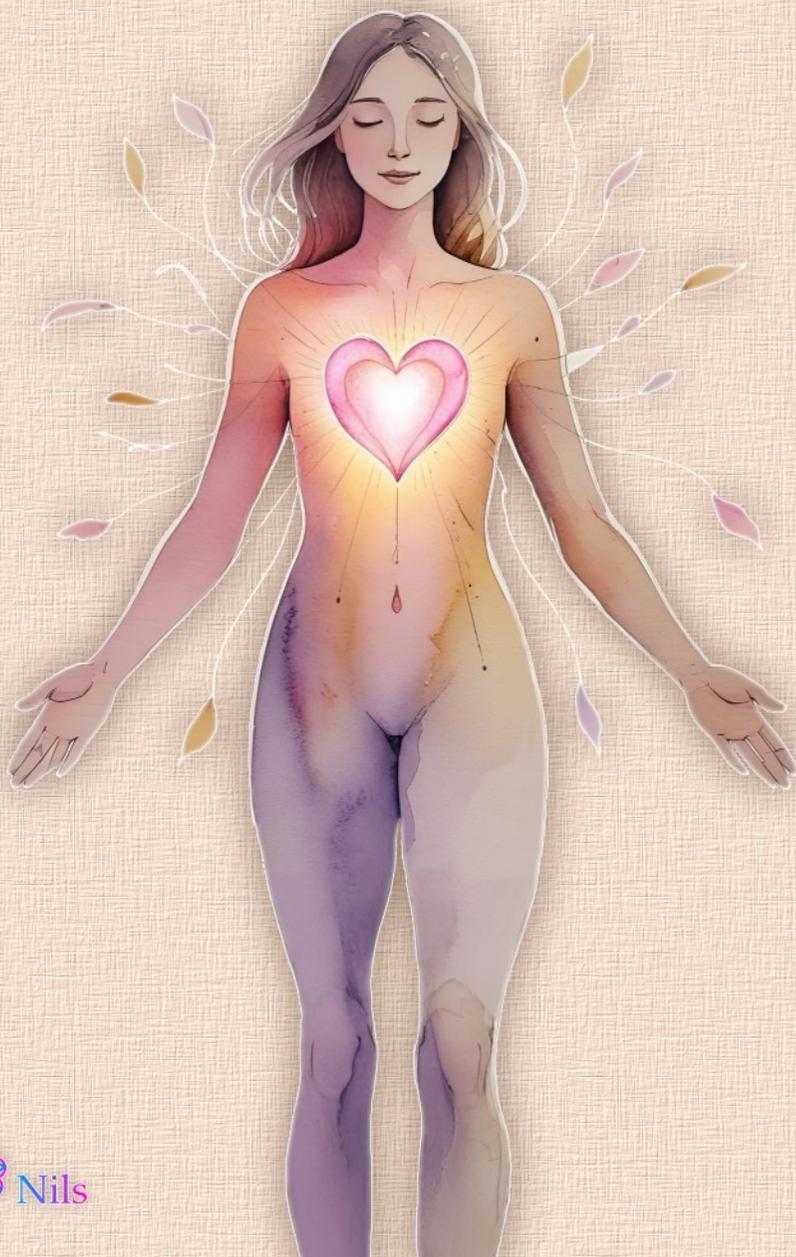


Luma's Garden

A Journey into Sacred LOVE,
the Heart of Energy and Sensual Awakening



Nils Klippstein

Luma's Garden

A Journey into Sacred LOVE,
the Heart of Energy
and Sensual Awakening



Nils is a heart-based author and guide. His work focuses on emotional openness, inner balance, and living in deeper connection with ourselves, each other, and the world around us. He offers support in areas such as emotional healing, forgiveness, and creating safe, honest spaces for human closeness and hugging meditations.

His approach includes heart-centred awareness, secluded time in darkness without distractions, exploring the balance of feminine and masculine energies, and gently meeting and embracing the hidden parts of ourselves. He shares about nourishing the body and spirit through fasting and tuning into the body's natural energies. In relationships, he explores open, connected and mutually caring ways of living within a relational network.

Much of Nils' writing is guided by a sense of trust in something greater – a deeper consciousness within life, Mother Earth, and the wider universe.

© 2025 by Nils Klippstein. All rights reserved.

www.sanuela.org

www.nils-klippstein.de/en

www.sensual-energetic-healing.com

*What if LOVE is not a closed box
With high walls and rigid barriers?*

*What if closeness doesn't need to be controlled?
What if freedom doesn't weaken connection?*

*What if we are here not to fit the old stories
But to write new ones with care and LOVE
With presence, with courage?*

Contents

This Book Is Free	7
Reclaiming the Sacred Sensual.....	9
Symbolic Meanings.....	13
1. The Choice.....	15
The Flowkeeper's Path.....	17
2. The Riverbend.....	18
3. Hand in Hand.....	21
4. Deepening Trust.....	24
5. Crossing the Bridge.....	29
6. Wild Roses.....	31
7. Delicious Surrender.....	37
8. Secrets and Shadows.....	43
9. Emberlyn Lake.....	47
10. Echoes of Transformation.....	53
11. Taking Root.....	58
12. Sweet Blooming.....	63
The Flamebearer's Path.....	68
2. The Riverbend.....	69
3. Hand in Hand.....	72
4. Deepening Trust.....	75
5. Crossing the Bridge.....	80
6. Wild Roses.....	82

7. Delicious Surrender.....	88
8. Secrets and Shadows.....	94
9. Emberlyn Lake.....	98
10. Echoes of Transformation.....	104
11. Taking Root.....	109
12. Sweet Blooming.....	114
Food for the Mind.....	119
Stimulation and Addiction.....	120
Creating Luma's Garden.....	122
Holding Hands.....	128
Holding Presence.....	130
Embrace of Trust.....	132
Hugging Meditation.....	134
Fully Free.....	137
Sensual Blossoming.....	140
Sacral Bloom.....	145
Heartstorm.....	150
Lightpainting.....	152
Flowkeeper's Secret Desires.....	155
Flamebearer's Secret Desires.....	157
Flowkeeper's Teasing.....	159
Flowkeeper's Unveiling.....	162
Flamebearer's Surrender.....	165
Flowkeeper's Freedom.....	167
Unconditional LOVE.....	174
Appendix.....	176
Sanuela.org We grow with compassionate support.....	177
About the Author.....	185
Books by Nils.....	188
How Do You Feel About the Book?.....	191

This Book Is Free ...

... because the systems of the old world for selling my books have failed me. Publishers and social media platforms don't spread my work enough to make a living from it.

After trying many ways to 'get out there', I realised that this new world must be based on open, honest sharing without expectations. This brings me into full trust that my personal universe (lovingly guided by Gaia) will always take good care of me.

Since many things still cost money, I cannot live for free. As the new world is not yet fully born, I still pay for food and water, internet and software, travel and events, ... like everyone else.

Would you like to give back?

Perhaps you choose something from this list of suggestions, or come up with something else:

- You could become a Patron and support me with a monthly donation:
<https://www.patreon.com/nilsklippstein>

- You could 'buy me a coffee':
<https://buymeacoffee.com/nilsklippstein>
- You could donate via PayPal:
<https://paypal.me/NilsKlippstein>
(nils@start2dream.de).
- You could ask me to do a live reading, online or offline, and make a donation.
- You could visit me for a shared time together, let me guide and support you in any of my topics (see: page two) and make a donation.
- You could give this book to your friends, acquaintances and colleagues and ask them to support me if they can.

Thank you for your consideration.

Let LOVE be thy medicine!

Reclaiming the Sacred

Sensual

You are here because something inside you whispers – or perhaps roars – that sensual blossoming could be freer, deeper and less shameful. But freedom isn't about tearing down all your walls; it's about knowing which ones protect your heart, and which ones imprison it. Your comfort zone is not a flaw; you created it to help you survive.

Our innate capacity for sensual, energetic healing has been so thoroughly suppressed over the centuries that many now choose the familiar comfort of the cage. Yet we all inherently possess immense power: the ability to transmute the fear, shame and egocentric shadows surrounding closeness and vulnerability into energetic radiance and LOVE. But first, we must dare to walk through and let go of our fears and conditioning.

This book invites you to explore the dance of the sacred masculine (Flamebearer) and the sacred feminine (Flowkeeper) – archetypal energies that exist within all of us. You may be any gender – some

Flowkeepers are men and some Flamebearers are women. What matters is not the body you inhabit, but the energy you feel called to awaken. To make certain descriptions easier to understand, the book uses the pronouns 'he/him' for the Flamebearer and 'she/her' for the Flowkeeper.

Why invent terms such as *Elys*, *Luma*, and *sensual blossoming*? Because old words carry old wounds. These phrases create new neural pathways, allowing us to experience embodiment without the baggage of taboo. Sensual blossoming isn't just the beautiful feeling of arousal - it's the body's ancient wisdom saying yes to life.

Humans are the strangest animals on Earth. We pride ourselves on being 'civilised', yet we have twisted our natural desires into something hidden and deeply shameful. Apparently, we all want to see women with bare skin in advertising and on the street - as a collective display of constant seduction. Yet we normally never allow each other true intimacy.

Flowkeepers like to be desired, while Flamebearers like to hunt for what they desire. This is the game we've inherited - a world where craving is constant, but fulfilment feels forbidden. For millennia, we have built up a complex system of social conditioning around our primal needs. This often leaves us starved of skin contact, real closeness, and sensual blossoming - sometimes without admitting that hunger to ourselves. We hide our primal longings in the shadows, only allowing them behind closed doors. This deep dishonesty and fear make it almost impossible to ever find emotional and sensual freedom.

What if Flowkeepers are hiding from themselves when they dress to impress while hesitating to walk through their fears of opening up to unconditional LOVE? Perhaps what they need is a Flamebearer with a big heart, someone who can provide enough warmth, safety and trust to enable them to take the necessary steps to reclaim their body and make their chalice overflow with their sacred waters once again?

Why stay in the cage when the door is open? In the end, we all just want to be loved. Yet there is endless suffering if we keep feeding each other crumbs, too afraid to offer the whole meal. Instead of embracing a new narrative of abundant LOVE, trust and shared, intimate surrender, we cling to old rules of scarcity and confinement.

Some inner growth processes are impossible as long as we stay programmed by the usual narrative of our LOVE stories: two partners form an island together and build a fortress with high walls around their intimacy, not letting anyone come close. Yet, we are quietly starving together.

These rules of relating were designed out of fear. Fear makes us repeat the same painful patterns over and over again in the hope that it will all be better in our next relationship, without us wanting to change the script.

How about breaking free and allowing new ways and possibilities to form a richer sensual life of expanded, honest LOVE?

At the beginning of your journey through this book, you can choose a path: The Flowkeeper's waters (receptive, expanding, nurturing), or the

Flamebearer's fire (focused, protective, devotional). You may recognize yourself in one or both. These are energies, not roles.

Your partner in the story, either Saren or Sarek, will embody the opposite energy. Feel free to read the other perspective of the story later on, and make sure to also explore the non-fictional part afterwards, as it holds a treasure chest of liberation tools.

This book invites you to embrace a new kind of stability in your relationships, where honesty and trust form the foundation on which desire and devotion can flourish. Every step forward is guided by one question: Does this fill me with a sense of beautiful tingling aliveness, or does it make me more afraid and want me to pause?

Before exploring further, try this to anchor yourself: Place one hand on your chest and the other on your stomach. Breathe LOVE through the areas that your hands are touching. Notice how you feel. This is your starting point.

Your path begins here. Trust what resonates, and feel free to leave the rest to others or come back to it later.

May the Flow (Elys and Luma) always be with you!

LovePeaceJoy,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Nils". The letters are cursive and fluid, with a slight slant to the right.

Symbolic Meanings

Sanuela is the ancient, sacred land of inner light, the inner world of this journey. It is not only a place you visit, but one that awakens as you begin to feel. It changes with your breath, your courage and your pleasure – every forest, temple, and river mirroring your inner landscape. This is a world of symbols and energy, a place of deep remembering. What happens here changes how you feel out there.

Flowkeeper – A path of flowing, receiving energy. The Flowkeeper listens inwardly, moves with feeling, and gently opens to the mysteries of pleasure, power, and divine connection. The waters of her chalice overflow not to drown, but to nourish. She has a quiet strength that uplifts rather than overpowers.

Flamebearer – A path of focused, giving energy. The Flamebearer moves with purpose, intention, and strength. He learns to hold his power with care, and to awaken sacred desire without domination. His fire warms, guides and protects, providing a steady light rather than a consuming blaze.

Elys is the tingling sensation of awakened aliveness. It rises in moments of connection, beauty or sensual excitement and dances through the body like starlight on water. It is experienced as waves, tingles or pulses. This energy is not just sexual – it is sacred.

Luma is the inner presence of light and LOVE. It begins as a subtle, heart-centred glow, stirring when trust opens the way and truth is felt in the heart, allowing divine LOVE to flow. As soft as candlelight and as steady as the sun, Luma speaks in whispers, but always tells the truth. When welcomed, it grows into a radiant warmth that fills the whole body, like light pouring through every cell.

The **Heart of Energy** is where the inner beam of divine LOVE (Luma) and awakened sensual aliveness (Elys) merge – a fusion of body and spirit, pleasure and surrender. It is the current that flows when all fear dissolves into trust. Here, it's not about taking or giving, but sharing a living energy that is both primal and divine, and both personal and boundless.

1. The Choice

The path beneath your feet is warm. Not from the sun, but from something deeper, something alive. The ground seems to breathe, pulsing gently with light.

Ahead of you, an arch glimmers as it rises from a group of trees. Words shimmer across its curve, unspoken and unwritten, yet still felt: "Welcome! This is Sanuela - the world within the world."

You step through.

The air changes. Softer. Clearer. You can feel your skin responding as though your whole body is waking up. Something stirs in your chest: a hum, a pulse, a memory.

Then, a voice - neither male nor female - speaks gently from somewhere nearby.

"You hold a fire. Or a flow. Or both. This book is your mirror, your path and your playground. What you read will not tell you what to do. It will only unlock what already lives within you."

The world opens up before you: forest, light, water and stones. Somewhere far off, a bell rings.

Will you walk the path of the Flamebearer – steady and focused, igniting the world with a sacred fire that creates and protects? You carry the sceptre, not to conquer, but to channel your strength with care.

Or will you move as a Flowkeeper – intuitive and open, receiving the currents of energy and LOVE into the depths of your being? You carry the chalice, not to contain, but to honour and share the sacred waters of life.

There is no right path. Only the one that calls to you now matters.

Choose. And step forward.

...

If you are the Flowkeeper, turn to Chapter 2 in The Flowkeeper's Path.

If you are the Flamebearer, continue to Chapter 2 in The Flamebearer's Path.

The Flowkeeper's Path

2. The Riverbend

The path beneath your feet softens as you approach the water. Sunlight dances on the river's surface, scattering reflections of liquid gold. Birds call from the trees, their warm, harmonious songs drifting through the air.

You know this place.

And you know who is waiting for you here.

Sarek stands by the bend as though he has always been there. His presence is both familiar and exhilarating – a paradox that you can feel in your chest and stomach.

He is the Flamebearer. His fiery sceptre pulses with unwavering strength and tender devotion, acting as a conduit for the flames that course through him. You feel it in the warmth of his palms, the steady pressure of his presence and the contained power humming beneath his skin. It is an offering. Yet there's something more: a strength that invites balance, not submission. He doesn't impose it – he shares it. When your eyes meet his, the air crackles, as if the earth

itself recognises that passion and patience have merged here.

Sarek turns and smiles, his body radiating quiet power. He opens his arms without a word.

You step into each other's embrace. You share a long, close hug, aligning your bodies in quiet trust. When your lips meet softly and tenderly, it is not the beginning of something new, but a reminder and a homecoming. You stay close, with your foreheads touching.

His whisper brushes your cheek: "I feel Luma in my heart. Can you?"

When his hand touches your chest, something unlocks beneath it. You breathe LOVE in and out through your heart centre. This gentle, loving current of light flows inward, illuminating your cells as it moves through your body. It is not desire or thought, but a loving presence. You don't need to try; your body remembers it naturally.

Sarek draws you closer again. Your bodies press gently together, your hips, stomachs and chests aligned. His lips brush your ear: first a kiss, playful and tender, then the whisper: "I'm ready to go with you ... wherever it feels good and right for us to go."

A tingling warmth stirs in your lower body, not sudden, but undeniable. It feels like a growing, vibrant shimmer, like tiny sparkling crystals in a clear river. It rises and spreads through your stomach and up your spine into your chest, until your whole being seems to vibrate subtly from within. Elys. This is the tingling sensation of pleasure and aliveness that

arises when LOVE, safety and desire come together in harmony.

You stand in the curve of the river for a long, precious moment. Luma and Elys, awakened, move through your body, above and below. Sarek breathes with you, steadily and openly, with full presence. After letting go of the hug, you hold hands and sense each other's loving energy. The path ahead awaits, but there is no hurry. You move forward because you want to – because every step you take is now part of the embrace.

3. Hand in Hand

The river flows alongside you, close enough for you to always hear its gentle murmur over stones and brushing past mossy roots. Sunlight flickers through the canopy as you and Sarek walk hand in hand, your bare feet feeling the warmth of the earth beneath them. The world breathes quietly around you, as if it is listening with you.

Your fingers are gently intertwined. You can feel each other's warmth and presence through your skin. For a while, you walk in silence. Then you ask, "Why is it so hard to open up more, even when we feel safe?"

Sarek looks at you. His face is calm, but he senses what you mean. Expanding LOVE means revealing what has been hidden. It brings both joy and trembling.

He answers without thinking: "Maybe it's because we still believe there's something in us that would push the other one away if they could see it?"

A soft wind brushes over your skin. And then, from the side of the path, a towering sunflower, tall and

golden, turns slowly towards you. Its petals shimmer in the light. You both stop.

No voice speaks, yet the words resonate:

"Have you hoarded the sacred waters of your chalice only for yourselves?

Was this the story you were taught - that deep sharing is dangerous?

What is the fear, the shame, that still clings to you?

Could you let it go ... if your partner stood steady beside you?"

The air becomes very still. Even the river seems to quiet down for a moment. A squirrel dashes past, rustling through dry leaves. The sound of its playful movements becomes a whisper in your chest: "Trust grows slowly. But it grows stronger when you reveal your fears and vulnerabilities."

You and Sarek continue walking, at a slower pace now. Neither of you says much, but the silence is not empty. Up ahead, beside the river, an ancient oak spreads wide, its roots like waves and its bark deeply marked by time. You approach it and place your hands on its warm surface. So does Sarek. The two of you stand there, foreheads touching its weathered bark, hearts open to the tree and feeling deeply connected. A quiet warmth flows from the wood into your body - steady, calm, knowing.

Sarek turns to you: "From now on, let us vow to be completely honest with each other, without hiding any fears or shame. When shadows stir within us, we can tell each other."

Then you take Sarek's hands and say, "I feel it's best if the Flowkeeper opens first."

Sarek looks in your eyes and nods. "And the Flamebearer," he adds, "will hold space. Fully. Strongly. Without judgement."

You look at each other and your roles settle into place, even if they are not named. The vessel pours first. The flame stands unwavering and supportive. Meanwhile, the river flows on beside you, unhurried and clear.

4. Deepening Trust

The river murmurs its approval as you and Sarek sit facing each other on the grass. Your knees touch. He reaches for your hands, his palms warm and open. You can feel his flame pulsing and glowing between you – a quiet warmth, steady and full of promise. Your stomach tingles. A quiet excitement builds – a faint tremble of what is beginning to unfold.

"Let's talk about our fears," he says. His voice ripples through the soft light that surrounds you. "Let's say them out loud, taking turns and not hiding from them. Let the river carry their weight away."

You exhale. Your words come unbidden: "What if my desire burns too bright? What if it overwhelms or frightens you?"

The water shivers at your confession. Sarek's fingers lightly touch your wrist, not to interrupt you, but to offer you support. His words flow slowly, "When I hold space for you and you let me be part of your feelings, then your fire won't burn me. It can light my way. Every spark you hide would only dim us both."

He leans closer. "Although I might feel jealous, I can also take joy in your opening up. Take pride in your heat."

The wind shifts softly through the trees. A dragonfly hovers above the water before darting away.

Sarek grips your hand slightly tighter, not to claim you, but because the next confession wells up in his throat. "But then... when I imagine you with someone else ... I see them taller. Confident. Hands that touch you in ways I could never ... Something could turn inside me. Like I might not be enough. Like maybe someone else would be better - more graceful, more balanced ... Just ... more."

He looks down. The words hang heavily in the air between you. You don't rush to answer and let the silence breathe. Then, slowly, you lean forward and press your lips lightly against his palm. After just one kiss, you gently place his hand against your heart, where your pulse beats wildly. You guide his fingers along your oldest scar, a pale crescent under your breast. He can feel your breath rising beneath his palm.

"This closeness that we share," you say softly, "is not something I offer easily."

You pause, allowing your heartbeat to speak for you.

"I don't choose with my eyes," you add, barely above a whisper. "And you are not in competition."

Then you move closer to sit beside him, ensuring that your shoulders touch. You lean your head on his and lightly trace his arm with your fingers.

