

Tom Feltenstein

# LuCrative LOVE



**The  
Insider's  
Secrets to  
Marrying  
Millions**

*Lucrative Love*  
*The Insider's Secrets to*  
*Marrying Millions*

Tom Feltenstein

**Up Your Sales Publishing**  
West Palm Beach, Florida

© 2009 by Tom Feltenstein. Printed and bound in the United States of America. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by an information storage and retrieval system—except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a magazine, newspaper, or on the Web—without permission in writing from the publisher. For information, please contact Up Your Sales Publishing, 701 South Rosemary Avenue, Suite 313; West Palm Beach, FL 33401; 561-650-1315.

Although the author and publisher have made every effort to ensure the accuracy and completeness of information contained in this book, we assume no responsibility for errors, inaccuracies, omissions, or any inconsistency herein. Any slights of people, places, or organizations are unintentional.

First printing 2009  
Second printing 2009

ISBN 978-0-9823302-2-7  
LCCN 2009924279

**Up Your Sales Publishing**  
701 South Rosemary Avenue, Suite 313  
West Palm Beach, FL 33401  
561-650-1315  
[www.LucrativeLove.com](http://www.LucrativeLove.com)

# Table of Contents

One: Cinderella Lied	1
Two: Love Don't Pay the Bills	17
Three: Diggin' for Gold	33
Four: My Butler Can Beat Up Your Butler	55
Five: Show Me the Monet!	67
Six: Planet Penis and the G-Spot Galaxy	81
Seven: Prenups—Not Just for Schmucks!	97
Eight: Wiping With Ben Franklins	113

WARNING AND DISCLAIMER: “I’M ONLY QUALIFIED TO MAKE YOU LAUGH AND MAYBE FIND A MILLIONAIRE TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE WITH. HAPPILY EVER AFTER IS YOUR PROBLEM.”

This book can be hazardous to your current way of life. If you are content with your pathetic existence, working to stay afloat and where being taken to the Paddy’s Dinner is reserved for special occasions; if you are happy dating from the same pool of losers and don’t mind the car payments so you can have a decent ride; if you are fine with your tiny, messy apartment, then I suggest you not read this book. It will offend you. More than likely it will really piss you off. It will challenge a very core belief—*that you don’t deserve better*, and that dreaming or planning for the life of your dreams is somehow shameful or sinful.

If this is the case, I suggest you close this book and give it to a friend who constantly complains about the above; a friend who would enjoy a great laugh and who might want to find millionaire to marry; a friend who is tired of living an average, ordinary life; a friend who would shoot for the stars if given the chance; a friend who wants an extraordinary life, does not mind a challenge, and is ready to have a whole lot of fun in the process.

What are the chances of you earning your way into millions? Not very high, I bet. You can fantasize about it; everybody does, but few make it. If you dare to dream of a jet-set lifestyle and you would enjoy a date with Madame Celebrity, a ring from Mr. Opulence, a weekend with Sir Fame, or a blow from Miss Flow, then you will love this book. Full of wit and humor, *Lucrative Love* pops the lid open to our silent hopes and forbidden dreams—and the harsh realities of marrying into wealth.

*Tom Feltenstein*

# Acknowledgments

When thinking of who to acknowledge for helping to create this book, there's always the fear of leaving someone out—or worse, including one of the many who told me I was crazy and this project doomed. In truth, had it not been for those nay-sayers, I might never have dug my heels in and completed it, so I do indeed owe those detractors a note of thanks...but just a note.

One of the key factors in having an entertaining and enlightening book is the collaboration of a couple of great writers: Dee Burks and Liz Ragland. These two are cut from the same cloth as I am and added much wit and humor to the text as well as ensuring that a woman's perspective was included.

Included in the list of those who gave their all to this project and supported it are the members of my staff, including Anita Veltre, Tyler Fielding, Nancy Carver, and Natalia Creamer. My heartfelt thanks to each of you for your hard work.

