

Grady was rich, but he was 78 and on his deathbed. No amount of money—or love—could save him now.

In his youth, Grady had been a major skirt-chaser. No woman was safe from his charm. He used to juggle three or four girlfriends at a time.

He'd often accidentally call them by the wrong names. The first time that happened to a new girlfriend, she would get upset. Instead of lying, Grady would admit that he had another girlfriend—or two. "But," he would quickly add, "you are my number one. You'll always be my number one."

Somehow, this little white lie often worked. Sometimes his various girlfriends would even end up meeting each other and become fast friends.

Any attractive woman was a target for Grady. He would walk right up to her and say, "You're very attractive. Are you single and unattached?" If she said yes, he'd invite her out for a cup of coffee right then and there. If she said yes, but she didn't have time just then for coffee, he'd get her phone number and ask for a rain check. If she said no, he'd ask her if she had a twin sister who was single and unattached. This often made the woman smile or laugh. Sometimes she would change her no to a yes.

Grady was a wonderful dancer. He was just average-looking, but he carried himself with confidence and had a ready smile and a pleasant laugh. He was well-read, he knew a thousand jokes, and he had no bad habits. Perhaps most important, he made a woman feel like a woman, according to many of his girlfriends.

Even in his old age, Grady hadn't slowed down. Tending to his dying needs were Didi and Mimi, a pair of 40-year-old twins that Grady had finally "settled down" with.