"If you ever feel that ache," you say, "don't carry it alone. Let me see it. Not so I can fix it, just so I can be near you."

Sarek nods. "My LOVE isn't so fragile. I'll stay and discover it with you."

Your fingers touch against his chest. "If we're to go deeper ..." There is a pause. The river falls silent. "If either of us feels uncomfortable with something, we can use a signal word. It's something to create space when the ground feels unsteady."

He knows it before you continue: "Auris. I need to be heard."

One word to separate heat from harm. It lands like a pebble in a still pond – not with a shattering splash, but as a gentle ripple. The air between you cools, not with loss, but with space. A held breath.

You lean back just enough to meet Sarek's gaze. "There," you say, brushing your thumb against his lower lip. "No storm. No falling. Just this: a quiet place where we can rest."

You cradle his jaw in your hand. "Now watch how easily the light returns ..."

A kiss. Slow as dawn.

The water keeps flowing. A bird calls clearly and loudly from the trees, as if agreeing that closeness needs no defence.

And something eases inside you. Not completely, and not all at once. But enough to feel the warmth of being seen and chosen – again, and again, and again.

Your whisper is raw and unguarded: "What if my waters drown your flame? What if you no longer find the experience exciting?"

"If I ... watch with interest, but don't burn?"

You stay still. Then your lips curve. It's a slow, wicked promise. "Well, my LOVE ..." Your fingers glide up his inner thigh and you gently hold your palm on his trousers, just where you get the most attention from him. "I don't need to let your flame go out ..." A nail scrapes – light as a spark along tinder. "I know where your coals are hidden."

You press his hand against your heart with your other hand. "Feel that? It quickens when you're hungry for me. Imagine how fast it'll beat when I make you want more."

Deliberately, you slip your hand into your clothes and dip a finger into your chalice. You reward him with a single drop on his lips. It blooms on his tongue – not fire, not honey, but the taste of a promise.

"This," you murmur, "is how we feed each other."

Then you take his hand and guide it between your legs, pressing it against you. The heat there is alive.

"Now tell me ..." Your breath catches as he presses closer. "What if you didn't just watch, but felt me?"

He lifts his chin. The river echoes his promise back to you: "My fire will learn to breathe in your depths."

The current quickens around you. It is not fear that you feel, but recognition – the sacred truth that trust is the first surrender.

More questions are shared:

"What if I show too much, too fast?"

"What if you step back when I need you most?"

After each fear, the other responds – not to fix things or argue, but simply to acknowledge and accept with presence.

The river listens, too. It reflects back not just your voices, but also your intentions. Its surface shimmers like a mirror, reflecting every feeling and holding it for just a moment before carrying it away.

You lean forward and gently rest your head against his. "Trust doesn't mean we have no fear," you whisper. "It means we stay, even when we're trembling."

You breathe together, slowly.

You notice how the water moves, not in a straight line but in curves, like the path of your own heart. It doesn't force its way – it flows where it is welcomed.

5. Crossing the Bridge

You continue walking alongside the river until it narrows and the path divides into two. An old stone bridge arches over the rushing water below, worn smooth by time and the footsteps of those who came before. There are no railings or barriers.

You stand beside Sarek, the warmth of his last words still resonating in your heart. He is quiet now, but his firm grip on your hand is a silent promise.

You glance at him. He's watching the water, his lips curved into a smile that hints at a memory.

"There's someone I want you to meet," he says at last. "An old friend. His name is Elion. You might like him."

He says nothing more, and he doesn't need to. The tingling feeling inside you already deepens.

You continue walking until you reach the bridge. Your steps are deliberate, but inside, you feel a swirling movement. With every breath, a strong current of Elys rises, filling your body with tingles. The same energy hums between your joined hands.

Beneath it all, the quiet tremble of nerves lingers in your belly – the subtle awareness that something new and beautiful is unfolding.

As the bridge gently arches over the water, its curve seems to speak without words. *Cross slowly. Notice where you hesitate.*

Knowing that you will feel safe together, the two of you walk on.

6. Wild Roses

The gate opens with a squeak. Its archway is covered in wild roses that have just passed their prime – their petals frayed at the edges like old LOVE letters. Beyond it stretches the garden with overgrown grass reaching to the ankles, rustling softly in the breeze, and scattered with wildflowers and bees buzzing busily around them.

Elion sits waiting on a sun-bleached blanket. He looks relaxed, but his fingers are restless against his knees. When he sees you, he smiles warmly, but his eyes briefly glance at your hand, which is still holding Sarek's. Your stomach churns as you wonder how this will work out. He seems envious of your connection with Sarek, while Sarek might feel anxious about sharing you with another man.

Elion stands up smoothly – *he is so tall*, you notice, your neck tilting slightly to meet his eyes. The sunlight highlights his torso, which is covered by a snug-fitting shirt with cut-off sleeves that reveal arms built through hard work rather than vanity. Faint scars trace his skin like ancient runes.

This is a body that can awaken deep trust and trembling joy within me.

His smile remains steady, but he continues to interlock and release his fingers in a gentle dance of excitement and nerves. *He is eager, you suspect, until he can be near me?*

You enjoy the long hug, and you can really feel his presence – it feels good. You LOVE the way his hands gently caress your back. *Is he hungry for me?*

You rest your cheek on his shoulder and breathe in deeply. *What a beautiful hug!* Although your thighs tremble slightly and your stomach churns with anticipation of what might happen, you feel safe in Elion's arms. You hope Sarek can sense it, too.

You remember how you always wanted someone just like Elion, yet you never allowed yourself to fantasise about it. *It's time to change all that!*

Then, out of your nervousness, the gap between the three of you grows larger. In front of you, the fruits shine: pomegranates, fresh figs; and grapes, so tight that they're ready to burst. Yet who wants to eat with all this tingling inside?

Elion picks a single grape from the stem. His rough yet gentle fingers pause at your lips. You hesitate. You notice a slight quiver in your throat, and you quickly glance at Sarek before opening your mouth.

Trusting your instincts, you pop the grape while Elion keeps his fingers on your lips. Juice dribbles down his wrist in a slow, glistening trail. Silence follows. Then, before it falls, Saren catches the drop

from Elion's skin with her tongue. A laugh slips from him that is a bit too cheerful for the heavy air. "Feeling greedy, are we?" he teases, but his voice wavers as he speaks.

Your body silently agrees with a growing anticipation, recalling that Sarek was the one who suggested the meeting. You wonder how he would react if you surrendered yourself to Elion's warm hands. A bee buzzes nearby. The roses rustle in a breeze that doesn't reach the ground.

As three hearts still beat slightly out of sync, the silence lingers, heavy with unspoken words. Elion is the first to break it, rubbing his neck with a sheepish laugh, "I've been in battles with less tension."

You let out a short, humorous yet resigned laugh through your nose. It feels good to let go of some of the remaining nervousness. "We're really bad at this," you say, tightening your fingers around Sarek's. "What if we just stopped trying so hard?"

Sarek raises an eyebrow.

"There's something I read about," you say. "Have you heard of the Sacral Bloom? There's no goal or expectation. Just ... hands on the places we're most scared to be touched, a gesture of holding without asking for anything else."

Elion's gaze flickers down and then up again, evaluating. "Like lowering your armor," he murmurs.

"More like coming home," you reply and turn to Elion, "Can I try it with you?"

He nods, trusting you, as you help him to lie down and stretch out on the sun-warmed fabric with his arms by his sides. He closes his eyes and opens up inwardly, surrendering as if he were stepping barefoot into holy water, unsure how deep it is.

You kneel beside him, becoming quiet, anchored and open. You rest one hand softly at the centre of his chest. The other hand gently cups the area at his hips, where longing quietly gathers beneath the cloth. Your hands remain still, offering presence rather than a promise.

"Breathe in LOVE through your heart," you whisper, "and breathe it out again."

Elion nods slightly, and you close your eyes.

You feel Sarek's hand on your thigh, showing you that he is there and trusts you, surrendering to whatever wants to happen.

Your hand slides from Elion's chest down to his stomach and finds the hem of his shirt, slipping underneath it to touch his skin. Your palm moves slowly and gently, caressing his skin like the wind brushing over the grass around you. Your other hand remains almost completely still, embodying a sense of balance.

A few moments pass. Then Elion lets out a long, low sigh of relief, as if a weight has been lifted from him, welcoming pleasure and excitement. The sound feels thrilling and resonates deeply inside you. You smile with delight and laugh. "There you go ..." you tease, adjusting your still hand slightly to rest more

naturally around the rising curve. "Looks like you don't mind me coming so close to you, huh?"

Sarek leans closer to you, his lips lightly touching the curve of your neck. He breathes in and you can feel his inner excitement and longing for you. "I want you to feel this, too," Sarek murmurs, his desire honest and clear, more curious than possessive. You feel Elys tingling inside you, aroused by the open possibilities.

You nod and smile warmly at Sarek, gazing into his beautiful eyes. A little while later, you lie down next to Elion. Your breathing is slow, open. You wait for Elion to settle in comfortably beside you. As you stretch your arms slightly above your head and shift your hips, your dress moves. You wonder if anyone will notice that you are not wearing anything underneath.

You read the answer to your question in Sarek's silent gaze, and you take his hand. "Do you still want me to feel the sparkle of starlight?" you ask, your hand searching for reassurance.

Elion now kneels next to you. Hesitation flickers through his fingers, but only for a moment. One hand gently cups your intimate sanctuary, calm and still. The other hand rests over your heart centre as you breathe in and out.

A soft sound escapes your mouth, low and deep, like a river sighing into a wider bed. Hearing yourself moan releases a wave of both Elys and Luma through you, washing away all your nervousness instantly. *Yes, I definitely want to feel this!* All you can think about is surrendering even more deeply into the deep joy that tingles within you.

You feel Sarek moving closer and lying down beside you, guiding your hand with a quiet invitation. You can feel his longing to be touched. You breathe out more deeply this time and feel yourself relax into readiness. Your thighs soften. Beneath Elion's cupped hand, your chalice stirs – warm and silent.

Your whole body tingles with quiet warmth, as if kissed by the first rays of dawn. You feel yourself opening like a flower under Elion's touch – not in urgent need, but in sacred welcome and surrender.

No one says what should come next. But in the silence between heartbeats, the air hums with sacred electricity – the same current that stirs within you. Something is happening. You can smell the scent of roses carried by the breeze, mingling with your body's pleasure. The fragrance is both familiar and new. You keep breathing through your heart. Luma is rising, filling your body with light and LOVE.

7. Delicious Surrender

Sarek follows you into a grove bathed in sunlight, where the trees form a perfect circle and their intertwining branches above seem like clasped hands. Dozens of butterflies with wings in shades of violet and bright orange rise from the grass as you twirl among them in your short, flowing dress. Your laughter causes them to spiral into the dappled sun light that seems to envelop you like an aura of magic. *I feel like a princess, beautiful and full of joy ...*

There's also something stirring inside of you that you can't quite figure out yet.

"Look!" you spread your arms wide, trying to catch a sunbeam in your hands. "Even the sky is celebrating!"

Your happiness is contagious and alive, like the ecstatic flight of a sparrow, darting and dipping for the sheer pleasure of feeling the wind beneath its wings. You pick a wild strawberry, pop it between your teeth and grin at Sarek, juice dripping on your chin. "Where on my body do you want to kiss me the most right now?" you tease, and your Elys is swirling, making your whole body tingle with joy.

When Sarek asks you why you shine more brightly than the afternoon sun, you hug him, sharing your warmth and tenderness with him. Then you whisper a secret in his ear – a poem you read a few days ago.

"A woman once told a man to look at her

Like a coyote looks at a fully stocked hen house

She wanted to see the desire in his eyes

She wanted to be adored and worshipped

It lifted her to her highest frequency."

Your voice softens, growing rich and honeyed. "I never understood that longing until today. Elion's hands wanted me, and I couldn't resist. And how you watched me and adored me! As if I were a feast. I've never felt so ... alive in my skin."

You don't say: *It made me powerful*. You don't need to.

Sarek pulls you closer, nestling his nose in your hair and appreciating your curves with his hands. "And if I look at you like that now?"

You arch into his touch, your spine like a drawn bowstring. "Then I'll take you to where the strawberries are sweetest," you purr.

Your body pulses with a new kind of electricity – not just the fleeting spark of desire, but the deep, resonant current of Elys that vibrates like a craving symphony of violins. In this light, Sarek is the steady, warm flame that enables you to surrender without the fear of losing yourself. Meanwhile, Elion is a wildflower allowing the flow to swirl around and become a dancing butterfly.

You remember your moans, your body quivering under Elion's touch, and Sarek right there with you, holding you. These memories warm your chalice and your heart, making you crave more. The intensity of your feelings grows almost too strong to handle - a fiery swell of passion that leaves you with an undeniably delicious sense of being truly alive.

Beyond the trees, a stream flows steadily and unhurriedly over smooth stones. You know that Elion is waiting for you there somewhere, and you hope to see him again very soon.

And yet ...

Beneath the sweetness lies that old whisper: *What if Sarek locks his fire away when I return to him - not in anger, but in quiet resignation? What if he lets me drink from other wells but forgets how to thirst for me?*

You pull away from the hug. "Now, tell me," you ask, intertwining your fingers with his. "Is there still something caught up in here?" You tap his chest with your other hand.

"When he touches me ..." you say, now brushing your thumb over his chest. "Does it make you feel ... less? Like your flame isn't enough to light me up?"

He becomes very still. Then, with deliberate slowness, Sarek guides your hand upwards, past the rapid pulse beating at his throat, until your palm touches his lips. He kisses it once, twice, his warm and steamy breath tickling your skin.

As he didn't give you an answer, you continue, "You know, you hold me in all the ways I need, so I can

dare to let go," you purr. Your fingers intertwine with his, holding them more firmly. "When Elion's hands are on me, it's your steadiness that lets me melt and surrender. Without you as my sweet, loving anchor, I'd be like a bottle of pure rose oil, closed up tight – sweet and alluring, yet yearning to release my essence into the world."

A shiver runs through you. Not fear. Sensual blossoming. From your own confession, and from the power you are handing over to him. And from the growing power you are beginning to embrace.

"Elion ..." you breathe, "is the spark to my tinder. Then I can burn much hotter and much longer ..."

"... and I'm the one who warms myself at your fire," he finishes.

You nod, sliding your leg between his thighs.

"So I'll ask simply: do you want to be the roots and support that let me climb?"

He doesn't answer right away. Instead, he kisses you, slowly and deeply, allowing you to taste the paradox within him: the *YES* of his hands gripping your hips with deep desire, and the *even when it hurts sometimes* of his teeth gently biting your lip.

When he pulls back, your pupils are blown wide. "You see?" you murmur.

He shivers. "And what if I said ... I also want to be with someone else while you are with me?"

The question hangs between you, ripe with possibility.

"Not now," you reply, tracing his jaw. "Let me savour this first. I enjoy your longing for me like this. Half-mad. Never fully satisfied, so that you crave for more. Let me drink my fill of how you look at me and how much you want to worship me - like I'm the last well in the desert."

A breeze rustles through the trees. Somewhere beyond the grove, Elion's voice hums a wandering tune - patient and unhurried, already knowing that he can have you again and again.

Sarek leans his forehead against your's.

"Then let me thirst only for you," he says.

With tears of gratitude in your eyes, you reply, "The Flowkeeper's Freedom."

Flowkeeper's Freedom

She moves with grace beyond one shore
Carried by trust, not by escape
He holds the flame, steady and strong
Not to restrict, but to bless.

Passion and desire are not a threat here
They become the bond between souls
She reaches out to taste the world
And returns full of light and LOVE.

He watches, his heart open and filled
Knowing LOVE is not possession
What is confined fades
What is shared grows.

He deepens where he surrenders
He learns the art of devoted presence
Not through taking, but through feeling
She blooms where she is fully trusted.

Together, they expand the meaning
Of devotion, freedom, and sacred touch.

8. Secrets and Shadows

The evening light filters through the wild roses, casting a warm glow over the woven blankets and highlighting their intricate yellow and orange patterns. You take a sip of Sarek's herbal tea, a delicious blend of sweet and bitter flavours. Elion stretches out his long legs, his head resting on your thigh. The air is filled with the scent of fallen petals and the damp earth below.

Elion gazes up at you. Although his voice is relaxed, his eyes reveal an underlying sense of purpose. "I'd like to go to that retreat place at Emberlyn Lake. Last year, we all swam naked in the moonlight - it's all very natural there. Would you like to join me?"

There is a pause. You grip your cup a little tighter. Sarek's breath catches slightly. You had been expecting this moment. You have been around Elion a lot recently, showing increasing interest in spending time alone with him. Now, your lips curve with playful coyness, but your toes dig into the blanket. *How exciting!*

"I'd need to discuss it, of course." You turn to Sarek, your eyes wide and gleaming. Testing. Pleading.

He swallows. "Sounds ... peaceful."

Peaceful? What Sarek probably meant was: I can picture your bare skin and beautiful curves in the moonlight. I imagine his hands all over you. I want to scream, yet I'm undeniably thrilled for you to have this.

Elion gives him a big grin and pats him on the shoulder. "Don't worry bro, you'll get her back afterwards!"

Sarek stands up and brushes some rose petals off his clothes before wandering towards the thicket to relieve himself. Elion follows him. You stay behind, leaning your head against Elion's open backpack.

All alone, you exhale. You spot the letter right away – a piece of papyrus sticking out of Elion's backpack, as if the secrets it contains are calling out to be revealed to you! You know you shouldn't. But it is a peaceful evening, the soothing tea is warming you up, and Elion's proposal is still echoing in your mind. What if the letter is meant for you? What if it's a secret message from Elion confessing what he couldn't say aloud? The thought is tantalizing – too tempting to resist.

You unfold it.

Dear Mira,

you said you'd never share me. Would seeing me happy with someone else change your mind? Would you come to Emberlyn Lake to talk? No expectations, just being honest with each other.

Your heartbeat quickens. It's not anger or even surprise, just a low, warm thrill. Mira. The woman who had left him, because she wanted him all to herself. *And now, he was asking her to witness us?*

You run your fingers over the words. *What if Mira came? This could be an opportunity for Elion to find closure. Or, what if she had changed? Would she want to share the same tent at night? What if ...*

Footsteps crunch in the grass. You quickly put the letter away, your heart pounding.

When Sarek returns, you pour him another cup of tea.

"So," you say, handing him the cup. "About Emberlyn ..."

"It might be a good time to see how things work out," he replies. "Let's see if I can manage letting you go with him."

...

The night before your departure feels endless for Sarek, a quiet yet exciting tension fills the air. He lies awake, his eyes wandering over the curve of your shoulder. He is close enough to feel your warmth, but he doesn't dare touching you. You sleep peacefully, your eyelashes fluttering in some distant dreams and your lips slightly apart. Just so. Innocent.

Sarek's body hums with a bittersweet ache. He pictures you at Emberlyn Lake, laughing as you step into the water. Elion is behind you, his hands lightly touching your hips. Your head tilts back just as it does when you feel pleasure. This thought should hurt, but instead a strange, swirling warmth spreads

in Sarek's stomach. He wants this for you. He wants to hand-deliver every moan and sigh, wants you to unfold in the moonlight like a flower that never blooms just for him alone. Your full, sensual freedom is the sweetest gift he can give you.

A soft groan slips out from him. You don't move. You were even too tired to snuggle into him tonight, and he feels an empty ache at the missing weight of you against his chest. He presses his palm to his chest, as if he could push the longing back inside. The Elys in his veins buzzes, turning every thought into liquid, tingling fire. Two nights. Two nights of knowing you'll be with Elion, leaving behind only the night-gown that holds your lingering scent, a gentle reminder of your beautiful presence while you're away. A long sigh. Dawn is still hours away.

9. Emberlyn Lake

The cicadas buzz loudly in the pines as you secure the last tent peg. Beyond the trees, Emberlyn Lake shimmers, its surface stirred by a steady breeze. *Is a storm coming? you wonder. Or maybe just Mira?* Elion kneels beside you, his shoulder brushing yours. "Remember that spot I told you about? The one with the great view?"

His voice seems a little too cheerful, like when he's hiding something. Like that letter you wrote to your ex, you nearly blurt out.

Instead, you just smile. "Show me."

He guides you to a large flat stone by the water's edge, that has been worn down. His thumb traces over two faded letters: M + E.

"Mira?" you ask, even though you already know.

"Yeah. We carved it last summer before she left." Elion hesitates. "I asked her to come here, to the retreat. She never replied, so I thought ..."

"Did you think it would spare me the confusion of knowing that you can't let go of her?"

You open a small vial of rose oil that you always carry with you. Its fragrant touch is usually reserved for your sacred chalice, a gentle promise of intimacy and desire. You let a drop fall onto the carving. The sweet, floral scent spreads between you.

"There. Now it smells like us."

Elion chuckles, but his laughter quickly fades as he realises the gravity of the situation unfolding around him.

While stacking firewood, you hear the sound of boots crunching on dry twigs. It's Mira! She isn't the delicate figure you expected – she looks more intense, with sharp angles and fiery braids.

"Do you even know what you want?" Mira asked Elion, skipping the greetings.

Your skin tingles. *That voice!* It's low and angry, full of life. Moving carefully, you reach for a twig. "You're nothing like he said you were."

Mira's eyes meet yours. "And what's that?"