There are numerous people to whom I presented the idea who voiced support and added suggestions. These include Brad Kent, Joe Lachmuth, Martin Odowd, Marty Greenbaum, Federico Giller, Barry Broden, and David Jobe. They loved the idea and laughed right along with me as it came together into something real.

The last group I'd like to acknowledge are all the women I've loved before. It was my experiences with a few relationships, including two marriages, which brought about the idea for this project. As you might imagine, it is my own inability to create and preserve my own relationships that started my mind to ponder other ways of bringing about something lasting.

Since writing this book, I've been asked if I believe in love. The answer is absolutely yes. I've wanted it and sought it all my life just as many of you have, and I'm still looking. We are imperfect people in an insane world and love is the only thing that makes any part of it worth living. While the ideas and thoughts in this book are fun and interesting to contemplate, the most important idea to take away is that if you seek what you desire you will attain it—and if that is love you will find it.

# About the Author



A GENUINE ST. JOSEPHS, MISSOURI, born blueblood, Tom Feltenstein spent his teen years hobnobbing with the who's who of East Coast aristocracy. He is a world recognized marketing strategist, speaker, and consultant to top corporations and Fortune 500 companies, plus thousands of small businesses. He has been featured on CNN's *Larry King Live*, *The David Letterman Show*, and the Fox News *Superbowl Pre-Game Show*, and in *USA Today*, *Wall Street Journal*, and countless others for his marketing acumen and witty dose of Uncommon Wisdom.

Tom became a millionaire after his first marriage (prior to this, he was a multimillionaire). A business strategist par excellence, in *Lucrative Love*, Tom takes you step-by-step and delineates the actions and tactics you need to take to find and marry your diamond.

Tom has two wonderful grown children and lives in Palm Beach, Florida. He is single and looking for a gorgeous, outgoing, kind, witty, affectionate, independent woman (39 to 50) who loves to travel.

# One: Cinderella Lied

I've never lived in a building without my name on it.

—*Ivanka Trump*

WE'VE ALL HEARD THE STORY OF CINDERELLA. The poor girl was forced to scour the floor on her hands and knees, do the laundry, and cater to every whim of her wicked stepmother and stepsisters. As she watched the gruesome twosome prepare for the ball, she silently wished she could go as well. Sadly, she had to stay home and scrub her sisters' whiskers out of the wash basin while they shamelessly squeezed their boobs together so the prince could catch a glimpse of their cleavage. And so the story goes—her animals come to life, an old bag lady conjures up a pumpkin, dolls her up, sends her to the ball, she meets the prince, and they get married and live happily ever after while her stepsisters sit at home and grow old and lonely. Sweet isn't it?

I can't help but wonder, though, if Cinderella married the prince because she actually loved him or if it had more to do with his castle and fortune. We are raised with the idea that our wedding day is supposed to be one of the most meaningful, important days of our lives. Candles, flowers, cake, white dress (for some anyway), and little birdies tweeting in a nearby tree. Church pews jam-packed with family and friends all there to witness the blessed event.

What none of them realizes is that baby girl is marrying a trash collector whose annual salary is less than her daddy's country club membership. But it's all going to be okay because they love each other. Love will carry them through the good

and bad times, right? Wrong! More likely, sooner rather than later, baby girl's going to get tired of Prince Charming coming home smelling like dirty diapers and rancid grease.

And don't think this scenario happens to women only. Men are faced with the same situations too. Remember the fairy tale story about kissing a frog to get a prince? That's because some poor guy got himself saddled with a trophy wife, and yeah, she looks hot and all, but she has to close her eyes and imagine someone else to let him get within ten feet of her. Refilling that Viagra prescription every month can take its toll as well. Aside from the fabulous roll in the hay, what does he really have in common with her other than a bank account? (Oh, and just a word of caution guys: If your needle is standing in the haystack for more than eight hours, you might want to call a doctor.)

Let's take a moment and travel back in time to the weddings of several hundred years ago. On occasion, a farm boy would fall in love with the milk maid's jugs, and they'd tie the knot. For the most part, however, marriages were arranged. The participants in these marriages had very little, if any, choice of who their spouse might be. Interestingly enough, the men had just as little say in this matter as the women of the time.

