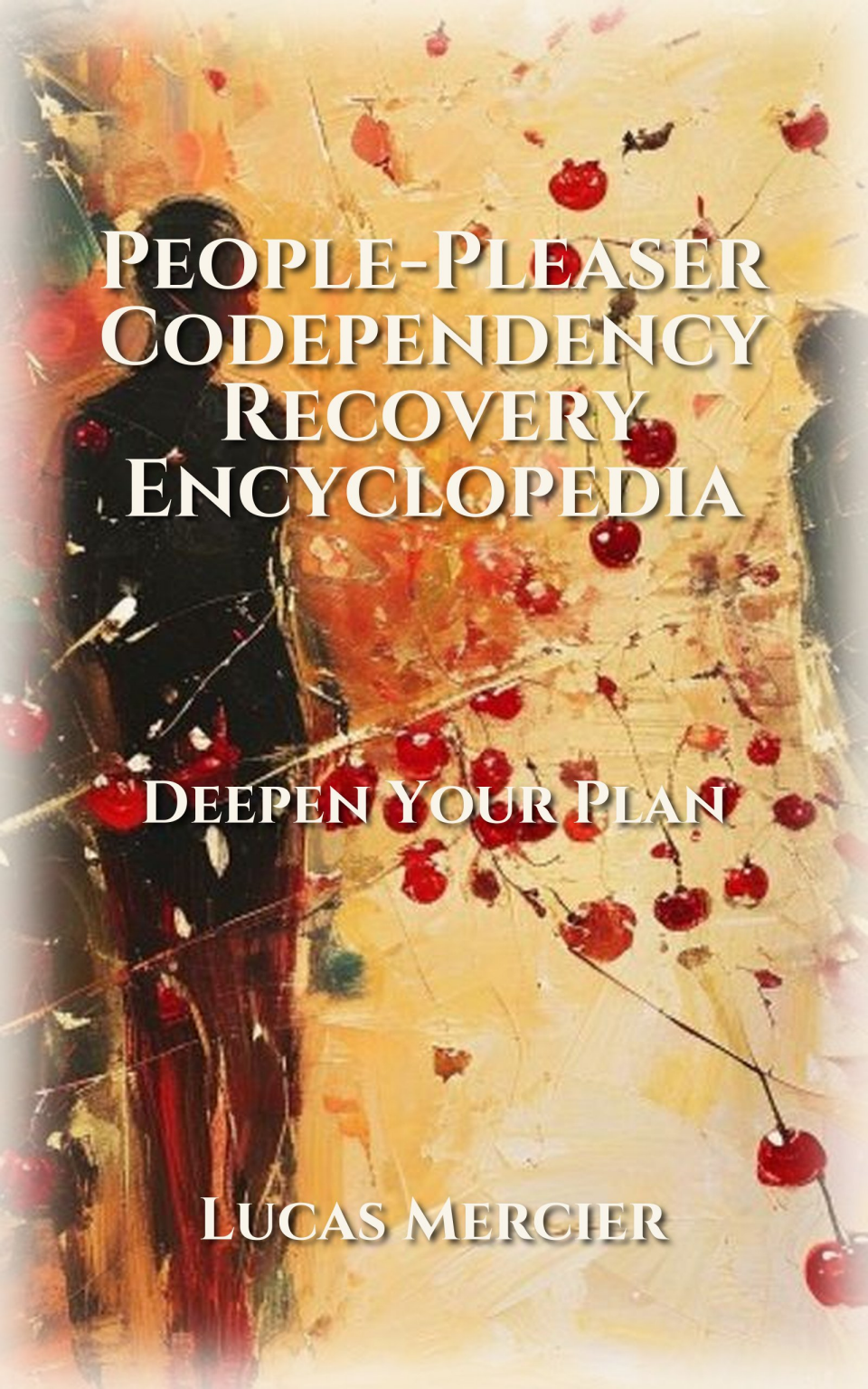


An abstract painting featuring a dark, silhouetted figure on the left side, possibly a person, set against a warm, textured background of yellow and orange. Scattered throughout the composition are numerous small, bright red berries or cherries, some on thin, dark stems. The overall style is expressive and painterly, with visible brushstrokes and a rich, layered texture.

