

Dr Hot Body's

Sex Life

And

Other Short Stories

If sexual innuendo or sexual words offend you then read no further. Unlike my previous book; the story of Dr. H. (Hot) Body, *Fact or Fiction*. This is factual and hopefully chronological, however will insert as it comes to memory as well as related short stories. The first one that I can actually remember is a friend of my mother's who had four daughters. Of these the oldest daughter was going to college and would not have anything to do with me. The next one was my age and I proceeded to defile her in the front seat of my car at a drive in. The next youngest was very sexually active and I saw my opportunity and took advantage of it and her. The youngest was the most attractive to me but of course our age difference and she knew what I had done to her sisters therefore this was a lost cause. Marcie was my age and had a girlfriend and the two of them would hang out together and come by my house and do my chores for me. The chores that my mother had told me to do. There again the opportunity presented itself, so I just had to date this Marcie girlfriend. We dated for at least six months and I'm sure we had sex, but I just

can't remember, therefore it must not have been very memorable. However, let me interject an axiom I live by "The worst piece of ass I ever had, was slightly better than terrific." Just as Marcie, was getting tired of me screwing her best friend, she was getting tired of me also. Opportunity presented itself once again, as the young girl down the street became interested in me. She wanted sex but I was scared she would not know what to do if she got pregnant therefore, I used my fingers on her and she used her hands on me. Any means justifies an end.

Sometime later, I met Brenda and Cam. It was my first three way and they encouraged my performance. What was embarrassing? I was so young, I had no pubic hair. My awkward solution was to glue some head hair around my groin. Not only they didn't look nor say anything ; they just wanted me to pleasure them and that was no problem.

A short time later a friend of mine asked me to go to Cuthbert Ga. He was dating a cheerleader and asked

him to bring a friend for her friend. Still do not know why women like to go anywhere in pairs. I can attest that it does not protect them from sex, not if both consent. I remember her bedroom was plastered with men posters but what I remember most is the ride back from Cuthbert. Harry had his girl in the back seat as well as mine and she gave me a hand job while I used my fingers on her. Harry's parents were in the front seat, therefore I couldn't do much and I got my first case of Blue Balls. What a great trip.

Then the inevitable happen, I fell in love. I dated Gail for at least a year maybe two but there was nothing memorial about our relationship other than we enjoyed sex. But being with me for that length of time I could not blame her for breaking up with me. I will skip ahead a few years and relate stories from Peachtree town apartments. In my previous book I mentioned how I got the name of Hot Body and what girl I was with. During this time, I also fucked a girl on her carpeted floor of her apartment. She said that

she was moving to New Orleans and wanted to remember what Peachtree town was all about. Several years later I tried to find her in New Orleans and discovered that she owned half a block of buildings in the French Quarter and a bar named la bouche Larie.

Other than the Chalet, our favorite watering hole was called Clarence Fosters owned by Bill Swearingin. I like to go there because the nurses at Piedmont hospital would come over for a drink at 4:00 in the afternoon as well as the unemployed from Peachtree Towne. I began a casual conversation with the girl sitting next to me always keeping in mind that my mission was to get her in bed. After about an hour of heavy drinking she said that she could out drink me anytime. This proposed a new challenge for me. Next to fucking, I loved drinking. We drank from 4:00 in the afternoon to one in the morning and I must admit she could hold her own. Otho, the bartender threw me the keys to Clarence Fosters and said “you lock up

I'm going home. I should have hired a camera crew to film us leaving Clarence fosters and driving to her apartment in Colonial Homes. But what would be even funnier is two drunks trying to fuck. It would have been a funny, short story. The next morning, she asked me if I was tired and I replied of what and she said drinking or fucking. I said neither; let's go at it and we proceeded to return to Clarence Fosters and continue our drinking early in the morning. After drinking Bloody Marys, then beer ,then finalizing our afternoon with Scotch. She was a formidable opponent but I refused to give in and we continued drinking into the night. However, I knew it was time to leave when we were incoherent and barely able to hold on to our bar stools. I assume that I drove to her apartment and we sat on the sofa listening to Nixon's farewell address. Neither of us had the desire or ability to get naked. As she slid off the sofa and onto the floor, I jumped up and said "I win" as I close the door behind

Being editor and publisher of the famous Town Crier publication, I went to Panama City Beach for a well-deserved break and as I was walking around the beach I found my true love. She was a beautiful blonde with a beautiful figure and I knew I was in love. The only line I could come up with is I approached her and said with my pitiful blue eyes 'would you mind putting some suntan lotion on my back.' It worked as we dated for at least a year and became close friends. When she married, I asked if I could date her daughters since I could not date her. Her daughters were beautiful as she and remain so 50 years later.

Can't remember this girl's name however remember her beautiful legs and that I had to drive to Lawrenceville highway to date her which meant that I would have to spend the night because I had no intention of driving back at least 80 miles. I called her Legs and she appreciated it also she told me that I was the first fuck she had in over a year which I found

hard to believe since she was in Vietnam for a year as a nurse. She confided in me that she did not have sex in the true form but gave a great blow job which have found out she was not lying. Years later I found out that the president of the United States, Bill Clinton, said that BJ's were not sex therefore as always, I believe the president.

What's so strange as many years later I met a girl while living at Mi Casa apartments who also served in Nam and had the same affliction. I would love to open my patio doors which looked out to Collier Road while she was giving me a BJ on the sofa. Of course, the road was some distance and you had to look very carefully.

There were other sexual exploits in Peachtree Towne but I thoroughly explained them in my greatest manuscript of Dr. H. (Hot) Body, *Fact or Fiction*. Be sure to read the chapter on Peachtree Towne.

