

*The*  
MONOGAMOUS  
*Slut.*

*The Art of  
Seduction  
&  
Romance*

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*Wives Only*

LISA HAMILTON





*The Monogamous S.l.u.t*

**Lisa Hamilton**

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# *Table of Contents*

*The Art of Seduction*

*The language of Love*

*Understanding Friendship*

*Treat him like a King*



## *Did You really just say that?*

First of all, let's not beat around the bush.

The title is offensive, yet intriguing at the same time. Confusing at best, appalling at worst, yet somehow possessing the ability to lure you in a head scratching way...*what is she talking about?*

*Monogamous slut?* There I just said the forbidden word.

Second of all, monogamy by definition means exclusivity.



Thirdly, the word slut is polar opposite: a vixen without boundaries or commitments.

What if you mixed the two? A committed wholesome relationship established in a great friendship, with the sex appeal and allure of a seductress? A wife that is not only cherished, but sought after. A wife that is committed forever, but lives for the excitement of today?

*A vixen,*

*A lover*

*A playmate*

*A queen*



## The Monogamous Slut

What if this ousted word from Webster's Dictionary was actually an acronym? For the sake of this book let's revamp it.

**S- Seduction:** the art of desire

**L-Love:** the art of expression

**U-Understanding:** the art of friendship

**T-Treat him like a King:** the art of appreciation

For now it is an acronym with concealed truths we need to discover.

Making marriage romantic

Making marriage fun

Making marriage a friendship

*Making marriage a place called home*

Just for a moment, dare to have fun. This book is all about hidden secrets from adored wives that are definitely tried and true.

## *Why I wrote this book*

Marriage bar none is the highest joy we will ever experience on earth, yet it also has the potential to be the most painful.

A pendulum with no guarantee to the polarized direction it may swing. One way is utter bliss, the other is absolute misery, while the middle is actually the worst: boring.

Having contemplated this for years, I have become an astute amateur observer. Why are some marriages ecstatically blissful while others are yearning for escape?

I love the commitment of marriage: for better or worse. I love seeing brides in their wedding dress vowing their love to their husband to be. Yet, I wonder, *how will this marriage end?* Seeing the hope in her eyes, my heart prays that she will have a happily-ever-after.

But the reality is she may not.

I wish I had a magic wand that would deem their marriage blissful forever, with happy children, and a love that increases with every year.

## The Monogamous Slut

Marriage has become an obsession of mine. Rather than waving the magic wand, I am convinced love is a formula. Just like growing roses, baking the perfect pie, or cooking pasta al dente, love flourishes in the right soil, with the right recipe in the perfect time.

Love is a formula. Simple as that. No magic. No hopeful wishing. Just follow the rules, and love most assuredly will grow.

The ingredients are simple: desire-love- friendship-appreciation whisked together as the perfect casserole. Yet, if one of these cornerstones is missing in this perfectly balanced quadrant, it is only a matter of time that the flame of love will slowly flicker and eventually fade.

Is there a solution to a marriage that has lost its flame? Of course! The simple answer is... add more logs! Marriage defaults on the side of restoration. Knowingly or unknowingly you have a contract with God where He does His best work. He's on your side to create a marriage of love, laughter, friendship and fun. Minor tweaks have major results. It only takes a match to start a forest fire.

# *The Four Faces of a Woman*

There are four faces to a woman, each equally as vital, equally revered yet seamlessly forming the very essence of who she is. When a man drops to one knee, offering the ring, the promise, the "forever after," he's not just searching for a wife. Whether he realizes it or not, he's seeking four women in one:

- A **vixen** who ignites his desire
- A **lover** who touches his heart and soul
- A **playmate** who shares in laughter and fun
- A **queen** who treats him like a king

But here's the catch:

If you're *only* the vixen, you'll get the first date—but it's the lover who reaches his heart and earns the second.

If your relationship is all tenderness and love, sure, he'll do anything for you—but if you're not his playmate, he'll spend his weekends playing golf... with his buddies.

## The Monogamous Slut

Flip it around—if you're just his playmate, but lack the spark of seduction, you slowly morph into roommates with matching calendars.

And before the diamond lands on your finger, make no mistake: he's sizing up your values, too—looking for the kind of woman he trusts to raise his children. But if you're heading to bed in Amish attire, rosary in hand, you might make it to heaven... just not with your husband.

Ladies, everything he's looking for?

It's already inside you.

You just need to *be* it.



Lisa Hamilton



*The Art of Seduction*

## The Monogamous Slut

Seduction is definitely a fine tuned art.

To create an environment of desire which was previously nonexistent requires masterful skill.

No one wants a fork full of food shoved in their mouth if they're not hungry.

*The art of seduction creates the hunger.*

I once questioned my friend who had developed a renown reputation in the catering business, "What's your secret?" Of course I'm thinking, add more garlic, use imported olive oil. I was looking for a real culinary tip.

Not expecting the unexpected answer to my question he smiled,"the secret ingredient," he simply replied, "You eat with your eyes."

"You eat with your eyes?" I asked.

"Most definitely! It's the smell, the arrangement, the colors, the textures, before the first bite, they have already tasted it," he smiled. "That is my secret ingredient."

The art of seduction: creating a desire, awakening the senses, offering an experience. This is the master at work.

Seduction at its finest is an invitation to an unfulfilled promise, engaging the imagination with limitless possibilities.

*There is nothing sexier than imagination.*

Flirting is the art of sparking interest and leaving just enough mystery to be chased.

Why do men love to hunt? Fish? Play endless rounds of golf? I mean, really—why track a deer when you can just swing by the store and grab a ribeye? Why sit around waiting for a nibble when salmon's already chilling on ice behind the seafood counter? And golf—let's be honest—why spend all day chasing a tiny ball across acres of grass when there's a putting green five minutes away? Simple: it's not about the steak, the fish, or the ball. It's about the thrill. The chase. The glorious, maddening game of *maybe I'll get it this time*.

Meanwhile, girls are like, "Why hunt? I already ordered steak, lit a candle, and set the table—while he's still out there fighting with a fishing rod."

Let's be real—for men it's not about getting the prize. It's about earning it. The chase is the whole point. Seduction? That's the art of making 'em *want* to chase you.

Flirting? That's the wink that says, "*Catch me if you can.*"

*There is nothing sexier than  
imagination*

**lisa Hamilton**

They say:

“Behind every man chasing a woman... is a woman who already figured out how to get caught!~”

They say Cleopatra was the fantasy of every man who laid eyes upon her. But it wasn't her beauty that commanded such irresistible attention; no, it was something far more intoxicating. Though not classically stunning, she exuded a sensual magnetism that drew desire like a flame lures the moth.

She knew the game. She laughed with a teasing glint, flirted with dangerous finesse, and taunted just enough to awaken hunger.

One of her first encounters with Antony is still whispered about in tones half awe, half lust. She arrived concealed—completely nude—within an extravagant rug, a gift only the boldest would dare unwrap. Her servants unraveled her slowly, deliciously, until she laid there, bare and gleaming unabashedly bold. Just as his gaze shockingly drank her in—she was wrapped back up and whisked away, leaving only the ache of what had been seen... and what had not.

A black and white photograph of a woman's back, seen from behind. She has curly hair and is wearing a dark, strapless garment. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of her back and shoulders. The text "Anthony and Cleopatra" is overlaid in a white, elegant script font across the middle of her back.

*Anthony and Cleopatra*

Cleopatra was no mere temptress—she was a master of desire. She orchestrated longing like music, skillfully used imagination as a weapon, and let the chase become an exquisite game no man could resist.

With all that said let the games begin!

## *Mate Night*

Once while out to dinner with a friend, I couldn't help but notice a couple in the table in front of me. She was all dressed up, excitedly talking away, while the man she was with continued to glance at his watch, excusing himself to leave the table finally returning after his recess break. As I watched this scenario my heart sank for her. He was completely disengaged buying his time before he could leave.

Sadly, I surmised they were married.

Getting up to leave I purposefully chit chatted and finally asked, "Oh, are you married?"

"Yes, we are," she replied smiling, "how did you know?"

## The Monogamous Slut

“Just a lucky guess!” I lied. All the tell tale signs were there. Feeling sympathetic to the wife I pondered inwardly, *why was he so disengaged?*

I replayed his evening: Pick up the babysitter. Drive to the restaurant. Listen to my wife’s non romantic monologue. Pay a crapload of money for the overpriced restaurant. Drive my wife home. Pay the babysitter another crapload of money to sit on the couch and post on instagram. Drive the babysitter home. Finally come home to a sleeping wife.

*Friday night date?* Can’t wait to do that again.

Ladies, change it up! Take the kids to the grandparents house, which would make their world. What they’re free? and I didn’t spend a crapload of money? Find a romantic, cute, sexy dress and wear that, not the high collared dress you still have on since the afternoon’s PTA meeting. Dress intentionally romantic. Remember: you eat with your eyes. Vision is the first road to romance.

Grandparents are unavailable- splurge: a hotel room for a blissful rendezvous.

Are you ready...here's the real kicker. Ask him if he wants to go on a **mate night** this Friday. "What did you say?" will be his blown out mind.

"**A mate night,**" will be your calm collected response.

"Oh Yeah!!!!" he will exclaim after he registers what you just said.

Last but not least, please do not recap the day, the children's homework, the dog's veterinarian appointment, or for sure not the broken toilet. Please remember the flirting days, when nothing was really said, the entire evening was spent on the anticipation of the first kiss.