Marriages were frequently arranged so both families involved would benefit. They were arranged to bring prestige, wealth, or political power to the family. The children of landowners would be expected to marry children of other landowners to increase the size of the acreage.

One of the most famous examples of the tradition of arranged marriage was between King Henry VIII and his fourth wife Anne of Cleves. After he whacked the heads off his previous brides, he got tired of whacking something else off, so he decided to find a young lady to give him a hand. He was sent a royal portrait of a beautiful young princess. Henry immediately sent for her, and when she arrived they were married. A very short time afterward, Henry woke up one

morning and realized she wasn't as attractive as he'd hoped. So he divorced her.

But don't feel too sorry for poor old Henry. Many a young lass around the castle were more than willing to let His Highness the Porker pork her to get some of the fringe benefits of bedding a royal. And don't pretend to be shocked. I know women who will give it up for a ride in a Mercedes and dinner at the country club. So who's the "ho"? Is it any wonder prostitution is the oldest profession? You give me this, I'll give you that; a simple transaction.

Of course, back in ye olden times, many of these couples didn't even meet until their wedding day. I can't imagine schlepping down the aisle to spend the rest of my life with someone only to find him or her toothless and covered with boils. In his *Utopia*, Sir Thomas More recommended that, in order to avoid subsequent disappointments such as a teeny peenie or boobs that resemble a potato in a tube sock, couples should see one another's bodies before marriage.

One morning, Sir William Roper visited More in Chelsea to request marriage to one of his daughters. Roper was ushered into the girls' room where they were sleeping on their backs. Without a word, More ripped the sheets from the bed. The girls awoke with a shock, and as soon as they saw Roper standing over them, they quickly rolled onto their stomachs. "Now I have seen both sides," Roper remarked, and chose the elder daughter, Margaret, to be his wife. Maybe this is where the phrase "shoot for the moon" came from. It may also be where a woman's desire for bigger and better ta-tas started. I bet the younger sister stewed over that one for years!

All of this sounds a bit extreme, and I'm the first to admit that I personally wouldn't want to be a part of an arranged marriage, but I must tell you what I really like about this concept. Somebody made this decision using their right judgment with a cool head, thinking about all factors for the future wellbeing of the entire family. The decision was not made by an irrationally

emotional male with a hormone-infested bloodstream asking his sweetheart to tie the knot as a lame attempt to immortalize the momentary sex-based high.

My mother always told me, “You can’t base your marriage on love alone,” and the older I get the more I agree with her. The Romans had an interesting view toward marriage: *matrimonia debent esse libera*, or “marriages ought to be free.” This meant that either spouse could opt out of the marriage if things weren’t working; it was the original no-fault divorce.

There is a second benefit to arranged marriages. Your choice of finding the right partner has been eliminated; all the emphasis is on you to *be* the right partner—to work on yourself and become a better human being to relate better to your spouse. This is, perhaps, a lesson we should all remember.

Life will throw plenty of crap your way, especially when you are one-half of a couple. Love alone can’t cut it, won’t cut it, has no chance of ever cutting it. Life and marriage, no matter how lofty the hormone high, must be designed and lived with real common sense. By the way, in this day, “common sense” is measured in dollars and cents. And be forewarned: Common sense doesn’t always feel or sound good. Often it really sucks. But life does not care if it sounds good, or if you like it. The mature soul understands that life is impersonal and has rules. Follow them and prosper, or violate them and suffer.

Life and marriage, no matter how lofty the hormone high, must be designed and lived with real common sense.

Money is a huge part of marriage, make no mistake. Ignore the principle and you are on the road to another divorce statistic. Follow the rule and prosper. Master the rule, and you can have anything you want.

Victorian England had a vastly different view. Society frowned on divorce, and those who did divorce would likely

find themselves as social outcasts. In those days, when you got married, you stayed married regardless of situation or circumstance. No matter how many times King Henry smacked you around with a turkey leg, your only option was to find a bowl of gravy—or get beheaded.