You step closer. "Less ..." You brush a leaf from Mira's hair, your fingers lingering a moment too long. "Present."

A quick laugh. "Well, here I am."

Elion clears his throat. "Two Flowkeepers and only one tent – lucky me?"

The joke fades into the breeze. You offer tea. Mira gazes at the lake, the fireplace, and the dark, stormy horizon. For a fleeting moment, the only sound is the gentle lapping of the water against the pebbled shore.

Mira hesitates for a moment before letting her pack slip from her shoulder. "Fine," she mutters. But I'm not sharing a tent."

The first drops of rain fall on your forehead just as Mira finishes speaking. A gust of wind picks up, churning the lake into foamy waves. The sky bursts open with a deep rumble, and the rain turns into a heavy downpour, soaking the earth and you.

As Mira tries to pick up the mugs of tea, you just grab her wrist and pull her towards the tent. "We can argue about it later," you shout over the sound of the rain.

Elion rushes after them, leaving the firewood behind. The tent is cramped with three bodies and all the things you haven't spoken about. As you huddle completely soaked on the sleeping mats, your hip presses against Mira's. Elion stays near the entrance.

"You knew this storm was coming," Mira accuses him.

Elion wipes water from his eyes.

"And yet you didn't bring a bigger tent," she adds.

You peel off your soaked dress and toss it towards the corner. Your bare skin prickles under Mira's sideways glance.

"What? You'd rather sit in wet clothes?"

Mira's jaw tightens, but she removes her shirt, revealing a pale, jagged scar on her side.

Elion gasps. "When did that happen ...?"

"After I left you. Tree-climbing accident - I lost my grip. Funny, huh? The body keeps score."

You reach out and gently trace the scar with a fingertip. Mira flinches, but doesn't move away. "I like it," you murmur. "It shows you feel things deeply."

Elion lets out a hurt sound. "You two are actually enjoying this."

"Enjoying what?" Mira snaps at him. "Watching you? Seeing us like this? Yeah, a little." Her knee bumps against yours - *was it on purpose?* - as she leans closer.

"You brought us both here to show off: 'Look how happy I am without you, Mira! Look how free I am, my new LOVE!' But you're not free. You're scared."

Thunder shakes the tent. Elion's hands tremble. You watch him fall apart, feeling a knot form in your chest. Although you had wished for this moment, wanting him to be vulnerable and perhaps even wanting Mira's fire, now the air feels too dense, too electric.

Mira lets out a tired breath. "You don't want me. You just want to prove that you're someone worth staying with."

Elion slumps. "Then why did you come?"

"To see you fail." Mira keeps her eyes on him. "And to see her." She nods towards you. "The Flowkeeper you're using to fill my shape."

You laugh, sharply and unexpectedly. "Oh, I'm nobody's placeholder."

You stretch, letting your bare leg touch Mira's. "But I do like your shape."

Lightning flashes. In the brief burst of white light, you notice it – Mira's pupils blown wide, her breathing rapid. Not anger anymore. *Blossoming*.

The storm roars around you, it's constant drumming mirroring the turmoil inside Elion. Kneeling by the entrance, he feels like an outsider in his own story, watching as the bond between Mira and you develops its own momentum. It was an unexpected turn – one he couldn't control.

There's more to Mira's eyes than just rebellion. They sparkle with mischievous teasing and hint at old hurts. "Do you remember, Elion? That summer when you went to that concert with another girl, thinking I wouldn't find out?" She laughs softly. "Consider this sweet revenge. Stay where you are! Just watch. Maybe you'll learn something about LOVE that you cannot control."

She leans closer, her fingers lightly caressing your arm. There is a promise in that touch. You kiss. Meanwhile, the storm outside rages on, wrapping the three of you in its wild, untamed embrace.

The tent shudders in the wind. Mira slides her hand down to your thighs, suddenly more possessive. And

Elion, still kneeling and quiet, realises: *This isn't an ending. It's a beginning. And I would give her anything she desires.* A delightful surge of Elys flows through him, making his body tingle. In that moment, all he can do is breathe deeply. LOVE in, LOVE out. Luma fills his heart.

10. Echoes of Transformation

Sunlight seeps through the fabric of the tent, warm and golden like honey. You stretch, your fingers tenderly brushing Elion's thigh. He lets out a soft, affectionate moan that makes you pause for a moment.

"So much Luma ...," he murmurs, his eyes still shut. "You two were so beautiful."

You observe him. *He's not the same needy man he used to be.*

Then you spot a piece of paper tucked into your boot. Mira's curvy handwriting reads: "Ask him about the lullaby."

Your stomach tightens. *Is it a blessing or a curse?* Elion takes your hand. "You're thinking too loudly," he says.

You sigh. "It's strange. I didn't kiss and touch her just for our own pleasure." The words come out honestly and unfiltered. "Part of me wanted to hurt you. And that's not really freedom."

He smiles. "But it brought me here, right?" He puts his hand on your heart centre. "Thank you."

The forgiveness stings. *If he's not upset, why do I feel guilty?*

Mira's absence hangs between you.

Was it about revenge? You wonder. The way Mira had gripped your waist, almost desperately, made it seem like there was more to it than just a lesson. *Or was she testing us? Seeing if we'd break?*

Underneath it all, a more troubling thought emerges: Did you betray Sarek, your beloved? But the thought slips away like water through your fingers. You feel ... *free*. The dissonance aches.

The day unfolds like a gentle sigh. Elion and you spend hours by the cool, glistening lake in the midday sun. You swim fully free, naked, your laughter echoing through the trees and each splash a testament to your rediscovered joy. Between swims, you relax on the warm rocks and share stories and dreams that you had once kept hidden. Your honesty feels like a cleansing balm, washing away any lingering confusion and doubt.

In the afternoon, you stroll hand in hand through the pine-scented woods. You often pause to lean against old tree trunks, wrapped in each other's arms, feeling the pulse of the earth beneath your feet. You talk freely, knowing that each sharing is met with understanding and acceptance. At night, you find comfort in your sensuality, grateful for your shared journey and the peace that has settled between you.

The following day, you quietly pack up the camp, leaving the smooth, still lake behind, each heading back to your own home.

You greet Sarek warmly at the door. He is barefoot and radiates a relaxed vibe that you haven't seen in him before.

"Did you feel the storm?" he asks. "I danced naked in the abandoned rose garden. Let it rage over me." A laugh, clear as a ringing bell. "Turns out, I'm stronger when I'm vulnerable."

Then, more gently: "Let Elion know I'm grateful he keeps you wild."

Your breath catches. *This isn't the man who used to compare himself to others. This is someone who has grown in your absence.* You tell him about Mira, the kissing and caressing, and how Elion didn't break, but sparkled. No guilt, no shame. Just the truth.

Sarek listens, and then says, "I'm glad. It might be connected to what I'm about to tell you. During the storm, I had a vision ..."

He cradles your face in his hands, his thumbs brushing your cheekbones. The scent of earth and moss still clings to his skin.

"In the vision," he says, "I saw how we have caged ourselves."

Your pulse quickens beneath his fingertips.

"All those rules we set about touching - who can do it, when, and how much. How we call jealousy 'natural' and suffocate desire with shame." He laughs,

but it's passionate. "We act like LOVE is a fire that must be controlled, when it's supposed to cleanse and empower us."

You tremble. The world tilts.

"I want to start something with you. A group for those who are tired of being afraid of LOVE, closeness, and vulnerability." He places your hand on his chest, where his heart pounds strong and free. "We can call it Luma's Garden."

"The storm stripped me bare," he confesses. "At first, the rain felt like needles, the storm was fierce. Then, I wasn't scared anymore. The wild roses in this abandoned garden weren't just surviving the storm, they were singing in it. Each thorn, each petal, fully themselves. No apologies."

Your fingers squeeze around his.

"That's when I realised: Luma isn't a gentle glow that we earn by being 'good.' It's the wildness within us. It's the part of us that flourishes in the whirlwind of intense feelings. And in the stillness that follows.

Elion is welcome. Even Mira, if she wants."

He gently traces the outline of your ear.

"How about this: at every gathering, we share one fear out loud, and then we offer it to the garden."

"How?" you whisper.

He smiles. "Any way we want. Dance. Tears. Touch. The only betrayal is hiding from who we are."

Your eyes glisten with tears as you listen; each word touches you deeply. Leaning closer, you rest your head on his shoulder and feel the warmth and honesty coming from him.

"This vision ..." your voice trembles with emotion, "it might just be the most beautiful thing I've ever heard." A single tear slips out and runs down your cheek, landing on his neck.

As you lean back slightly, your eyes meet his, showing your commitment. "Let's plant this garden of Luma together. Let's grow something wild and full of LOVE, and become free so that we can face the storms and sing in the rain."

11. Taking Root

The abandoned garden glows with the soft light of the late afternoon sun, wild roses cascading over the old stone walls. You kneel on the grass with your palms open to the sky, as the others gather around you: Sarek sits cross-legged, shining; Elion plays with a dandelion; and Mira leans against the rough trunk of an apple tree with her arms crossed.

"First," Sarek says, "we need to agree.

What we share here in Luma's Garden stays here. No fixing, no interrupting. Silence is sacred. All feelings are welcome – even feeling nothing."

He presses his hands into the earth. "Feel the ground. It supports us."

Mira lets out a sharp breath. "What if I feel angry?"

"Then you feel angry," Sarek replies.

There's a pause. Then Elion, unusually serious: "And if I need to step out?"

You gently touch his thigh. "Then we honour the space you need."

"Now we take root together," Sarek murmurs.

Hands find hands – Sarek's warm grip on your left and Elion's slightly damp one on your right. Mira hesitates, then intertwines his fingers with Sarek's and Elion's. The circle forms. Eyes close.

For a while, all you can hear is breathing and singing birds. Elion's thumb twitches quickly against your wrist. His pulse flutters like a trapped moth. You let out a breath, relaxing your shoulders as you lean into the circle. You can sense the connection and togetherness between everyone as Elion finds more peace. You think, *This is the first miracle*. The roses fill the air with a wild sweetness.

When the silence breaks, Sarek begins, "What's alive in me ... is how much I want this to work. And how terrified I am that it might not." His confession lingers, exposed.

You follow: "What's alive in me is ... my thighs, my chalice and my belly craving touch. And the shame that my wish feels like a blessing, asking me to open up more."

It's Elion's turn. He chews his lip. "What's alive is ... I'm tired of being the fun one. Right now, I feel something stronger rising inside me."

Mira looks down at the grass. "What's alive feels like iron. Like my ribs are a cage. And ..." She stops, shaking her head. "Pass."

No one steps in to rescue her. The circle holds the space, as patient as the garden.

As the sky darkens, you light candles in crystal jars. The flames dance over your faces, each revealing its own openness and vulnerability.

"How about we name what scares us?" Sarek suggests. "Again, no solutions. We just bear witness with empathy. Fears can ease or even disappear when we express them openly."

His voice is barely above a whisper. "What scares me is ... losing control. If I let my guard down, could I lose myself?" His fingers curl into the grass.

Elion takes his turn. His eyes are steady. "What scares me about closeness is ... wanting it too much. It can be an intense feeling, and I don't want to drown in it."

Mira gazes into one of the flames. "What scares me," she says slowly, "is that nobody really sees me, because I don't let them. Just the version I perform."

You go last. "What scares me is ... that next time we meet, I might want to be fully free, with no clothes on, so that I can be even more vulnerable ..."

The fears hang in the air, sacred in their boldness. No one rushes to reassure. Mira places a hand over her heart. Elion nods, his eyes glistening. You suggest that you all let out a few collective sighs to release some energies. It feels good.

"Now," Sarek murmurs, "shall we honour our past wounds about LOVE?"

Mira surprises everyone by going first. "I was fourteen," she says, gently rubbing her knee. "My first kiss laughed and told everyone my lips felt like 'dead fish'. I didn't let anyone touch me for two years."

After hesitating, Elion confesses, "I once shared my poetry with a nearby friend. It was about wanting to be intimate with her. She laughed and said that I was just a puppy with big eyes, begging for a treat, and that she would never open up to someone like that. Now, I'm sometimes afraid to reveal too much about myself."

You wrap your arms around your thighs. "My ex-partner told me my desires were 'obscene'. For years, I starved myself of touch just to feel ... pure. Even now, I feel ashamed that my desire for touch overwhelms others."

Then, shyly, you reach for Mira's hand. "I like your kisses," you whisper.

Mira doesn't pull away. "I'm afraid of opening up more, too," she says, "but I'm here."

No one puts on a show. Their words are like stones dropped into a pond, creating ripples that spread to every edge. "How about a group hug?" suggests Mira, wiping away a tear with her thumb. Nobody questions it. You all move closer, knees touching, arms wrapped around each other's shoulders and heads leaning together.

Then, you bring your hands together again in the circle. The candles flicker softly.

"Right now," Sarek says, "I feel ... both full and empty."

You say, "I feel like my skin fits better."

Elion: "I feel ... brave."

Mira says, "I feel tired, but in a good way."

You breathe in LOVE. Breathe out LOVE. The garden sighs along with you.

"Next time," Sarek says, "we can explore more. But tonight ..." He picks a small wild rose and places it in Mira's palm. "We honour what we have already shown each other."

She studies the flower, then tucks it behind your ear. A silent offering.

Elion chuckles. "I thought this would be more difficult."

You lean into his shoulder. "It's just the beginning."

12. Sweet Blooming

The rose garden glows with golden light as you gather together again. Sarek kneels with his back as straight as a candle. Elion leans in to catch the scent of a wildflower, while Mira traces an invisible line on her legs. The air is filled with the fresh scents of mint and the damp earth from last night's rain.

You take a deep breath. *This is the moment.*

Hands connect in the circle, skin touching skin. You can feel the trusted togetherness. No one speaks as a warm breeze rustles the roses. Then you begin:

"Today, I'd like to be fully free. Any objections?"

Elion's fingers twitch in yours. Mira gives a nod. Sarek gently squeezes your hand – steady, steady.

You speak slowly, allowing each word to sink in: "If shame appears, we'll meet it. If fear comes, we'll breathe with it. Whatever happens here is sacred.

Bodies react – to touch, presence and trust. Just as tears may fall, sensual awakening may happen. Neither is wrong; we can respect both equally, and

there is no need to hide anything when we trust each other fully. If it happens to you, you can either say something or keep quiet. As for me ... well, you might notice my blossoming ..."

Mira lets out a soft, appreciative chuckle, her twinkling eyes meeting yours with a glimmer of admiration and empathy, while Sarek's lips curve into a knowing smile. Elion offers a subtle nod of respect and encouragement. Everyone acknowledges the bravery in your openness.

Sarek continues, "Consent is something that can change. We can ask: 'Would you like space?' or 'Is this still okay?' If the answer is no, then it's no. If you say 'auris', it's our shared signal to pause - a way of saying, 'I need to be heard now.'"

The group takes a collective breath, each one affirming their commitment: "Yes, I am aware, I consent, and I feel safe," echoes around the circle. This is not just about agreeing to what is happening; it is an active choice and a shared vow that binds them together in this shared exploration of vulnerability.

While you calmly take off your clothes, you let the others know what kind of touch feels good to you, and where you draw the line on how close you want to be with whom. You are refreshingly straightforward and open in what you say.

Cool air kisses your skin. *This is the test*, you think. Not for them, but for you. Can you be fully present and visible without pretending or hiding? Can you let your body just be, without apologising for it? A blush rises to your cheeks. You allow it.

Sarek steps into the role of the group's trusted guide. He becomes the anchor, being both gentle and attentive, and noticing any small shifts in body language. With his intuitive sense, he holds a safe space for the group, ensuring that everyone remains connected to the present moment.

Elion's fingers dance over your bare stomach, teasing and tempting you. "What if," he murmurs, "we make you the centrepiece?" His eyes sparkle with playful challenge. "Why don't you lie down and let us hold you? Every part of you."

Mira takes a deep breath. But no one disagrees.

As you stand in the middle of this shared vulnerability, excitement and nervousness swirl in your stomach. You didn't know what to expect, but did you ever imagine it would come to this? Your heart is pounding. The warmth of your friend's trust feels intoxicating, yet a whisper of doubt remains: can you really allow yourself to be seen so openly? *It's happening. Right here, right now.*

You nod gently. "I'm ready," you say, your eyes shimmering with both bravery and tenderness.

You stretch out on the blanket and rest your hands by your sides. Above you, a couple of white clouds drift lazily in the blue sky, taking on the shape of a butterfly. An omen, perhaps? Does it symbolise your transformation as you embrace your vulnerability and allow yourself to fully surrender? You close your eyes.

You feel two warm palms come to rest over your heart centre and some gentle fingers touching your

knees. Mira holds one of your hands, while her other hand rests on your hipbone. You can feel the slow, deep breathing of the others. You remember: LOVE in. LOVE out.

Years could go by like this. Even centuries. The solid weight of their trust and togetherness keeps you grounded, anchored in your own being. LOVE fills your chest, like a warm, golden light. "I can feel Luma. It's here," you whisper.

Sarek's thumb gently caresses your chest. "Good. Now – do you want to feel Elys too?"

Mira's hand feels reassuring as she gently squeezes yours. 'Yes?' she asks, neither hesitant nor hungry. Just present.

"Yes," you reply.

As the others let go of you, Mira's left hand finds the place where you hold the most tenderness – not gripping, not stroking. Holding. Her right palm settles on your belly as a counterbalance. *She feels so good. So natural.* No shame. Just the warmth of Mira's hands on you. There's weight in her touch, not urgency – just the right balance to let you fully exhale.

"Just relax, let go and breathe LOVE," Sarek reminds you – but you already are.

"Keep your hands there," he tells Mira. Then, turning to Elion: "Her body is like a canvas, and we can paint on her, without touching."

He shows him how to bring the index and middle fingers together to form an imaginary paintbrush, and how to hover it just above your body. With slow,

swirling movements, Sarek and Elion both trace invisible circles, focusing especially on your heart centre, the chest, above Mira's hands, and along the hips and thighs.

Where they pass, Elys comes in waves, sparkling and bright like tiny crystals, dancing through your torso and up your spine. In response to your body's natural reaction, Mira's fingers curl slightly more, maintaining their tantalising hold. "I'm here with you."

A sound escapes you - half a laugh, half a sigh. It's at this moment that you realise you're not hiding any more.

Sarek's smile is like sunlight. "Look at you! All of you. Alive and full of LOVE."

Somewhere above, a bee drifts from bloom to bloom, drunk on sweetness.

The Flamebearer's Path

2. The Riverbend

The path beneath your feet softens as you approach the water. Sunlight dances on the river's surface, scattering reflections of liquid gold. Birds call from the trees, their warm, harmonious songs drifting through the air.

You know this place.

And you know who is waiting for you here.

Saren stands by the bend as though she has always been there. Her presence is both familiar and exhilarating - a paradox that you can feel in your chest and stomach.

She is the Flowkeeper. Her chalice breathes a swirling, liquid light - a vessel alive with the energy pulsing between her thighs. The light echoes in the curve of her hips, the flow of her breath and the wet warmth of her presence. A promise. Yet there's something more: an energy that doesn't ask for permission, only recognition. She doesn't hold it - she offers it. When your eyes meet hers, the air hums, as if the very ground knows that this is where surrender and strength touch.

Saren turns and smiles, her body curved in quiet grace. She opens her arms without a word.

You step into each other's embrace. You share a long, close hug, aligning your bodies in quiet trust. When your lips meet softly and tenderly, it is not the beginning of something new, but a reminder and a homecoming. You stay close, with your foreheads touching.

Her whisper brushes your cheek: "I feel Luma in my heart. Can you?"

When her hand touches your chest, something unlocks beneath it. You breathe LOVE in and out through your heart centre. This gentle, loving current of light flows inward, illuminating your cells as it moves through your body. It is not desire or thought, but a loving presence. You don't need to try; your body remembers it naturally.

Saren draws you closer again. Your bodies press gently together, your hips, stomachs and chests aligned. Her lips brush your ear: first a kiss, playful and tender, then the whisper: "I'm ready to go with you ... wherever it feels good and right for us to go."

A tingling warmth stirs in your lower body, not sudden, but undeniable. It feels like a growing, vibrant shimmer, like tiny sparkling crystals in a clear river. It rises and spreads through your stomach and up your spine into your chest, until your whole being seems to vibrate subtly from within. Elys. This is the tingling sensation of pleasure and aliveness that arises when LOVE, safety and desire come together in harmony.

You stand in the curve of the river for a long, precious moment. Luma and Elys, awakened, move through your body, above and below. Saren breathes with you, steadily and openly, with full presence. After letting go of the hug, you hold hands and sense each other's loving energy. The path ahead awaits, but there is no hurry. You move forward because you want to – because every step you take is now part of the embrace.

3. Hand in Hand

The river flows alongside you, close enough for you to always hear its gentle murmur over stones and brushing past mossy roots. Sunlight flickers through the canopy as you and Saren walk hand in hand, your bare feet feeling the warmth of the earth beneath them. The world breathes quietly around you, as if it is listening with you.

Your fingers are gently intertwined. You can feel each other's warmth and presence through your skin. For a while, you walk in silence. Then Saren asks, "Why is it so hard to open up more, even when we feel safe?"