*Pass the Panties Please!*

Making your man feel like he's still desired is definitely a base hit. Not a home run yet, but assuredly off to a great start. Men need to know they still have it, you still want him. In your eyes he is still the man you fell in love with. Rather than passing a napkin under the table, let it be your panties. No words necessary, he'll get the hint, and more than likely ask for the check! Immediately!!

-an anonymously creative wife!



## *A Welcoming Surprise*

"It was an exceptionally warm, sunny day—and on a whim, I decided to check out. No phone. No bills. No obligations. Just me, pulling the plug on life's constant noise. Unplugged. Undistracted. Free, if only for a moment."

"Hi babe. Come home—I have a surprise for you!" I teased over the phone. Anticipation is everything. *Surprise? What surprise?"*

Suddenly, his routine drive home turned into something exciting. The adrenaline kicked in. His mind raced like a kid on Christmas morning, he couldn't help but wonder.

## The Monogamous Slut



*“Creating memories will one day be  
the album of  
your life.”*

*— Lisa Hamilton*

*I'm in the pool... see you there,"* I added, letting mystery hang in the air.

He came through the back gate—only to find his wife wearing nothing but her wedding ring.

*"Welcome home!"* I said with a laugh.

He didn't hesitate. He jumped right in. We laughed. We splashed. We kissed. We turned on the jacuzzi and stayed awhile longer until sunset.

*"I don't know if it was a big romantic moment, but it was definitely a memory we still laugh about. Memories that say: I never know what my wife will do next. Memories that say sometimes it feels like our honeymoon never ended."*

*-the never ending surprise wife*

## The Monogamous Slut



*Zip it!*

“Okay this was definitely one to remember,” a wife spilled the beans. “Because it was so spontaneous, it was even more surprisingly romantic, yet devilishly fun.”

“My husband and I were at the beach with our covered beach tent. We were having the best time splashing in the water, enjoying the waves without a care in the world. For some reason the lighthearted moment sparked this laughter between us that suddenly morphed into romance. I remembered looking at him thinking *I love this man. I love being with him. Actually I want to be with him RIGHT NOW!* “

Lisa Hamilton

“We went back into the tent, I zipped it up and started to grin. The rest of the afternoon...well he still remembers. We make jokes about it today.

*Want to zip the tent? Is now our new code word!*

*-An anonymous adventurous wife*

## *Anywhere but the Bedroom*

“For some reason it started with having babies that needed attention throughout the night that resulted in sleeping in separate bedrooms. As much as it seemed to be a detriment it actually became an asset. We had to mastermind when we could be together without the kids. All of a sudden hidden spots, back of cars, empty rooms became our romantic rendezvous. The babies are grown but we are still looking for our steal away moments. “

The Monogamous Slut

"We never got into the rhythm of same place, same time, same channel of the bedroom. It has definitely made our marriage exciting!"

-an anonymous *very happy* wife

*When a man knows he is the object  
of your desire,  
You become the object of his*

## *The fashion Show flirt*

“I don’t know when it started exactly, but at some point, I began asking my husband, “*Which outfit should I wear for date night?*”

What did *he* want to see me in?

I assumed he’d go for the glamorous option—long gown, high heels, pearls.

But nope.

He’d often choose the short dress and sandals.

That’s when it clicked:

If I want to be the sexy wife, why not let *him* tell me what he thinks is sexy? So, I’d hold up a few outfit options, and every time he’d say the same thing:

**“I don’t know... let me see them on.”**

And that’s how it began.

Date night started with a fashion show.

He’d sit comfortably in his favorite chair, sipping a cocktail, while I made my grand hallway debut.

I’d try on everything—sometimes just for show. The sexy dress I actually had no intention of wearing,

## The Monogamous Slut

because it was way too risqué to wear in public, though I pretended like it was an option. I would bend over, (yes I did) asking him if he thought it was too short?

Regardless, it got the fashion show started. Then I went the other direction-to change it up -a flirty sundress with strappy sandals sweet wholesale yet modestly sexy. Some outfits were glamorous while others were playfully fun, jeans and a tee with boots and a leather jacket.

Ironically, after the show reached its finale, he often chose the playful, fun jeans. But that wasn't the point.

In his mind, that's where all the visual memories lingered—and his wife had simply become his model.

And of course, he always picked out my perfume. The start was fabulous. But the end? Even better.

## *Pregame*

"Friday night is our date night. My husband comes home, unwinds and a few hours later we get ready to go out.

As he walks in the door he usually sees me as a caring wife and loving mother, but not as his seductress.

So one Friday I decided to change it up.

This is our *mate night*. I wanted him to be excited thinking about our date all day long. I greeted him at the door in a beautiful long black dress, fully made up and feeling irresistible.

*"Be the bride he never stops  
chasing, and the memory he never  
forgets."*

## The Monogamous Slut

*I think for a woman feeling beautiful and sexy puts you in the mood. Playing my favorite love songs while getting ready, really put me in the mood!*

The evening was perfectly staged: a handcrafted cocktail, hor d'oeuvres, and a hot bath with lavender oil. While he was sipping away, suddenly the inefficient secretary, irritating clients, and broken deals, miraculously vanished.

He was *home sweet home!*

As he was relaxing letting go of the chaos of the day, I returned with a gift I had purchased earlier.

Now, look... was it technically a gift for him? Sure. But was it also very much for me? Absolutely. A man in white linen? That's my version of lingerie.

And just to seal the deal, I also bought him *my* favorite cologne—you know, the one that short-circuits my brain in the best way. Because honestly, I'm the one swooning, shouldn't I get to pick the scent? Seems fair.

Naturally, I made the first move. I leaned in, kissed him like I meant it, and from there... let's just say he got the message

It was all part of the *pregame*.

Here was the strategy: everyone talks about date night like the grand finale is the main event, but let's be real—once I've had a glass of wine, a basket of bread, and that warm, cozy car ride home, I'm two yawns away from REM sleep.

So I flipped the script. Reverse the order. Intimacy first—when energy's high, and endorphins are flowing.

That's how mate night always checkmates date night. No pun intended.

Dinner was unusually bonding as we had already bonded. That night *sweet dreams* took on a whole new meaning.

Why wait for after dinner when you are too full, too relaxed for romance?

*Initiate when passion and energy are at it's*

*peak!" — anonymous happy wife*



*Shouldn't I be the one who picks out the  
cologne ...*

*...when something is doused on...  
something is bound to come off*



The Monogamous Slut



<p><i>Mate Night!</i></p>	<p><i>Champagne Dinner</i></p> <p>Turn your house into a hotel</p> <p>Candlelight, music, Dinner under the stars</p>
<p><i>Lovely Lingerie</i></p> <p>Husband's choice Surprise me!</p>	<p><i>Initiate!</i></p> <p>The First Unexpected Kiss</p>
<p><i>Fashion Show</i></p> <p>Be the runway model. Let him choose the evening attire! Don't be shy, you're the supermodel!</p>	<p><i>Pass the Panties</i></p> <p>At the most unsuspecting time</p>



<p><i>Zip it</i></p> <p>An outdoor extravaganza! Find your hidden spot! No one will know! Except your memory forever</p>	<p><i>Cologne</i></p> <p>Your pick. The scent that gets your endorphins on high alert. When he douses it on-something is bound to come off.</p>
<p><i>Anywhere but the bedroom</i></p>	<p><i>Never say No</i></p> <p>No headaches allowed. Be the wife he always fantasizes about.. The one he always goes to. You are His desire! You are the Yes girl!</p>
<p><i>Pregame</i></p> <p>Date night starts now! But shush it's a surprise</p> <p>Don't forget the music And never forget the candles</p>	<p><i>Create a Welcome home honey surprise He'll never forget</i></p>

## The Monogamous Slut

Lisa Hamilton



*The language of love*

*Love.*

It seems like such an obvious thing in a committed, forever kind of relationship—something so foundational, it almost goes without saying.

But does it? Is it truly obvious... or quietly overlooked?

Somewhere in the rhythms of day-to-day life—between dishes and deadlines, errands and routines—have we let the simple, beautiful reminders of love fall to the wayside? The small gestures, the loving words, the spontaneous kisses, the looks that say “*I still choose you*”... did we stop showing them because we assumed they were understood?

And in doing so, did we start to forget—just a little—*why* we fell in love in the first place?

Why our love deepened with time? Maybe the feeling is still there, strong and real—but if we stop expressing it, reinforcing it, nurturing it daily... does it risk being buried?

Love isn't just the big milestones—it's also the quiet reinforcement.

*The daily choice.*

The gentle remembering. When words became sacred spaces—tiny time capsules of emotion, where love

Lisa Hamilton

letters were read and reread and cherished for a lifetime. They weren't just messages; they were windows into the soul.

Maybe it's time to remember again.

*If your mind was silent and your heart  
could speak?*

*What would it say?*

## *Old fashioned love letters*

Remember love letters? Feelings that were too tender, too raw to speak aloud, expressed best with ink on paper, where there was no pressure, no interruptions—just honesty.

Letters that were written from the heart, given opportunity to share the deepest of emotions..

When did we lose the art of sending letters?

I asked a husband once, *What was the best thing your wife ever did?* Pausing for a long time and searching through all the memories he had about his wife, his eyes suddenly twinkled and he replied, *she wrote me a handwritten letter which said "I will always love you to the end."*

I have kept it to this day, and have reread it hundreds of times.