Previously mentioned Cam, one of my first sexual exploits in high school. Her friend was a girl named Becky and as much as I try to get her to have sex with me she was hesitant in the fact that she had two brothers that would beat the living shit out of me. So as the old saying goes “Discretion is the better part of valor,” nevertheless Becky moved to Atlanta and became a Playboy Bunny. I was a member of the Atlanta Playboy Club and tried to live up to its creed. Becky introduced me to what the bunnies called the den mother who was in charge of all of the bunnies to make sure that they behaved correctly in and out of the club. I started dating the den mother knowing that I would have access to the Playboy bunnies. My most vivid memory of being with her was waking up one Sunday morning after a night of drinking and sex and going to her refrigerator and eating a six pack of popsicles.

After I demolished Peachtree town it was time to move and I did too Peachtree Valley which was only

a few blocks away. The town was mostly drinking but the Valley exceeded all my sexual expectations.

After moving into Peachtree Valley, I met Beth at one of the infamous drunken brawls and we proceeded to date for many months. To give us privacy I blanked out all the windows in my bedroom and boarded them up with six-inch fiberglass and sound absorbing material. I then proceeded to paint the entire bedroom black and hung psychedelic posters with a black light, it was certainly a den of iniquity.

She was a promiscuous sexually active blonde girl from South Georgia and love the free life that I was living. After many months we got tired of each other and she started dating R.B., a couple apartments over. That broke my heart for at least a weekend so I started to prowl once again.

While riding the trolley from Buckhead I begin talking to very attractive brunette who proceeded to follow me to my apartment. Apparently neither of us had anything to do that afternoon. Since it was a Friday we went to the nearest watering hole and had a great time until the wee hours of the morning. We spent the weekend together and I found out she was a daughter of Mr. Adair who owned most of Buckhead and a good portion of Atlanta in his real estate company.

Have no idea where I met Anna but since my name was Dr. Body I gave her the name of "Antibody." I remember her long hair as it flowed over my groin as she was giving me a BJ. I guess she loved me as she took me to meet her parents in Spartanburg SC. I knew that was getting too close to marriage so I had to break up with her and onto my next conquest.

After "antibody" I then met a girl in Peachtree valley named Diane Class and I nicknamed her "lotsa;" lots

of class. We dated for a number of months but when I found out that she was fucking an Eastern airline pilot on her layovers I decided that was enough because I was becoming very jealous.

Another girl in the valley was named Loretta and I named her low. Whenever I saw her I said “hi low.” Just by accident one afternoon I reluctantly fucked her but she was dating Bear, who lived in the Valley and for the first time I think I felt a little remorse or guilty. Fortunately that feeling subsided and we could continue making love for a couple of months until either Bear found out or she was beginning to feel guilty.

My attorney Paul Kohler or as I nickname him “Whiplash Willie” introduced me to one of his clients who lived in the valley. She went by the name of Lollie and I proceeded to date her for quite some time. She was $\frac{1}{4}$ Indian and had a violent temper. Our relationship other than sex was boarded on psychotic

and violent episodes. I had enough when she came at me with a knife one night. Even though we parted our ways we became close friends and stayed in touch with each other as friends for over 50 years. I loved her more as a friend than I could ever love her as a partner.

Before I forget it let me interject two stories that happened to me in Fort Lauderdale. You can get the full story in the master book of Dr. H. (Hot) Body, *Fact or Fiction*. One of the women that I met in Fort Lauderdale I took to the Howard Johnson in Lauderdale by the Sea but have no idea what her name was and can barely remember what she looked like but we did enjoy each other tremendously for a weekend and then on Sunday I realize I had to pick up my mother who was on a cruise. So our wonderful relationship was coming to an end, much to my sorrow. The other female that I remember is that I picked her up at some bar in Lauderdale and we had a wonderful weekend together and she had left her

ankle bracelet in my bedroom. I called her and ask her when I could bring it over and we could renew our sexual relationship. She said, " Keep the bracelet" and by the tone her of her voice and what she said I could only assume a wonderful weekend relationship was finished.

I met a girl from Montreal Canada at Bea Morleys Mouse Trap bar/restaurant on Federal Highway in Fort Lauderdale . I'm trying my best to get her to come back to my house but she's avoided my every advancement and summed it up by saying " If you're ever in Montreal look me up and we would have a great weekend together." I'm not going to let a small rebuff stand in my way of the pursuit of the puss. Therefore the next month I caught a flight to Montreal . I asked Bert in New York and his wife to join us in Montreal. I remember us going to a fancy French restaurant that had no prices on the menu and knew then I was in deep trouble. Again, I tried to get her to come back to the Bonaventure hotel in

Montreal but to no avail. The price of pussy was getting too expensive to pursue. In hindsight, I realize now the money that I've spent in trying to get laid I could probably send several children to Harvard or adopt a Mexican or Somalian family.

As I leave the valley, my memories include Bear who had a box seat for the first Super Bowl. Actually, it was a cardboard box a TV had come in and poor Bear as he passed out before the kick off. Kent Laughter lived in K building and was a major in the Marine Corp. In the hippie culture there was a saying "Keep the faith, baby." Kent was dating a girl named Faith and unfortunately got her pregnant so we would yell "Keep the baby Faith." Kent and I remained friends for a number of years and I went to Hollywood Fla to see him and his Venezuelan beautician wife.