In the present century, this view may still prevail, depending on where you live. Uptight busybodies and moral crusaders are having a field day predicting, like always, dire consequences for the “social fabric” if the institution of marriage is changed. Obviously these people have never sat in front of a stack of bills two miles high contemplating killing your spouse because of his or her credit card debt. I find it interesting that even the dowagers refer to marriage as an institution, which is where you will end up if you don’t plan ahead and treat your marriage as a business.

Of course, the other reason for this Pollyanna viewpoint is that they themselves are stuck in a bad marriage and want the rest of the world to suffer with them. If I could buy stock in a vibrator company these days, I would because every morally upstanding woman has a drawer full of them.

There are many different and complex causes and reasons for divorce: infidelity, incompatibility, and growing apart, to name a few. But the main reason for the skyrocketing divorce rate today is financial problems. Yeah, this is the kind of common sense no one wants to talk about, and few have the stomach to admit.

This is what I like to call the Goldilocks Theory of Marital Hell. She spends too much money. He doesn’t make enough money. He won’t get off his lazy ass and get a job. She wants him to take care of her. Somebody’s porridge is always too hot and somebody’s bed is always too soft. Oh, well—at least something in the bed is soft.

Today, about 50 percent of marriages end in divorce. Why can’t couples stay happily married and spend the rest of their lives together? As I mentioned earlier, my mother said you should never base your marriage on love alone, and I believe

this is why so many marriages fail. A successful marriage is also based on money. Yes, I said it; I've crossed the politically correct line in the sand. But the fact remains that you should marry for money.

Take a deep breath and listen to a little logic. A marriage is basically a business. You have assets and liabilities; you meet someone else with assets and liabilities. Then you have to ascertain whether or not they are a good fit. No, I don't mean if his wanker is the size of a mule's or if her butt has the best sister wiggle you've ever seen. Those assets don't put money in the bank unless you belong to the local association of pimps and hos.

Just like any good business merger, you have to assess whether your goals are the same and if both parties get what they want out of the deal. The best part of marrying for money is that no one is in the dark as to anyone's intentions. I'm sure every person has seen the centerfold model hanging off the arm of a dried-up old millionaire. There's really no question who is getting what, and they obviously don't care what anyone thinks. Their merger is working. She will have money and status and potentially a great reward when he finally croaks; he gets the most luscious tits money can buy to rub his boys on until the day he dies.

"Oh, my God!" I can hear you say in shock. That is such a sordid arrangement—or is it? Every year *Forbes* releases its list of billionaires—not just the paltry millionaires, but the big boys and girls. Of the ninety-nine women on the *Forbes* 2008 Billionaire List, only ten were self-made. Fewer than twenty got it from their daddies, and the other seventy or so *married it*. Just because those women didn't spread their legs in the pages of a popular men's magazine (well, most of them) doesn't mean theirs was a story of star-crossed lovers.

Just for a moment imagine the life that could be yours if you somehow ascended into these ranks. Think about the designer clothing, exotic cars, yachts, and palatial mansions that

would be at your disposal any time you wish. Your every desire is at your fingertips—or at least those of the maid or butler. Instead of the goose that laid a golden egg, you'd be laying the goose to get the golden egg.

Now just in case you think women have a much better chance at being treated like eye candy and doted on by a sugar daddy, remember that women live longer than men and tend to inherit the cash. This means there are literally hordes of wealthy widows just waiting to find a boy toy, and since most of these widows are fifty and older, any guy from a twenty-year-old to a retiree has a shot at the good life. How many men envy Ashton Kutcher, the modern face of the boy toy? Who cares if Demi is in her forties?

Before you let your hormones run amuck with excitement, it's important to remember that a marriage is a partnership no different than that found in business. Before we go any further, let me ask you a question: If you had a million dollars

Before you let your hormones run amuck with excitement, it's important to remember that a marriage is a partnership no different than that found in business.

to open a restaurant, would you ask the first person you met that morning to be your partner? Of course not. What if this person didn't have any experience in the food service industry? How do you know about his or her work ethic?