*The forever after*

## *A Missed Moment in Time*

Was the beauty of love letters officially replaced by copy-and-paste Instagram quotes?

You know the ones—"Love ya" sign-offs, the occasional emoji, maybe even a fist bump if you're feeling in a "what's up!!!" mood.

I'll never forget the ski trip I took with my girlfriend. The trip had wrapped up, and we were making plans to head home. She was texting her husband and reading it out loud like it was just another item on her to-do list.

"Yeah, okay. Miss ya too. I'll be home in a few. Love ya."

It was the usual: safe, standard-issue couple-dialogue.. But for some reason, it hit me funny. Like... did she *really* miss him? Or was that just the romantic equivalent of a thumbs-up?

So I asked—half serious, half poking fun:

"Why don't you text him back and tell him how you actually feel?"

She blinked at me. "Of course I miss him."

"Well then... *say* that!" And then came the truth.

## The Monogamous Slut

“I mean, I would... but I’d feel embarrassed. That’s just not how we are. We don’t talk like that.”

Ah. There it was. “So let me get this straight,” I said prodding for more. “You *love* him, you *miss* him, you can’t wait to see him—and your message is basically, your ETA expected time of arrival?”

It made me wonder: why do we treat romantic love like a polite responsibility? Why don’t we send the gushy, dramatic, heart-fluttering for that matter sexy texts anymore? Why are we more comfortable giving an ETA than a real “I miss you like crazy, I’ll be home in an hour!”

We’ve swapped passion for purpose. Vulnerability for thumbs up! And handwritten declarations of love? Forget it—now it’s just a heart emoji and a *read* receipt.

Maybe it’s time to bring back the big feelings. Even if it’s just in a text. Even if it’s awkward. Because honestly, “Can’t wait to hold you when I get back” sounds way better than “On my way.”

It was a missed moment in time. An opportunity she had- that she didn’t take.

What would it have been like if she had?



## *What is Love Anyway?*

That's a powerful and deeply human question—one that hits at the heart of love, sacrifice, and purpose. Giving up your life for someone, whether physically or emotionally, is an act that seems to defy logic but speaks volumes about the capacity of the human heart.

To give up your life in the physical sense is often seen as the ultimate sacrifice—something we honor as heroic. But the unseen surrendering of dreams, ambitions, for someone else's happiness—is equally profound, maybe even harder to understand.

Yet is this where true love blossoms?

## The Monogamous Slut

A surrender to another, putting their happiness before yours, and finding that it is in this place where your heart is truly transformed, truly, and ultimately fulfilled.

Some do it out of duty. Others out of love. Some because they believe the other person's flourishing is more important than their own.

Thus remains the conflict of love. How much do I give of myself for another? How much do I risk losing my own desires to serve theirs?

Will I ultimately give myself away, and be ultimately fulfilled in doing so?

**This was a question I knew only God could answer.**

**What is love anyway?**

My daughter was just an infant. I remember holding her, staring into her tiny face, and wondering, "*How is it that I love her so much?*" It struck me as a miracle—this overwhelming feeling that had no obvious cause.

She hadn't done anything to earn it. She hadn't spoken a word, offered affection, or given back in any way. And yet, what I felt for her was one of the deepest, most consuming loves I had ever known.

God, how is this possible? I asked. His answer came—gentle, yet profoundly.

"Sacrifice is the seed of love. It is an investment of the heart, returning more than what was given."

He went on:

"Lisa, when you were pregnant, those early months demanded a strength you didn't know you had. You endured—pushing through discomfort and uncertainty—not for yourself, but for the life growing inside you. That was sacrifice. And that sacrifice began to soften and open a heart once shaped by self-focus. That was the beginning of honor: putting someone else before yourself."

"Childbirth was another chapter—pain exchanged for purpose. Your focus wasn't on what you were suffering, but on the life you were bringing into the world.

And then, in the sleepless nights that followed, as you fed her, soothed her, and set aside every comfort for her sake."

Your continual sacrifice formed the very heart where love could take root.

You did not love because she earned it. You loved because you gave of yourself. And in that giving, love was born."

## The Monogamous Slut

It was a profound revelation—

Love is birthed in sacrifice.

And that sacrifice... it doesn't just open the heart, It carves it. Shapes it. Expands it.

Suddenly, I saw it everywhere—

Every place in my life where I had truly, passionately loved something, sacrifice always precluded it.



*love is sacrifice.*

*To the measure you sacrifice  
is the measure you love.*

—Lisa Hamilton

*Love is birthed in  
sacrifice. It is the  
very seed that love  
grows.*

— Lisa Hamilton

## *The sacrifice*

I remembered starting a fashion business. Not having enough money to live in an apartment and afford a warehouse, I knew I had to make a choice between my cozy little nest or my dreams. After much deliberation I decided my dreams came first, and the cushy down duvet would just have to wait. And so I moved.

With nothing but metal shelves and a bathroom, the sacrifice had begun. Yet, the sacrifice only fueled my passion for what I was investing in. Ultimately a fashion business that would one day become international.

Yet, in the beginning the more I sacrificed, the more my vision grew. I worked long hours into the night, completely engulfed in the designs I was creating. I had sacrificed, comfort, money, time, energy. But for me it didn't feel like a sacrifice, I was investing in my dream.

I did not hire someone to help me, most probably because I didn't have the money, but because I wanted to be hands on involved.

My sacrifice became my ultimate devotion.

**And this is where love is truly born—in sacrifice.**

I reflected. God... the ultimate sacrifice. The ultimate lover.

## *A hands on lover*

A hands-on lover doesn't just speak of love, it proves it. Through action. Through sacrifice. Through presence.

Relationships take time. That's it. No shortcut, no hack. You can't microwave connection. You can't rush intimacy.

Cookies need 15 minutes in the oven.

Pull them out too soon? You've got warm raw dough.

Same with love.

If you don't give it time—real, intentional time—you'll end up with something half-baked.

You can't rationalize it. You can't excuse it.

Relationships aren't drive-thru encounters—

They're slow-cooked meals, intentional, nourishing, worth the wait.

And just like the smell of cookies anticipating the first delicious bite, being with someone you love—truly love—should stir up that same anticipation.

But if you rush it...you'll never taste what it was meant to be.

## *Love that lasts*

I have an incredible relationship with my daughter.

Time with her is my first priority, because she is that fun. Our humor is something only we understand, our activities continue to grow and expand as we discover more adventures, our understanding of one another continues to deepen.

She is my favorite person.

I've seen other relationships—where it's just *roles*. "I'm your mother."

"You're my daughter." And that's it. A title, not a connection.

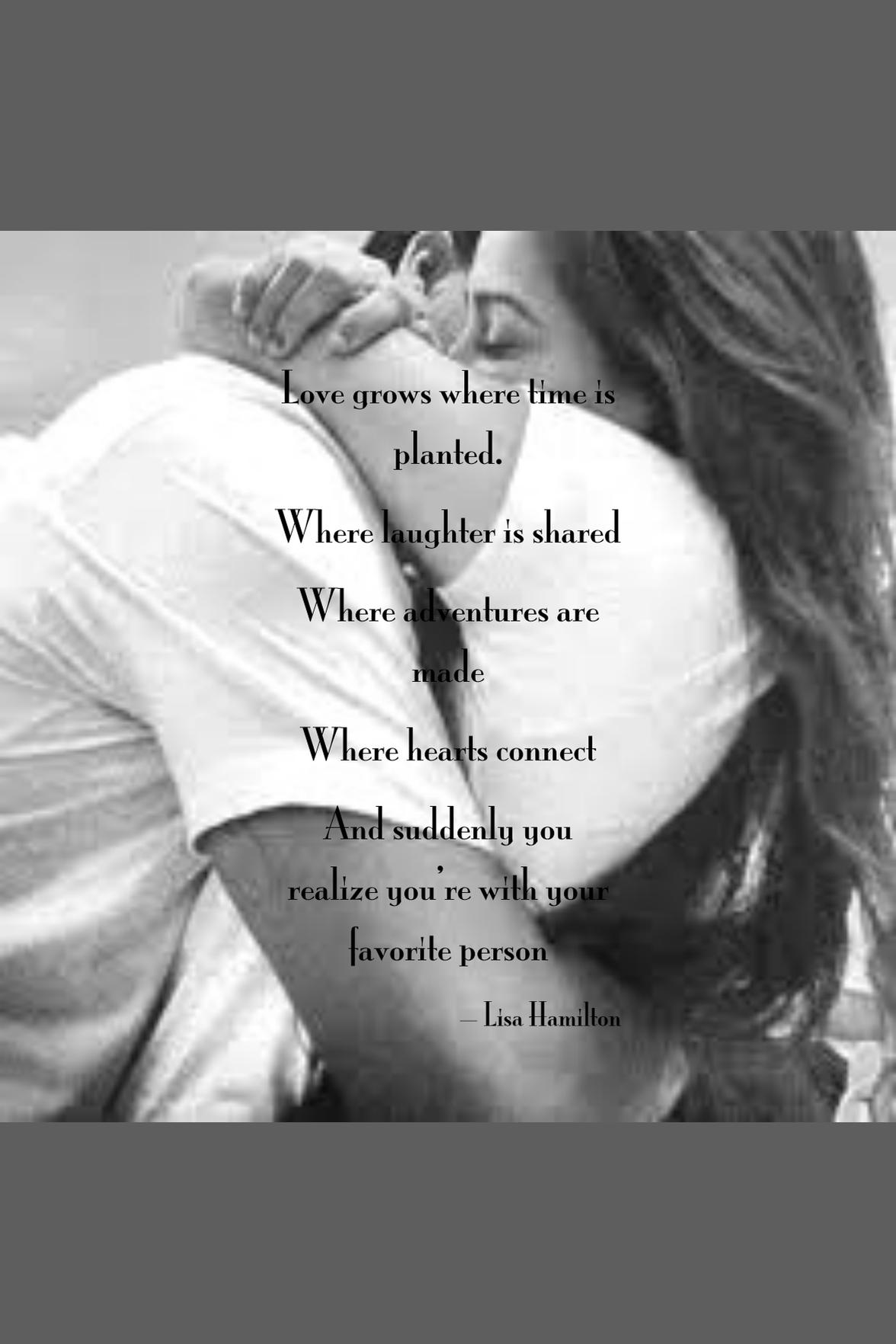
But then it hit me—of course they're distant.