Jean Tye in "B" building, who later married Art Wall vice-president of the Atlanta Falcons. Jean Graves, lived next door to me, was the daughter of Ray

Graves, the football coach of the Florida Gators. He also discovered Gatoraid but as she told me, her father did not reap the dividends as he was an employee of the University. Don Watkins, a Delta pilot who would drink with me between flights. Mad Dog Clark, a construction worker who didn't work as he was only one of a handful of union employees on strike. Ahh "Low" who I've mentioned previously. Stephine, who dumped Kent for R.B., the same red headed guy who my Beth left me and went to him. Found out many years later women were attracted to R.B. because he was gentle, caring and not into sex. None of the qualities I had or any other male I knew. Mannie the Cuban who said he left Cuba by water skiing behind a banana boat. He remains my best friend to this day and placed a \$100 bet to which one goes to that great bar in the sky. Some old guy, age 35, supported his mistress above my apartment and one night threw her TV off the second-floor landing on my back porch. The TV was broken and had no value but I brought it in to use it for something someday. I was always having a party and at the

height of the party I grabbed the TV and threw the broken TV out and yelled, "There will be no TV watching tonight" much to the horror of those attending how I could throw a good expensive TV out the door.

My last party in the Valley I got a eight piece band to play by the pool which happened to be between building "J" and "K". The apartment buildings were at an angle, somewhat shaped like a megaphone . When the band played, we were getting complaints from Buckhead, over a mile away.

The owner and publisher of Penthouse magazine, Bob Guccione, used his money to develop an apartment complex called Moonraker. He built a 300-seat auditorium and was going to bring in Vegas acts and also built a \$1,000,000 clubhouse with waterfalls, indoor swimming pool, state of art fitness center and a dance floor with a huge bar. Once I found out a fellow playboy was building the ultimate

bacchanalia apartment complex, I had to move in. I got a one-bedroom apartment near the entrance so I could see everybody coming in from work while I laid in my hammock sipping a cocktail.

There were winding streams, waterfalls and tropical foliage throughout the complex. With these surroundings I had to have a party. While in the Valley I was throwing a party called Super Eve. This was the night before the Super bowl hence Super Eve and we would have noisemakers hats balloons and it was like New Year's Eve . I would hand out Flyers at the local bars and through word of mouth generally had anywhere from 100 to 600 people attending . I would have these parties at various apartment complexes and bars who needed money during January. The buck head bars were especially responsive to me having a party in January and when Atlanta was the host of a Super Bowl I invited the many celebrities in town. I met Terry Bradshaw, Warren Moon, the 49ers ,among just a few. Word has spread that Super Eve

was the place to be and every bar whore, bar bum and near der well in Atlanta anticipated the night before Super Bowl. With that kind of following, I had to have another one at Moonraker clubhouse which was built big enough to accommodate a large crowd. I had the Super Eve parties at the clubhouse of Sundown apartments, Cumberland apartments, Windy Hill and many others but this was the ultimate. The volume of party goers would range from 25 to 400 but Moonraker clubhouse Super Eve had over 1,500. I continued having Super Eve parties however none would surpass the party at moonraker. My last super eve party and 1st wedding reception was in January 2001. Today I miss the parties more than I do the marriage.

A girl I met at the moonraker bar last name was Lay. She tried to live up to that name and the next morning as I awoke in her bed, I notice that my feet never touch the floor she had clothes, newspapers, magazines littering the entire floor of her apartment.

Another girl that I had met at the moonraker bar was probably the weirdest encounter I have ever had. In the midst of mad love making she looked up at me and said “do you feel that, surely you can feel what’s inside of me.” I had no idea what she was talking about so I took a pause and looked at her and asked her “what are you talking about” she replied “the FBI inserted a listening device in my vagina” taken aback by her statement I could go no farther sexually or mentally. I related this bizarre story to a couple of friends of mine and they said it happened to them also.

There was a sexy short blonde bartender at the clubhouse bar. God, she was sexy. Every male in the complex was after her but through my determination and perseverance I succeeded in persuading her to spend the weekend with me. We were having unadulterated sex and a good time when my mother called and said she was coming to Atlanta to visit. I

persuaded a friend of mine in the complex to take this good-looking sexy blonde to his place while my mother paid a visit. After my mother left I would take her back however she fell in love with my friend and stayed with him. Can't imagine why she left me for him.

During this time, I was spending a lot of time at the Atlanta Country Club and most of my exploits are mentioned in my big book of Dr. H. (Hot) Body, *Fact or Fiction*. Will expand on the story of the bartender at the Atlanta Country Club men's grill. All the members were trying to get her, but they were all married and she would not have anything to do with them. I ask her to join me in the hot tub of a friend who had a house on the 4th fairway. After work she joined me and proceeded to get naked in the hot tub while my friend looked on. While submerged I performed, cunnilingus on her. My friend's son approached and asked "Where's Hot Body". Don Watkins pointed below and one could see the top of

my bald head. His son and many members still talk about it.

During the Atlanta golf classic , held @ the club, I would have dates and a party at the end of the tournament. Either at a nearby bar or one of the members house. My date and I had been drinking all day so at 9 I decided to go for a swim and succumb to the sexual pleasures of her body. Believe me that is no easy task trying to do it in a swimming pool. The next day I called her and ask her if she would like her umbrella that she left in the car she promptly replied; “ Keep the umbrella!”

I had one of the famous super eve parties at Sundown apts. Always mindful of being a gentleman I escorted Kathy Gwan to her car. She looked and dressed like Stevie Nicks which really turned me on.. While she was sitting in the driver’s seat and had the door open I said “Kathy! What about a going away present and a happy Super Eve.” she proceeded to

unzip me and give me a delightful BJ. What I didn't know was that the interior car light was on and anyone could view a spectacular show. Oh well what the hell.

