



OVER-GIVER  
ADDICTION  
RECOVERY  
SOURCEBOOK

GROUND YOUR MASTERY

LUCAS MERCIER

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## CHAPTER 1

# THE OVER-GIVER CODE: FOCUSING YOUR STATE

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The phone rang just as you finally sank onto your bed, a deep, shuddering exhale escaping your lungs—the first truly restorative breath since the last detox. You’d spent three days navigating the jagged edges of early sobriety, every minute accounted for by mandatory check-ins and gentle self-care reminders. The caller ID flashed a name belonging to someone in the recovery group; it was Maria, whose own journey you had championed over the last month, celebrating small victories with enthusiastic texts. Then came the breathless preamble: “Listen, I’m having a total meltdown tonight. My sponsor cancelled unexpectedly, and I just... I have this massive gap in my evening routine, and honestly, I feel like I might spiral if I don’t just get someone to sit with me for an hour or two. Could you possibly cover the shift at the meeting tomorrow night? You’re always so reliable, and frankly, I don’t know who else to ask right now.” A familiar

tightening coiled low in your stomach—the instant assessment of need versus capacity. Instinctively, before your rational mind could catch up, a wave of 'yes' washed over you. Thinking about the gaping hole in Maria's schedule, thinking about the sheer panic radiating from her voice, you agreed immediately. You pictured yourself sacrificing your own carefully scheduled rest period, volunteering to take another commitment when the only thing your body was screaming for was stillness. That moment, that knee-jerk agreement, felt like a familiar, almost automatic expenditure of energy. It wasn't about helping; it was about plugging the hole in someone else's immediate discomfort until you realized that by agreeing, you had just poured the last drops from your own already depleted reservoir onto another person's fragile dam. The pattern repeated itself: their crisis required an immediate fix, and your deep-seated wiring recognized the urgency more loudly than it acknowledged its own boundary lines being trampled underfoot.

The following week brought a different kind of pressure, one that felt less like emergency rescue and more like persistent expectation. You had started to build a delicate scaffolding around your sobriety—a schedule built with mandatory downtime, therapy slots booked solid, and

meal plans designed for recovery eating. Then came the barrage: texts from three different people requesting favors related to their ongoing struggles. One friend needed you to drive them across town because their ride canceled; another asked if you could proofread a lengthy relapse prevention binder they were convinced would save their life; and finally, your primary support group coordinator gently suggested that since you seemed so stable lately, it would be ideal for you to run the opening circle next week. Each request chipped away at the carefully constructed edges of your personal time. You felt that familiar internal tug-of-war: the deeply ingrained need to be seen as indispensable versus the very real exhaustion settling deep into your bones. Slowly, painstakingly, you began to practice saying ‘no.’ It started small; when asked to cover a shift again, you paused, feeling the adrenaline of resistance mixed with sheer panic. “I actually can’t do that one,” you managed, the words tasting foreign and brittle on your tongue. The ensuing silence felt monumental, as if you had just dropped a very heavy object in a quiet room. You braced yourself for the inevitable wave of disappointment or, worse, mild offense. Setting this boundary felt physically difficult, like lifting weights made entirely of anticipated hurt feelings. Yet, beneath the tremor of anxiety,

something new sparked—a small, protective ember that whispered: \*This is your space.\*

The initial resistance to boundaries was met not with understanding, but with a subtle, insidious tightening of the emotional reins. You were learning to say no to favors, declining requests for advice on complex interpersonal dynamics when you knew you needed to spend that mental energy simply managing your own cravings. The predictable consequence arrived in the form of guilt—a heavy, invisible cloak woven from perceived obligation and fear of abandonment. It manifested most acutely after rescheduling a crucial individual therapy session because one acquaintance had an unexpected bout of intense anxiety that required immediate attention. You sat on the sofa, staring at the calendar marked with the cancelled slot, and immediately the internal monologue began its relentless critique. \*See? If you were truly committed to your own work, you would have managed better.\* The guilt wasn't about missing therapy; it was about the feeling of having prioritized an external crisis over your self-prescribed recovery time. You started replaying every interaction, searching for the moment you had failed to anticipate someone else's need, convinced that if you could just \*fix\*

their emotional turbulence before it became an issue, they would finally appreciate the effort and leave you alone. This cycle was brutal: set a boundary, feel intense guilt, then overcompensate by doing something disproportionately helpful in the following days, thereby erasing your own self-respect until the next inevitable trigger pulled you back under.

The shift wasn't immediate or dramatic; it unfolded in quiet moments of confrontation that felt seismic at the time. You had begun to guard your energy fiercely, refusing to jump into every friend's emotional emergency as was once tradition. This newfound self-containment finally surfaced during a seemingly normal dinner with your partner—a person who always seemed to require you to be the primary validator of their emotional reality. Mid-conversation, they sighed dramatically about a recent rough patch, mentioning how difficult it had been staying sober after hitting rock bottom last month. Instead of the usual reflex—the immediate reassurance, the detailed recounting of survival strategies, the empathetic nod that confirmed your expertise in crisis management—you found yourself pausing. You watched their face expectantly, waiting for you to fill the void with practiced empathy. When you finally spoke, instead of

launching into a multi-layered analysis of emotional regulation or relapse triggers, you simply said, “That sounds incredibly hard.” The simplicity of it hung between you; there was no immediate follow-up question asking \*how\* hard or \*what\* you did to make it better. Instead, they blinked, momentarily thrown by the lack of exhaustive reassurance. It was a small moment, yet it felt like a profound shift in the established architecture of your relationship. They seemed to deflate slightly, their narrative suddenly lacking its usual prop—your unwavering readiness to absorb and manage their emotional fallout.



YOU'VE READ CHAPTER 1.

YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS ISN'T GENERIC  
ADVICE. THIS IS YOUR MAP — BUILT  
SPECIFICALLY FOR OVER-GIVER ENERGY. THE  
PATTERNS YOU JUST READ? THEY'RE YOURS.  
NOT ANYONE ELSE'S. YOURS.

THE OTHER FIVE CHAPTERS ARE WHERE IT  
GETS PRECISE.

CHAPTER 2 GIVES YOU PERMISSION TO STOP  
FIGHTING YOUR OWN NATURE. CHAPTER 3  
SHOWS YOU EXACTLY WHERE OVER-GIVER  
ENERGY CONSISTENTLY WINS IN ADDICTION  
RECOVERY. CHAPTER 4 NAMES THE STAKES —  
WHAT YOU LOSE WHEN YOU IGNORE THIS.

CHAPTER 5 IS YOUR FULL ADDICTION  
RECOVERY PLAN, BROKEN INTO THE CYCLES  
THAT ACTUALLY WORK FOR YOU. CHAPTER 6  
IS YOUR INTEGRATION — WHERE THIS  
BECOMES IDENTITY, NOT STRATEGY.

MOST PEOPLE READ CHAPTER 1 AND THINK  
THEY UNDERSTAND. THEY DON'T. THE  
ARCHITECTURE ONLY REVEALS ITSELF IN  
FULL.

SEARCH FOR "OVER-GIVER ADDICTION  
RECOVERY SOURCEBOOK" TO GET THE  
COMPLETE GUIDE.

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ALSO BUILT FOR OVER-GIVER: OVER-GIVER  
MASTERY: WORKPLACE.

THE SAME DEPTH. THE SAME PRECISION.  
APPLIED TO A DIFFERENT ARENA OF YOUR  
LIFE.

SEARCH FOR "OVER-GIVER MASTERY:  
WORKPLACE" TO FIND IT.

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REASON.

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