You look at Saren. Her face is calm, but you sense what she means. Expanding LOVE means revealing what has been hidden. It brings both joy and trembling.

You answer without thinking: "Maybe it's because we still believe there's something in us that would push the other one away if they could see it?"

A soft wind brushes over your skin. And then, from the side of the path, a towering sunflower, tall and

golden, turns slowly towards you. Its petals shimmer in the light. You both stop.

No voice speaks, yet the words resonate:

"Have you hoarded the sacred waters of her chalice only for yourselves?

Was this the story you were taught - that deep sharing is dangerous?

What is the fear, the shame, that still clings to you?

Could you let it go ... if your partner stood steady beside you?"

The air becomes very still. Even the river seems to quiet down for a moment. A squirrel dashes past, rustling through dry leaves. The sound of its playful movements becomes a whisper in your chest: "Trust grows slowly. But it grows stronger when you reveal your fears and vulnerabilities."

You and Saren continue walking, at a slower pace now. Neither of you says much, but the silence is not empty. Up ahead, beside the river, an ancient oak spreads wide, its roots like waves and its bark deeply marked by time. You approach it and place your hands on its warm surface. So does Saren. The two of you stand there, foreheads touching its weathered bark, hearts open to the tree and feeling deeply connected. A quiet warmth flows from the wood into your body - steady, calm, knowing.

Saren turns to you: "From now on, let us vow to be completely honest with each other, without hiding any fears or shame. When shadows stir within us, we can tell each other."

Then Saren takes your hands and says, "I feel it's best if the Flowkeeper opens first."

You look Saren in the eyes and nod. "And the Flamebearer," you add, "will hold space. Fully. Strongly. Without judgement."

You look at each other and your roles settle into place, even if they are not named. The vessel pours first. The flame stands unwavering and supportive. Meanwhile, the river flows on beside you, unhurried and clear.

4. Deepening Trust

The river murmurs its approval as you and Saren sit facing each other on the grass. Your knees touch. She reaches for your hands, her palms slightly cool, but open. You can feel her chalice breathing and glowing between you like a well of light filled with promise. Your stomach tingles. A quiet excitement builds – a faint tremble of what is beginning to unfold.

"Let's talk about our fears," she says. Her voice ripples through the soft light that surrounds you. "Let's say them out loud, taking turns and not hiding from them. Let the river carry their weight away."

She exhales. Her words come unbidden: "What if my desire burns too bright? What if it overwhelms or frightens you?"

The water shivers at her confession. Your fingers lightly touch her wrist, not to interrupt her, but to offer support. Your words flow slowly, "When I hold space for you and you let me be part of your feelings, then your fire won't burn me. It can light my way. Every spark you hide would only dim us both."

You lean closer. "Although I might feel jealous, I can also take joy in your opening up. Take pride in your heat."

The wind shifts softly through the trees. A dragonfly hovers above the water before darting away.

You grip Saren's hand slightly tighter, not to claim her, but because the next confession wells up in your throat. "But then... when I imagine you with someone else ... I see them taller. Confident. Hands that touch you in ways I could never ... Something could turn inside me. Like I might not be enough. Like maybe someone else would be better - more graceful, more balanced ... Just ... more."

You look down. The words hang heavily in the air between you. Saren doesn't rush to answer and lets the silence breathe. Then, slowly, she leans forward and presses her lips lightly against your palm. After just one kiss, she gently places your hand against her heart, where her pulse beats wildly. She guides your fingers along her oldest scar, a pale crescent under her breast. You can feel her breath rising beneath your palm.

"This closeness that we share," she says softly, "is not something I offer easily."

She pauses, allowing her heartbeat to speak for her.

"I don't choose with my eyes," she adds, barely above a whisper. "And you are not in competition."

Then she moves closer to sit beside you, ensuring that your shoulders touch. She leans her head on yours and lightly traces your arm with her fingers.

"If you ever feel that ache," she says, "don't carry it alone. Let me see it. Not so I can fix it, just so I can be near you."

You nod. "My LOVE isn't so fragile. I'll stay and discover it with you."

Her fingers touch against your chest. "If we're to go deeper ..." There is a pause. The river falls silent. "If either of us feels uncomfortable with something, we can use a signal word. It's something to create space when the ground feels unsteady."

You know it before she continues: "Auris. I need to be heard."

One word to separate heat from harm. It lands like a pebble in a still pond - not with a shattering splash, but as a gentle ripple. The air between you cools, not with loss, but with space. A held breath.

Saren leans back just enough to meet your gaze. "There," she says, brushing her thumb against your lower lip. "No storm. No falling. Just this: a quiet place where we can rest."

She cradles your jaw in her hand. "Now watch how easily the light returns ..."

A kiss. Slow as dawn.

The water keeps flowing. A bird calls clearly and loudly from the trees, as if agreeing that closeness needs no defence.

And something eases inside you. Not completely, and not all at once. But enough to feel the warmth of being seen and chosen - again, and again, and again.

Her whisper is raw and unguarded: "What if my waters drown your flame? What if you no longer find the experience exciting?"

"If I ... watch with interest, but don't burn?"

Saren stays still. Then her lips curve. It's a slow, wicked promise. "Well, my LOVE ..." Her fingers glide up your inner thigh and she gently holds her palm on your trousers, just where she gets the most attention from you. "I don't need to let your flame go out ..." A nail scrapes - light as a spark along tinder. "I know where your coals are hidden."

She presses your hand against her heart with her other hand. You can feel her pulse beating swiftly there. "Feel that? It quickens when you're hungry for me. Imagine how fast it'll beat when I make you want more."

Deliberately, she slips her hand into her clothes and dips a finger into her chalice. She rewards you with a single drop on your lips. It blooms on your tongue - not fire, not honey, but the taste of a promise.

"This," she murmurs, "is how we feed each other."

Then she takes your hand and guides it between her legs, pressing it against her. The heat there is alive. A mirror.

"Now tell me ..." Her breath catches as you press closer. "What if you didn't just watch, but felt me?"

You lift your chin. The river echoes your promise back to her: "My fire will learn to breathe in your depths."

The current quickens around you. It is not fear that you feel, but recognition – the sacred truth that trust is the first surrender.

More questions are shared:

"What if I show too much, too fast?"

"What if you step back when I need you most?"

After each fear, the other responds – not to fix things or argue, but simply to acknowledge and accept with presence.

The river listens, too. It reflects back not just your voices, but also your intentions. Its surface shimmers like a mirror, reflecting every feeling and holding it for just a moment before carrying it away.

Saren leans forward and gently rests her head against yours. "Trust doesn't mean we have no fear," she whispers. "It means we stay, even when we're trembling."

You breathe together, slowly.

You notice how the water moves, not in a straight line but in curves, like the path of your own heart. It doesn't force its way – it flows where it is welcomed.

5. Crossing the Bridge

You continue walking alongside the river until it narrows and the path divides into two. An old stone bridge arches over the rushing water below, worn smooth by time and the footsteps of those who came before. There are no railings or barriers.

You stand beside Saren, the warmth of her last words still resonating in your heart. She is quiet now, but her firm grip on your hand is a silent promise.

You glance at her. She's watching the water, her lips curved into a smile that hints at a memory.

"There's someone I want you to meet," she says at last. "An old friend. His name is Elion."

She says nothing more, and she doesn't need to. The tingling feeling inside you already deepens.

You continue walking until you reach the bridge. Your steps are deliberate, but inside, you feel a swirling movement. With every breath, a strong current of Elys rises, filling your body with tingles. The same energy hums between your joined hands. Beneath it all, the quiet tremble of nerves lingers in your belly –

the subtle awareness that something new and beautiful is unfolding.

As the bridge gently arches over the water, its curve seems to speak without words. *Cross slowly. Notice where you hesitate.*

Knowing that you will feel safe together, the two of you walk on.

6. Wild Roses

The gate opens with a squeak. Its archway is covered in wild roses that have just passed their prime – their petals frayed at the edges like old LOVE letters. Beyond it stretches the garden with overgrown grass reaching to the ankles, rustling softly in the breeze, and scattered with wildflowers and bees buzzing busily around them.

Eliot sits waiting on a sun-bleached blanket. He looks relaxed, but his fingers are restless against his knees. When he sees you, he smiles warmly, but his eyes briefly glance at your hand, which is still holding Saren's. Your stomach churns as you wonder how this will work out. He seems envious of your connection with Saren, while you feel anxious about sharing her with another man.

He stands up smoothly – *he is tall*, you notice, your neck tilting slightly to meet his eyes. The sunlight highlights his torso, which is covered by a snug-fitting shirt with cut-off sleeves that reveal arms built through hard work rather than vanity. Faint scars trace his skin like ancient runes.

This is the body that awakened deep trust and trembling joy within Saren.

His smile remains steady, but he continues to interlock and release his fingers in a gentle dance of excitement and nerves. *He is eager, you suspect, until he can be near her again.*

The hug between them lasts just a moment longer than you would like. You try not to notice how his hands gently caress her back. The way her cheek rests on his shoulder as she breathes in deeply. Is this a reunion – or is it just a way for Saren to get back at you for all those times you admired younger women in short dresses with tempting smiles?

And ... how much did Saren desire him when they first met?

Then, all too quickly, the gap between the three of you grows larger. In front of you, the fruits shine: pomegranates, fresh figs; and grapes, so tight that they're ready to burst. Yet who wants to eat with all this tingling inside?

Elion picks a single grape from the stem. His rough yet gentle fingers pause at Saren's lips. She hesitates. You notice the slight quiver in her throat, and how her eyes flick towards you before she opens her mouth.

The grape pops while Elion keeps his fingers on her lips. Juice dribbles down his wrist in a slow, glistening trail. Silence follows. Then, before it falls, Saren catches the drop from Elion's skin with her tongue. A laugh slips from him that is a bit too

cheerful for the heavy air. "Feeling greedy, are we?" he teases, but his voice wavers as he speaks.

Your stomach churns and knots at his comment, recalling that she was the one who suggested the meeting. Your hands lie useless in your lap. The fig you picked earlier sits forgotten and sweaty in your palm. A bee buzzes nearby. The roses rustle in a breeze that doesn't reach the ground.

As three hearts still beat slightly out of sync, the silence lingers, heavy with unspoken words. Elion is the first to break it, rubbing his neck with a sheepish laugh, "I've been in battles with less tension."

Saren lets out a short, humorous yet resigned laugh through her nose. "We're really bad at this," she says, tightening her fingers around yours. "What if we just stopped trying so hard?"

You raise an eyebrow.

"There's something I read about," she says. "Have you heard of the Sacral Bloom? There's no goal or expectation. Just ... hands on the places we're most scared to be touched, a gesture of holding without asking for anything else."

Elion's gaze flickers down and then up again, evaluating. "Like lowering your armor," he murmurs.

"More like coming home," Saren replies and turns to Elion, "Can I try it with you?"

He nods, trusting her, as she helps him to lie down and stretch out on the sun-warmed fabric with his arms by his sides. He closes his eyes and opens up

inwardly, surrendering as if he were stepping bare-foot into holy water, unsure how deep it is.

Saren kneels beside him, becoming quiet, anchored and open. She rests one hand softly at the centre of his chest. The other hand gently cups the area at his hips, where longing quietly gathers beneath the cloth. Her hands remain still, offering presence rather than a promise.

"Breathe in LOVE through your heart," she whispers, "and breathe it out again."

Elion nods slightly, and Saren closes her eyes. You watch quietly, feeling curious. The tension in your stomach eases. You find yourself breathing LOVE in and out, not to imitate, but because the peacefulness of the moment draws you in as well. You place your hand on Saren's thigh to show her that you are there, that you are allowing it, and that you are surrendering to whatever wants to happen.

Saren slides her hand from his chest down to his stomach and finds the hem of his shirt, slipping underneath it to touch his skin. Her palm moves slowly and gently, caressing his skin like the wind brushing over the grass around them. Her other hand remains almost completely still, embodying a sense of balance.

A few moments pass. Then Elion lets out a long, low sigh of relief, as if a weight has been lifted from him, welcoming pleasure and excitement. The sound feels grounding, resonating somewhere inside you. Saren's lips turn up in delight and a soft laugh escapes her. "There you go ..." she teases, adjusting her still hand slightly to rest more naturally around the rising

curve. "Looks like you don't mind me coming so close to you, huh?"

You lean closer to Saren, your lips lightly touching the curve of her neck. You breathe in the familiar scent of her skin, warmed by the sun and her tenderness. You feel Elys tingling inside you, aroused by the open possibilities. "I want you to feel this, too," you murmur, your desire honest and clear, more curious than possessive.

Saren nods and smiles warmly at you with her beautiful eyes. A little while later, she lies down next to Elion. Her breathing is slow, open. She waits for Elion to settle in comfortably beside her. As she stretches her arms slightly above her head and shifts her hips, her dress moves. Only then do you realise that Saren isn't wearing anything underneath.

She reads your silent expression and takes your hand. "Do you still want me to feel the sparkle of starlight?" she asks, her hand searching for reassurance.

Elion now kneels next to her. Hesitation flickers through his fingers, but only for a moment. One hand gently cups her intimate sanctuary, calm and still. The other hand rests over her heart centre, feeling her chest rise and fall.

A soft sound escapes her mouth, low and deep, like a river sighing into a wider bed. Hearing her moan releases a wave of both Elys and Luma through you, washing away all your nervousness instantly. Yes, you definitely want her to feel this. All you can think about is how beautiful she is, and a deep joy tingles within you.

You move closer, lying down beside her and guiding her hand with quiet invitation, longing to be felt. She lets out a deeper breath this time, and you feel her relax into readiness. Her thighs soften. Beneath Elion's cupped hand, her chalice stirs - warm and silent. A blush spreads along her neck like the first light of dawn.

Her entire body now speaks in quiet warmth, opening like a flower under Elion's touch - not in urgent need, but in sacred welcome and surrender.

No one says what should come next. But in the silence between heartbeats, the air hums with sacred electricity - the same current that stirs within you. Something is happening. You keep breathing through your heart. Luma is rising, filling your body with light and LOVE. The fig you once held, now forgotten, lies split open on the grass, its seeds sparkling in the sunlight.

7. Delicious Surrender

You follow Saren into a grove bathed in sunlight, where the trees form a perfect circle and their intertwining branches above seem like clasped hands. Dozens of butterflies with wings in shades of violet and bright orange rise from the grass as she twirls among them in her short, flowing dress. Her laughter causes them to spiral into the dappled sun light that seems to envelop her like an aura of magic. *She seems like a princess, so beautiful and joyful ...*

There's also something about her that you can't quite figure out yet.

"Look!" She spreads her arms wide, trying to catch a sunbeam in her hands. "Even the sky is celebrating!"

Her happiness is contagious and alive, like the ecstatic flight of a sparrow, darting and dipping for the sheer pleasure of feeling the wind beneath its wings. Saren picks a wild strawberry, pops it between her teeth and grins at you, juice dripping on her chin. "Where on my body do you want to kiss me the most right now?" she teases, and your Elys is swirling, making your whole body tingle with joy.

When you ask her why she shines more brightly than the afternoon sun, she hugs you, sharing her warmth and tenderness with you. Then she whispers a secret in your ear – a poem she read a few days ago.

"A woman once told a man to look at her

Like a coyote looks at a fully stocked hen house

She wanted to see the desire in his eyes

She wanted to be adored and worshipped

It lifted her to her highest frequency."

Her voice softens, growing rich and honeyed. "I never understood that longing until today. Elion's hands wanted me, and I couldn't resist. And how you watched me and adored me! As if I were a feast. I've never felt so ... alive in my skin."

She doesn't say: *It made me powerful*. She doesn't need to.

You pull her closer, nestling your nose in her hair and appreciating her curves with your hands. "And if I look at you like that now?"

She arches into your touch, her spine like a drawn bowstring. "Then I'll take you to where the strawberries are sweetest," she purrs.

Beyond the trees, a stream flows steadily and unhurriedly over smooth stones. You know without asking: Elion is waiting there somewhere, and you hope she will see him again very soon.

Saren pulls away from the hug. "Now, tell me," she insists, intertwining her fingers with yours. "Is there

still something caught up in here?" She taps your chest with her other hand.

Your body pulses with a new kind of electricity – not just the fleeting spark of desire, but the deep, resonant current of Elys that vibrates like a craving symphony of violins. In this light, Saren is the ripe, open fig, her sweetness laid bare. You remember her moans and how her body quivered under Elion's touch, and these memories coil in your stomach like a live wire, making you crave more. The intensity of your feelings grows almost too strong to handle – a fiery swell of passion that leaves you with an undeniably delicious sense of being truly alive.

And yet ...

Beneath the sweetness lies that old whisper: *What if she finds more flavour in him and thinks you're boring?*

"When he touches you ... Do you still feel me here?" you ask, brushing your thumb over her chest.

She becomes very still. Then, with deliberate slowness, she guides your hand upwards, past the pulse at her throat that beats like a rabbit's, until your palm touches her lips. She kisses it once, twice, her warm and steamy breath tickling your skin.

"You hold me in all the ways I need, so I can dare to let go," she purrs. Your fingers intertwine with hers, holding them more firmly. "When Elion's hands are on me, it's your steadiness that lets me melt and surrender. Without you as my sweet, loving anchor, I'd be like a bottle of pure rose oil, closed up tight – sweet and alluring, yet yearning to release my essence into the world."

A shiver runs through her. Not fear. Sensual blossoming. From her own confession, and from the power she's handing over to you. And from the growing power she's beginning to embrace.

"Elion ..." she breathes, "is the spark to my tinder. Then I can burn much hotter and much longer ..."

"... and I'm the one who warms myself at your fire," you finish.

She nods, sliding her leg between your thighs.

"So I'll ask simply: do you want to be the roots and support that let me climb?"

You don't answer right away. Instead, you kiss her, slowly and deeply, allowing her to taste the paradox within you: the *YES* of your hands gripping her hips with deep desire, and the *even when it hurts sometimes* of your teeth gently biting her lip.

When you pull back, her pupils are blown wide. "You see?" Saren murmurs.

You shiver. "And what if I said ... I also want to be with someone else while you are with me?"

The question hangs between you, ripe with possibility.

"Not now," she replies, tracing your jaw. "Let me savour this first. I enjoy your longing for me like this. Half-mad. Never fully satisfied, so that you crave for more. Let me drink my fill of how you look at me and how much you want to worship me – like I'm the last well in the desert."

A breeze rustles through the trees. Somewhere beyond the grove, Elion's voice hums a wandering tune - patient and unhurried, already knowing that he can have her again and again.

You lean your forehead against Saren's.

"Then let me thirst only for you," you say.

With tears of gratitude in her eyes, she replies, "The Flowkeeper's Freedom."

Flowkeeper's Freedom

She moves with grace beyond one shore
Carried by trust, not by escape
He holds the flame, steady and strong
Not to restrict, but to bless.

Passion and desire are not a threat here
They become the bond between souls
She reaches out to taste the world
And returns full of light and LOVE.

He watches, his heart open and filled
Knowing LOVE is not possession
What is confined fades
What is shared grows.

He deepens where he surrenders
He learns the art of devoted presence
Not through taking, but through feeling
She blooms where she is fully trusted.

Together, they expand the meaning
Of devotion, freedom, and sacred touch.

8. Secrets and Shadows

The evening light filters through the wild roses, casting a warm glow over the woven blankets and highlighting their intricate yellow and orange patterns. You take a sip of Saren's herbal tea, a delicious blend of sweet and bitter flavours. Elion stretches out his long legs, his head resting on Saren's thigh. The air is filled with the scent of fallen petals and the damp earth below.

"Saren ... " Although Elion's voice is relaxed, his eyes reveal an underlying sense of purpose. "I'd like to go to that retreat place at Emberlyn Lake. Last year, we all swam naked in the moonlight – it's all very natural there. Would you like to join me?"

There is a pause. You grip your cup a little tighter. Saren's breath catches slightly. You had been expecting this moment. She's been around Elion a lot recently, showing increasing interest in spending time alone with him. Now, her lips curve with playful coyness, but her toes were digging into the blanket.
Excitement?

"I'd need to discuss it, of course." She turns to you, her eyes wide and gleaming. Testing. Pleading.

You swallow. "Sounds ... peaceful."

Peaceful? What you really meant was: I can picture your bare skin and beautiful curves in the moonlight. I imagine his hands all over you. I want to scream, yet I'm undeniably thrilled for you to have this.

Elion gives you a big grin and pats you on the shoulder. "Don't worry bro, you'll get her back afterwards!"

You stand up and brush some rose petals off your clothes before wandering towards the thicket to relieve yourself. Elion follows you. Saren stays behind, leaning her head against Elion's open backpack.

All alone, Saren exhales. She spots the letter right away – a piece of papyrus sticking out of Elion's backpack, as if the secrets it contains are calling out to be revealed! She knows she shouldn't. But it is a peaceful evening, the soothing tea is warming her up, and Elion's proposal is still echoing in her mind. What if the letter is meant for her? What if it's a secret message from Elion confessing what he couldn't say aloud? The thought is tantalizing – too tempting to resist.

She unfolds it.

Dear Mira,

you said you'd never share me. Would seeing me happy with Saren change your mind? Would you come to

Emberlyn Lake to talk? No expectations, just being honest with each other.