One of the girls that attended one of my parties invited me to spend the weekend with her. That was a bit too much, but I consented to spend the night with her. Generally, I like to do my work in the bed, but time prevail and I preceded to have sex on the floor. I'm glad it was a thick carpet and later she took me to her bedroom for a second go around. No wonder she wanted to go to bed first as there were oils, candles, dildo's and some items I still cannot explain. Quite frankly I'm not the adventurous type when it comes to the bed as I prefer to concentrate on the job at hand. I told her that I had a throbbing headache and I had to get up the next morning any excuse at all to leave that den of iniquity. However, I did take her to one of the Atlanta golf classic tournaments and introduced her to Dixie Dumber,

chairman of the ACC and head honcho of the golf tournament . I invited him to accompany us to one of my parties and he proceeded to drink a little too much when I introduced him to my lovely redheaded sexy girlfriend .That was the last I saw of either as they walked out the door. As long as Dixie was a member of Atlanta Country Club, I never had any problem parking, getting tickets, badges or talking to any of the PGA Tour players. I tried to run a bar tab but Dixie said I was carrying it too far with that request. To expand on the ACC, be sure to go to my book of Dr. H. (Hot) Body, *Fact or Fiction*.

Oh, I fucked two women but never saw them naked. Let me explain. I was at the Holiday Inn in Hickory North Carolina and of course, went to the bar and met a beautiful woman that looked exactly like Elizabeth Taylor, the actress. Have no idea why she was there by herself nor can I remember her name, just remember how beautiful she was. After several drinks she asked if I could go upstairs to my room she

was not a hooker and I still can't believe she actually wanted to be with me, just because, well I cannot explain. One requirement she ask was that all the lights be off and the room dark. I'm not look at her because she's explained that she was in a fire and her bottom portion of her body had been burned badly but she could still perform sex. Here was a woman with the most beautiful face I think I'd have ever seen but I could not see her totally naked. Imagine what thoughts ran through my mind as I proceeded to get undressed and approach her sexually, it was a bit too much I just couldn't perform thinking there was something lurking below.

Picked up a girl don't know where, don't know how, don't know when but we went to her apartment by Cumberland mall. As I sat on the sofa trying to talk her into the bedroom ,she pulled out a marijuana joint. Even now I don't do drugs and told her I did not do drugs in any form; cocaine, marijuana or whatever. She held the joint in her hand and took a

suck, handed it to me and again I refused. She then looked in my eye and said “If you don’t suck on this joint then I’m not going to suck on you.” I took the joint and sucked on it like a golf ball through a garden hose.

Another time a girl would call you if she knew you or someone had recommended you to her. She would talk dirty as possible and back then she would not charge for a dirty sexy conversation. Now, I think they get paid for just talking over the phone which I have yet to understand. Nevertheless, she picked the wrong person to talk dirty with because I countered her sexy talk with my own sexy talk therefore it was inevitable that the two of us would get together. She lived at the corner of 10th and Piedmont as well as I remember and said to come knock on her door but stay in the living room until she was ready for me. I entered her bedroom which is totally dark I could not see anything much less her which is the way she wanted it. She said that she had gained a few pounds

and was ashamed of her weight. I tried to explain that was no reason to live in a dark room and I would be glad to take her out. She said I was the nicest man she had ever fucked. As I proceeded to get on top, a bit of light came through the window which revealed she was indeed fat, so fat she looked like Jaba the Hut, the star wars movie. I'm not sure what excuse I used and I'm sure I used many, to get the hell out of there. I pulled my pants up but not button them or put my socks on as I wanted to get out of there as fast as possible. Therefore, Dr. Body does not fuck everything.

A more thorough examination of some of the women I've had is in the book "Dr. Hot Body Fact or Fiction. The blonde that worked in the travel dept. of Coke who would book me on Coke's private jet.

The most beautiful woman that I dated and she was the spokesperson for Armorall. I also met her in

Hollywood and everyone thought she was an actress since she was so beautiful but that's in the big book.

Laurel, the president of my company's mistress. I wondered why I never got a raise nor promotion. She moved from Irvine Ca. to Salt Lake and invited me to stay with her for a week or two. I would take her to work and I would go skiing using her car but being a gentleman would pick her up after work. To reciprocate I invited her to Panama City Beach FL she eagerly accepted and flew in via Eastern. She stayed with me ,along with my Atlanta friends, for a couple of days. Anyone that has been to Panama City Beach understands it is the most beautiful beach in the world and she was having a good time until I started drinking and hanging around my friends rather than showing her any attention. After two days of this, she finally said "I've dated many assholes in my life but you are #1 asshole." . At least I was number 1 in something.

Without further ado, I took her to the airport never to see her again.

I brought a older woman to Panama City and every one of my friends from Atlanta called her granny. They would yell out “Are you getting any puss from granny?” She apparently had not any sex in quite some time and when I finally got her to climax, every orifice on her body began to leak. I guess that’s a good sign of satisfaction.

Another trip to Panama City with my Atlanta friends I picked up a very good looking blonde and once we were in bed I found that the only hair that she had on her body was the blonde hair on her head. She spoiled me because that is what I prefer and seek.

The company had a sales meeting at some hotel across from the John Wayne airport in Newport Beach CA. There was a meeting also of all of Orange

counties Jaycetts ,the wives of Jaycee members .Talk about throwing the fox in the hen house, I was in heaven. Picked out one that was the most aggressive or horny and took her to my hotel room. Unfortunately, I had my friend Bert from New York as a roommate and he was horrified to learn that I was with a married woman. I believe any woman will have sex with a man or a woman if she believes she will not get caught. Burt was so naïve he asked if I got her phone number or if we were going to be pen pals. It was not even a one-night stand more like a one hour stand. I love California women as when it comes to sex, they are the most liberal in the world.

You must go online to my [Dr Hot Body](#) website and read my exploits with my true love called Sam. She taught me more about sex then I had learned . She was a free spirit and loved life, much like myself . We dated for at least a year, which is probably the most enjoyable time of my life. But I digress; go to the big book and read about her.