Indeed, you would look for someone who met your needs. I've been in several business partnerships over the course of my life, and I can tell you right now that if my business partner ran up our credit cards, lied to me about expenses, or didn't carry his or her own weight, our partnership would be dissolved.

So what tops the list when searching for that special someone with cash? I've listened to women claim that love conquers all while driving a rusted out Ford Pinto waiting for their husbands to get off the graveyard shift so they can eat breakfast at Denny's. I, however, pose this question: Does love really conquer all when you've worked the same crappy job for

twenty-five years? Lived in the same house you've refinanced three times? When you have managed to venture only as far as the local go-kart races for a vacation? Is love strong enough to withstand years of financial struggle—only to end up destitute?

I'm not a gambling man by nature, but I'd be willing to bet that those women would prefer to be escorted to a five-star restaurant in Paris for dinner in a stretch limo rather than swat flies while they wolf down their ninety-nine-cent value menu McBurger. Forgive me for being frank but love doesn't pay the bills. Life is much better when you're rich. Money allows you to mitigate or eliminate most of life's problems and leaves your mind free to focus on the ones that really need your attention.

Had a bad day? No problem. There's a world-renowned spa waiting for you. Gained ten pounds? No need to exercise; just have a nip, tuck, and suck by the finest plastic surgeon. Just think of those poor bastards sweating away at the gym while your weight-loss program is only a scalpel away. Money makes life easier—and more fun.

### *CEO or Skanky Ho*

At a dinner party one night during World War II, a drunken Winston Churchill asked an attractive woman whether she would sleep with him for a million pounds. "Maybe," the woman replied sheepishly. Intrigued, Churchill then asked, "Would you sleep with me for one pound?" The woman was taken aback by his comment and responded, "Of course not. What kind of woman do you think I am?" With drink in hand, Churchill cleverly replied, "Madam, we've already established what kind of woman you are. Now we're just negotiating the price."

The idea of marrying for money is something to which very few would admit, yet it happens all the time to varying degrees. It's considered a "negative" or morally reprehensible thing to do, but it is probably as old as—or older than—marriage itself.

Believe it or not, several studies have been conducted on this very subject, which just goes to show that I'm not alone in my stance about the price tag of marriage. One study found that the average "price" people would marry for is 1.5 million dollars. Just as the Churchill story relates, we've already determined what kind of people we are; now we're just negotiating the price.

So how much money do you want? A million and a half sounds like a lot of money but in reality it's not. More than likely, you'd still have to work and the thought of jetting across the globe to the hottest vacation spots is just that—a thought. Is it worth taking that wrinkled widow to dinner a couple of nights a week for a convertible BMW? Or is your time better suited going down on golden granny for a condo on the French Riviera, a cabin in Aspen, and a fleet of luxury sports cars?

Another important aspect to consider when marrying for money is how you want to be perceived. Do you want to be known as a pillar of the charity circuit? Bill Gates's wife helps him with his worldwide philanthropy and takes an active part in his business. Or do you want to be known as the chick who bagged a millionaire because she could open a beer bottle with her crotch, which brings us to Anna Nicole Smith. She married a man as old as Moses and counted the minutes until his last breath.

Once you hit the jackpot, though, you will soon be the topic of many conversations. Jealousy is such an ugly bug, and there will be those who are going to talk about how you married that person only for his or her money. They will talk about how they can't believe you would stoop so low. Just remember this: The entire time their lips are moving about what a letch you are, their mind is wishing they'd have gotten there first.

These days it isn't just the boob brigade who snags the millionaires; it's the smart chicks. You know—the ones who used to wear glasses and braces. Well, while you were drinking your way through college on the beer-or-bust plan, they were

getting jobs that let them rub elbows—or whatever—with guys who would be millionaires.

And remember that there is no rule that a person with lots of money only gets to have one spouse. The only rule is one spouse *at a time*. All you have to do is get in line. Does it matter that you weren't first? No. In fact, most of the time it's better if you aren't. Why put up with someone who spends all their time making money? It is much better to find someone who has made his fortune already and is ready to spend it—on you.