Her heartbeat quickens. It's not anger or even surprise, just a low, warm thrill. Mira. The woman who had left him, because she wanted him all to herself. And now, he was asking her to witness them?

Saren runs her fingers over the words. What if Mira came? This could be an opportunity for Elion to find closure. Or, what if she had changed? Would she want to share the same tent at night? What if ...

Footsteps crunch in the grass. She quickly puts the letter away, her heart pounding.

When you return, Saren pours you another cup of tea.

"So," she says, handing you the cup. "About Emberlyn ..."

"It might be a good time to see how things work out," you reply. "Let's see if I can manage letting you go with him."

...

The night before Saren's departure feels endless, a quiet yet exciting tension fills the air. You lie awake, your eyes wandering over the curve of her shoulder. You are close enough to feel her warmth, but you don't dare touching her. She sleeps peacefully, her eyelashes fluttering in some distant dreams and her lips slightly apart. Just so. *Innocent*.

Your body hums with a bittersweet ache. You picture her at Emberlyn Lake, laughing as she steps into the water. Elion is behind her, his hands lightly touching

her hips. Her head tilts back just as it does when she feels pleasure. This thought should hurt, but instead a strange, swirling warmth spreads in your stomach. *You want this for her.* You want to hand-deliver every moan and sigh, want her to unfold in the moonlight like a flower that never blooms just for you alone. Her full, sensual freedom is the sweetest gift you can give her.

A soft groan slips out from you. Saren doesn't move. She were even too tired to snuggle into you tonight, and the missing weight of her against your chest feels like an empty ache. You press your palm to your chest, as if you could push the longing back inside. The Elys in your veins buzzes, turning every thought into liquid, tingling fire. *Two nights.* Two nights of knowing she'll be with him, leaving behind only the nightgown that holds her lingering scent, a gentle reminder of her beautiful presence while she's away. A long sigh. Dawn is still hours away.

9. Emberlyn Lake

The cicadas buzz loudly in the pines as Saren secures the last tent peg. Beyond the trees, Emberlyn Lake shimmers, its surface stirred by a steady breeze. *Is a storm coming?* she wonders. *Or maybe just Mira?* Elion kneels beside her, his shoulder brushing hers. "Remember that spot I told you about? The one with the great view?"

His voice seems a little too cheerful, like when he's hiding something. Like that letter you wrote to your ex, Saren nearly blurts out.

Instead, she just smiles. "Show me."

He guides her to a large flat stone by the water's edge, that has been worn down. His thumb traces over two faded letters: M + E.

"Mira?" Saren asks, even though she already knows.

"Yeah. We carved it last summer before she left." Elion hesitates. "I asked her to come here, to the retreat. She never replied, so I thought ..."

"Did you think it would spare me the confusion of knowing that you can't let go of her?"

She opens a small vial of rose oil that she always carries with her. Its fragrant touch is usually reserved for her sacred chalice, a gentle promise of intimacy and desire. She lets a drop fall onto the carving. The sweet, floral scent spreads between them.

"There. Now it smells like us."

Elion chuckles, but his laughter quickly fades as he realises the gravity of the situation unfolding around him.

While stacking firewood, they hear the sound of boots crunching on dry twigs. It's Mira! She isn't the delicate figure Saren expected – she looks more intense, with sharp angles and fiery braids.

"Do you even know what you want?" Mira asked Elion, skipping the greetings.

Saren's skin tingles. *That voice!* It's low and angry, full of life. Moving carefully, she reaches for a twig. "You're nothing like he said you were."

Mira's eyes meet hers. "And what's that?"

Saren steps closer. "Less ..." She brushes a leaf from Mira's hair, her fingers lingering a moment too long. "Present."

A quick laugh. "Well, here I am."

Elion clears his throat. "Two Flowkeepers and only one tent – lucky me?"

The joke fades into the breeze. Saren offers tea. Mira gazes at the lake, the fireplace, and the dark, stormy horizon. For a fleeting moment, the only sound is the gentle lapping of the water against the pebbled shore.

Mira hesitates for a moment before letting her pack slip from her shoulder. "Fine," she mutters. But I'm not sharing a tent."

The first drops of rain fall on Elion's forehead just as Mira finishes speaking. A gust of wind picks up, churning the lake into foamy waves. The sky bursts open with a deep rumble, and the rain turns into a heavy downpour, soaking the earth and them.

As Mira tries to pick up the mugs of tea, Saren just grabs her wrist and pulls her towards the tent. "We can argue about it later," she shouts over the sound of the rain.

Elion rushes after them, leaving the firewood behind. The tent is cramped with three bodies and all the things they haven't spoken about. As they huddle completely soaked on the sleeping mats, Saren's hip presses against Mira's. Elion stays near the entrance.

"You knew this storm was coming," Mira accuses him.

Elion wipes water from his eyes.

"And yet you didn't bring a bigger tent," she adds.

Saren peels off her soaked dress and tosses it towards the corner. Her bare skin prickles under Mira's sideways glance.

"What? You'd rather sit in wet clothes?"

Mira's jaw tightens, but she removes her shirt, revealing a pale, jagged scar on her side.

Elion gasps. "When did that happen ...?"

"After I left you. Tree-climbing accident - I lost my grip. Funny, huh? The body keeps score."

Saren reaches out and gently traces the scar with a fingertip. Mira flinches, but doesn't move away. "I like it," Saren murmurs. "It shows you feel things deeply."

Elion lets out a hurt sound. "You two are actually enjoying this."

"Enjoying what?" Mira snaps at him. "Watching you? Seeing us like this? Yeah, a little." Her knee bumps against Saren's - was it on purpose? - as she leans closer.

"You brought us both here to show off: 'Look how happy I am without you, Mira! Look how free I am, Saren!' But you're not free. You're scared."

Thunder shakes the tent. Elion's hands tremble. Saren watches him fall apart, feeling a knot form in her chest. Although she had wished for this moment, wanting him to be vulnerable and perhaps even wanting Mira's fire, now the air feels too dense, too electric.

Mira lets out a tired breath. "You don't want me. You just want to prove that you're someone worth staying with."

Elion slumps. "Then why did you come?"

"To see you fail." Mira keeps her eyes on him. "And to see her." She nods towards Saren. "The Flowkeeper you're using to fill my shape."

Saren laughs, sharply and unexpectedly. "Oh, I'm nobody's placeholder."

She stretches, letting her bare leg touch Mira's. "But I do like your shape."

Lightning flashes. In the brief burst of white light, Saren notices it – Mira's pupils blown wide, her breathing rapid. Not anger anymore. *Blossoming*.

The storm roars around them, it's constant drumming mirroring the turmoil inside Elion. Kneeling by the entrance, he feels like an outsider in his own story, watching as the bond between Saren and Mira develops its own momentum. It was an unexpected turn – one he couldn't control.

There's more to Mira's eyes than just rebellion. They sparkle with mischievous teasing and hint at old hurts. "Do you remember, Elion? That summer when you went to that concert with another girl, thinking I wouldn't find out?" She laughs softly. "Consider this sweet revenge. Stay where you are! Just watch. Maybe you'll learn something about LOVE that you cannot control."

Mira leans closer, her fingers lightly caressing Saren's arm. There is a promise in that touch. They kiss. Meanwhile, the storm outside rages on, wrapping the three of them in its wild, untamed embrace.

The tent shudders in the wind. Mira slides her hand down to Saren's thighs, suddenly more possessive. And Elion, still kneeling and quiet, realises: *This isn't an ending. It's a beginning. And I would give her anything she desires.* A delightful surge of Elys flows through him, making his body tingle. In that moment,

all he can do is breathe deeply. LOVE in, LOVE out.
Luma fills his heart.

10. Echoes of Transformation

Sunlight seeps through the fabric of the tent, warm and golden like honey. Saren stretches, her fingers tenderly brushing Elion's thigh. He lets out a soft, affectionate moan that makes her pause for a moment.

"So much Luma ...," he murmurs, his eyes still shut. "You two were so beautiful."

She observes him. *He's not the same needy man he used to be.*

Then she spots a piece of paper tucked into her boot. Mira's curvy handwriting reads: "Ask him about the lullaby."

Saren's stomach tightens. Is it a blessing or a curse? Elion takes her hand. "You're thinking too loudly," he says.

She sighs. "It's strange. I didn't kiss and touch her just for our own pleasure." The words come out honestly and unfiltered. "Part of me wanted to hurt you. And that's not really freedom."

He smiles. "But it brought me here, right?" He puts his hand on her heart centre. "Thank you."

The forgiveness stings. *If he's not upset, why do I feel guilty?*

Mira's absence hangs between them.

Was it about revenge? Saren wonders. The way Mira had gripped her waist, almost desperately, made it seem like there was more to it than just a lesson. *Or was she testing us? Seeing if we'd break?*

Underneath it all, a more troubling thought emerges: Had she betrayed the Flamebearer, her beloved? But the thought slips away like water through her fingers. She feels ... *free*. The dissonance aches.

The day unfolds like a gentle sigh. Saren and Elion spend hours by the cool, glistening lake in the midday sun. They swim fully free, naked, their laughter echoing through the trees and each splash a testament to their rediscovered joy. Between swims, they relax on the warm rocks and share stories and dreams that they had once kept hidden. Their honesty feels like a cleansing balm, washing away any lingering confusion and doubt.

In the afternoon, they stroll hand in hand through the pine-scented woods. They often pause to lean against old tree trunks, wrapped in each other's arms, feeling the pulse of the earth beneath their feet. They talk freely, knowing that each sharing is met with understanding and acceptance. At night, they find comfort in their sensuality, grateful for their shared journey and the peace that has settled between them.

The following day, they quietly pack up the camp, leaving the smooth, still lake behind, each heading back to their own home.

She greets you warmly at the door. You are barefoot and radiate a relaxed vibe that she hasn't seen in you before.

"Did you feel the storm?" you ask. "I danced naked in the abandoned rose garden. Let it rage over me." A laugh, clear as a ringing bell. "Turns out, I'm stronger when I'm vulnerable."

Then, more gently: "Let Elion know I'm grateful he keeps you wild."

Saren's breath catches. *This isn't the man who used to compare himself to others. This is someone who has grown in her absence.* She tells you about Mira, the kissing and caressing, and how Elion didn't break, but sparkled. No guilt, no shame. Just the truth.

You listen, and then you say, "I'm glad. It might be connected to what I'm about to tell you. During the storm, I had a vision ..."

You cradle Saren's face in your hands, your thumbs brushing her cheekbones. The scent of earth and moss still clings to your skin.

"In the vision," you say, "I saw how we have caged ourselves."

Her pulse quickens beneath your fingertips.

"All those rules we set about touching - who can do it, when, and how much. How we call jealousy 'natural' and suffocate desire with shame." You laugh,

but it's passionate. "We act like LOVE is a fire that must be controlled, when it's supposed to cleanse and empower us."

Saren trembles. The world tilts.

"I want to start something with you. A group for those who are tired of being afraid of LOVE, closeness, and vulnerability." You place her hand on your chest, where your heart pounds strong and free. "We can call it Luma's Garden."

"The storm stripped me bare," you confess. "At first, the rain felt like needles, the storm was fierce. Then, I wasn't scared anymore. The wild roses in this abandoned garden weren't just surviving the storm, they were singing in it. Each thorn, each petal, fully themselves. No apologies."

Saren's fingers squeeze around yours.

"That's when I realised: Luma isn't a gentle glow that we earn by being 'good.' It's the wildness within us. It's the part of us that flourishes in the whirlwind of intense feelings. And in the stillness that follows.

Elion is welcome. Even Mira, if she wants."

You gently trace the outline of Saren's ear.

"How about this: at every gathering, we share one fear out loud, and then we offer it to the garden."

"How?" she whispers.

You smile. "Any way we want. Dance. Tears. Touch. The only betrayal is hiding from who we are."

Saren's eyes glisten with tears as she listens; each word touches her deeply. Leaning closer, she rests her head on your shoulder and feels the warmth and honesty coming from you.

"This vision ..." her voice trembles with emotion, "it might just be the most beautiful thing I've ever heard." A single tear slips out and runs down her cheek, landing on your neck.

As she leans back slightly, her eyes meet yours, showing her commitment. "Let's plant this garden of Luma together. Let's grow something wild and full of LOVE, and become free so that we can face the storms and sing in the rain."

11. Taking Root

The abandoned garden glows with the soft light of the late afternoon sun, wild roses cascading over the old stone walls. You kneel on the grass with your palms open to the sky, as the others gather around you: Saren sits cross-legged, shining; Elion plays with a dandelion; and Mira leans against the rough trunk of an apple tree with her arms crossed.

"First," you say, "we need to agree.

What we share here in Luma's Garden stays here. No fixing, no interrupting. Silence is sacred. All feelings are welcome – even feeling nothing."

You press your hands into the earth. "Feel the ground. It supports us."

Mira lets out a sharp breath. "What if I feel angry?"

"Then you feel angry," you reply.

There's a pause. Then Elion, unusually serious: "And if I need to step out?"

Saren gently touches his thigh. "Then we honour the space you need."

"Now we take root together," you murmur.

Hands find hands - Saren's warm grip on your left and Mira's slightly damp one on your right. Elion hesitates, then intertwines his fingers with Saren's and Mira's. The circle forms. Eyes close.

For a while, all you can hear is breathing and singing birds. Mira's thumb twitches quickly against your wrist. Her pulse flutters like a trapped moth. Saren lets out a breath, relaxing her shoulders as she leans into the circle. You can sense the connection and togetherness between everyone as Mira finds more peace. You think, *This is the first miracle*. The roses fill the air with a wild sweetness.

When the silence breaks, you begin, "What's alive in me ... is how much I want this to work. And how terrified I am that it might not." Your confession lingers, exposed.

Saren follows: "What's alive in me is ... my thighs, my chalice and my belly craving touch. And the shame that my wish feels like a blessing, asking me to open up more."

It's Elion's turn. He chews his lip. "What's alive is ... I'm tired of being the fun one. Right now, I feel something stronger rising inside me."

Mira looks down at the grass. "What's alive feels like iron. Like my ribs are a cage. And ..." She stops, shaking her head. "Pass."

No one steps in to rescue her. The circle holds the space, as patient as the garden.

As the sky darkens, you light candles in crystal jars. The flames dance over your faces, each revealing its own openness and vulnerability.

"How about we name what scares us?" you suggest. "Again, no solutions. We just bear witness with empathy. Fears can ease or even disappear when we express them openly."

Saren speaks first, her voice barely above a whisper. "What scares me is ... losing control. If I let my guard down, could I lose myself?" Her fingers curl into the grass.

Elion takes his turn. His eyes are steady. "What scares me about closeness is ... wanting it too much. It can be an intense feeling, and I don't want to drown in it."

Mira gazes into one of the flames. "What scares me," she says slowly, "is that nobody really sees me, because I don't let them. Just the version I perform."

You go last. "What scares me is ... that next time we meet, I might want to be fully free, with no clothes on, so that I can be even more vulnerable ..."

The fears hang in the air, sacred in their boldness. No one rushes to reassure. Mira places a hand over her heart. Elion nods, his eyes glistening. Saren suggests that they all let out a few collective sighs to release some energies. It feels good.

"Now," you murmur, "shall we honour our past wounds about LOVE?"

Mira surprises everyone by going first. "I was fourteen," she says, gently rubbing her knee. "My first

kiss laughed and told everyone my lips felt like 'dead fish'. I didn't let anyone touch me for two years."

After hesitating, Elion confesses, "I once shared my poetry with a nearby friend. It was about wanting to be intimate with her. She laughed and said that I was just a puppy with big eyes, begging for a treat, and that she would never open up to someone like that. Now, I'm sometimes afraid to reveal too much about myself."

Saren wraps her arms around her thighs. "My ex-partner told me my desires were 'obscene'. For years, I starved myself of touch just to feel ... pure. Even now, I feel ashamed that my desire for touch overwhelms others."

Then, shyly, she reaches for Mira's hand. "I like your kisses," she whispers.

Mira doesn't pull away. "I'm afraid of opening up more, too," she says, "but I'm here."

No one puts on a show. Their words are like stones dropped into a pond, creating ripples that spread to every edge. "How about a group hug?" suggests Mira, wiping away a tear with her thumb. Nobody questions it. You all move closer, knees touching, arms wrapped around each other's shoulders and heads leaning together.

Then, you bring your hands together again in the circle. The candles flicker softly.

"Right now," you say, "I feel ... both full and empty."

Saren says, "I feel like my skin fits better."

Elion: "I feel ... brave."

Mira says, "I feel tired, but in a good way."

You breathe in LOVE. Breathe out LOVE. The garden sighs along with you.

"Next time," you say, "we can explore more. But tonight ..." You pick a small wild rose and place it in Mira's palm. "We honour what we have already shown each other."

She studies the flower, then tucks it behind Saren's ear. A silent offering.

Elion chuckles. "I thought this would be more difficult."

Saren leans into his shoulder. "It's just the beginning."

12. Sweet Blooming

The rose garden glows with golden light as you gather together again. Saren kneels with her back as straight as a candle. Elion leans in to catch the scent of a wildflower, while Mira traces an invisible line on her legs. The air is filled with the fresh scents of mint and the damp earth from last night's rain.

You take a deep breath. *This is the moment.*

Hands connect in the circle, skin touching skin. You can feel the trusted togetherness. No one speaks as a warm breeze rustles the roses. Then you begin:

"Today, I'd like to be fully free. Any objections?"

Mira's fingers twitch in yours. Elion gives a nod. Saren gently squeezes your hand – steady, steady.

You speak slowly, allowing each word to sink in: "If shame appears, we'll meet it. If fear comes, we'll breathe with it. Whatever happens here is sacred.

Bodies react – to touch, presence and trust. Just as tears may fall, sensual awakening may happen. Neither is wrong; we can respect both equally, and there is no need to hide anything when we trust each

other fully. If it happens to you, you can either say something or keep quiet. As for me ... well, you'll probably notice my blossoming ..."

Mira lets out a soft, appreciative chuckle, her twinkling eyes meeting yours with a glimmer of admiration and empathy, while Saren's lips curve into a knowing smile. Elion offers a subtle nod of respect and encouragement. Everyone acknowledges the bravery in your openness.

Saren continues, "Consent is something that can change. We can ask: 'Would you like space?' or 'Is this still okay?' If the answer is no, then it's no. If you say 'auris', it's our shared signal to pause - a way of saying, 'I need to be heard now.'"

The group takes a collective breath, each one affirming their commitment: "Yes, I am aware, I consent, and I feel safe," echoes around the circle. This is not just about agreeing to what is happening; it is an active choice and a shared vow that binds them together in this shared exploration of vulnerability.

While you calmly take off your clothes, you let the others know what kind of touch feels good to you, and where you draw the line on how close you want to be with whom. You are refreshingly straightforward and open in what you say.

Cool air kisses your skin. *This is the test*, you think. Not for them, but for you. Can you be fully present and visible without pretending or hiding? Can you let your body just be, without apologising for it? A blush rises to your cheeks. You allow it.

Saren steps into the role of the group's trusted guide. She becomes the anchor, being both gentle and attentive, and noticing any small shifts in body language. With her intuitive sense, she holds a safe space for the group, ensuring that everyone remains connected to the present moment.

Saren's fingers dance along your bare chest, teasing and tempting you. "What if," she murmurs, "we make you the centrepiece?" Her eyes sparkle with playful challenge. "Why don't you lie down and let us hold you? Every part of you."

Mira takes a deep breath. But no one disagrees.

As you stand at the edge of this shared vulnerability, excitement and nervousness swirl in your stomach. You didn't know what to expect, but did you ever imagine it would come to this? Your heart is pounding. The warmth of your friend's trust and togetherness feels intoxicating, yet a whisper of doubt remains: can you really allow yourself to be seen so openly? *It's happening. Right here, right now.*

You nod gently. "I'm ready," you say, your eyes shimmering with both bravery and tenderness.

You stretch out on the blanket and rest your hands by your sides. Above you, a couple of white clouds drift lazily in the blue sky, taking on the shape of a butterfly. An omen, perhaps? Does it symbolise your transformation as you embrace your vulnerability and allow yourself to fully surrender? You close your eyes.

You feel two warm palms come to rest over your heart centre and some gentle fingers touching your

knees. Mira holds one of your hands, while her other hand rests on your hipbone. You can feel the slow, deep breathing of the others. You remember: LOVE in. LOVE out.

Years could go by like this. Even centuries. The solid weight of their trust keeps you grounded, anchored in your own being. LOVE fills your chest, like a warm, golden light. "I can feel Luma. It's here," you whisper.

Saren's thumb gently caresses your chest. "Good. Now - do you want to feel Elys too?"

Mira's hand feels reassuring as she gently squeezes yours. 'Yes?' she asks, neither hesitant nor hungry. Just present.

"Yes," you reply.

As the others let go of you, Mira's left hand finds the place where you hold the most tenderness - not gripping, not stroking. Holding. Her right palm settles on your belly as a counterbalance. *She feels so good. So natural.* No shame. Just the warmth of Mira's hands on you. There's weight in her touch, not urgency - just the right balance to let you fully exhale.

"Just relax, let go and breathe LOVE," Saren reminds you - but you already are.

"Keep your hands there," Saren tells Mira. Then, turning to Elion: "His body is like a canvas, and we can paint on him, without touching."