K.C., the Delta Stew ,was known throughout Atlanta. She is in the big book also and is well worth reading.

I have mentioned about my adventures at the Atlanta Country Club having sex with my dates at the Atlanta golf classic, but I also had sex with my best friend who owned a house at the ACC. I regret doing that to this day however we were both drunk and in the heat of passion I succumbed to the evils of the puss.

Almost forgot about the girl in New Orleans. I was staying at the Royal Orleans hotel across the street from Lucky Pierres, the most famous whorehouse which I describe in the Big Book. Have no idea where I met her but took her back to the Royal Orleans hotel room. She was a passionate Cajun as we couldn't make it to the bed and proceeded to fuck on the

floor. Unfortunately, she smelled like soybeans, I asked her where she worked and she worked at a warehouse on the waterfront as a secretary which shipped soybeans all over the world hence why she smelled like soybeans.

Can't forget about the hooker I met at the Owl Tree bar in San Francisco. She asked me if I was a vice cop and I said to proceed feeling between my legs and anywhere she wanted to determine if I was wearing a wire. After she was through, I said now it's my turn to feel you. The complete story is in the Big Book. Hint; I didn't fuck her.

An Atlanta Country Club couple took me to a concert at the Galleria in Cobb County to introduce me to Cynthia. They kept it exclaiming how Cynthia played the piano and was very cultured and she would be good for somebody like me. We met Cynthia at a bar set up in the lobby of the concert hall. I was particularly impressed when Cynthia went to the bar

and ordered a double bourbon with a water back. She was not only good looking but could drink like a fish which fit my criteria to a "T". We dated I guess for at least a year. She liked to go naked in her apartment so I would spend most of my time at her apartment. Sometimes I would walk in and she was naked, cooking dinner which I thought was quite dangerous if you were frying chicken. She was not only a good cook but love to have sex. What I remember most about her is that we were lying in bed after foreplay and for some reason I was on my stomach, when she stuck her long finger up my ass. I levitated about three feet and will never forget her or that episode.

For some unexplainable reason I would always date very good-looking women and unbeknown to me they would fall in love with me and I assume wanted to be married . After several months, invariably I would piss them off or get tired of the monotony and move on. Sometimes I regret doing that and wonder

how it would have been to marry anyone of those beautiful caring unselfish loving women. But then I think of the monotony of being with one woman for 20-30, oh God knows, 40 years.

Can't forget Doe eyed Doloris whom I met at Elon's disco. She was not only beautiful with long flowing hair but just had these innocent eyes. I do remember going to her house somewhere in Norcross after a black tie charity event. She was not very good sexually but, oh my God, what a wonderful blow job. Next morning waking up with nothing else on but my tux. Doris had to go to work and I had to make it home somehow. Stopped off at the Waffle House and here I am at 8:00 on a Monday morning in a tux wearing a fake Rolex. Needless to say I had everyone looking at me.

I hesitate to mention the lovely señoritas I had in Costa Rica as it would be many pages and repetitious. However, there is a funny story that I would like to

relate. I was at a bar in San Jose and approached a lovely senorita and said the only thing I could think of was cama which I thought was food as I was hungry. I wanted something to eat and maybe she knew of a good restaurant, so I repeated the only Spanish I knew was cama. She took me by the arm to a cab stand and directed the cab driver to go back to my hotel. I could not understand as the hotel didn't even have a restaurant. She then took me to my room where we proceeded to have sex. She kept saying "Fuck mi en asno" which means fuck me in the ass. As always, I had been drinking most of the day and that feat was like sticking a rope up a wildcats ass. The next morning I saw Bill Dunn, the owner of the Dunn inn hotel and mentioned to him about my sexual encounter the night before. He put his arm around me and said, "Cama means to bed. Comer is to eat." I had them reversed but at least it was not a wasted night; however, I was still hungry.

My encounter with hotels should be mentioned , as I met a girl in New Orleans and took her to the Hilton in New Orleans next to the casino. For some reason she did not want to go to the room, so we proceeded to make out in the lobby. I found a dark corner in the lobby and on the sofa beginning to feel her sexually and she reciprocated by giving me a BJ. Any means to an end.

The other encounter was in Atlanta where I met a girl at a bar called Otto's. Rather than catching a cab I offered my services to take her to the Hyatt hotel at the corner of Piedmont and Peachtree. I had every intention to take her to her room and spend the night however she informed me that her roommate was there and the two of them were in Atlanta for business meeting. I was not to disturb her and could I take her to my house, however my house was a good 20 miles away. Thinking of having to fight Atlanta traffic to return her at say 6:00 in the morning was out of the question. Besides we were not going

to see each other after that night. Unlike the Hilton in New Orleans, the Hyatt in Atlanta was well lit and I could find no dark corner I then thought of carrying her to the garden in the rear of the Hyatt. She said there were no chairs, no lounges, what could we do and I proceeded to undress her on a marble bench. It was uncomfortable for the both of us but work must be done. As I was satisfying myself and possibly her I hear giggling in the background and as I looked up I saw several Japanese conventioners staring at her us and giggling. I don't think she heard or saw them as she was engrossed in our sexual activity. When I finished, I then picked her up and being a gentleman that I am, escorted her to her room. As I leaned over to kiss her or so she thought ,whispered in her ear "Do you think your roommate would join us for a ménage à trois?". A look of horror appeared on her face and she abruptly slammed the door, which I took as a "no."