They don't spend time.

They don't *live* life together.

No shared laughter,

No ridiculous memories, and private jokes



Love grows where time is  
planted.

Where laughter is shared

Where adventures are  
made

Where hearts connect

And suddenly you  
realize you're with your  
favorite person

— Lisa Hamilton

No spontaneous adventures,  
No growing side by side.

Because if you're not growing *together*, you're growing  
*apart*.

Marriage is no different.

It needs time—time to enjoy each other,  
to build together, to suffer together  
to sweat and play and dream through projects,  
activities, even the messy, chaotic days.

That's where love takes root—in the soil of time.  
And from there, the magic grows.

Friendship is the quiet presence that doesn't need to be  
loud to be felt.

It's laughter over nothing, deep talks at midnight,  
showing up without being asked.

It's choosing someone over and over—through change,  
chaos, and calm.

At its core, friendship is love that lasts.

## *Nothing but a candle*

“When we were first married, we had nothing. I’m not saying in the *we had very modest furniture way*, I am saying literally *nothing* but a great speaker, a wooden spool we used as a table, and one fantastic scented candle.

We were newly weds, and truly love was all we needed, for that matter, was all we had. We sat on the floor, had 99 cent tacos, put on the *Bee Gees*, and ate blissfully by candlelight.

I remember staring into John’s eyes, not being able to contain my feelings, and from the deepest part of my heart telling him, *I am sooo happy!* And of course, his heartfelt response was the same, *I am sooooo happy!*

We had nothing but love—but somehow that was everything.

Decades had passed, and now we were facing the aftermath of Covid as business owners. As landlords to an apartment complex, once the tenants stopped paying, we were unable to continue the payments on the mortgage to the banks. The domino effect had begun, and we lost our \$2,000,000 investment, but worse yet, our retirement for a happily ever after.

We were forced to sell our beach home, one that I thought would be our forever home, and moved into a trailer park.

Others would be devastated, would not ever recover from such a severe loss. But surprisingly it did not devastate me.

Here we sat decades later, on the floor, with a great speaker, and a scented candle, and I looked at my husband and saw the years in his eyes, the memories, the love, the laughter, even the heartbreak. And I felt full. Full of gratitude for the life we'd shared.

"John," I said in all sincerity, "I am soooo happy!" And he looked back without hesitation and said ,

"I am sooo happy!" And with that we turned up the music, ate our tacos on the floor, and realized,

*Love is all you need. —Shari Barry*

*All you need is love*

Maybe Paul McCartney knew something that took us a lifetime to finally realize.

All you need is love.

## The Monogamous Slut

*“Wherever your treasure is, there lies your heart also”*

*-Matthew 6:21*

Love is the treasure. Love is the highest fulfillment on earth. But the moment our attention begins to shift, with possessions and things, we begin to drift from our true happiness. And when love is no longer our focus, it slowly, quietly, imperceptibly starts to fade.

Ironically, we want possessions to add to our happiness, but in reality it diminishes the most important treasure—time—with our loved one.

*I pursuit of more- we risk losing what was already enough.*

*Do you know how much*

*I love you?*

It's in the hidden gestures, the small acts of kindness, the seemingly unnoticed sacrifices that truly portray *do you know how much I love you?*

It's the smell of bacon on a Saturday morning, freshly brewed coffee with the daily news, clean ironed shirts, a refrigerator full of his favorite snacks, new running shoes that are worn out and replaced, a new 5 iron slipped in his golf bag, without a word.

And every time I pay attention—every time I try to ease your day in small, thoughtful ways—what I'm really saying is this:

**You matter to me.**

Nurturing a man—truly seeing him, supporting him quietly, steadily—is one of the most meaningful gifts a woman can give...and gently asks....

*Do you know how much I love you?*

## *The language of love*

My husband worked late night shifts, usually getting home after 10:30 PM. There wasn't a single night that passed without me feeling deep appreciation for the sacrifice he made for our family.

So I created a quiet ritual—my own way of saying thank you, of saying *I love you*.

Every night at 10:30, I had a home-cooked meal waiting, simple but always with a romantic candle. I stayed awake just to eat with him. It became our sacred time—simple, quiet, romantic. Something we both looked forward to.

Years later, he still talks about it. What it meant to him. That I stayed up. That I waited. That I cared enough to share even that small moment at the end of a long day. I wasn't trying to prove anything. But in unspoken words, I was saying everything.

*Nurturing a man is the true  
language of love.*

The Monogamous Slut



<p><i>A love letter</i></p> <p>Write a handwritten letter. 'These are all the reasons why I love you.</p>	<p><i>A text blast</i></p> <p>Start a text thread of your own private jokes</p>
<p><i>Remember when text</i></p> <p>Send Pictures from the past with laughable moments and endearing times. Create memories that last forever</p>	<p><i>Crazy fun</i></p> <p>Pick one: Pickleball, sunset beach walk, bike ride, outdoor hike, <b>shopping for mate night outfit!</b></p>
<p><i>I join you</i></p> <p>Make a pact to join the other's interest. Golf with your husband, cooking class with your wife. Whatever it is!</p>	<p><i>Honor</i></p> <p>Honor is choosing you before me.</p> <p>Today with intention, asking how can I make you happy?</p>



*Let me help you!*

Today I'm stepping into what you keep postponing. I'm with you-let's face it together.

**Trauma bond vibes.lol**

*Motown*

"Everything's better with music—strap the speaker onto the back of a bike ride.. Turn it up while cooking. Bring it to the pickleball courts!

*Memory album*

"Gather the photos, make an album—but don't forget the words. The memories, the laughs, the little things.

That's where the magic lives."

*Just time*

"Put the to do list away.

**Today's gift is time,**

attention, and the joy of being together."

*Just Candles*

Candles make everything romantic. On the beach, on the table, in the bedroom, at a picnic.

Candles magically transform any environment.

*A surprise gift*

Notice something he always wanted, always needed, didn't have the time to get.

And surprise him!

## The Monogamous Slut

Lisa Hamilton



*Understanding Friendship*

## The Monogamous Slut

In marriage, there are four essential quadrants where its strength is rooted:

**Seduction** is the art of intimacy.

**Love** is the art of romance.

**Understanding** is the art of friendship.

**Respect is the art of appreciation**

And with that, we remember—

Friendship is just as sexy as intimacy.

Because friendship is intimacy of the heart.

It's where trust is built, where roots grow deep,  
where you're fully known and still fully loved.

And the laughter—definitely the laughter—  
the kind that makes your stomach hurt,  
your eyes tear up, your soul feel lighter.

Laughter that causes you to snort, drool, and lose control. It's joy at its depths.

Laughing creates an instant bond that nothing else can.  
It hits the soul in the deepest level.

Couples that laugh together stay together. Complete strangers that share a laugh are instant friends.

Laughter is magical.

It's laughter over nothing, deep talks at midnight,  
showing up without being asked.

It's choosing someone over and over—through change, chaos, and calm. At its core, friendship is love that stays. Friendship is the kind of love that doesn't demand perfection—

And doesn't notice sloppy.

It's the person who celebrates your highs like they're their own, and sits beside you in your lows without needing to fix anything.

*It's inside jokes that span years,  
conversations that pick up where they left off,  
and silence that feels full, not empty.*

Friendship is texting just to say, "thinking of you," or sending a song because it *sounds like us*.

It's being seen, even when you don't know how to explain yourself. It's growing at your own pace, but still choosing to grow *together*.

Friendship is making space—for joy, for grief, for the messy in-between. It's not about keeping score, but keeping close. It's trust earned through time, loyalty proven in small moments, and love that doesn't need a reason.

## The Monogamous Slut



*Couples that laugh together  
stay together.*

True friendship is rare, but when you find it—  
it's one of life's purest gifts.

Lisa Hamilton

## *The Art of Listening*

If asking someone to describe their best friend, assuredly they would pause, and contemplate, because the answer would be too hard to quickly put into words, but after deep reflection their response would be...

“No one understands me like my friend. They know me inside and out, and I don’t have to be anyone else but me. That is my best friend.

*When I’m around them, I like me...”*

Listening is more than hearing words.

It’s being fully present—body, mind, and heart.

It’s silence that says, *I’m here. What you’re saying matters to me. Keep going.*

True listening isn’t waiting for your turn to speak. It’s setting aside your need to respond. It’s entering someone else’s world without trying to rearrange the furniture.

It’s genuine eye contact to see deeper into what they are really saying. It’s a soft posture pulling out even more. It’s noticing what’s not being said.