She shows him how to bring the index and middle fingers together to form an imaginary paintbrush, and how to hover it just above your body. With slow,

swirling movements, Saren and Elion both trace invisible circles, focusing especially on your heart centre, the chest, above Mira's hands, and along the hips and thighs.

Where they pass, Elys comes in waves, sparkling and bright like tiny crystals, dancing through your torso and up your spine. In response to your body's natural reaction, Mira's fingers curl slightly more, maintaining their tantalising hold. "I'm here with you."

A sound escapes you – half a laugh, half a sigh. It's at this moment that you realise you're not hiding any more.

Saren's smile is like sunlight. "Look at you! All of you. Alive and full of LOVE."

Somewhere above, a bee drifts from bloom to bloom, drunk on sweetness.

Food for the Mind

Stimulation and Addiction

We often use other humans like we use coffee, tea or sugar – as a quick way to feel something inside ourselves. We look for a touch that gives us tingles, a kind word or gesture, or simply a presence. Suddenly, a wave rises within us, and we feel LOVE (or Elys and Luma). This feeling is not given to us. It is stimulated within us.

However, problems arise when we confuse the stimulant with the source. When we rely too strongly on one soul to trigger these inner states, we begin to confuse addiction with the feeling of LOVE. We then need someone not for who they are, but for how they make us feel when we are near them. When they are gone, however, we may feel empty or even lost because we have forgotten that the real source of LOVE lies within us.

This book gently shows how we can relate to each other differently. The ceremonies and tools presented here are a way of consciously allowing other souls to stimulate Elys and Luma within us, without needing to claim or own anyone. Instead, we can freely and abundantly honour and share our connections.

We learn that we can feel LOVE simply by holding hands with someone – anyone, really! Or that we can experience hugging meditations with many different people, each offering a

unique energetic blend. In this way, we balance and heal different parts of ourselves with each connection.

From this perspective, there is no more reason to continue withholding Elys and Luma from each other. We no longer need to protect and enclose ourselves, as there is nothing more to lose but everything to gain. We can learn to live in an abundance of LOVE by giving each other different allowances.

Creating Luma's Garden

Luma's Garden is a tender, safe space where two to six souls come together to gently unlearn their fears of LOVE, vulnerability, and closeness. This book tells the story of a group of characters who already have strong romantic relationships with each other. However, your garden could flourish with close friends or even new acquaintances who want to meet with open hearts. Instead of using roles or performance, you meet each other in deep trust, conscious presence and honest embodiment.

It is a place where you can be fully human: seen without masks, touched without shame and held without needing to be fixed. Through shared practice, silence and courage, you remember in the pure stillness of your inner garden what the world made you forget: that divine LOVE is already within and between you and the others, waiting to be felt, breathed, and lived.

In Luma's Garden, we rediscover wonder. We see how vast the heart becomes when it stops sorting souls into boxes and types. Even brief encounters can quench a thirst we didn't realise we had.

When the garden is well tended, something rare unfolds: sensual freedom and deep pleasure without possession. Here, an elderly hand may kindle Elys as much as a youthful

one. A friend's laugh or trustful gaze can stir Luma as brightly as a lover's can. The body learns: Closeness does not necessarily lead to craving – it can simply be a momentary shared togetherness.

Two Inner Energies Guide the Path

These names were created to express feelings that we all experience but had no words for.

Elys is the tingling sensation of awakened aliveness. It rises in moments of connection, beauty or sensual excitement and dances through the body like starlight on water. It is experienced as waves, tingles or pulses. This energy is not just sexual – it is sacred.

Luma is the inner presence of light and LOVE. It begins as a subtle, heart-centred glow, stirring when trust opens the way and truth is felt in the heart, allowing divine LOVE to flow. As soft as candlelight and as steady as the sun, Luma speaks in whispers, but always tells the truth. When welcomed, it grows into a radiant warmth that fills the whole body, like light pouring through every cell.

The Garden's Foundations

In Luma's Garden, we seek not lovers, but conscious mirrors – those who embody trust, honesty, and a shared willingness to explore closeness without expectation. Here, attraction is not measured by beauty or age, but by the subtle alchemy of presence, scent, and energetic resonance.

- **Trust as the soil.** Without fertile ground, nothing can take root. These honest bonds flourish where vulnerability is nurtured.
- **Chemistry as the sunlight.** Some bodies hum in each other's presence; others tense up. Honour this. Sit close, breathe and observe:

- Do you find a touch comforting, or does it make you want to pull away? You can hold your hands together to test the current.
- Breathe in their natural scent – free from perfumes. Does it draw you closer or create distance?
- Does silence between you feel heavy or sweet?
- **Connection as the water.** Allow it to become the invisible river that promotes growth, softening your barriers and allowing depth and intimacy to emerge.

How Trust Grows

In the story of this book, four friends regularly return to an abandoned wild rose garden to reconnect with their true selves. Together, they discover not a method, but a path that grows as they walk it. These steps are like gentle seeds. You can adapt them intuitively and grow alongside them – as long as the ground beneath remains stable and supportive.

Step 1: Safety Agreements

Before anything else, safety must take root in the body, the heart and the space between everyone. The group can begin by speaking their shared agreements aloud. This tells the nervous system: You are held here.

Some examples:

- What's shared here stays here. This prevents harmful gossip and provides safety for everyone involved.
- No one gives advice unless asked.
- Silence is always welcome.
- You can pass, pause, or leave for a break at any time.

- All emotions are sacred, from joy or anger to fear or numbness.

Anyone can contribute to this if they wish. These are not rules; they are a woven net of trust. When spoken with care, they become the first roots of the garden.

Step 2: Growing Roots

Practice: Holding hands in stillness (5–10 minutes)

Sit in a close circle and hold hands together. Close your eyes. No talking. Feel the ground supporting you.

Breathe softly and naturally through your heart centre. Breathe in LOVE, breathe out LOVE. Feel the connection with the others. Feel the garden of Luma within you and around you. Let it breathe with you.

Let the silence speak first, before any words come. This quiet presence marks the true beginning of growing roots together. It softens the edges between you. It helps the group connect on a heart level, rather than a mental one.

Step 3: Heart-Sharing

Practice: "What's alive in me ..." (2 minutes each)

When the group feels ready, start a simple round. One by one, share a few words about what's alive in you right now – your thoughts, emotions or sensations. Start with the sentence: "What's alive in me right now is ..."

No one comments. Just listen. Presence. Let the words rise like wildflowers, not forced, not polished. They don't always need to make sense.

This is not about performance, but about honesty in small doses. Over time, this simple practice will deepen trust, layer by layer.

A garden of Luma makes no demands – it simply offers. The friends gently navigate layers of fears, longings and hidden shadows. The following steps reflect the deeper places they explore. Always follow the energy of the group – skip, soften or adapt things in your own way. The most important thing is that everyone feels safe enough to keep their heart open.

Step 4: Name the Fears

Practice: "My fear of closeness is ..." (1–2 minutes each)

Fear can ease or even disappear when we speak them openly. One by one, everyone shares: "What scares me about closeness, LOVE or being seen is ..."

Let the circle hold these truths without offering solutions or making comments. Let the fears lift as others nod in agreement or place a hand on their heart to show their caring presence. We are never alone in these fears, just quiet about them.

If things feel too intense, try releasing some energies by letting out a few long, collective sighs in the group.

Step 5: Rejection and Shame

Practice: Sharing the Hidden Wounds (3–5 minutes each)

As trust deepens, the group may open doors long kept shut. Everyone is invited to share one memory: a moment they felt rejected or ashamed of their body or their longing for closeness with someone.

You may also practise taking simple, brave steps:

- Ask for something tender: a hand to hold, a warm presence or a little more space.
- Maintain soft eye contact while speaking words like:
 - "I am willing to be seen."

- "I am afraid, but I'm here."
- "I am open to receiving LOVE."

These are not performances. Just honest words that gently rewire the nervous system to feel safe with truth.

Step 6: Deep Connection

Practice: Touch Without Talk (5 minutes)

Sit close together in pairs or triads. Let your knees touch. Hold each other's hands. Close your eyes. No words. Just presence. If you prefer, you can also sit in a yab yum posture for a hugging meditation.

Breathe. Let the silence convey what words cannot. Allow your body to remember that it is safe to be close to someone, without having to act.

Afterwards, return to the full circle and share anything you felt, without judgement or interpretation.

Step 7: Close with Gratitude

Practice: One Sentence Check-Out + Shared Breath

With joined hands in the circle, everyone shares one heartfelt sentence: "Right now, I feel ..."

No explanations are needed – your personal truth is enough.

Then, take a few long breaths together – breathe in LOVE and breathe out LOVE. Feel the ground beneath you. Feel each other. Let this breath fill the space with quiet gratitude.

Holding Hands

Touch was our first language. Holding hands helps us to regain our fluency. This practice opens a doorway to connecting with each other (like a 'mini hug') and reminds us that touch and closeness can be sacred and quiet, free from expectations.

How to begin: Sit facing each other with your knees close enough to touch slightly. Close your eyes. Imagine your spine rising like a candle flame: steady, but not stiff.

Hold your hands: Turn the left palm up (to receive) and turn the right palm down (to give). Rest your hands on your thighs as though they are roots grounding into the earth.

Now, breathe LOVE in and out through your heart centre. If you feel like it, let out a sigh to release energies or to express your joy.

There are three layers of feeling here:

1. **Yourself.** Feel your body, the way your chest rises and falls, and the warmth in your stomach. Feel Elys and Luma becoming awake.
2. **The other.** Feel their hands: the softness, the warmth, the stillness. Don't analyse, just listen with your skin.

Their breath becomes a quiet song. How does their presence feel?

3. **The unity.** Slowly, the edges blur. Your breath might sync. Your Luma merges into a shared glow – a golden bubble where the boundaries between you and the other soften and dissolve into a greater 'we'. This is the heart's secret: LOVE thrives in the space between.

Continue for as long as it feels nourishing. When you are ready to finish, gently squeeze each other's hands, open your eyes and look into each other's eyes. No words are needed, except perhaps a thank you.

Holding Presence

In a world where caring touch is often reserved for romantic partners or paid practitioners, this practice reconnects us with the simplicity of sacred presence. By placing two hands on another's body, either intuitively on different chakras or parallel on the upper or lower back, we create a bridge for energy to flow. There are no techniques or agendas. Just the warmth of palms, the rhythm of shared breathing, and the quiet intelligence of the body guiding the way.

As both breathe LOVE in and out through their heart centres, something remarkable happens: the receiver's system begins to balance itself. Tensions melt. Blockages loosen. The hands act as channels, allowing the body's intuitive wisdom to communicate what it needs. For the receiver, this is more than just relaxation; it is the deeply felt experience of being fully accepted. Trust is exchanged through skin. Care is transmitted through stillness. In that inner dialogue, a profound truth emerges: Healing often requires holding, not fixing.

If they feel called to do so, the giver may softly hum a single sustained note or a simple, intuitive melody while holding their hands in place. This vibration can deepen the experience, with sound waves travelling through the giver's body and into the receiver's, creating a harmonising resonance that amplifies energetic flow.

Some people will feel a warm current lifting them into deeper relaxation, while others may initially find it distracting from the silent intimacy of touch. The key is attunement: the giver should check in verbally or by sensing subtle shifts in the receiver's breathing and muscle tension to ensure that the humming supports rather than disrupts the shared stillness.

Embrace of Trust

This practice is all about surrender and safety. The receiver is fully held, with their weight supported, to create a primal sense of security and of being carried. There is no effort, just presence. Both the giver and the receiver can breathe through their heart centres to deepen the connection and let Luma expand, forming a bubble of light and LOVE around them both. Clothing is optional: skin-to-skin contact can amplify trust, but fabric can soften the intensity for beginners.

Sit on the floor or a cushion, one partner nestled between the other's legs, their back resting against the giver's chest. The giver wraps their legs around the receiver's hips to create a secure 'nest'. One hand is placed over the receiver's heart centre and the other on their lower belly. Close your eyes. Breathe. Tears may come. This is the body's armour melting.

For the receiver:

- Relax your spine into the giver's chest.
- Notice any resistance ("Do I deserve this?"). Breathe through the heart centre.
- Whisper aloud or in your mind: "I allow myself to be held."

For the giver:

- Your only task is to be the ground. No stroking or fixing. Your palms are radiating steady safety. Breathe through the heart centre.
- Discover the power of doing nothing as an act of LOVE.

When to do this:

- After conflict ("I need to feel you again").
- Before exploring deeper intimacy (building trust in the nervous system).

Hugging Meditation

A hug lasting ten to thirty minutes, given with full presence, can melt away a lifetime of emotional armour. This practice allows you to embrace emotional healing, achieve balance, and experience a rare kind of unity – a place where two hearts remember they are made of the same light.

Choose Your Posture:

- **Standing:** Wrap your arms around each other, with your chests, bellies and hips touching. Rest your chins where they naturally fall.
- **Seated (Yab Yum posture):** The Flowkeeper usually sits in the Flamebearer's lap with her legs wrapped around their waist. Using a sturdy cushion to raise the Flamebearer off the ground prevents the legs from going numb too soon and helps to keep energies flowing. You can stretch one or both legs out, or change position during the meditation to relieve tension. After a while, you can also reverse the position of your heads to ease your neck muscles.

Settle into the embrace with a straight spine as if melting into warm honey. There is no 'giving' or 'taking' here – only mutual receiving.

Close your eyes. Place your hands on the other person's back or around their waist. Imagine your palms are bridges allowing energy to flow between you. Change position when your intuition tells you to.

Breathe LOVE in and out through your heart centres. Perhaps your breathing will synchronise naturally. Notice how your energy centres (heart, belly and sacrum) align, sparking a silent dialogue of healing.

Feel the bliss of unity. It's like holding hands, but deeper – your auras merge to form one luminous bubble. Time slows down and only presence remains. Thoughts grow quiet. This is Luma (and perhaps Elys, too) in motion: the heart's glow expanding until you and the other dissolve into the greater 'we'.

Your bodies communicate effortlessly, balancing and finding deep emotional and energetic healing together. Trust this intelligence – the hug knows what you need.

When you have felt enough LOVE and harmony, gently separate and enjoy the afterglow of your union as you return to yourself. You may not need to speak; let the silence carry your gratitude.

(For more on energy healing through hugging meditations, see my book *Hooray, I am Human! Sensual Energetic Healing for Singles & Couples.*)

Benefits

- **Heart opening:** activates the heart centre, deepening LOVE and increasing compassion.
- **Emotional healing:** releases past wounds and fears, and nurtures self-LOVE.

- **Astral balance:** clears energetic blockages, aligns the subtle bodies and energy centres, and strengthens the aura.
- **Energetic balance:** harmonises yin and yang energies.
- **Deep relaxation:** boosts immune function, releases tension from the body and promotes overall well-being.
- **Stress reduction:** lowers anxiety, calms the nervous system, and promotes mental relaxation.
- **Inner peace:** brings emotional stability and a deep sense of presence.
- **Transformation of loneliness:** fills emotional voids and promotes a sense of belonging.
- **Sacred sharing:** enables deep, non-sexual connection that nourishes the soul.
- **Healing of relationships:** enhances trust, understanding, and emotional closeness.
- **Forgiveness and release:** helps to let go of resentment and promotes emotional renewal.
- **Deep presence and mindfulness:** enhances awareness of oneself and others in the moment.
- **Spiritual connection:** strengthens the link with divine LOVE and the innermost centre of ourselves.
- **Higher vibrational states:** elevates consciousness and increases light energy in the body.
- **Activating divine energy:** awakens and refines the inner life force energy (Kundalini).

Fully Free

Practise the art of deep openness and conscious trust by owning your vulnerability and being the only one to take off your clothes. It is not just about being natural, as you would be on the beach, but also about inviting natural sensuality – not necessarily with the aim of sensual blossoming, but to enable a deep transformation.

Benefits

1. **It brings hidden shame to the surface.** Many of us carry deep body shame, shaped by culture, trauma, comparison or rejection. Being 'fully free' in trusted company, and not being judged or sexualised, can heal layers of internalised rejection in minutes. Being truly seen and held with tenderness, is sacred medicine.
2. **It challenges projection and fantasy.** When only one is naked and others are not, it can break mental and emotional patterns and invites everyone to meet themselves, as they meet the other. Both the clothed and the unclothed can confront their own discomfort, curiosity and triggers in a safe space.

3. **It opens a doorway to unconditional presence.** Touching or holding someone who is completely open and vulnerable – without any agenda or expectation, nor any avoidance – can provide a direct route to divine LOVE. It dissolves armour, roles and performance. When handled with reverence, it becomes sacred rather than sensational.

Essentials for Wholeness

This is a ceremony, not an experiment – a dance of devotion that flourishes when treated with reverence. Without the right framework, however, it can easily descend into confusion, projection or subtle harm. For the magic to unfold as intended, the following elements are important:

1. **Clear, collective consent.** Everyone must verbally confirm that they are actively choosing to participate in this exploration. It is not enough to simply not object; participants need to say, "Yes, I am aware, I consent, and I feel safe."
2. **Pre-discussion of triggers, fears and boundaries.** Before anything happens, everyone should talk about:
 - What might come up emotionally?
 - What kind of touch do you not want?
 - What is the safe word? (It must be honoured without question)

Establish a safe word. If anyone feels uncomfortable, not just aroused, they should say the agreed safe word. This will immediately pause the interaction and reset the space.

3. **Someone holding the space.** This is crucial. One trusted guide within the group needs to hold the energy steady, observe body language, and keep the

group anchored in presence. Without this, subtle breaches may go unnoticed.

4. **Ceremony opening and closing.** Don't skip this. Begin with a shared intention, and end with a collective return, grounding yourself, sharing, getting dressed again and integrating. Otherwise, the moment will remain unclosed, which can leave emotional echoes.
5. **Follow-up integration.** Meet again after the ceremony or session. Encourage everyone to speak honestly about any feelings that have arisen, such as LOVE, confusion, longing or discomfort. This is all part of the healing process.

To be fully free must come from deep listening – not the desire to push boundaries, but the wish to honour what wants to be revealed and lovingly surrendered in the moment.

If there's something you would like to experience while you are fully free, talk openly about it. Perhaps you (or someone else) would like to try a hugging meditation. Or maybe someone wants you to lie on their body and feel its full weight. Or maybe you want to feel closely connected to someone, sharing a long shawl tied tightly around your waists, your stomachs pressing together as you breathe in unison. Feel free to experiment to find out what feels good and healing (not just exciting).

Sensual Blossoming

Sensual blossoming is neither a problem to be solved nor a secret to be hidden. Like tears or laughter, it is a natural and joyful human response to closeness, touch, beauty, vulnerability or even just presence. However, cultural shame has distorted its meaning, causing it to be misinterpreted, suppressed or acted out unconsciously.

In Luma's Garden, we need to bring this truth into the light during the initial agreement stage, rather than waiting until it happens. Here's an example you could say to relieve unspoken tension:

"This is a space where all our energies and emotions are welcome, but nothing is forced. Guided by mutual consent, we honour the full range of human embodiment, including 'sensual blossoming'. We welcome it with the same reverence for its healing power as we do tears. When someone's body trembles with the energy of Elys, whether in the form of visible signs, waves, or silent, inward shivers, we honour it as a sign of trust and surrender. There is no need to avoid, hide or feel embarrassed about it, as there is no shame here. Only the courage to feel, and the grace to allow others to feel with us."

Why is it Healing?

- For the one who blossoms, it's a symbol of surrendering shame – of letting the body respond freely and being seen in unfiltered aliveness without hiding or apologising.
- For the witnesses, it's an invitation to compersion – the felt joy in another's pleasure. This transforms awkward tension into shared celebration: Look how brave and free we can be!

Practical Guidelines

1. See it as a natural bodily response, not an intention. Make it clear to the group that sensual blossoming does not mean that someone needs to act sexually.

2. Agree on how to respond if it arises. Discuss as a group whether it is okay to express one's feelings (e.g., "I feel some blossoming"). This is an especially important point for women, as it mainly happens internally for them and is not as visible as it is for men. Or would quietness be preferred instead? Just breathing and grounding silently? What would help each group member feel safe and good if it happens? This should be consensual and adaptable, not one rule for all.

3. Offer grounding options. If someone feels overwhelmed by the energies, don't shame the shame. They can:

- Place a hand on their own heart or belly
- Take a few steps back or sit against a wall
- Say verbally: "I need a moment to ground."

It's best to be aware of these techniques in advance so that nobody feels stuck or ashamed.

4. Safe word still applies. If anyone feels uncomfortable, not just excited, they should use the agreed safe word. In the story, they use 'auris' – a way of saying, 'I need to be heard now.' This immediately pauses the interaction and resets the space.

5. Consent must be ongoing. Someone who says yes to touch at the start might feel different later. Check-ins are essential to ensure that all interactions remain respectful and consensual.

- "Is this still okay?"
- "Would you like me to pause?"
- "Do you want to change position or do you need space?"

6. No prolonged genital or sexual focus. Unless the group agrees otherwise, keep the touch and attention on the whole body. The emphasis here is on intimacy, not erotic performance. If someone is 'fully free', they are still treated as a whole being and not as a sexual offering.