The giggling Japanese conventioners reminds me of the time I was truly angry at Bob noxious. I had driven my Mercedes convertible to Miami in hopes of selling it at a better price than Atlanta. While riding with the top down in February we visited some of my old haunts in Coconut Grove. While Grooving in the Groove I saw a beautiful girl walking. Immediately pulled over and asked her if she needed a ride and much to my surprise she said yes. The only space available was on Bob's lap. After a few blocks I glanced over to see her giving Bob a lap dance with his eyes glazed over and sweating profusely. Since she was a free spirit much like myself. I asked her if she would like to accompany us to the Marriott on Biscayne Bay. She said " Why not? I like both of you!"

Boy, oh boy! The sex gods were smiling on me that night. We had gone to many bars and drink untold amount of liquor but here we were with a girl who just happened to be walking by. I undressed and sat on the edge of the bed while she proceeded, in vain

to try to make a wet noodle out of something we would both be proud of. After an eternity or so it seemed ,I happened to glance over and see Bob leering not three feet from her bobbing head. I jumped up and was so pissed off at him, not for interrupting but for looking at my weak incapacitated myself. At the same time she began throwing ashtrays, bibles and everything else that was not nailed down. I looked at her and said what the fuck is going on. She replied “You owe me money, you owe me money.” Fortunately, I guess, Bob being really close grabbed her and escorted her forcibly out of the room. According to him she was going to kill me or injure me or render me sexually impotent permanently. I was taken aback learning that she was nothing but a street walker or hooker and I had been duped. Perhaps someday I will thank Bob Noxious for saving my life but I will never forgive him for leering.

Looking for a second home I went to Santa Fe to enjoy three things that Santa Fe could offer women

booze and Mexican food as I was indulging myself with the greatest Tex Mex meal I've ever had I noticed that a single girl was in the booth near me I promptly went over and ask her if this restaurant was good or did she know of anything better she said that she would take me to all the local restaurant and bar places as she had nothing else to do. I joined her for a great evening but as always I'm thinking of sex and how I'm going to get her to my motel room. She was not going to comply therefore I proceeded to put my hands between her legs in anticipation of her succumbing to my allure. For some reason I did not notice how fat she was and all I felt was two huge ham hocks guarding her precious triangle. Once again, I slept by myself.

My friend Mad Dog is explained in the Big Book. After he moved from the valley and bought a condo near Parkaire. He called one Sunday afternoon and asked me to come over to his condo and watch him fuck his good looking neighbor. I had seen the neighbor

previously and he was correct in that she was good looking ,since I had nothing else to do and it would be quite a treat to see her I thought perhaps I could look and later join in. This was before computers and you could surf for porn so Mad Dog had sex magazines including Playboy penthouse and some beyond belief in his closet stacked 9 feet high. He was more of a pervert than I could imagine, much more than myself. As the afternoon wore on I begin to wonder if he was telling the truth and when would the fucking begin. At about that time, he said “Come on Hot Body, join us.” so we went upstairs to his bedroom and of course he went first. Afterwards, he rolled over and she was there willingly as I got on top and proceeded to enter her vagina. All of a sudden I felt teeth. What the fuck! What are teeth doing in a pussy. Geez; I jumped up and saw Mad Dog looking at me between her legs. He was planning on sucking my dick. I would have none of that no matter how good looking she was or how horny I was.

During this same period of time I met a girl named Dale at a country western bar off of Powers Ferry Road. This was after everyone saw the movie Urban Cowboy and a new fad was born. I learn how to do the cotton eyed Joe and many other western dances while wearing a cowboy hat, a big belt buckle and cowboy boots. Imagine Dr. Hot Body in western gear. Anything to pick up women. In any case, Dale had a beautiful set of boobs hence we dated for quite some time. She had a beautiful teenage daughter with long flowing blonde hair and I under estimated the intelligence of the daughter as I kept trying to seduce her but her daughter was very intelligent and knew what I was trying to do and stayed away from me as much as possible.

The annual chili cook off was held down by the river which is only a few blocks from Dale's house. She asked me to take her sons to the chili cook off which I hesitated to do because they would restrict me from flirting or trying to pick up somebody. I did run into

Becky who I had an infatuation with for many years. While trying to pick up Becky, my friend Glen Johnson had a booth which was giving away his homemade chili. Glenn had spiked the chili with tequila. I can generally drink vodka all night long and Scotch for a couple of hours, but tequila is my downfall. Just a few glasses of tequila and I'm out. Anyway, it wasn't my fault that I coerced Becky to go to Dales house and rest for a while. I think my ulterior motive was to seduce Becky somewhere in Dale's house. Tequila will muddle your brain.

As we entered, Dale let out a stream of cuss words basically saying that she didn't mind me bringing a girl to her house but leaving her sons at the chili cookoff with no ride home was unforgivable. In my tequila haze, I shouted "What sons!" Fortunately, they had walked home and were upstairs so I assumed all was forgiven. Now what was I going to do with Becky. I tried to get Becky to the bedroom but she would have none of that particularly within

Dale's house. Once again I was foiled by a jealous female/lover with children.

The four women that I fell in love with were ironically named Dale and Gail; Pam and Sam.

I've omitted many women and sex escapades from this book as more detail is in the greatest book written, Dr H. (Hot) Body, *Fact or Fiction*. See [Dr Hot Body](#), my website, for a more detailed explanation.

Such women as Whale Tail, watch out for the easter basket Lollie, marijuana girl and many others.

I would also like to interject that my sex life was not one endless porno movie. To meet these women I would imbibe with as much alcohol as I could drink which in turn causes muscle relaxation as well as a brain relaxation therefore my sex was somewhat relaxed if you get my drift. I think rather than the sex involved it was more of a challenge to see if someone

would actually go with me. The women were curious enough to see if Dr. Hot Body was indeed hot and how good was he. I really did not care if I was good or not, as I was getting satisfied .