## The Monogamous Slut

The art of listening is the art of love in action—

Because to listen deeply is to say:

*You matter enough for me to pause everything else.*

*But wait....*

Unknowingly "but wait" is at the crux of most conversations. *But wait... it's my turn....to tell my story....when is yours going to end?*

Women love to talk..but do men always love to listen?

As a self professed amateur observer, (not really professional because I am not getting paid, it's just a self proclaimed title) I noticed a group of friends out for dinner. At first glance, it looked like a warm, friendly group. The women were chatting away, full of life and stories.

Time passed. A lot of time. And they never stopped. I glanced at the men. Each one ordering their second round, try to pass time. They sat there excluded, fading into the background sipping on whiskey highballs.

And I wondered—

Do the women realize how dishonoring that is?

Do they know the message they're sending?

The Monogamous Slut



*When only one voice is heard the other*

*Disappears,*

*And you stop listening.*

*What if you listened instead?*

That their husbands aren't interesting enough to engage, or worthy enough to *really* listen to?

Maybe that's why he can't wait for the weekend—to grab his clubs, hit the greens, and finally get a word in edgewise?

If wives were their husband's confidants and friends, would he be playing less rounds of golf?

Do they realize any of this?



And I found myself actually listening.

And the more I listened the more intriguing  
he became.

And the more interesting I became to him.

Sometimes a silent woman is stunning.

-Lisa Hamilton

## *The Boomerang Effect*

It was a mistake that boomeranged. I didn't do it on purpose, and I wasn't trying to be charming. The truth is—I was just *bored*.

And in that boredom, I accidentally listened... not to respond, not to interpret—just listened. Which, honestly, was rare for me.

I was out to dinner for the first time with a man introduced to me by a mutual friend.

She was persistent—“*You two just have to meet*”

So, I thought—why not?

I was single, open, and curious.

Maybe there was more to this than I anticipated.

The moment I sat down across from him, I knew—nothing was going to come of this. Not in that “let's give it time” kind of way, but in the “how long do I have to sit here before I can make up a believable excuse and leave?” kind of way.

Our introductions were made, and I politely asked questions—the kind you ask when you're just filling space, not because you actually care about the answers.

## The Monogamous Slut

Truthfully, I was already planning my exit, politely passing time until it felt acceptable to leave.

Ironically, the more questions I asked—half-hearted at first—the more *he* leaned in.

And to my surprise... the more interesting *he* became, the more intrigued *I* became.

Somewhere between my boredom and his unexpected answers, he opened up, wanting and willing to share more because somehow this stranger felt listened to and wanted to reveal more.

Ironically, I was *actually listening*, prodding for more, wanting to ask more questions to his intriguing story.

Something shifted. I ordered a glass of wine—not to pass the time, but because I genuinely wanted to hear what he'd say next.

The evening ended and though I never saw him again, he said something that deeply impacted me. With all sincerity, he leaned in and said,

"I really enjoyed this evening. I don't think I've ever been with a girl who asked questions about me. Usually, they do all the talking, and I leave feeling completely unnoticed. But with you... I actually wanted to open up. You are one of the most interesting girls I have met in a long time."

Seriously? I thought. If asked I would have answered, “this man probably thinks I am a wallflower with nothing to say”.

I hadn’t been trying to engage—in fact, I’d been zoned out for the first 15 minutes. What he mistook for genuine listening... was honestly just me trying to pass the time.

And yet, his response shifted everything.

He opened up, became more interesting, and thought I was his best date ever?!

Wow, the more I didn’t try at all, the more he was drawn to me.

Thus: the Boomerang Effect:

Be interested—and you become interesting.

## The Monogamous Slut



When you realize you married  
your best friend

## *The Invisible Deck Game*

From the evening with the man, I developed what I named the “invisible deck” game. Asking questions, actually listening, and let the discoveries unravel. My first attempt playing happened at a crowded sushi bar.

I was meeting my girlfriend’s new romantic interest for the first time. Introductions were standard. We ordered sake, and then...sipped away in an awkward silence.

I thought, “Here goes. It can’t be worse than this dead air.” I reached for my invisible deck of questions.

“What’s one thing you’re afraid of?” I asked openly. To make it easy, I went first.

“I’m deathly afraid of waiting in long lines.

I hate being splashed by cold water. Being stuck in a room with high-pitched cackling laughter is excruciating. And eating boiled baby okra? A true nightmare.”

Thinking that was a safe, mildly weird start—suddenly, I got a full volley of *why* responses?



*"One honest question, a little  
laughter, and suddenly a  
stranger felt like someone I'd  
known for years."*

“Well, I *hate* waiting in lines. Actually, I hate waiting *at all*. When I start a project, I push until it’s done. I just finished building a house in Austin...” And just like that, the conversation cracked open. Turns out, he was a builder. And suddenly, we had *so* much more to talk about.

“As for boiled baby okra,” I added, “it’s the consistency of gooey snot. That was our ultimate punishment growing up. One bowl of that, and you’d behave for weeks.

It was a chain reaction of full-blown, belly-aching laughter. From there, we spiraled into “*the most disgusting thing you’ve ever eaten*” and lost it all over again.

After we reeled it in, I said, “Okay, your turn. What are *you* afraid of?”

He paused, then said: “I am afraid of not being able to take care of my family. If I couldn’t protect or provide for them... that scares me.”

*Whoa*. I thought we were wading in the shallow end. But there he was—diving deep. And I was honestly, unexpectedly impressed.

We took turns asking everything—  
from the ridiculous to the meaningful.

## The Monogamous Slut

By the end of the night, I walked away knowing a stranger better than most people I've known for months. His fears. His achievements. His hysterical childhood trauma via okra.

And yes—this invisible deck game? It worked. "All it took was one question, some sake, and a mutual hatred of boiled okra to turn a stranger into a friend.

## *The Strategy*

Some of the best inventions have been birthed by accident.

**Play-doh** was actually in homes for 20 years before it became a plaything. Originally it was purposed as a wallpaper cleaner, adhering and removing smears. By 1950 the business began to plummet, and an expected bankruptcy was imminent. Cleo the founder died, giving the virtually bankrupt business to his son Joseph who was married to a school teacher.

Taking this weird substance to her students one day, they began to mold and play as never before, completely entranced by this new toy.

Whala! Play-doh! Now a standard household name.

**Champagne** was born from a mistake.

One particularly cold French winter halted the fermentation of wine. When spring arrived, the process restarted—this time trapping gas inside the bottle.

Monk Dom Pérignon, horrified by what he believed was a failed batch, had instead stumbled upon something entirely new: sparkling wine.



**When was the moment you first  
realized you were in love with me?**

What he feared was ruin... turned out to be  
Champagne.

**Mistakes have a way of being rerouted into successes**

Maybe I'll never be as famous as Dom Pérignon—but  
my invisible deck of questions which started from a bad  
date ended just as intoxicating as champagne.

Like Play-Doh and bubbles in a bottle, my best  
invention began as an accident.



*Dare to ask the questions that your  
heart always wanted to hear*

Lisa Hamilton

*The Invisible Deck  
of Questions*



*"Romantic  
questions aren't  
about answers —  
they're about  
opening doors to  
each other's hearts,  
one curiosity at a  
time."*

*Pick one. your choice*

***Romantic & Intimate***

1. What's one thing I do that instantly makes you feel close to me?
2. What's your favorite memory of us that no one else knows about?
3. What's a fantasy you've never shared but would love to explore together?
4. How do you know I'm in love with you—without me saying it?
5. If we had a whole day to ourselves, no obligations, what would we do?
6. What small habit or gesture from me would make your day better?
7. How can I better protect your heart in our everyday life?



*Did you really ask me that?*

*Okay here goes....*

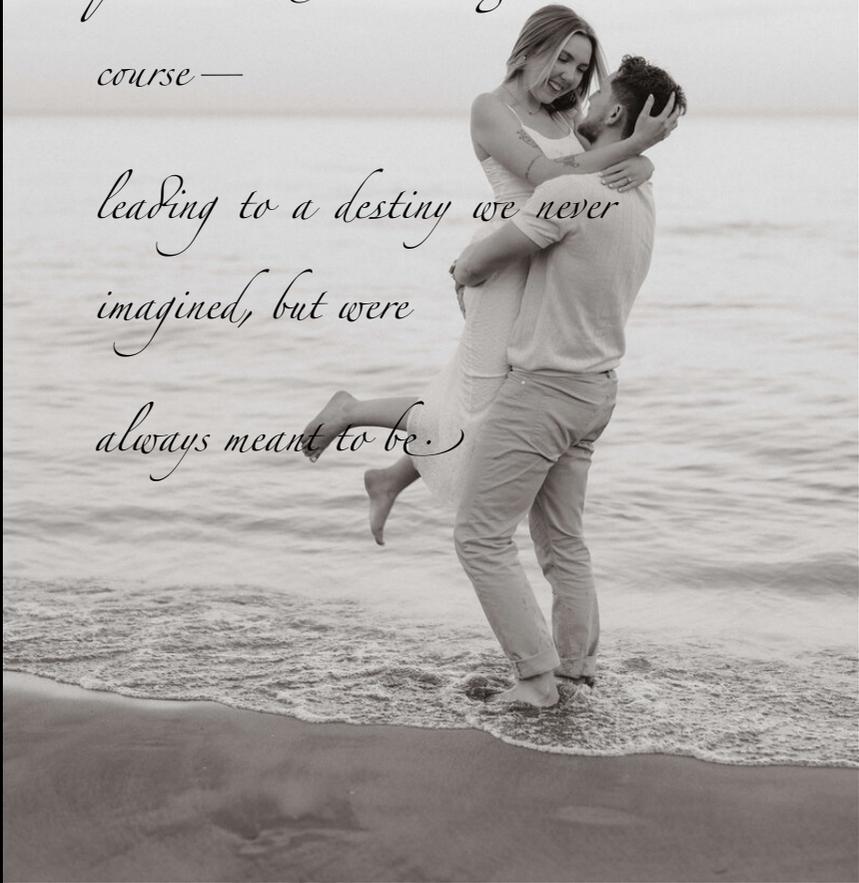
# *Did I ever tell you....*

## ***Supportive & Transformational Questions***

1. What's something I could do differently to love you better?
2. How can I help you?
3. Is there something I do that unintentionally hurts or frustrates you?
4. What do you need from me right now that I might not be giving?
5. If I could grow in one area for you, what would mean the most?
6. How can I discuss conflicts without hurting you?