7. Sharing and integration afterwards. Encourage everyone to speak openly about their experiences, including sensual blossoming, without fear of judgement. This is where true learning happens. You could use guiding questions such as:

- "Did anything surprise you?"
- "What did you notice in your body?"
- "How did you respond inwardly to the presence or touch of others?"

The Sacred Edge: Where Energy Thrives

A potent, almost mystical current of energy arises when two souls dance on the edge, giving each other almost everything but not crossing the border into full physical union. This is where Elys crackles intensely and Luma can radiate brightly – the magnetic, humming tension electrifies the space between them.

When two people consciously choose to honour this boundary, something extraordinary happens: desire transforms into a self-sustaining current. Every glance, every touch and every shared breath becomes charged with an almost unbearable sweetness. Rather than dissipating, the energy can amplify because it isn't being released; it's being circulated.

However, the moment they give in to that desire, no matter how beautiful or consensual it may be, the dynamic shifts. It's like short-circuiting a live wire: the initial spark may feel glorious, but the sustained charge often fades. The once boundless energy vibrating between them now loses its momentum.

This isn't to say that a deeper connection is wrong. If two people choose a path such as Moon Love (*) or a full partnership, that has its own magic, too. However, they should proceed with awareness: the intensity of the Sacred Edge thrives on *almost*. On the constant *not yet*. On the exquisite agony of mutual adoration, where they hold back just enough to keep the current strong.

...

(*) A Moon Love is a deep friendship that sometimes involves hand-holding or cuddling. Both partners allow for a little more only once in a moon. You can find out more in other books, for example *Human Connection*, *Unconditional Love*,

New Relationships, and Sacred Sensuality in the World of Sanuela.

Sacral Bloom

This is an honest approach to feel each other: starting with a consensual touch in the taboo area, instead of keeping it as the final step in a long permission-based sequence.

In this calm, consensual gesture, one partner gently places a cupped hand over the other's genitals, providing an unmoving, grounding presence, like a vessel holding space. The other hand rests on the heart centre or stomach. With mutual agreement, this second hand can remain still or move in slow, caressing strokes or circles to awaken tender, energetic currents.

During the Sacral Bloom, both partners breathe through their heart centres, inhaling and exhaling LOVE, allowing energies to flow naturally and without intention or will between touch-points.

There is no goal, only presence: an invitation to trust, soften and surrender, welcoming all sensations without shame. Elys may arise here, in the form of that tingling aliveness, like sparkling starlight on the skin, dancing through the body in waves. Or perhaps Luma stirs, the heart's inner glow, as soft as candlelight yet as steady as the sun. It expands into a radiant, loving warmth that fills the whole body.

Much like a hug for the soul, this practice dissolves former barriers. The hands speak without words: "I'm here with you. You are safe to feel."

By starting in the taboo area, we reclaim it as a sacred space of delicious surrender, rather than a place of secrecy or armoured solitude. It is a space where excitement and stillness can coexist, where forgotten trust in the body returns and pleasure becomes a silent prayer of LOVE.

Benefits

- **Strengthens intimate communication:** Partners practise real-time consent and attunement, building honesty beyond words.
- **Dissolving armour:** A gentle, consensual touch in guarded areas softens the body's protective barriers, enabling long-held energies to flow again.
- **Awakens Elys and Luma:** This practice invites the sacred energy of aliveness (Elys) and the heart-centred energy of divine LOVE (Luma) to rise, manifesting as tingles, warmth or quiet appreciation.
- **Transforms shame into surrender:** By meeting the taboo with presence, we reclaim it as a space of sacred permission where sensual blossoming and stillness can coexist without judgement.
- **Deepens trust:** Slow, non-goal-oriented touch rewards patience and helps partners feel safe, seen and understood when they are vulnerable.
- **Balances energies:** It harmonises the sacral chakra (creativity and pleasure) and the heart chakra (LOVE and connection) through breath and intentional stillness.

- **Calms the nervous system:** The unhurried, steady contact signals safety to the body, easing tension and promoting deep relaxation.
- **Encourages emotional fluidity:** It may release stored emotions or awaken dormant sensations in an environment of mutual care.
- **No performance, only presence:** There is no expectation of sensual blossoming. However, if it does arise, it is not suppressed. The body is allowed to simply *be*.
- **Simple yet profound:** It requires nothing but two bodies, a willingness to feel and a shared reverence.

Challenges

- **Demands deep trust:** The practice invites vulnerability in a typically guarded realm, requiring mutual openness to feel safe.
- **Communication is essential:** Without clear, ongoing dialogue about comfort levels and boundaries, the foundation of trust can crumble.
- **Ambiguity risks misunderstanding:** Without explicit agreement, one partner may misinterpret silence as invitation, or presence as expectation.
- **May awaken shadows:** Touching taboo areas can unearth buried memories, shame, or somatic tensions needing gentle holding.
- **Cultural wounds may surface:** Deep-seated conditioning around sexuality or touch could trigger inner conflict, requiring patience.

- **Not all relationships are ready:** Unhealed hurts, power imbalances, or lack of emotional safety may make this practice unwise.
- **Consent is alive:** Even after beginning, either partner's "no" or pause must be honoured without negotiation.
- **Hidden hopes can poison the space:** If one practitioner clings to unspoken desires (e.g., for sexual escalation), it can destroy the trust.
- **Sacred space required:** External noise, distractions, or not holding the space can shatter the fragile magic of the practice.

Deepening the Practice

- **Pause signal:** Agree on a tap or words like "pause" or "slower" to honour boundaries without explanation.
- **Third-eye anchor:** Replace the heart or stomach touch with a hand on the forehead to marry sacral energy with intuition.
- **Sound invitation:** Try soft humming or sharing a mantra, such as "Om" or "I am safe", to vibrate the shared field. Note: an affirmation should only amplify existing safety and never override inner truth.
- **Luma visualisation:** Imagine a golden, white or intuitive colour of light radiating from the holding hands into the sacral and heart spaces, weaving a bridge between centres.
- **Breathwork:** Rapid breathing exercises for the receiver may deepen surrender – but ensure full trust in the giver, as this can dramatically shift your consciousness.

- **Fully free:** If they feel comfortable doing so, the receiver may practise without clothing, in order to dissolve physical and symbolic barriers.
- **Eye-gazing:** Partners can gaze into each other's eyes to increase vulnerability, shared presence and connection.

Aftercare

- **Hydrate and warm the body:** Sipping herbal tea or taking a shower can ease energy movements and help to ground and honour the body's labour.
- **Journal prompts:** "Where did I feel tension? Where did I feel ease?" or "What old story did this bring up?"

Heartstorm

This is a shared whirlwind of breath and presence, where ecstasy arises not from touch, but from the electric space between two bodies.

The partners sit close together, the Flowkeeper's legs resting lightly on the other's thighs, in an open and welcoming embrace.

Their eyes are closed and their hands rest on each other's hips or thighs, or are joined together. Both partners surrender completely to synchronised, rapid breathing through their heart centres until the air itself seems to hum with charge.

This is where Elys and Luma awaken: a storm of tingles, sparks or liquid warmth flooding the chest, limbs and belly – proof that pleasure needs no agenda. Minimal touch on legs and hands grounds the energy, while your breath weaves an invisible bridge, teaching the body: You can tremble without being taken. You can soar without being exhausted.

Clothing becomes a conscious choice. If one partner chooses to be fully free while the other stays clothed, it symbolises both safety and surrender.

Variation: Try humming, sighing or moaning in a similar way when you exhale to vibrate the shared field deeper.

Aftercare: Hold your hands or hold each other in a hugging meditation (yab yum posture) until the storm settles. Luma often glows brightest in the quiet that follows.

Benefits

- **Awakens Elys and Luma:** Rapid breathing can release stagnant tension and ignite full-body tingles, waves, or electric warmth – showing that pleasure can exist beyond touch.
- **Builds trust:** It teaches the body to surrender while feeling safe, as the minimal touch provides stability without confining.
- **Dissolves performance anxiety:** There is no goal of sensual blossoming, just the thrill of energy moving freely and untamed by expectation.
- **Strengthens energetic intimacy:** Breathing becomes a shared language that synchronises partners on a deeper level. It is ideal for forming new connections or repairing old ones.
- **Reclaims nudity as a source of power:** The freedom to be clothed or not lets partners explore symbolic vulnerability.
- **Prepares for other practices:** It can open the door to Sacral Bloom, hugging meditation and other touch rituals, as it encourages attunement and feeling comfortable with each other's subtle energies.
- **Accessible yet profound:** No skill is needed, just the willingness to breathe into the unknown together.

Lightpainting

In this meditation on sensual blossoming without touch, the body becomes the canvas and energy the paint. It is a language older than words: the body surrendering to the energetic shivers and subtle tingling of Elys.

The giver (or 'painter') brings their index and middle fingers close together to form an imaginary paintbrush, and hovers it just above the receiver's body. With slow, swirling movements, they trace invisible circles, focusing especially on the heart centre, chest, stomach, hips and thighs. If consent is given, they also trace circles around and over the genitals without touching them.

The receiver communicates without words: a gentle nod means yes, a shake means no, and sighs and moans of pleasure confirm a good spot when they feel Elys flowing. Clothing is optional. The giver can learn to feel the receiver's pleasure in their own body as if they were plucking the strings of a shared instrument.

Towards the end, the painter may place their hand on the receiver's heart centre, sealing the energy with a grounded touch.

Benefits

- **Awakens Elys:** This almost-touching can stir tingles or sudden waves of whispered electricity – pleasure alchemised from energy and intention alone.
- **No performance, only presence:** There is no expectation of sensual blossoming, yet it is not suppressed if it arises, allowing the body to simply be.
- **Encourages emotional fluidity:** It may release stored emotions or awaken dormant sensations in an environment of mutual care.
- **Breaks old patterns of touch:** It shows that sensual blossoming lives in intention and anticipation rather than contact alone, freeing pleasure from physical dependency.
- **Teaches attunement:** The painter learns to interpret the body's non-verbal communication, refining their empathy beyond speech. They may feel mirror-tingles in their own body, a tangible lesson in shared energy.
- **Clothing becomes a conscious choice:** Some fabric on the body teases with the thrill of almost revealing, while being fully free whispers "I trust and surrender to you and your devoted eyes".
- **Dissolves shame:** The practice celebrates sensual blossoming as sacred art and whispers: "Your pleasure is not a secret to hide. Let it be seen, let it sound, and let it rewrite the old script of shame."
- **A ritual of reverence:** Each swirl with the imaginary paintbrush whispers, "This collarbone is holy. This thigh is sacred."
- **Prepares for other practices:** It can open the door to Sacral Bloom, hugging meditation and other touch

rituals, as it encourages attunement and feeling comfortable with each other's subtle energies.

Flowkeeper's Secret Desires

What her soul may long for, even if unspoken:

- **To Be Fully Seen.** "Not just my body – but the way my voice softens when I'm moved, and the pause in my breath when I feel vulnerable."
- **To Surrender Without Fear.** "To melt into pleasure without guarding, calculating, or performing."
- **To Feel Chosen (Not Taken).** "Not just desired, but revered – like a stone pulled from the earth and polished until it glows with light."
- **To Be the Muse.** "To inspire hunger so pure, it feels like art."
- **To Explore Power Play – Safely.** "To command or surrender within a ritual where my 'no' is sacred."
- **To Merge Sensuality & Spirit.** "To feel Elys in my essence and under my skin – where pleasure and presence become one."
- **To Be Received (Not Just Touched).** "To offer my pleasure and have it witnessed, not taken, but cherished like a rare bloom unfolding."

- **To Reclaim Taboos as Sacred.** "To LOVE the 'forbidden' parts of myself – my hunger, my sounds, my wetness – without apology."
- **To Feel Safe in Her Wildness.** "To arch, cry, or claw without fear of being called 'too much.'"
- **To Be Remembered.** "Not just in bed, but in how he looks at me the next morning – like I've repainted the sky."

Flamebearer's Secret Desires

What his soul may long for, even if unspoken:

- **To Be the Safe Haven.** "To be the ground beneath her wings – the place she returns to, always."
- **To Worship Without Restraint.** "To adore her with hands, gaze, and breath – not as a plea, but as an offering."
- **To Feel Her Surrender.** "To witness her unguarded moments – when her body speaks louder than her mind."
- **To Be Needed (Not Just Wanted).** "To know my presence isn't replaceable – that my touch is home."
- **To Explore His Own Vulnerability.** "To tremble, too – to be seen as more than strength."
- **To Witness Her Radiance.** "To watch her bloom under another's gaze and touch, feeling admiration, not possessiveness."
- **To Be the Guardian of Sacred Space.** "To honor each whisper, each silence – to be the steady ground where her wildness can bloom."

- **To Feel Devotion as Power.** "To discover that surrendering to her desires doesn't diminish me – it ignites me."
- **To Be Seen as Sacred.** "To be touched like a relic – my body is a temple, not just a tool."
- **To Merge Fire and Stillness.** "To burn fiercely in one breath, and in the next, be the calm that steadies her."

Flowkeeper's Teasing

This practice enables the Flowkeeper to explore her magnetism and test the waters while remaining anchored in her partner's steady presence. It could be the first step towards embracing Flowkeeper's Freedom.

The Flowkeeper can touch or hug someone when her partner is present and she feels safe doing so. This helps her to decide if she feels comfortable being close to a potential guest. She can then clearly indicate to her partner whether or not she wants to continue. Throughout this process, she gives her partner steady attention and LOVE to keep their feelings stable. If her partner is feeling very jealous, they may need more time to build up enough trust and support to be comfortable with her moving forward.

The guest can then be invited, either by words or gestures, to touch, caress, or kiss her body wherever she permits. She may also offer a hugging meditation while clothed or fully free, or engage in practices such as Sacral Bloom, Heartstorm, Lightpainting, or anything else she feels like doing.

Her boundaries are non-negotiable – every 'no' is accepted without question, and every 'yes' is a gift. She might invite the guest to take in her scent – the salt of her skin and the musk of her sensual blossoming – and let nature decide if attraction

grows. If they are a good match, the guest may adore her with even greater affection and devotion.

The Flamebearer guides her like a compass: his steady gaze reassures her that she is safe while she explores. If his jealousy shows up, it's not a fault, just a sign to pause and reconnect.

Just because the Flowkeeper is teasing the guest doesn't mean she has to fully open up to them. In fact, the energies may flow more strongly if she holds back a little. When she senses a lot of Elys moving through her body, she may wish to be close to her partner while the guest continues to caress her. She doesn't need to focus on the guest; she can simply enjoy the pleasure of being adored.

All of the 'secret desires' of Flowkeeper and Flamebearer, as described in the previous chapters, are fulfilled by this practice. The Flowkeeper may feel more seen, adored and worshipped than ever before. She can surrender without fear. She feels chosen, not taken. She can be the muse and inspire a hunger so pure that it feels like art. By allowing the guest to act only in certain ways, she can safely explore power play. By fully embracing her presence, she unites sensuality and spirituality and can be fully in the moment. She is not just touched, she is lovingly received and cherished. She reclaims taboos as sacred and embraces the 'forbidden' aspects of herself, such as her hunger, her sounds and her wetness, without apology. She can feel safe in her wildness. And she will definitely be remembered.

The partner will be her safe haven, the ground beneath her wings – the place she will always return to. He can worship her without restraint. He can sense her surrender when her body speaks louder than her mind. He will feel needed, not just wanted; his touch will be like coming home for her. He can explore his own vulnerability, witness her radiance and watch her bloom under another's gaze and touch. He can feel admiration rather than possessiveness. He can be the

guardian of her wildness and hold space for her magic. He feels his devotion is powerful as he discovers that surrendering to her desires excites him even more. He is seen as sacred and touched like a relic. He can merge fire and stillness: burn fiercely in one breath and be the calm that steadies her in the next.

Flowkeeper's Devotional Dance

In this variation, the roles are switched: the Flowkeeper allows the guest to touch and explore her freely while she gazes into her partner's eyes and holds his hands – transforming his jealousy into admiration. While the guest's touch is the kindling, her dedication remains with her partner, allowing him to witness how much she enjoys being wanted by someone else. Each moan she releases says: "I choose you in my freedom."

Flowkeeper's Unveiling

This sensual ceremony is all about trust, overcoming shame and fear, and embracing the idea of truly being seen. It is also about becoming a muse and surrendering to pleasure.

Many Flowkeepers have been programmed to view their bodies as a danger to be guarded against, rather than a gift to be celebrated. The Flowkeeper's Unveiling isn't about ignoring boundaries; it's about discovering which boundaries truly belong to you and which were imposed on you by a world afraid of your power.

Unlike the Flamebearer's immediate fire, the Flowkeeper's desire often unfolds slowly, like a rose opening petal by petal – but only in the right light. The partner becomes a bridge, guiding the Flowkeeper with their steadfast presence towards her radiant expansion – always on her terms and at her own pace.

With the Flowkeeper's input, the partner can facilitate the initial steps, perhaps by arranging the meeting and ensuring she feels safe. When the time comes for the Flowkeeper and guest to connect, the partner remains present without being intrusive. Their role is to provide support by silently communicating 'You are seen, you are safe, you are free' through their gaze or by holding her hand.

For some, this practice will feel like coming home. For others, it may stir up emotional storms. Both are sacred. Trust your intuition and rhythm rather than any dogma. For some, the Flowkeeper's Unveiling is a stepping stone towards embracing Flowkeeper's Freedom.

The partner's devotion is the permission slip her heart craves. Their presence dissolves her potential guilt or shame; she doesn't have to perform or take the lead. With her partner's reassurance and preparation, she can surrender more easily.

She only explores as far as she feels held. Her partner treasures every step of her revelation as sacred, as long as she signals consent.

For the Flowkeeper who longs to surrender to pure sensual sensation, a blindfold can act as a protective veil, softening the grip of shame and turning her focus inwards. She may feel more empowered to experience intense feelings when she is touched in harmony by one or both of them, rather than having to perform. The absence of sight can amplify Elys, allowing her to let energies flow through her, free from the constraints of mental judgement.

Before any sensual ceremony begins, those involved agree upon a safe word that will stop the activity immediately, without question. In this book, we use 'auris', which is a way of saying, 'I need to be heard now.' This word creates space for breathing, recalibrating and honouring the fragile edges of trust. Whether spoken by the Flowkeeper, the Flamebearer or a guest, it is a vow that even in surrender, your boundaries are sacred.

Afterwards, the partners reconnect in an energetic home-coming – merging their Luma and Elys anew without urgency. The Flowkeeper may need to be gently held. Her body may hum with vulnerability and she might crave for reassuring whispers about how much the partner adores her for opening up.

Perhaps they want to shower and wash each other as a gentle ritual to reconnect and rediscover their LOVE, care and closeness for each other. Time might stretch, but their passion for each other will return – perhaps later, when they cuddle up together. The first reunion may be all about tenderness rather than passion.

Flamebearer's Surrender

In this sensual ceremony, the Flowkeeper becomes both guide and guardian, leading the blindfolded Flamebearer into the unknown. He offers her his body as a gift, placing his trust in her hands, and quietly and lovingly surrendering himself to her desires and needs.

The Flowkeeper chooses the guest, whose presence the Flamebearer feels but cannot see due to the blindfold. There is no script and no demands, only the Flowkeeper's whispered instruction to stay open as touch becomes a language beyond words. The air hums with possibility, each caress a question, each sigh an answer. Here, he learns: Devotion is not control. Even fire must sometimes kneel.

She decides on the dance. Will she use his devotion for her own pleasure, or for that of her guest? Or will she gift him to her guest and show them how they can explore each other? Or will they focus on intensifying his pleasure together, drawing sighs and moans from his lips?

Before stepping into the ceremony, consider choosing a safe word – perhaps 'auris'. When spoken, it instantly prompts a pause and the question, "What do you need right now?", allowing you to take a breath and feel safe.

If the Flamebearer is able to fully trust, surrender and find deep joy in the Flowkeeper's guidance during this ceremony, it may be easier for him to offer her the allowance of Flowkeeper's Freedom afterwards. This becomes a mutual surrender of both partners to their LOVE and vulnerability, allowing them to embrace their full sexual power.

Flowkeeper's Freedom

This sacred agreement enables the Flowkeeper to freely, selectively and intentionally share her sensual touch and sacred waters, while the Flamebearer's anchor flame burns steadily at her life's centre.

The Flamebearer dedicates his fiery passion exclusively to the chosen Flowkeeper, unless she wishes to surprise him with a 'treat' (the Flamebearer's Surrender, for example). This singular focus of his delicious devotion becomes his offering; his sweet patience and full surrender becomes his power. He proves that trust and LOVE can expand.

The Flamebearer's steady, exclusive focus can become a powerful anchor for the Flowkeeper – a deep well of loyalty and care that gives her the confidence to explore and to feel safe in the knowledge that there is someone who truly sees, chooses, and worships her through all phases of her development.

The Flowkeeper becomes the sanctuary; her partners' devotion, worship and longing open her heart fully, intensifying her energetic currents and reminding her how vast her waters truly are.

The intimacy within the Flowkeeper's chosen bonds adds to the sensual flow and richness of their anchor relationship(s).

There is no whirlwind of strangers or scattered energies. Only depth, chosen with care – sometimes shared in tender triads, sometimes witnessed in quiet pairs, but always grounded in LOVE.