PEOPLE-PLEASER CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY ENCYCLOPEDIA

DEEPEN YOUR PLAN

LUCAS MERCIER

PEOPLE-PLEASER
CODEPENDENCY
RECOVERY
ENCYCLOPEDIA

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CHAPTER 1

THE PEOPLE-PLEASER CENTER: AWAKENING YOUR JOURNEY

The phone rings, and instantly, your internal alarm system flares up. It's Sarah; she calls right after a day that sounds exhaustingly draining for her—a marathon of corporate drama, no doubt. You can hear the weariness in her voice even before she speaks, a low hum of emotional depletion that immediately triggers your deep-seated instinct to fix it, to absorb it, to become the perfect receptacle for her distress. "Hey," she manages, sounding frayed around the edges, and by the time you've exchanged three minutes of polite preamble, the performance has begun: the detailed recounting of every slight colleague made, every insurmountable obstacle encountered in her professional life. You find yourself nodding along, your mental checklist ticking off potential emotional interventions—*Did I ask about her boss? Did I validate that feeling of invisibility? Should I suggest a spa day?* Your immediate thought is not to hear

her out for the allotted time, but rather to preemptively soothe the entire landscape of her discomfort. Responding with an outstretched ear feels less like giving support and more like performing a necessary service—a vital contribution to maintaining the delicate balance of your friendship. You find yourself absorbing the narrative thread by thread, needing to prove that your attention is sufficient, that your care is quantifiable enough to outweigh the sheer weight of her exhaustion. This pattern makes you feel deeply valuable, even if it leaves your own emotional reserves dangerously depleted by the time the call finally ends.

The thought drifts toward Mark's dating life, a topic you know, intellectually, requires zero input from you. He mentioned last week that he was feeling more independent, that he needed to navigate those early stages of connection on his own terms. Yet, when he texts late Tuesday night—a vague update about a new acquaintance and a trailing ellipsis—your fingers hover over the keyboard, an almost physical itch demanding action. You start composing a detailed analysis: *Did you ask her enough about her hobbies? Should you suggest a specific activity for the third date to ensure optimal chemistry?*

The urge is overwhelming; it feels like

possessing the cheat code to healthy relationship navigation that he somehow missed. You find yourself wanting to micromanage his emotional itinerary, convinced that if you just structure the next few weeks with perfect advice—a gentle critique of texting habits here, a suggestion for better conversational openers there—you can prevent him from stumbling into any genuine disappointment. Stopping yourself requires an active mental wrestling match against the ingrained habit of “fixing.” It feels like letting go of a safety net that you are suddenly convinced is necessary, even when he has explicitly stated, in his own words, that he doesn’t need one right now.

A simple request lands in your inbox: an invitation to help organize a friend’s massive yard sale this Saturday; it requires at least four solid hours of physical labor. Initially, the automatic response—the one before the conscious editor kicks in—is an immediate, enthusiastic ‘yes.’ You feel a familiar flutter of warmth, believing that by agreeing, you are reaffirming your commitment to the group’s collective harmony and demonstrating exactly how much you value being part of their circle. However, as Saturday approaches, the internal negotiation begins. Your shoulders tense just thinking about lifting boxes;

your weekend plans suddenly seem insufficient compared to the perceived obligation hanging in the air. The guilt doesn't arrive with a sudden bang; rather, it creeps in like the slow realization that you have overcommitted yourself again. You replay hypothetical scenarios: *If I say no, will she think I'm flaky? Will she interpret my boundary as a sign that our friendship is cooling off?* This anticipated negative reaction—the imagined disappointment etched onto their face—is far more terrifying than the actual exhaustion of lifting boxes ever could be. It's the fear of creating emotional distance that forces your agreement, regardless of how much it costs you in physical or mental energy.

The invitation to attend a mandatory networking dinner pops up on your calendar invite—an event you know, deep down, will feel draining and forced. Declining it feels monumental, like actively choosing alienation. You spend the next forty minutes crafting the perfect refusal email, not just declining, but preemptively apologizing for the inconvenience, over-explaining your fictitious prior commitments to ensure they understand that your absence is due to an unavoidable circumstance rather than a judgment of the event itself or the people attending. The careful wording aims to soothe any

perceived slight before it even materializes. When you finally send it, a wave of immediate tension releases from your chest, replaced by a faint, almost shameful lightness. Yet, this relief is quickly followed by a subtle undercurrent of anxiety: *Did I apologize enough? Did I sound sufficiently remorseful for missing out on this crucial opportunity to be seen as supportive and connected?* The internal monologue whispers that the effort expended in crafting the perfect apology was itself another form of emotional labor—a performance designed solely to manage the other person's perception of your unavailability. Realization: even saying 'no' requires you to perform a level of self-editing so elaborate it almost exhausts you more than agreeing would have.

YOU'VE READ CHAPTER 1.

YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS ISN'T GENERIC
ADVICE. THIS IS YOUR MAP — BUILT
SPECIFICALLY FOR PEOPLE-PLEASER 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
PEOPLE-PLEASER ENERGY CONSISTENTLY
WINS IN CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY.
CHAPTER 4 NAMES THE STAKES — WHAT YOU
LOSE WHEN YOU IGNORE THIS. CHAPTER 5 IS
YOUR FULL CODEPENDENCY 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 "PEOPLE-PLEASER
CODEPENDENCY RECOVERY ENCYCLOPEDIA"
TO GET THE COMPLETE GUIDE.

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