

**“To Catch A Creep
Revenge Can Be Sweeter Than Candy!”**

A true story by Katie Slade



“I’m sooo excited! I can’t believe we’re making this girls’ trip!” I stated with absolute enthusiasm.

“I know, me too! My girlfriend Diane exclaimed. Key West here we come!”

We high-fived each other and clinked our wine glasses as a toast to our getaway. Diane and I were neighbors that had become fast friends. As a savvy Sagittarius, Diane’s upbeat personality was a perfect match to my assertive Aries personae. Two fire signs that fanned the flames of a fabulous friendship. Diane was an adorable natural blonde that enhanced her God given locks with highlights. Her eyes were Robin’s egg blue and twinkled when she smiled. Her turned up nose completed her pretty girl-next-door looks. I was a black version of Diane. Possessing, jet black hair that I kept long and straight, very dark brown eyes that people told me danced, and a turned up nose, just like Diane’s. We literally looked like color opposites of each other, even down to our physiques. Averaging about 5’6” we were both quite leggy and made an eye-catching duo wherever we went.

Di and I connected on so many levels, we both love food, cooking and wine. And while Diane wasn’t quite as book smart as I was, she was a real hands on woman. One day we built a barbecue grill from scratch. I read the instructions and together we assembled the unit. Once again, we made quite the team. We resided with our husbands in a bucolic and comfortable condo development in Westchester County, New York. Diane and her husband, Pete, had a precious baby boy. My husband and I being childless, were happy to play aunt and uncle to their sweet toddler.

“I’m so glad Pete doesn’t mind taking care of Peyton on his own, a lot of guys would not be happy about this.” I commented as we sat on her back deck sipping wine.

“I hear ya, but he’s fine with it. He took the days off from work, so he’s actually looking forward to being home with him.” Diane cheerfully replied.

“That was smart of him to do. I think the weather is going to be perfect, they can spend time at the pool.” I noted.

“Yup, and I’m glad Richard is okay with you going away. I know he has a bit of a jealous streak.” She said bending her head to her shoulder.

“He’s truly cool with it. I told him that Key West is not Vegas, nor is it as hedonistic as some of the Caribbean islands. When I shared that it has a real family vibe he chilled out.” I said with confidence.

“Good, I want you to relax and have good time. Sheila is dying to meet you!” Di shared excitedly.

“Can’t wait to meet Ms. Sheila! She sounds like such a firecracker!”

Sheila, Diane’s first cousin lived in Ohio in Diane’s old home town. She was a single mom of a young boy and received help from her aunt to care for him. I had seen photos of Sheila and she was one hot babe. She was the spitting image of a blonde Hollywood actress that was known for playing the vixen. From her beautifully chiseled features to her legs that went on for miles, Sheila could have been this actress’ body double. Remembering the stories Di shared about her adventures with Sheila, I knew I would love her fiery, no nonsense attitude.

On the day of our trip my husband drove us to the airport. We were flying out of JFK to Miami, and meeting Sheila in Miami for our connecting flight to Key West. I kissed my husband, he kissed me back and said have a good time and be a good girl. I told him I always was. Our three hour flight flew by (pardon the pun) as Diane and I discussed places we wanted to check out and excursions that we wanted to do. The days would go by quickly, so having a plan would help us make the most of our time. Landing in Miami, we only had to wait about 45 minutes for Sheila’s flight to arrive. Diane and I head to the departure gate to hookup with Sheila.

After purchasing magazines and snacks we found a few empty seats and settled in. As flight announcements blared throughout the airport, Di kept her eyes peeled for Sheila. Standing to stretch her legs, she spotted her large than life cousin. “Sheila!!!” Diane cried and the two ran to hug each other. Turning to greet me, Sheila offered her hand and then just as quickly bear hugged me.

“It is so amazing to meet you! My cousin told me you were a hottie and she wasn’t kidding! You’re gorgeous!” Sheila said with an enormous smile.