### *The Lie of Love*

Why are we so hung up on love anyway? When you dissect love it really is nothing more than a variety of emotions combined into one overwhelmingly addictive experience usually wrapped up in great sex. To me, love is like a burrito; you can fill it with anything you want, but you better be careful because before you know it you'll be squeezing your butt cheeks and hauling ass to the toilet because you ate too many refried beans. Just as your burrito has varying levels of spice, love has differing levels that can be applied to different people.

For example, you wouldn't answer the door in a leopard-print thong with a woody the size of Texas if you knew it was your mother. Instead you'd scramble around your apartment, kicking beer cans under the sofa and slicking down your hair with your fingers before you answered the door.

Let's be honest: Do you really have sex with your spouse in the same way you would with a one-night stand you know you'll never see again? It's a little easier to get wild and nasty in a no-tell motel than it is in your master bedroom.

Love and sex aren't necessarily intertwined. You love your parents and siblings and other family members, don't you? You can't pick your family, but you love them just the same. This is proof you can love those with whom you have things in common. You don't have to feel the intoxicating emotion we

usually refer to as love. So it stands to reason that if you find a millionaire with whom you share certain goals, you can learn to love him or her as well—especially if an eye-popping orgasm is part of the bargain.

This type of blissful union played out in many arranged marriages of old. Gandhi was married off in a match arranged by his family at the age of thirteen. The couple had five children and were married for more than sixty years. They were happy and loved each other—not over-the-top puppy love, but a deep and abiding understanding of one another. You can have the same thing with your rich partner.

Marrying for money isn't some sentence to a life void of emotion—just the opposite. You are free to understand and openly explore one another without fairy tale expectations

Marrying for money isn't some sentence to a life void of emotion—just the opposite. You are free to understand and openly explore one another without fairy tale expectations getting in the way.

getting in the way. Many millionaires end up marrying their best friends of the opposite sex. They aren't inhuman; they need companionship and someone to talk to. Some of the highest-priced hookers on the planet will tell you that it is not uncommon for people with money to buy

their time just to have someone to talk to—and many of those people married for “love.”

The problem with marrying in the throes of an emotional high is that it wears off like bad sunscreen. You expose qualities in each other you didn't notice or just glossed over when you were bonking like bunnies in the early stages of sexual infatuation, which you confused with love. As the newness fades and the butterflies are killed off by your stomach acid, you start to become a little disillusioned. Add to this a string of financial woes, and you have a recipe for disaster.

It is often said that the line between love and hate is a thin one, but if love is so great then how can you so vehemently

despise someone you once loved and for whom you would have given your very life? This is the power of our hormone-driven emotions. What you experienced wasn't real love. Love is about understanding and respect—not instant orgasms at the thought of their body. The sexual revolution has had a great deal to do with this phony idea of “love,” but it was just an excuse to get your rocks off, not form a relationship that works.

### *Don't Question What Works*

So this is the real deal. What do you want? Do you want a spouse who is on a hormone high, doesn't have a penny, and will be screwing a coworker a year from now? Do you want to worry about your retirement and scrape your dimes together at the end of every month to pay a disgruntled nurse's aide to wipe your butt and change your Depends? Or would you rather marry for money and find a long-term companion—with the added bonus of a sex buddy—with no ridiculous expectations?

Personally, I'd rather marry for money! You don't have to struggle though life if you team up with a person with cash and make your best deal. He or she is looking for one too. Once a person has assets, he or she wants to keep them. And every wealthy person knows that the easiest and fastest way to lose that fortune is to marry for love—and then divorce. This is because between the sheets, you don't think about prenups or protecting your assets. And that can get you in a real bind.

You don't have to struggle though life if you team up with a person with cash and make your best deal.