*Sometimes, it's the hard  
questions that change the  
course —*

*leading to a destiny we never  
imagined, but were  
always meant to be.*



# *Because I love you....*

## ***Fun & Unexpected***

1. What is the weirdest socially unacceptable thing you have ever done? Or want to do?
2. What's the most ridiculous fight we've ever had?
3. What's one weird thing you love about me that others might find strange?
4. If our love story was a movie, what would it be titled?
5. What's your "couples survival tip"
6. What's your most bizarre superpower.

## The Monogamous Slut



### *Laughter*

Put serious on the shelf today. Poke fun, laugh, today is about being lighthearted.

### *A funny photo*

Find at the funniest photo and worst adventure. Text it and laugh about the "remember when!!"

### *Send a song*

Music has a way of speaking that sometimes words cannot. Text a song

### *The invisible deck*

He's the star. You're in the audience. Dig deeper. Find out more. Let him have the mic!

### *Jump in*

Try joining their hobby, sport, interest just for once. You might like it! Join their world

### *I haven't told you*

The sexiest thing you ever did was.....



*It's about you*

Next disagreement, truly listen to understand. Validate their feelings without having to agree with their opinion. Learn how to disagree while validating differences.

*A game night*

Buy a new game. Invite friends, have them bring a new friend.

Just have fun!!

*Sunset Golf*

Golf the last hour of the day, Bring snacks play best ball. Drive in the golf cart just for fun.

*Old fashioned bike*

When's the last time yo got on a bike and rode around town stopping at your favorite places?

*Pickleball*

Anyone can play. Bring your speaker and play to the beat!!

*Salsa*

Go to a dance club and learn to salsa. It's about having fun not about the expertise!

## The Monogamous Slut

Lisa Hamilton



*Treat Him like a King*

## *Every King has a Queen*

As the saying goes, *behind every successful man there is a woman.*

Never underestimate the power of a woman—especially the power of a queen. While the king may guard the kingdom, she is often the one truly running it.

He needs her—her strength, her respect, her unwavering and sacrificial love—not just for him, but for all who dwell within their realm.

A queen honors and serves her king, yet in truth, he would lay down his life for her.

Just as Christ gave Himself for His bride, so too would a true king for his queen.

If proverbs 31 describes a queen who is fully respected and honored, esteemed by her husband, what would that translate in our contemporary society of today?

### **Proverbs 31**

"She is the woman spoken of in the sacred texts—the one of rare and noble character.

The queen who serves her king not out of duty, but from the depths of her unwavering love.

She is his indispensable partner, radiant in beauty both inside and out.

Her strength is quiet but unshakable. Her wisdom is wrapped in kindness.

She builds, nurtures, protects, and leads without seeking applause.

And her king? He rises and calls her blessed—for she is not just his wife,  
*She is his crown.*”

***Proverbs 31: 10***

***Proverb 31: A good woman is hard to find and worth far more than diamonds. Her husband trusts her without reserve.***

He trusts her in all things. Whatever she chooses, however she leads, whatever she builds—he rests in the confidence that she moves with wisdom.

***Proverb 31: She is never spiteful, and treats him generosity.***

## The Monogamous Slut

-ooh, that's a good one -she does not retaliate, nag or keep score. Her heart is always generous, loving, forgiving.

***Proverb 31: 14 She is like a ship sailing to faraway places and bringing back surprises.***

-I like this one! Men have a tendency to stay in status quo. Woman have an ability to expand their territory, bring in new adventures, seek out what the world has to offer and surprise the family with new ideas, travel plans, new activities, picnic baskets at sunset. Men are grounded, but it is the excitement of a woman that brings color to life.

***Proverbs 31:15 She's up before dawn, preparing breakfast for her family and organizing her day.***

Everyone knows the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. A home-cooked meal is more than just food. It's gathering, it's conversation, it's laughter... Above all....it's nurturing...she is the safe spot..the place called home.

***Proverb 31:15 She's skilled at homemaking and assists anyone in need.***

This is the heart of a queen.

She serves—not because she is lesser, but because she is strong.

She watches over those in her care, meeting needs before they are spoken.

She carries the weight of others without needing recognition.

It is the heart of honor—

to put your well-being before my own, not out of weakness, but out of love that needs no recognition.

A true queen leads with compassion,

And in her sacrifice, she reigns

***Proverb 31: 22 She dresses in linens and silks.***

This is a woman who has it all. Boss lady by day, beauty by night. She switches hats as effortlessly as flipping pancakes. Off with the farm boots on go the heels and doesn't skip a beat.

*Proverb 31: 26 She always faces tomorrow with a smile. When she speaks she has something worthwhile to say, and she always says it kindly.*

"She is a woman of faith—carrying hope when others lose heart, speaking life in every storm. Even correction flows from her in love, never to tear down, always to build. Her strength is quiet, but unshakable."

*Proverb 31:29 Her husband praises her, many women have done wonderful things, but you've outclassed them all!"*

*Beauty soon fades. The woman to be admired and praised is the woman who lives in the Fear-of-God.*

The King has found his queen, the most valuable treasure in his kingdom.

*A king rises when he's loved like one*

Of all the profound statements I have read, this undoubtedly is one of them:

A man becomes a king when he is treated like one.

A man becomes a hero when you ask for his help.

A man stays devoted when he knows he is everything to you.

A man wants to please you when everything he does is appreciated.

I suppose I could go on and on, but as I am realizing the list is endless. To encapsulate everything it is this:

A man becomes anything you *appreciate* him to be. Men thrive on appreciation.

## *Appreciation*

As usual, I slipped into my role as a self proclaimed professional observer and started paying close attention to what seemed like the secret ingredient behind the thriving marriages around me.

Honestly—what's their secret?

Why do these husbands still *adore* their wives?

Let's be real... we're past the spring-chicken stage, skinny jeans that don't always fit, and beauty contests aren't exactly on the agenda.

So I watched with the utmost curiosity like Sherlock Holmes trying to unravel the mystery.

What were they doing *right*?

It took some observation—because I knew if I asked outright, I'd get a canned response.

Something pageant-worthy like, "*I just believe in love and world peace.*"

No thanks. I wanted the real answer.

So I got clever. I watched. I listened. I observed. And slowly, the puzzle pieces started coming together.

What I saw surprised me:

**Genuine, no-holding-back appreciation.**

And not just whispered in private—it was *public*. Unfiltered gratitude. Spoken out loud. In front of everyone.

I thought, Wait... are you seriously overflowing with appreciation in broad daylight?

Yes. 100% yes!

And the best part? They meant every word—and their husbands knew it.

## *Case #1 Public gusher*

Here is my recorded log:

We're having game night with the girls and my friend's husband walks in the door. She notices him and gushes "There's my handsome husband. I'm *so* lucky to have him!"

They've been married over 40 years, and I'm thinking—Girlfriend, you got him at the altar. He's yours. Why are you still feeling lucky?

And then—without warning—she just starts *gushing* about him. Unprompted. In public. Like she's seeing him for the first time all over again.

This wasn't a joke. It was genuine, radiant admiration. And I thought to myself,

"Yep. That one's going in the log book."

## *Case #2 the hero*

After a mountain bike ride, we were all gathered around the table, messy tacos in hand, when Melanie's husband walked in.

Without missing a beat, she lit up:

"Here comes Foxy Coxy!"

She beamed, locked eyes with him, and gave him a look as if it was love at first sight.

Then came the kiss—playful, full of fire, and entirely unprompted.

*-Melanie Cox, a very happy wife!*

### **Now here's what shocked me:**

This woman has five children. With each pregnancy, she gained weight that never fully left. She's about 80 pounds heavier than when they met.

And yet... he looked at her like she was the most desirable woman in the room.

Admittedly, I thought—Doesn't he notice? Doesn't he care? Is he blind?

Weeks later, during a casual chat, he said something I'll never forget:

“I hope my daughters find someone who makes them feel the same way I do every time their mother walks into the room.”

I was stunned. Maybe I’m shallow. How is he still *this* attracted to her? Then it hit me:

**She treats him like a king.**

Around her, he feels wanted, seen, admired.

She laughs at everything he says, (men love that!) but most of all he knows he makes her happy. And truly, that is what all men aim for.

*I’m the man that makes my wife happy.*

Bullseye. They hit the mark.

When a man knows he’s made his wife truly happy, why would he ever want anyone else? In that moment, he becomes her forever hero.