“Oh Sheila, it’s great to meet you too and thank you so are you! Do people ever do a double take when they see you? Of course you know just who you look like!” I remarked.

“Yes, it happens. It’s really funny when they rush up to me for an autograph, and then they’re like, “Wait, you’re not her!” I start laughing as they walk away.”

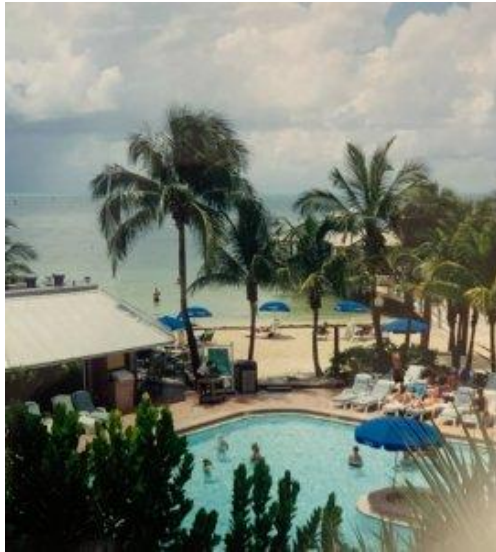
“It’s like being a celebrity without the hassle.” I laughed at her animated reply.

The ground crew announced that boarding had begun, and we took our place in line to board the small prop plane. With passengers and crew safely seated the pilot began the take off. In moments we were looking down at the amazing azure sea that sparkled below us. The three of us beamed like little girls and giggled with excitement about our trip. When the plane landed we exited right out on to the runway. A flight attendant happily took a photo of us arriving. With just carry on bags we were pointed in the direction of the shuttle to our hotel.



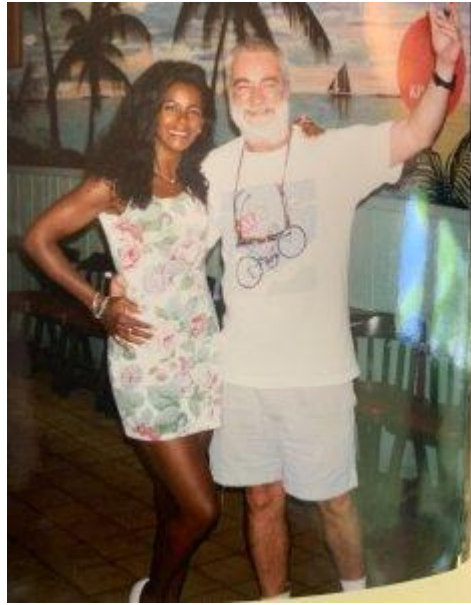
As the shuttle made its way toward Duval Street, we pointed out the architecture and how reminiscent it was of New Orleans. The bus dropped us steps away from our hotel which was right on the beach! This was too awesome! Checking in a bellman showed us to our junior suite. Two full beds and a pull out sofa would accommodate us perfectly. The bathroom was spacious and pristine. We tipped the bellman, freshened up and went out to explore. The first thing we did was figure out

transportation. Diane and I rented bikes, but Sheila wanted a moped. I had never driven a moped and I didn't want to risk having an accident on vacation.



“I’m here to drink and have fun, a bike will suit me just fine. If I get a little wasted I don’t want to worry about driving one of those things. No way.” Diane expressed.

I completely agreed as we signed the paperwork to rent our cruisers. Sheila went off to pick out her chariot and get a few points on navigating the moped. She was very courageous in my opinion, but that was obviously Sheila. We wandered around, visited some shops and made our way back to the hotel for a shower and to change for dinner. I chose to wear a fitted floral tank dress and white Keds. I looked cute and my feet were comfortable. After a terrific seafood dinner we went dancing at a gay club. We had a blast! I danced my butt off, and because of my Keds I never stopped moving. One gay guy told me he thought I was a new working girl in town, until he saw my Keds. We howled with laughter.