Besides,. I satisfied their curiosity good or bad.

Every man has his downfall no matter how rich, good looking or prosperous he may be, every man has a downfall and my downfall was Tammy. I met her at a bar called Trio at the corner of Peachtree and Piedmont. It was cocktail hour and the newest bar in town, so I had to go and scope it out. looking for the sick, injured and old. The types of women the herd had left behind and were easy pickings for someone like me. When I glanced at Tammy I was in love, she was beautiful blonde, good figured and wore a tight tan pants suit highlighting her curves. She, like all others before her, ignored me however I did have an ally within the covey of women. She was Raynell and her sister was married to Fran Tarkington, the

partner of the firm that Tammy worked for. Raynell introduced me to Tammy and since I was a friend of Raynell, Tammy seemed to warm up, smiled and begin a conversation with me. Just as I thought I was making headway, all the girls suggested to go to Hal's steakhouse and have a cocktail. Their motive was to go to Hal's which is closer to Johnnys Hideaway and had dancing.

Women love to go to Hal's because it was a refuge for rich businessmen to go after work. The women would pounce upon them for free drinks and eventually try to persuade them to go to Johnny's and dance. Married men would generally bow out as they had to rush home to the wife and kids. They wanted to stay and join the men that were single, separated from their wife's, newly divorced and guys that just didn't give a damn but wanted to follow these ladies in pursue of the puss no matter the consequence. Women know this and after they have been plied with drinks and possibly dinner they're

ready to take their new conquest to dance. That will sober up their prey and also make sure that dancing is all they do with no sex now or in the future. I had an arrangement with Hal Finey that if a girl came up to me and asked me to dance I would send her over to Hal. Whereas if he had a girl that wanted to fuck, he would send her over to me because he was a dancer and I was a fucker.

We played the game of love, me pursuing her and her being coy. She even went to lengths to date other people besides me. One such instance is that I learned one of her boyfriends was going to her favorite restaurant . Unbeknown to her, I ask if she would like to go to her favorite restaurant that night. My plan was beginning to develop as I asked for a table near the door and when her ex-boyfriend or date walked in, he saw the two of us together. He got very upset, walked out, and told Tammy he did not want to date her again because she was with me. Just

as I planned. Years later Tammy kept asking me how did I know he would appear. Bar experience.

Normally I would play the game of love but this time I was actually in love and she was playing the game and I was just a dutiful subject. She would talk to someone and I would get mad. Sometimes she would have a date which really pissed me off and I would get extremely mad. She knew how to get me to do most anything. She would be coy or play hard to get ,yet I would pursue her. Finally I had to up the ante and ask her if she would like to go to Barcelona Spain. My motive was to keep her away from any boyfriend and I would have her alone to woo her.

We stayed at the Royal Hotel on the Rambla just a few blocks from Hard Rock. Thought an American bar would ease her transition into a Spanish bar and if I got her drunk we could have unadulterated sex that afternoon.

While seated at the Hard Rock bar I noticed an Arab in his traditional white robe staring at blonde and blue-eyed Tammy. After a few minutes of glaring, I asked him what did he want? He responded to me saying “Do you see this watch on my wrist.” I said, “Of course, it’s a \$50,000 diamond Rolex. So, what’s your point?” He replied, “I will give it to you for your wife.” Many years later, after we’d been married way too long, I look back and should have taken the watch.

She was beginning to warm up to me but just to seal the deal I took her to San Francisco a couple of months later. We went to a bar near Washington park or as the locals call it the wash tub. With Tammy next to me, I happened to turn away and look at the park for a moment. When I turned back there was some stranger talking to Tammy. She looked at me and said “This gentleman would like to buy me a drink.” I looked at him and said, “That’s fine you can buy her a drink as long as you buy me one.” I was possessed by Tammy but not enough to refuse a free drink.

We were dating regularly and to my knowledge she was not seeing anyone else. I would go to her apartment off Delk Rd and she would feed me and give me a BJ for dessert. She was constantly bitching about money but she knew better than to ask me for a loan. I suggested that she move into my house and she could save rent money. I thought it would be a good deal to move the food and sex so I would not have to move . Besides, with her moving in with me she could not date anyone and I finally had my conquest.

To cement my conquest with her moving in with me, I told her I was looking to buy a beach house. Her eyes dilated and she said, “Where?” I replied, “I don’t know but let’s go look for one.”

We started in Saint Simons Georgia and traveled south. Just as dark was approaching and more importantly cocktail hour ,we arrived in Palm Coast FL. I won’t go into the details but bought a house 80

yards from the ocean with a swimming pool, yard and surrounding foliage. Finally, Tammy was mine for better or worse.

She was living with me, so I guess the next step is marriage. I told Tammy I would take care of the wedding invitations if she would take care of the catering. A couple at Atlanta Country Club mentioned they spent \$5 per invitation for their daughter's wedding and were inviting at least 50 to 100 people. On the other hand, I spent \$5 for all the invitations thanks to Kinko's photocopying. Distributed the invitations to all the bars in Buckhead and surrounding counties. Someone remarked I could be having hundreds of people attend my wedding. I replied," The people that I know in the bars can't afford a greyhound bus trip to Macon Georgia so I'm not too worried about the attendance."

We were married on Oppenheimer's beach in Saint John Virgin Islands attended by 30 of my friends and

family. Just as I committed myself by saying I do a school of fish jumped out of the ocean for all to see, that no one, even God could believe I was getting married.

We did the usual husband and wife married crap for about four years but after five we're beginning to wonder; what the hell have I done. I define any marriage to go more than six years, if you can last six years then you're in for life. As suspected, that's as long as my marriage last.