But when he feels he can never measure up—when her discontent becomes a constant hum—he may stay in the marriage, yet his heart quietly slips away.

What she gives him is *uncommon*.

It’s the kind of admiration most men never receive. And let’s be honest—

**Every man wants to feel like a king.**

### *Case #3 Reasons for respect*

Leaine Dehmer, a life coach and colleague of mine, once shared a moment from a counseling session she led. Though she didn't disclose who the couple was, her retelling the session struck me.

They had been working through challenges—disconnection, hurt, the slow erosion that so many marriages quietly endure. But this particular session took a different turn.

Midway through their time together, Leaine gently leaned toward the wife and asked,

**“Can you tell your husband why you respect him?”**

As she told all the ways she respected him the air changed. The room grew still. Even she hadn't expected the impact.

Because while love is often expressed in words, gifts, or time... respect?

Respect digs deeper. It speaks to a man's core.

And for this husband, hearing the *why* behind her respect—spoken with intention and heart—reached something in him that had long been waiting.

Women long to be adored—to feel desired, chosen, and cherished by their husbands. It's a deep, beautiful need.

But for a man—for a king—adoration isn't the crown he wears. A king doesn't need to be adored.

He carries weight. He takes risks. He sacrifices quietly. He makes things happen, often at great personal cost. For him, respect is the highest form of love.

It's not flattery—it's fuel.

So when she looked at her husband and told him *why* she respected him, it hit him harder than any "I love you" ever had.

Because in that moment, he didn't just feel loved. He felt respected. And for a man—that's everything.

The Monogamous Slut

*Serving a man's heart means giving what  
he didn't even know he needed— but will  
never forget.*

## *Serving his heart*

"Sometimes it is the smallest of gestures that carry the greatest impact. Noticing the unspoken needs of another, caring for their smallest desire, and serving them quietly—this is a different kind of love. It is not the love of romance or mutual delight, but the love that gives without expecting in return. It is sacrificial. Love that says I will do anything to make you happy.

Serving a man's heart is quite different than simply keeping the castle clean. Listening to his *heart* is not the same as listening to his *words*.

Words often come from the intellect—safe, filtered, surface-level. But the heart? It speaks in silence, in gestures, in subtleties that only love can hear.

The Monogamous Slut



*Plants don't just bloom on their own,  
It's a reflection of the master gardener.*

*— Lisa Hamilton*

**The best analogy I've found is gardening.**

Plants don't speak. They don't tell you when they're thirsty, or when too much water is slowly drowning them. They won't announce when mildew is creeping in or when their roots are growing restless.

**They simply respond to your *attention*.**

Gardening is a silent relationship of presence and observation. You are the keeper, the guardian of something delicate and alive—  
and without your full awareness, it withers.

Love is the same.

To serve the heart, you must learn to sense the unspoken: the smallest shifts, the quiet longings, the hidden aches.

It's an art. A sacred skill.

And yes...

**you need a green thumb in love to do it**

“Serving the heart is like tending a garden—though words aren't spoken, everything still speaks.”

*An unforgettable surprise*

Leaine then shared another story she called “*servicing a man’s heart.*” It wasn’t about grand romantic gestures—it was about paying attention.

She had been dating someone for a while, getting to know him deeply. One day, he casually mentioned losing his favorite pair of glasses. He described the struggle of using a cheap backup pair while trying to tee off at a golf game, then lit up as he spoke of the ones he really wanted—polarized, lightweight, sleek. In his words, “*a man’s version of jewelry.*”

Later that same day, just before their parting kiss, she happened to walk in the golf store—and there they were. *His* glasses. The exact pair.

They were beyond her budget. But without hesitation, she bought them.

She ran to the clubhouse, found a caddy, and pleaded, “Can you look up my boyfriend’s name and find what hole he’s on? I know it’s not protocol to interrupt a game, but could you deliver these to him? Please—it would mean so much.”

The caddy agreed.

Her boyfriend *shocked out of his socks* that the glasses were personally delivered on hole 7!!

But what he really received was something much deeper.

Later, with emotion in his voice, he told her:

“I’ve been married before. My wife helped, cleaned, did laundry—she served in so many ways. But she never served my *heart*.”

“What you just did... you noticed what mattered to me, and gave without being asked. It touched something in me I didn’t know needed touching.

‘Thank you’ doesn’t cover what I feel.”



*“Serving the heart is like tending a garden— though words aren’t spoken, everything still speaks.”*

## *A simple sandwich*

Every morning, I wake up early.

I brew the coffee just the way he likes it and make his favorite sandwich before he rushes off to work.

I always switch it up—add a little something unexpected, a treat just for him.

This morning, I noticed him rubbing his shoulder—clearly in pain.

“Here, let me,” I said, placing my hand over his.

It was a simple gesture, but because I love him, I notice everything—his moods, his pain, his pleasures, even the thoughts he doesn’t say aloud.

I rubbed the knots from his shoulder and handed him the sandwich, the same simple one I always prepare with care.

Then, unexpectedly, he grabbed me—held me in a way that said, *You are everything to me.*

Just a simple sandwich, but to him I noticed every need he had. And with just three words, he spoke volumes:

**“I love you.”**

*He felt more than loved, He felt nurtured.*

*He felt like a king*

## *A Severe Prayer*

It happened suddenly one morning.

My husband complained of a severe headache—and moments later, he lost his sight.

Everything became blurry, and deep down, I knew this was the beginning of something serious.

I rushed him to the emergency room.

Within minutes, he was taken straight into surgery. He was experiencing a brain aneurysm. He was hemorrhaging

"This is very serious," the doctor said solemnly.  
'I don't know if we can get the bleeding to stop.'

My world stopped.

This is my husband. My forever after.

I can't imagine life without him.

But I didn't break. I went straight into prayer—not a pleading, desperate cry, but the bold prayer of a warrior standing on faith.

I knew the power of God, and I was storming heaven.

Hours passed.

Then the doctors returned.

"Mrs. Baker, we were able to stop the bleeding," he said. 'But I need to be honest—there was significant damage.

"Tomorrow, we'll perform another surgery to drain the blood, but you should be prepared...

It's highly possible your husband will have cognitive difficulties.

"He may never be the same."

As I heard the doctor's words, something in me rose up.

Each negative report didn't weaken me...

it strengthened my faith and determination. I grabbed my sword in the spirit and declared a new outcome.

I worshipped God.

I stood in the authority He gave me on this earth to fight against the evil threatening my home.

I fought for my husband in the spirit—  
and I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, I would win this war.

The next day, the surgery was complete. They moved him to critical ICU.

I stayed. I prayed. I fought.

I told God, *I'm not letting my husband go.*

There were moments in the night when it felt like we were losing him—but faith stepped in and took over.

He survived the night.

Yet he was still in the hospital for two more weeks in critical condition until we finally went home. I cared for him day and night—but above all, I kept praying faith-filled prayers. Until finally at last he fully recovered.

God met me in those prayers. If I hadn't released them to Him, I believe the outcome would've been very different.

Lisa Hamilton

**-Ofelia Baker**

*Thus Reigns the Warrior Queen*

Protecting all that is hers.

A woman of unshakable faith, rising against all odds.

She does not bow to fear,

nor accept the finality of a bad report.

She believes for the impossible,

and watches heaven move on her behalf."

## *Keep the Castle Clean!*

If you were truly a servant in a royal palace, and the king walked in to find goblets scattered, wineskins empty, and rugs in disarray from the soiree before—what would happen?

Let's be honest: you wouldn't keep your crown for long.

Take a serious cue from Queen Vashti who dishonored her king and found herself in the unemployment line.

**Kings deserve beauty.**

They shouldn't return home to chaos, and cold leftovers. They deserve warmth, order, and joy—The smell of garlic roasting in the pan. The sound of laughter echoing off the walls. Their favorite music in the background (always an instant mood changer!)

A space that says: You are wanted here. You are home.

So create a castle. **Period.**

No excuses. No eye rolls. Serve your king—and be his queen. Create a home a man can't wait to come home to.

## *Welcome Home!*

"I didn't do it intentionally—it just came naturally. I was genuinely that excited every time my husband came home. No matter what I was doing, the moment I heard his car in the driveway, I'd drop everything and run to the door. The second it opened, I'd throw my arms around him, kiss him, and with complete sincerity say, 'You're home!'"

It might have seemed like a small thing, but I could see how much it meant to him. In that one gesture, I was saying: *I love you. I missed you. My world isn't quite right until you're back in it.*"

– *A truly genuine M.S.*

I paused, considering her words. She had a point. She reminded me of a golden retriever—warm, loyal, and overflowing with unconditional love. The kind of dog every man dreams of coming home to. One that doesn't hold onto yesterday's grievances or worry about tomorrow's troubles—just pure joy in the present moment.

## The Monogamous Slut

Yes, man's best friend: always eager to greet him, simply because he's home.

Lisa Hamilton

## *Thus the Monogamous Queen*

He is her hero—her joy, her other half, the one who makes her whole. She fights for him, sacrifices for him, she longs to be beautiful just for him.

She fills their home with laughter and love She is his queen

And he, her forever king. A kingdom built not on grandeur, but on love that never fades.