The next morning as Diane and Sheila slept I decided to go to the gym for a workout. Knowing I'd be laying around on a chaise lounge most of the day, I thought why not burn a few calories. Wearing capri length leggings, a sports bra and a flyaway tee shirt I quietly slipped out of our suite. The workout facility was close and as I entered I saw a few people on treadmills with headsets on. I turned on my music and followed fashion. After almost twenty minutes I head to the area with the weights. I was doing arm curls when a tall and nice looking black man entered the gym. He smiled at me and mouthed "good morning". I nodded and smiled. He was in good shape and walked around looking like he wasn't sure where to start his workout.

He decided to start with weights and was working out in my immediate space. I didn't care as I was concluding my last reps. As I returned the weights to their spot, he began to gesture to me. Not wanting to appear rude, I removed my headphones and approached him.

"Morning, what's up?" I said.

"Good morning, you got an early start today." He said with a big grin.

"Yeah, well given that most of my time will be spent relaxing I thought why not workout." I politely shared.

"That's a smart strategy. Are you here alone?" He queried.

"No, I'm here with two friends, it's a girls trip."

“Oh nice. Where are they now?” He questioned.

“Asleep in our suite. Why?” I was beginning to feel uncertain about him.

“I just thought that if you had some alone time, we could hook up.” He said with a salacious tone in his voice.

Shocked I replied, “ Well that’s not happening. We are here to spend time together. Like I said, it’s a girls trip. Besides that I’m married. And, isn’t that a wedding ring you’re wearing?!”

“Okay, I get it. Yes, it is, but why should that stand in the way?” He gave me a lascivious look that made me want to slap him.

I just glared at him and said, “I feel sorry for your wife!” And without another word I left.

Walking back to our suite I could not believe the audacity of that man. What a nerve, to think that I would just hook up with him. He was probably on a business trip or with his guys and thought he could get a little action away from home. I tried to un-feel his look and un-hear his voice. They gave me a creepy feeling. Back in the room the girls were up and ready to hit the beach.

“How was your workout?” Diane asked.

“Good, until this creep tried to hit on me!” I said with a tone of anger.

“No way! Right here in the hotel?” Sheila chimed in.

“Yes, right in the hotel gym! And, check this, he’s married!” I said.

“What a creep for sure! Diane said shaking her head. Some guys are pure sleaze. I sure hope you don’t run into him again.”

“Me too! I’m still in shock!” I commented.

“Let’s hit the beach girls, Sheila said, and wash away the bad energy!”

I changed into my bikini and got my beach bag. We bantered happily about what to have for breakfast and I let the unwanted encounter drift

out of my mind. Once on the beach we ordered smoothies and a fabulous fruit platter of bananas, kiwis, pineapple slices and chunks of delicious mango. The lifeguard was playing really good music and the girls and I were in paradise. After we devoured the fruit, we laid back and talked about doing a parasailing trip. We agreed that we'd make a reservation with the lifeguard for later that afternoon. As I flipped through the pages of one of my favorite fashion magazines, the very sweet beach attendant walked past me to assist some guests. When I saw who he went to greet, I couldn't believe my eyes, it was none other than the creep from the gym! But, catch this, he was with his wife and their two kids, who were under the age of five!

This guy was an even bigger creep than I had imagined. Here he was on a family vacation, and he's trying to pick up a guest at the same hotel! I was speechless! His wife was lovely and his kids were precious! I knew some guys were dogs, but this one was a whole pack unto himself! I whispered to Diane and Sheila that he was the guy. They nonchalantly glanced in the direction of my tilted head. Just then I heard his wife say that she really wanted to go for a paddle boat ride. He mumbled that he wasn't interested and besides who would watch their kids. In that moment my mind went into revenge mode. I was about to make him wish he had never seen me. Whispering to Diane & Sheila that I had a plan, I got up from my chaise lounge and walked to where the attendant had set them up.

"Hi! I couldn't help but overhear that you'd like to go paddle boating. I'd love to go too. Would you like to go with me?" I inquired of his wife.