I've digressed long enough therefore let me return to the reason for this book. Sex! I'm a devout Facebook follower and have at least 100 close friends. Someone posted to their horror that college girls were soliciting money for their tuition. I Immediately read and reread this article about a company called Seeking Arrangement which the college girls would join and solicit men via computer. The men would join and after several chats would meet to

consummate the deal. Years of bar experience taught me to look at the wares before I purchased hence I would ask these college girls to meet me for lunch somewhere near my house subsequently if they were good looking then I had a place to take them after lunch. This worked out great ,as it left them the rest of the day and night to prey upon other unsuspecting possible married men whereas I would just accompany them to the door and bid bon voyage. The so-called dating site was first with college students and then transformed into lonely housewives and single women which then morphed into actual working girls that wanted the money up front and were not near as naïve as the college girls. That's when I begin to leave seeking arrangement dating site and look for my own ,which at my age was beginning to be more and more difficult.

EPILOGUE

I'm very proud of the sexual encounters that I've had with women however I do not think it was my allure or sexual prowess. Now in my old age I will confess what I believe was the fact women did want to have sex with me. In the book of Dr. H. (Hot) Body, *Fact or Fiction*, it was explained how I got the nickname of hot body. As the years and reputation grew many women wanted to find out if that is true; does he really have a hot body or is his sex so good that was the reason he has the name. Women thought I've got to find out since women's curiosity is much much greater than men. I could have ***** many more women but believe it or not I was very discriminate. I looked at their face first and second would be their body, particular the boobs, ass, and mid drift. Their curiosity would overrule any negative thoughts about me therefore I could have sex and they would satisfy their curiosity. As for me I didn't care what they thought because it certainly felt good to me.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

Who have met me by
accident and/or regretted it.

RON HUDSPETH

LEWIS GRIZZARD

GEORGE CLOONEY

ANITA and PRESTON

MADDEN

ALLEN PAULSON

With Ron at Harrison's
Derby party

Annual derby party

Founder and owner of
Gulfstream Air, and
Cigar, winner of
Kentucky Derby and
Dubai

BILL LEAR

BILL BEECH

Owner of Lear Jets
Nephew of Walter
Beech, Beech Aircraft
Corporation founder

ALEX HAWKINS

Author of three books,
Team member of
Baltimore Colts and
Atlanta Falcons

LESTER MADDIX	Governor of Georgia (called me <i>Mr. Don</i>)
ZELL MILLER	Governor of Georgia
GEORGE BUSBEE	Governor of Georgia (more in the big book)
JAMES MacARTHUR	Jack Lord's partner in <i>Hawaii 50</i> ; met him at a Hollywood bar and yelled, "Your mother is Helan Hays, First Lady of the American stage."
WILLIE NELSON	Read about it in the book, <i>Dr. H. (Hot) Body Fact or Fiction</i>
JIMMY CARTER	See above
JODY POWELL	From Vienna, Georgia; Press secretary to President Carter
HAMILTON JORDAN	From Albany, Georgia; Chief of Staff to President Carter
TIMI YURO	Singer, details in the big book, <i>Dr. H. (Hot) Body Fact or Fiction</i>

JACKIE MASON

Comedian; got kicked off the Ed Sullivan show after spending one night in Peachtree Towne

VICTOR JORY

In *Gone with the Wind*, more in the book, Dr. H. (Hot) *Body Fact or Fiction*

E G MARSHALL

Hollywood actor; more in the book, Dr. H. (Hot) *Body Fact or Fiction*

BILLY GRAHAM

Met him in the elevator, in the book, Dr. H. (Hot) *Body Fact or Fiction*

HERMAN TALMADGE

Georgia Senator who kept me from Viet Nam

HOWARD COSELL

At the derby party with Clooney

JIMMY ORR

Played for Baltimore Colts, met at derby party, owner of the "Orr House" restaurant n Peachtree Battle, friend of mine, Happy

	Chandler, Governor of Kentucky and Anita Preston
RANKIN SMITH	Owner of the Atlanta Falcons and the Life Insurance Company of Georgia
ART WALL	Business manager of the Atlanta Falcons
TAYLOR SMITH	Rankin Smith's son, met him at Brio bar
DAVID COPPERFIELD	Met him at Otto's
CLAUDIA SCHIFFER	Met her with David
ELTON JOHN	Met him at Otto's
JULIA ROBERTS	Met her at Otto's; also in the book, <i>Dr. H. (Hot) Body Fact or Fiction</i>
BJORN BORG	Crap table at Cesars Palace in Las Vagas
ARNOLD PALMER	Atlanta Country Club; also in the book, <i>Dr. H. (Hot) Body Fact or Fiction</i>

GARY PLAYER	Atlanta Country Club and Golf Hall of Fame tournament
TOMMY BARNES	Played golf with Bobby Jones and me
TED TURNER	His 60 th Birthday party at the Atlanta Aquarium
DEBBIE REYNOLDS	See above; talked with her for 30 minutes or so
ROSIE MCDONALD	See above; also talked to her lesbian lover
JANE FONDA	See above; also at her ACCAP Black Tie Balls
J.JACOBY	Developer of Atlantic Station and Marineland
CARL SANDERS	Governor of Georgia, a friend of J.B. Fuqua and me
SKINNY BOBBY HARPER	(Johnny Feaver of WKRP in Cincinnati)
HUGH WILSON	Director of Police Academy movies
JOE NAMATH	Picture of him, Tammy and me at Mathis party

BILL MATHIS

See above; played for
the New York Titans

JOHN ROBINSON

Coach at University of
Southern California and
Los Angeles Rams, met
at Otto's

PAUL HORNUNG

Green Bay Packer great,
met at Ambassador bar

MARCUS ALLEN

16 season NFL running
back, met at Otto's