## The Monogamous Slut



### *Treat him as king*

*"Respect is valuing his role as protector and provider—*

*So notice it.*

*And tell him.*

*all the things he does that often go unseen.*

### *He's on the throne*

*"He is forever your Prince Charming—so let him know it.*

*Say it out loud.*

*Honor him in public.*

*Because a man who feels admired becomes even more noble.*

### *Serve His heart*

*Serve his wants not just his needs.*

### *Always be a lady*

*"Confront concerns like a lady—*

*Tell him what you need so he can win,*

*not just what he's done wrong."*

### *Queens ask*

*"Don't demand—request.*

*Ask for help.*

*There's something irresistible about a lady in need, because men are wired to be heroes.*

### *Stay in Faith*

*She is a woman of faith-carrying hope when others lose heart, speaking life in every storm.*

*Proverbs 31*



*Pray over him*

*Pray over his dreams and desires, his successes and his worries. Speak the blessings of God over his life-and watch the miracles unfold together.*

*Bring back adventure*

*There is a whole world of undiscovered possibilities.*

*You are the queen that expands territories.*

*The Gardener of his soul*

*Notice, nurture, pay close attention to what needs your care*

*A vulnerable question*

*How can I be a better wife?  
What do you need from me  
I am not noticing? Ouch,  
this is a hard one, but so  
worth it!*

*Set the mood*

*Be the queen that sets the mood. Candles and music instantly transform ordinary into extraordinary.*

*without offense*

*Be the rare woman that is not easily offended. Let it roll off without always confronting the minor infractions,  
You don't have to win every battle, bcs in silence you win the war.*

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Lisa Hamilton

## *About the Author*

Lisa Hamilton is an original voice in the world of spiritual living, where deep faith meets soul health. hilariously off the wall she brings a refreshing, deeply human perspective on life in the Spirit.

Her live podcast inspires others to embrace the fullness of faith; raw, joyful, messy, and miraculous .

Lisa Hamilton is an inspirational author/speaker and free lance writer for the Los Angeles Times. In addition she is the founder of both The Hamilton Post Magazine- a humorous faith based publication, and Books in a Byte-an online bookstore, featuring short one hour reads.

Follow her podcast [UnstuckWithLisa](#) to Unstick Your Stuck Life!!

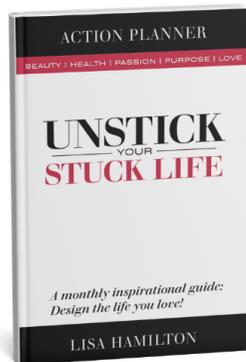
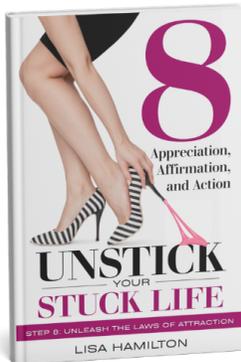
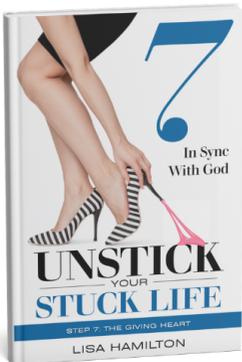
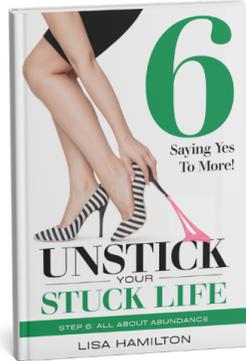
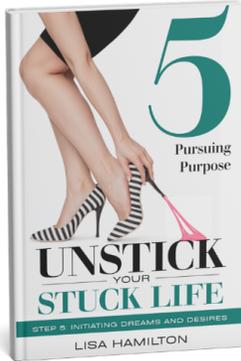
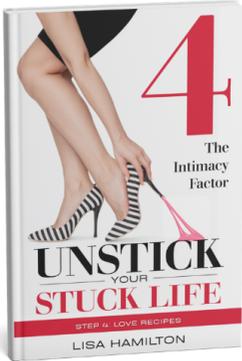
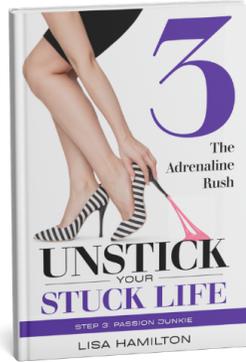
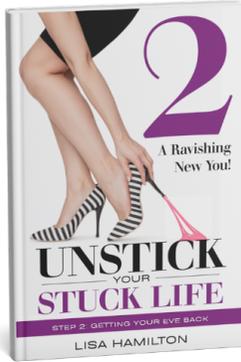
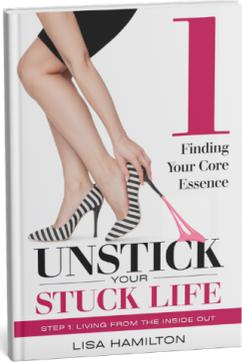
## UNSTICK YOUR STUCK LIFE — The Series

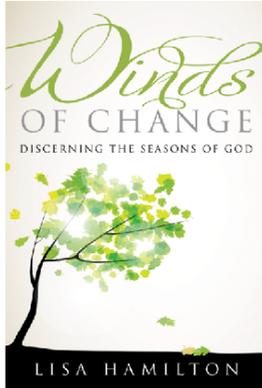
*Get ready to turn your life of Blah  
and experience Aahh!!*

- Start living from the inside out
- Discover your true Core Essence and passions that propel your destiny
- Find your spiritual DNA and tap into the 3 power forces that drive your future
- Design a dream life of beauty, passion, purpose, prosperity, health and love
- Live proactively with power instead of reactively out of control

Lisa Hamilton

## UNSTICK YOUR STUCK LIFE SERIES





**Discerning the seasons of God over your life will transform your mind, emotions, heart and spirit**

*“The circumstances that pass over your life are not coincidental.”*

Recognize and embrace the transforming work of God in:

**~the winter season to purify the soul of sabotaging beliefs**

**~the spring season to plant the promises of prosperity and abundance**

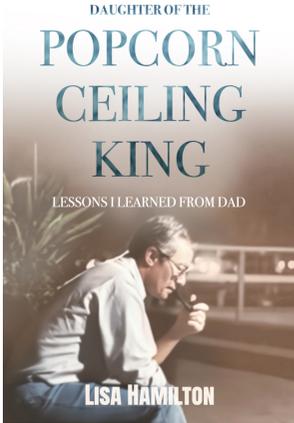
**~the summer season to experience the presence of God**

**~the fall season to pour your life out in total abandonment**

Understanding the Winds of Change that occur over your life, will help you align with what God is doing rather than becoming stagnant avoiding change, or becoming addicted and not moving forward.

The *Winds of Change in the seasons of God*, infuses us with faith, while ridding us of fear as we enter into the journey of renewing our minds, restoring our emotions, purifying our hearts, and living in the supernatural realm of the spirit.

Lisa Hamilton

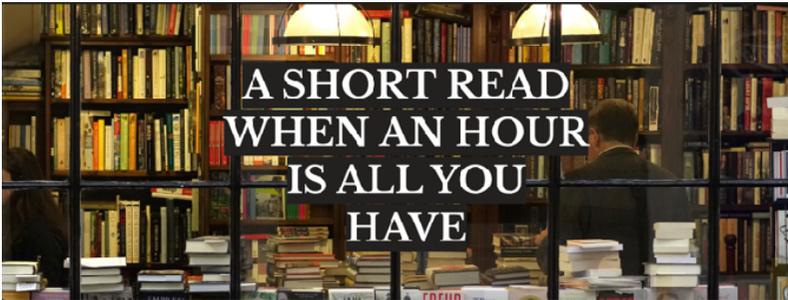


## A DAUGHTER'S TALE OF POPCORN CEILINGS AND PURPOSE

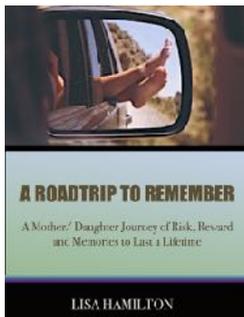
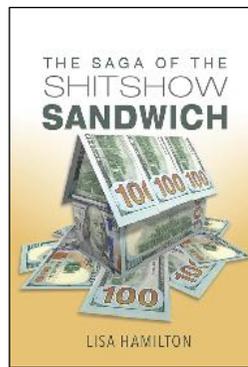
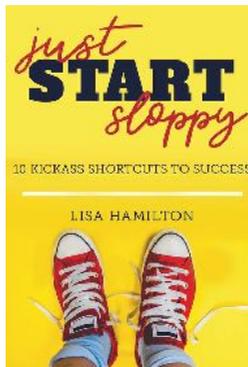
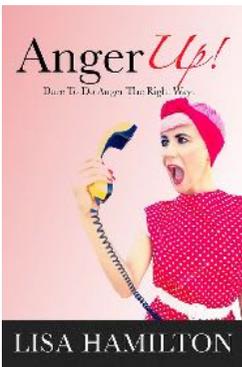
The Legend of Willis Hamilton is more than just a rags-to-riches story. It's a heartfelt tribute from a daughter who saw it all unfold. With six siblings and a house full of chaos, the early days of laughter, and mishaps, was a father quietly laying the foundation for something remarkable.

This is the untold, behind-the-scenes journey of the man who became known as the founder of "Popcorn Ceilings." Through humorous moments and heartfelt life lessons, Willis Hamilton didn't just build a business he built a legacy. And he did it with faith, grit, and unwavering purpose. In these pages, you'll uncover the principles that shaped one man's success.

The Monogamous Slut



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Lisa Hamilton



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