By this time his mouth had dropped open so wide he could have caught sand flies. I wished one would fly into his mouth and bite the hell out of his tongue! But hey, I was about to give him the worry of his life going boating with his wife! I thanked God for the opportunity to scare the shit out of him! He didn't know me and he had no idea of what I was capable of doing to jack up his game.

"Wow! She said, that would be terrific!" Extending her hand she told me her name was Tracy.

Shaking her hand I shared that I was Katie, and ready for our excursion whenever she was. Her creeping husband just sat dumbfounded not able to utter a word. She kissed their kids, blew him a kiss and we walked off to the paddle boats. I winked and waved to Di and Sheila. They waved

back not quite sure what I was up to. Of course, I would provide them with full details.

I told her we could take our time, my girls and I didn't have anything scheduled until later for a parasailing trip. She said she'd love to do that too, but didn't want to spend too much time away from her family. I asked about her life and family as we paddled around. She and her hubby had met at university and hit it off right away. By graduation they were engaged and ready to start a life together. They were from South Carolina and decided Key West would be a great near by escape. Her children, a boy and a girl, were three years old and a year and a half respectively. They were the apple of her eye. She shared that she felt very blessed to be a stay-at-home mom. Her husband had a great position as a senior executive with a financial firm, and they were quite comfortable.

I listened politely, but all the while I was thinking if I should tell her about him making a pass at me. It was a damn hard decision because she was so sweet and appeared so happy with her life. Who was I to burst her balloon of bliss? I decided that spending time with her was enough revenge. Why destroy their family getaway. My thoughts were interrupted by her asking if I was married and did I have kids. Married yes, children no. I explained that my husband and I were taking our time in that arena.

“Children are a lot of work. They require three key things, time, patience and money, none of which we have an abundance of right now.” I replied.

She nodded in agreement. Looking at my watch I saw we had been paddling for 45 minutes. I was sure her husband had to be sweating bullets by now. As we paddled back to the beach, I told her what a pleasure it had been to join her on our little excursion. I commented that if her hubby had expressed interest in going with her, I would have gladly watched their kids.

“Wow Katie, you're a beautiful lady inside and out. Not many women are as down to earth as you are, or kind for that matter.” She stated this with true sincerity.

I thanked her for the lovely compliments, but my heart broke thinking about what a creep she had married. I truly hoped my moment of God given revenge would prevent him from attempting to go creeping again.

Back on the beach, Tracy and I hugged and she thanked me again for such a relaxing and enjoyable time.

“You helped me recharge my mommy battery, I’m sure my kids are ready for my return and that my husband is ready to relax from daddy duty. Like you said, kids are a lot of work!”

As Tracy walked towards her family I stood and stared at her husband. He looked like a nervous Nelson as she approached them, his eyes went from her to me and back again.

“Hi honey, hi my little honey bees. Everybody good? I had a great time! Honey, do you know what Katie told me?” He couldn’t speak, he just shook his head eyes wide as saucers. “She would have gladly watched the kids if you had wanted to join me. Isn’t that so sweet? I told her that she’s a beautiful woman inside and out!”

A look of relief washed over his face like a giant wave rushing to shore. With Tracy’s back to me, I continued to stare at him, when he made eye contact with me, I positioned my fingers like a gun aimed at him and mouthed the word, “Gotcha!” He just looked down in shame.



The girls were waiting to hear what had happened. I told them that even though I was beyond tempted to tell her, I just couldn’t. Besides, who knows if she would have believed me. She could have flipped the script and accused me of flirting with him. The girls agreed I made the right decision. We had a fabulous parasailing experience. I’ll never forget

feeling free as a bird miles high in the incredible sky. I thought about how I had chosen not to tell Tracy about her husband's behavior. I felt even closer to God & Jesus for taking the high road. If he didn't learn from this experience that was his problem. As the parachute kept me flying high, I soaked up every ray of sunshine, the feeling of liberation, and stamped the moment in my mind like a picture-perfect postcard. I knew for so many reasons it would be a trip I'd never forget. When God gives one the opportunity for revenge it can be sweeter than candy!



The End.