable in my own company, present with my own body, able to give myself what I had once searched for in others.

Exploring pleasure

I carved out time for self-love rituals and self-pleasure practices. Some days, I stood in front of the mirror and spoke words of love to myself, even when they felt awkward or untrue. But I kept going. When you clear out the pain, you create space—space to imprint something new.

I chose to believe I was worthy of my desires.

That I was sexy, desirable, and capable of experiencing deep pleasure. That being alone wasn't lonely—it was healing. That self-pleasure wasn't just an act—it was devotion.

And with every moment of self-love, I rewired my body to receive more. More love. More intimacy. More pleasure.

Pleasure wasn't just about sex. It was in a lingering gaze, in being held as I cried, in the way my body softened when touched with devotion. It was in feeling at home with myself, in the quiet joy of knowing I could meet my own needs.

Pleasure is not something to chase.
It's not a destination to reach.

It's a way of being—a way of life.

DESIRES ARE DIVINE GUIDANCE

Exploring pleasure

I was very good at suppressing my desires.

I always wanted to learn to DJ but I never did it. It was almost as if I didn't want to fail at it, or didn't believe I deserved to do something I deeply wanted.

Either way, I held myself back from exploring something I was deeply longing for. From the level of consciousness I'm at now, it makes no sense. But back then, I was operating from a whole different belief system.

I didn't realize that my desires were actually nudges from my soul, guiding me toward my fullest expression. I mistook them for distractions or selfish whims, not realizing they were divine invitations calling me home to myself.

For as long as I remember, I always had a desire to explore sexually with women. I was terrified of admitting it to myself. I felt ashamed of it. I even watched lesbian porn to allow me to live this desire through watching others.

At one point I thought something was wrong with me for having this desire.

It weighed heavy on me. I used to see my longing for women as something shameful, something I needed to hide. But now I know it was simply my soul calling me toward deeper self-acceptance and liberation

Exploring pleasure

I feared judgement from others. I feared being rejected. This fear felt so true I actually believed it.

I grew up in an environment where sexuality was not talked about. Same sex connection was judged or laughed at and doing anything other than ‘normal’ was ridiculed.

I felt stuck between the world I was living in and the truth of my inner most desires. They didn’t sem to match. I let my fears be bigger than my desires, because I didn’t know there was another choice.

We don’t allow ourselves to follow our desires because of our blocks and the stories that hold us back. From fear of losing the person we love.

“What if following my desires means losing this person? What if they don’t fit into this vision?”

Are you keeping yourself small to avoid the pain of loss? You might be ignoring your desires right now—dismissing them as silly fantasies or inconvenient urges.

But what if your desires are actually divine whispers, calling you toward your wholeness?

What if they’re the very roadmap to your most alive and liberated self?

Exploring pleasure

During the sexless marriage, I realised how much I'd suppressed my desires. The more growth I did, the more I could see how little I was actually living.

I found myself feeling deeply alone and unloved in a sexless marriage, holding back on pursuing my soul's deepest longing - music and sexuality.

I felet disconnected from myself and from life. But life was trying to speak to me.

My desires were starting to whisper. And after a while they were shouting so loud I oculdn't ignore them.

I let my desires for more become bigger than my fear of the unknown, of being alone, of starting again.

When that marriage ended, I immersed myself in Temple culture. That is, a sex positive space to explore your own sensual and sexual expression. It was safe. Aha!

Now is the moment to really explore with women. I felt liberated. It was as though a heaviness lifted and gave me new life. Not necessarily because of the act itself, but in giving that gift to myself.

Exploring pleasure

Exploring Pleasure

Despite the pain I was in, my heart expanded. I gave myself hope.

Honoring my desires was like pouring fuel into my soul. They gave me fire when I was on the brink of burning out. In a time that could have easily broken me, my desires kept me alive and moving forward.

With each step, my relationship with myself deepened—I became stronger, more compassionate, and more loving.

I no longer waited for others to meet my needs; I began to give myself the love I once sought outside of me. Self-love became my fuel source—non-negotiable, abundant, and limitless.

Desire is not random.
It is not reckless. It is divine guidance.

It is your soul's way of pointing you toward the life you were made for.

When you stop suppressing and start listening, you'll find that every longing—whether for love, freedom, or expression—is a sacred map, guiding you to live fully, fiercely, and freely.

BUT THIS IS NOT THE END.

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

L O V E²

The path of love, vulnerability, and self-intimacy is not one you walk once—it's one you return to again and again. It's in the way you meet yourself every morning:

Will you move through life open or closed?
Will you trust your desires or silence them?
Will you honour your heart or abandon it?

Your desires are divine guidance—listen to them.
Your pain is not your enemy—let it teach you.

Your vulnerability is your superpower—let it soften you into your most authentic self.

Keep holding your own heart when it aches.
Keep anchoring into your breath when fear rises.
Keep choosing love over self-betrayal, over and over again.

And remember: You are not alone.

If you feel the stirrings of more—more depth, more pleasure, more self-devotion—let this be your invitation.
To reach out. To be witnessed. To be held.

My arms are open.
The temple doors are open.

Whenever you're ready to take the next step, I'll be right here. Because you, brave soul, are made for deep love, wild freedom, and exquisite intimacy—with yourself and with life.

Because this is LOVE^2.
Not just love. But love magnified.

The kind of love that expands you—first within yourself, then out into the world.

The love that heals and liberates, holds and softens, burns and awakens.

The love that calls you into wholeness, power, and truth.

LOVE^2 is the remembrance of your essence.

It's the embodiment of your unwavering worth and boundless beauty. It's the uncontainable force that, once activated, only grows stronger.

So go. Live as LOVE^2
And let your heart expand beyond measure.

Thank you for walking this path so boldly.
Now, go and live it.

I'M ABI FOX

I am devoted to the path of sacred sexuality, tantra & embodiment so we can express ourselves freely and love authentically.

As an Intimacy Mentor, Tantric bodyworker, Energy Healer & Temple Priestess, I am dedicated to creating a world with deeper connection, mind blowing sex & meaningful intimacy.

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