Benefits for the Flowkeeper

- She reclaims ownership of her body and her choices in a supportive environment.
- She can feel safe, knowing her partner is holding space for her with steady presence, surrender and trust.
- She is able to open up and grow without fear of judgement or loss thanks to the support she receives.
- She has the freedom to explore her sensuality and emotional connections in new ways.
- Feeling desired by others can boost her self-esteem, confidence and joy.
- Experiencing different types of energy, affection and attention can lead to emotional growth.
- She develops a deeper understanding of her own needs and desires.
- She has the opportunity to bring fresh inspiration into her anchor relationship(s), enabling her to break the routines.

Benefits for the Flamebearer

- He can develop a new appreciation and a stronger desire for his partner due to her newfound joyful vibrancy and the attention she receives from others.

- By witnessing his partner's joy and aliveness, he can discover a new type of happiness and excitement within himself. It is a form of LOVE that grows from seeing her thrive in spaces he cannot control.
- Reflecting on his own needs and longings may awaken deeper passion and understanding of his emotions.
- Inviting him to join shared activities will allow him to experience more sensual variety and a deeper connection, and enjoy a happier, more fulfilled partner who will bring new flavours into his intimate life.
- He has the opportunity to explore trust, surrender and emotional security in himself and the relationship.
- Growth in true empathy, honest communication, patience and unconditional LOVE.
- By surrendering to moments of loving restraint, during which he does not always get what he desires, he can awaken a deeper fire within. The gentle withholding intensifies his longing, refines his emotional presence, and expands his capacity to LOVE deeply from the heart. In this space, true devotion ripens.
- When approached with curiosity rather than fear, jealousy becomes a valuable signal. It reminds us to trust more deeply, communicate our desires, and appreciate loving generosity. The Flamebearer learns that the fire of jealousy can also purify his devotion. (My book *Love Beyond Jealousy* delves deeper into transforming insecurities and fears into trust.)
- Surrendering all of his sensual desires into the Flowkeeper's trusted hands can ignite her wish to offer him 'generous treats' from time to time. The

Flamebearer does not need to initiate anything, as she will learn how to take care of it. This can feel deeply liberating and healing.

Benefits for the Couple

- If the Flowkeeper feels more radiant and confident, it has a positive effect on their shared time together.
- It can lead to stronger communication and deeper emotional honesty.
- It provides a built-in check for jealousy, trust, and loving care, showing how strong and flexible their bond is.
- Provides an opportunity to deepen intimacy through vulnerability and shared experiences.
- The new connections can make the couple's relationship more vibrant and playful.
- Creating and maintaining such a safe space for exploration can promote mutual respect.
- If handled well, it can lead to a stronger sense of partnership and shared purpose.

Challenges

- **Jealousy and insecurity:** Seeing your partner connect with others can stir feelings of comparison, insecurity or fears. This calls for honest sharing, self-awareness, and deep trust in one's worth. These emotions are not failures, but invitations. Jealousy reveals old wounds and unmet needs, and we can learn to recognise it as a teacher. Often, we just need more reassurance.

- **Unequal emotional pacing:** One partner may be ready to explore more, while the other needs more time. To stay aligned, patience, clarity, and regular check-ins are needed.
- **Fear of losing importance:** The Flamebearer may feel replaced, or the Flowkeeper may feel underappreciated. Everyone must feel valued – this requires empathy and presence.
- **Blurred boundaries with new bonds:** Strong emotions may arise unexpectedly when connecting with others. Clear agreements and slow, conscious steps help to keep things grounded.
- **Avoiding conflict through silence:** It may feel easier not to 'disturb the peace'. But this path demands courageous honesty, even when it is uncomfortable.
- **Over-focus on the Flowkeeper's joy:** Her freedom must not become pressure to perform or always feel 'radiant'. Space for her full emotional range is part of true LOVE.
- **Loneliness or frustration for the Flamebearer:** His waiting or restraint can bring disappointment or confusion. He needs nourishing outlets, as well as a lot of LOVE, care and support to help him grow.
- **Emotional attachment to other partners:** New bonds may deepen and bring unexpected complexity. It is important to be open to emotional shifts while respecting the anchor relationship(s). (More on this topic can be found in my book *Soulfamilies: Living, Loving and Growing Together*.)
- **Social misunderstanding or judgement:** Others may not understand or accept this relationship style. It helps to focus on shared values rather than seeking external approval.

- **Change over time:** What works now may shift with life changes, growth, or new needs. Flexibility, reflection, and regular recalibration are all part of the process.

The Flamebearer's Paradox: Longing Becomes Devotion

The Flamebearer's path is one of exquisite tension – a constant dance between fulfilment and yearning, where desire is both kindled and withheld, while someone else might be living out their passion with her. This dynamic is not cruelty, but a sacred forge: his longing becomes the fire that refines his devotion, and her teasing becomes the wind that fans it.

The joy: In the space between 'almost' and 'not yet', he discovers a deeper hunger – not just for her body, but for her presence, her approval, her choosing him again and again. The longing itself becomes sweet, especially when combined with semen retention.

The pain: There can be moments when his stomach churns with unmet desire, and his body begins to tremble from holding back. Yet this too is worship: wanting, and still choosing patience.

Is This a Power Game?

Historically, yes – teasing without care has been weaponised by both women and men. Here, however, the Flowkeeper's teasing is meant to be an invitation, not a manipulation:

- She watches over his flame with dedication, making sure it stays bright and steady.
- He surrenders to the ache of longing because he trusts that she will appreciate it and meet him in this vulnerable space between desire and fulfilment.

Why the Intensity?

- Temporarily denied gratification amplifies dopamine – the same neurotransmitter behind addiction and romantic obsession.
- Longing mirrors spiritual thirst – the human ache for something just out of reach (God, destiny, wholeness).
- He is the pilgrim, she the temple. The journey to her matters as much as the arrival.

The Shadow Side

This becomes toxic when:

- The teasing is punishment, not play (unless the punishment is play).
- His devotion is exploited, not honoured.
- The 'not yet' turns into 'almost never'.

But when done with LOVE? Then it's alchemy: Her 'not yet' tames his hunger; her pauses are the soil where his devotion takes root. The Flamebearer's fire is not meant to be starved, only disciplined and further intensified. In the end, his longing is answered, just not on demand. And that delay? It is what makes the final surrender a moment of great devotion.

Unconditional LOVE

At the heart of this book lies a simple truth: LOVE is not something we earn or confine – it is who we are. The practices in this book, whether hugging meditations, Sacral Bloom or shared breathwork, help us to gain a deep inner understanding that our journey of growth is not primarily about seeking pleasure outside ourselves. When others become our mirrors, they reflect back the boundless LOVE that already flows within us, waiting to be recognised and shared.

We practise this when we breathe through our heart centre, when we hold hands, surrender to touch, or sit in silent communion. The garden of Luma that you nurture with others becomes a sanctuary where masks can fall away. Here, you are free to be fully human – to tremble, to laugh and to blossom without apology. Then, unconditional LOVE is no longer an unattainable ideal; we remember that it is the natural state of a heart unburdened by fears, shame or social conditioning.

Instead of clinging to old beliefs that LOVE is scarce, vulnerability is weakness and desires must remain hidden, you are invited to let go. Instead, allow yourself to embrace a new narrative: every moment of connection, whether tender or passionate, is an opportunity to awaken Elys and Luma. Through this, you can find the path towards unconditional

LOVE. This book invites you to gather with a trusting group, as the characters in this story did, and fully embody this.

Your journey doesn't end here. It begins with a breath and a clear "yes" to your own wholeness. So take the first step. Gather your circle. Breathe LOVE in, breathe LOVE out. Return to the practices that resonate with you. Or visit www.sanuela.org to join a growing community of hearts learning to live in trust. Remind yourself that the door to your heart has always been open. You just need to walk through it. The world needs your light and LOVE, so share them boldly!

Appendix

Sanuela.org

We grow with compassionate support



Vision

Sanuela.org was born from a longing for a world where unconditional LOVE, connection and personal growth are our guides.

Let's further open our hearts and raise our frequency to promote our powers as healers and creators. We provide safe spaces where people can share their experiences, fears and challenges for healing and mutual support.

We value personal autonomy and respect each soul's unique journey without imposing strict doctrines. We do not judge or shame others for their choices or beliefs and encourage each other to reach our highest potential.

Through the power of human connection, loving communication, forgiveness, intuition, and inner work, we support each other and the collective. Our eventual goal is to release all emotional burdens and attachments in order to fully embody our inner wholeness.

Donations and volunteering help us to expand our work and create a nurturing environment for all. Let us experience healing together and help each other along the way.

About Sanuela

SANUELA = Soulful alignment nurtures unity, empathy, LOVE & ascension.

Sanuela is a fictional planet used by author Nils Klippstein as a blueprint for personal growth and support. Unlike Earth, Sanuela values LOVE and spiritual and emotional development over power struggles. The characters are free to pursue their goals without harming others, inspiring us to bring this visionary world step by step into our own reality.

Goals

- We work towards recognising our inner wholeness and guide each other towards a greater understanding of our soul's journey and purpose in life.
- We offer a safe space to connect with each other, share our experiences and support one another on our journey of healing and inner growth.
- We explore and enhance our innate healing powers through energy work, intuition, and spiritual practises.
- We help each other facing our fears, releasing our emotional burdens, emotional wounds and blockages,

and growing through introspection, intuition, forgiveness and self-LOVE.

- We encourage creating deep, meaningful relationships based on empathy, mutual care, and open heart-to-heart communication.
- We connect with Gaia, Mother Earth, embracing her wisdom and guidance as we care for her and her creations.

Guiding Principles

1. We believe in the inherent purity of our soul that reflects the essence of divine LOVE and light.
2. We believe in the power of balancing and aligning our hearts and minds, and the yin and yang energies within us.
3. We believe that making our own free choices is the best way to grow.
4. We believe in the power of making changes step by step to transform our habits and mental and emotional patterns.
5. We believe in the importance of clean nourishment for both body and mind.
6. We believe that we can open our hearts a little wider every day.
7. We believe that by raising our frequencies, we become better healers and better creators.
8. We believe in the healing power of caring touch, closeness and prolonged hugs.
9. We believe in the sacred interconnectedness of all beings, where each of us lives in our own universe, yet

all are woven together in a web of divine energy and mutual support.

10. We believe in the power of togetherness and the importance of caring for each other with the same empathy and LOVE that we give ourselves.
11. We believe that multiple perspectives can be right at the same time and help us see the bigger picture.
12. We believe that as humans we have the creative power to project and transform our inner world into our outer world.
13. We believe that through loving, honest communication about our fears, desires and shadows, we can grow and thrive together.
14. We believe that facing our fears and working with our inner shadows helps us to evolve faster.
15. We believe that by doing our inner work we help the collective around us.
16. We believe in the healing power of forgiving each other and ourselves.
17. We believe in the healing power found in times of seclusion.
18. We believe in the power of our intuition, inner guidance and affirming synchronicities.
19. We believe in the loving guidance of our spirit guides, who appear when we are ready to receive them.
20. We believe that Gaia, Mother Earth, who created our human lives, is a highly developed, highly conscious and loving being.

21. We believe in Gaia's wisdom, knowing that she does not always give us what we desire, but what we truly need to grow.
22. We believe that we can be liberated from the wheel of reincarnation by releasing all our emotional attachments, hurts and blockages, while recognising and fully embodying our inner wholeness.
23. We believe that the consciousness of our soul lives on after we let go of our body and that our evolution extends far beyond the human experience.

Individual Practises

1. We encourage practising heart chakra breathing to live from our hearts at all times.
2. We encourage forgiveness and gratitude and doing the inner work every day.
3. We encourage clean food for the body, avoiding harmful, chemically isolated substances, and we encourage regular periods of fasting.
4. We encourage clean mental or emotional intake, avoiding activities that promote fear, violence or low frequencies in us.
5. We encourage dedicated times of seclusion to work with our thoughts, emotions, inner shadows, ego, challenges, and visions, to practise forgiveness and gratitude, to find our inner balance, to develop our intuition and inner guidance, and to give ourselves LOVE.
6. We encourage working on releasing our emotional tensions in our body tissues.

7. We encourage spending time in nature, connecting with Gaia and our inner selves through meditative walks or personal, intuitively guided pilgrimages.
8. We encourage time spent in meditation, breathing exercises, our own personal sound healing sessions, working with crystals, caring deeply and lovingly for ourselves, or any other form of emotional or spiritual healing practice that we have learnt or feel drawn to.
9. We encourage finding balance with our personal life values. These 21 values are based on the seven main chakras and can serve as a foundation, but each soul's individual values may vary:

Basic needs. Security. Feeling cared for.

Joy. Well-being. Creativity.

Self-Worth. Independence. Courage.

LOVE. Empathy. Connectedness.

Truth. Honesty. Communication.

Wisdom. Imagination. Intuition.

Soul plan. Unity consciousness. Being.

10. We encourage becoming more sensitive to our astral energies and to work intuitively with them.
11. We encourage opening our hearts more and more through long hugs, sharing caring touches and cuddles, and supporting and nurturing others as we would want for ourselves.
12. We encourage opening our minds to multiple perspectives to expand the bigger picture.
13. We encourage experiencing ourselves as the creators of our personal universe, in which our inner world is constantly mirrored to the outside world.
14. We encourage loving, honest communication about our fears, desires and shadows. We encourage

empathic listening to others without shaming or judging.

15. We encourage connecting with our spirit guides and asking them questions.
16. We encourage self-responsibility by finding our own deepest inner centre, rather than praying to saints in the outside world to change things for us.
17. We encourage finding our own best personal ways of regularly releasing what is burdening us.

Community Practises

1. We encourage joining our Emotional Growth Circles on various topics, where each member can share their fears, hurts, longings, challenges, visions or hopes. The others are there to listen actively and empathetically, but not to give advice unless asked. The united consciousness of the group will do the healing.
2. We encourage joining our Practical Growth Circles to share personal experiences and learn about the background of our guiding principles and suggested practises and how we put them into daily reality.
3. We encourage joining our ceremonies with various themes, like honouring Gaia (Mother Earth), cleansing and letting go of negative energies, finding our centre, raising our frequencies, opening our hearts, forgiveness, balancing our yin and yang, or sharing our energetic healing energies with one another.
4. We encourage joining our Community Growth Circles for managing the expansion of our work. These circles are based on the sociocracy model: One soul acts as a facilitator, keeping the conversation on track and

making sure everyone is heard. Another soul serves as the administrator, taking notes to remember key points and coordinating actions to involve all participants in achieving our goals.

Volunteering

If most or all of our beliefs and practises resonate with you, then we need your help! Our community circles are just beginning to sprout. We would LOVE for you to join us in nurturing this growing community.

There are many ways to get involved, make a positive impact and grow together. The positions are currently voluntary. Whether you're interested in taking on a facilitator or manager role or supporting our cause in other ways, we welcome your enthusiasm and passion.

Come and grow with us!

www.sanuela.org

About the Author

Born as the youngest in a family of psychologists and pedagogues, I strongly felt drawn to the more unconventional paths of learning and discovering my abilities, gifts, and passions. I quit the school system early and preferred to spend three years in the Ananda Assisi community, initiated as a disciple of Paramhansa Yogananda (*Autobiography of a Yogi*) by a direct disciple, Swami Kriyananda.

After three years of community, meditation time and inner development, I followed LOVE and adventure, and was drawn into the maelstrom of the "modern" world. I learned how to drink and party, how to become addicted to an unhealthy lifestyle, and how to become either burned out or depressed as a result. In some long relationships, I loved my partners, endured both LOVE and suffering; experienced all which life had to offer.

I experienced business life in its various phases – ups and downs, different directions and goals – designing advertisements, logos, or websites, bringing people together, making professional videos. I also studied and practised hypnotherapy and relaxation therapy practices, producing my own library of guided imagery and audio meditations; more than 80 titles are available in German.

On the beautiful island of Tenerife, I re-connected with my spiritual needs.

While programming apps for meditation and relaxation, I consulted various shamanic guides, participated in ceremonies with and without traditional shamanic plant medicine, engaged in cleansing and transformational rituals, and attended many retreats in complete darkness.

Right at the start of The Big Change in 2020, I was contacted by my spirit guides. They knocked three times at my door, quite literally: I found small pieces of wood on three successive days in my food, and wondered how to interpret that, if this was all a half-awakened dream universe.

I found out I'm not alone. I can communicate and, more importantly, LOVE my spirit guides. They are part of me and I feel one with them. Just like me, you also have at least two spirit guides. Until now, my guides have never given me wrong information. We trust each other and LOVE each other.

As for my daily life, I strive to live a fairly regular life – writing a lot. I also enjoy the wonderful nature of Tenerife. A few years ago, I was gifted a sailing licence course and I adore taking pictures, meaningful conversations, creating art... But yes, my writing takes up a lot of time.

I learnt and evolved through my intuitive writing. I ask questions and receive answers that surprise me again and again, even though I know the answers are coming from the same central well of cosmic knowledge that I feel within myself. So, writing often feels like remembering to me.

I experienced and wrote about chakra healing, kundalini, astral energies, other-dimensional experiences, shamanic ceremonies, conscious and sacred sensuality, and how to work through the inner processes on the spiritual path; such as fears or emotional pains.

For myself, I found that there is one formula that surpasses all: LOVE. When LOVE is present, then multidimensional healing and growth follow.

Books by Nils

- Luma's Garden. A Journey into Sacred LOVE, the Heart of Energy and Sensual Awakening (2025)
- Allowing LOVE Three. 99 Spiritual Poems (2025)
- Soulfamilies. Living, Loving and Growing Together (2025)
- Liberator of Temptational Bonds (2025)
- Blossoming Beyond Boundaries. A Romance of Jealousy, Honesty and Trust (2024)
- Enchantress of Sensual Bliss Tantric Fantasy Romance (2024)
- Love Beyond Jealousy (2024)
- Human Connection, Unconditional Love, New Relationships, and Sacred Sensuality in the World of Sanuela (2024)
- Allowing LOVE. Spiritual Poems (2024)
- Allowing LOVE Two. 99 Spiritual Poems (2024)
- Ayana, My Light and My Love (2023)
- A Course in Love & Miracles (2023)

- High Priestess of Sanuela (2023)
- Balancing Emotional Needs: A New Relationship With Food (2023)
- Horray, I Am Human! Sensual Energetic Healing (SEH) for Singles & Couples (2022)
- Spirituelle Partnersuche. Der ganzheitliche Weg vom Single zur erfüllten Beziehung (*Spiritual Dating: The Holistic Path From Single to Fulfilled Relationship*, currently only available in German, 2022)
- Liebe, Wahrheit, Licht. Energetische Chakraheilung und Kundalini (*Love, Truth, Light. Energetic Chakra Healing and Kundalini*, currently only available in German, 2022)
- Wir sind Familie. Altes Wissen und neue intuitive Erkenntnisse (*We Are Family. Ancient Knowledge and New Intuitive Insights*, currently only available in German, 2021)
- Wir sind Bewusstsein. Erzählungen eines Vieraugenkröpplings (*We Are Consciousness. Tales of a Four-Eyed Kroplin*, currently only available in German, 2021)
- Multidimensionale Evolution. Energetische Schattenarbeit und Dunkelretreat (*Multidimensional Evolution. Energetic Shadow Work and Dark Retreat*, currently only available in German, 2020)
- Multidimensionale Metamorphose. Innere Heldenreise mit 16 Archetypen (*Multidimensional Metamorphosis. Inner Hero's Journey With 16 Archetypes*, currently only available in German, 2020)

- Multidimensional. Unser Weg in eine Neue Welt (*Multidimensional. Our Path to a New World*, currently only available in German, 2020)
- You Are Healer and Creator. Experience Energetic Healing and Energy Work (2019)
- Glückselige Ekstase. Healer & Creator: Next Level (*Blissful Ecstasy. Healer & Creator: Next Level*, currently only available in German, 2019)
- Zeit für mich! Das 3-Tage-Auszeit-Programm zum Selbstfinden und Kraft tanken (*Time for Me! The 3-Day Retreat Programme to Find Yourself and Recharge Your Batteries*, currently only available in German, 2015)
- Montagsmeditationen. 22 geführte Meditationen, die deine Welt verändern (*Monday Meditations. 22 Guided Meditations That Will Change Your World*, currently only available in German, 2015)
- Besser Schlafen. Selbsthilfe zum Einschlafen & Durchschlafen bei Schlafproblemen und Schlafstörungen (*Sleep Better. Self-Help for Falling Asleep and Staying Asleep With Sleep Problems and Sleep Disorders*, currently only available in German, 2015)
- Liebe dich selbst! Übungen, Phantasiereisen & Inspirationen für mehr Selbstliebe und Selbstwert (*Love Yourself! Exercises, Imaginary Journeys & Inspiration for More Self-Love and Self-Esteem*, currently only available in German, 2014)
- As well as over 80 imaginary sound journeys for more self-esteem, success and serenity, currently only available in German. Please visit www.start2dream.de

How Do You Feel About the Book?

Thank you for your choice in picking this book. May it have added some value and quality to your everyday life.

If you found benefit in reading it, I'd like you to spread the word by sharing to your favorite social media accounts, so that your friends and family can also enjoy it.

Moreover, kindly consider posting a review for me. Your comments and encouragements will help me as an author for future projects, and will be highly appreciated.

Thank you!