But.... But what? If you're feeling some twinge of moral reluctance, stop right now. Whose life is this anyway? Are you going to listen to old biddies who quilt all day, smell like Bengay, and have a refrigerator full of half-empty cat food cans? Or are you going to go out and seek to live the life you deserve? How many nights have you trolled the local bar look-

ing for that one special person? How many times have you seen those same regulars perched on the same barstool, hoping you wouldn't end up just like them—hanging out, drinking, and taking home the losers who are left? There is nothing stopping you but you.

It takes just as much energy to marry a poor person as a rich one, and the benefits are substantially better if you go rich. Even if you think it's not that big a deal for you, what about your children and your family? Do you want your offspring (or potential offspring) to have the option of Harvard—or Redneck U? Do you want to spend your time at the premier parties on the East and West coasts, or spend your time at Podunk Holler potluck dinners and booster club meetings?

Your future is up to you; you just have to decide what you really want and then go get it. And it's easier than you think.

Throughout this book, I offer tips and techniques to take you from one of the crowd to one of the new rich through marriage. You may be a little hesitant at first to get completely on board with the idea, but once you understand the potential outcome, you will see the reality that marrying for money in today's financial environment is a necessity if you expect to live the life you deserve.

You can choose to have sex with a short, bald average guy for the next twenty years, or you can have sex with a short, bald millionaire (who can afford Viagra); it's up to you. All I'm saying is that if you have the choice, choose money. And we all have a choice.

### *The Real Fairy Tale Is Cash*

Let's go back to Cinderella. Why would we create a story that makes it sound like love will bring a "happily ever after"? It's important to remember that history (and fairy tales) was written by those who won, by those who accomplished their goals, and by those with money. So maybe we should take a closer look at the reality of her situation.

Picture a bitter and jealous scullery maid whose father married a woman in a typical arranged marriage of the time. The new wife was cunning and devious but gave it up on a regular basis and asked only that her two daughters be presented to men with money so as to increase the family wealth. The problem was that the husband died young, so his only daughter resented the new wife getting everything that was rightfully hers. Think about the fight between Anna Nicole and her dead husband's son, and you'll get the picture.

Now imagine that the smart and resourceful Cinderella has to find a way out of this mess. She has brains, and she knows how the rich think. She arranges a few coincidental meetings between herself and a rich prince. She even manages to let him rescue her and feel that testosterone rush through his veins. You guessed it—his dick gets hard and he has to have her.

This fair maiden hides from the prince's troops as they scour the countryside looking for her, and Cinderella then spreads rumors that the wicked stepmother locked her away. On the night of the ball, she sets her plan into motion, bringing in stylists and a designer gown—appearing in her finest at the ball and dazzling the prince's senses. She teases and taunts and strokes his ego—and whatever else is begging to be petted—until she can get an arrangement in place. The two negotiate but are interrupted. She leaves just enough clues for him to find her, but not enough to make it easy—just like the woman who leaves the tube of lipstick or unique earrings but no phone number.

After whacking off at her memory for weeks, he'll do anything to have her—including giving her half his kingdom (community property, you know). With the deal imminent, she allows him to find her and before the stepmother can get her girls into pasties and G-strings, Cinderella has stolen the prize and flips them the bird as the fairy tale coach rolls into the sunset.

Cinderella didn't marry for love; she married for money and set out not just to be a player but to emerge the winner.

The only reason we think of Cinderella as a deserving and worthy princess is simple: Cinderella played the game and won. Sorry for shattering the mirror of illusion, but life is no fairy tale, my friend. The practical and the mundane always take their toll.

Let's head outside the ballroom so you too can understand the unspoken rules of the marrying-for-money game.

### *Summary*

- Ⓒ Marrying for love is a relatively new phenomenon.
- Ⓒ Arranged marriages worked because they were based on common financial goals that benefited both families.
- Ⓒ In order to find true, lasting happiness, marriage must also be treated as a business arrangement or merger.
- Ⓒ Basing a relationship on fleeting emotions and sexual infatuation (erroneously called love) is unpredictable and uncertain, and fuels the escalating divorce rate.
- Ⓒ Many of today's billionaires married someone with little to no monetary assets.
- Ⓒ It takes as much energy to marry a poor person as a rich one but the benefits are vastly different.