

Reviews

“At last, here is a book that addresses this question about 'Midnight Creeping'. In her unique book, Ms. Hudson explores significant and powerful events that will educate readers on how important it is to sow good seeds because what goes around comes back around”.

Phillip Ganzel, M.D.
Dougherty Pediatrics

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“I was once told as a child, 'what goes on in the dark will come to the light'. That statement is true and the character in this story, Gaylin Harris, opens the door for light to uncover his darkness. This book is highly recommended and I hope that everyone would receive a thoughtful message”.

Alice Marie Hayward  
Southside Elementary School  
Cairo, Georgia

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Reviews

“A well written story authored by a beautiful woman who I adore. This book is Heavenly sent and is much needed for topic of discussion. I truly enjoyed reading every chapter and the ending was superb!”

Greg Croxton Attorney at Law
Croxton Law Group, P.C.
(Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity)

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“Wow! We are honored to have an input on this outstanding novel. First of all, buy the book. Secondly, read the book. Last but not least, feel free to pass the word along because after you all read this book it would be worth sharing. God bless”!

Calvin & Joanna Dennis, Phoebe Putney Memorial Hospital  
Cameron Dennis, Phoebe Putney Memorial Hospital  
Captain Jennifer L. Dennis, United States Military

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“A true lady of God who has written another great book! Stay true to yourself, sister, and know that all things are possible for ones that believe and allow God to manifest. This novel is highly recommended.”

Dr. Curtis A. Hudson Sr.
Ocala Animal Clinic

Midnight Creeping, Early Morning Reaping

Melissa Diane Hudson, M.A.



DragonEye Publishing

Midnight Creeping, Early Morning Reaping
by Melissa Diane Hudson, M.A.
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DEDICATIONS

In loving memory of my loving husband and mother

My husband:

Dr. Curtis Hudson Jr.

*Sunrise- December 26, 1970 Sunset- December 31,
2010*

My mother:

Linda L. Willis- Dennis

Sunrise- June 23, 1955 Sunset- June 13, 1984

*Living in Heaven is better than living on earth. I
will always love you all.*

Acknowledgments

First and foremost, I acknowledge God who is the head of my life. I thank Him for allowing me to do His will and who has been there for me through the good times and the bad. God is my source that has blessed me tremendously. To everyone out there that does not believe in dreams and miracles, think twice, have faith, and a little patience, and God will be to your rescue if only you give Him your life.

I would like to thank my late husband, Dr. Curtis Hudson Jr., for his love, input, and patience through this novel's creation. I thank him for allowing me to turn one of our bedrooms into an office so that I could create more inspirational stories that seek to make a difference. I am eternally thankful for God had sent me such a wonderful spouse.

I also would like to thank my son, Curtis Hudson III, for being such an awesome toddler who appreciates my time when I am dutifully fulfilling the will of God.

My two siblings thank you for your kind support. To everyone who has been very supportive, your good deeds will never go unnoticed.

For all the readers who will purchase a copy of this book, I truly thank you in advance and hope that you receive a thoughtful message and blessing that will impact and empower your life forever. Feel free to pass the word along. Be Blessed!

“You have heard the Law of Moses says, “Do not commit adultery. But I say, anyone who even looks at a woman with lust in his eye has already committed adultery with her in his heart. So if your eye- even if it is your good eye- causes you to lust, gouge it out and throw it away. It is better for you to lose one part of your body than for your whole body to be thrown into hell.” --Matthew 5:27-37

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About the Author

Foreword

I thank and praise God for allowing Melissa Diane Hudson's book to be published. "Diane", is what I call her, is very talented and creative when it comes to writing Christian literature. When she first mentioned this title *Midnight Creeping, Early Morning Reaping*, I knew that the story would serve its purpose. The book was written to sound a call to all adulterers and cheaters that what they do in the dark might not bring them back to the light.

They say, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, and vengeance is bitter sweet". Women are now becoming the perpetrators in domestic violence cases and are taking the laws into their own hands when it comes to seeking the ultimate revenge against a cheating spouse or lover. Some women are fed up with men stepping on them like doormats and treating them like "fools". *Midnight Creeping, Early Morning Reaping* indicates how a psychopathic scorned woman takes "sweet revenge" to a whole new level.

Many men say with their mouth that they want a good woman to marry and bear kids with her, but then when God blesses him with that great wife and mother to his kids, then he wants to "play the field" or chase behind another dress tail and think that the grass is greener on the other side. In fact, from a distance, the grass may appear greener or prettier. But in actuality, the grass is not greener and it must be watered just like the other. Sometimes the most beautiful things that attract human nature are the ones we cannot or should not have. That is what gets a lot of people in trouble. They desire shiny and nice things and would pay a hefty price to satisfy the lust of the flesh.

Melissa Diane Hudson's book, *Midnight Creeping, Early Morning Reaping* uncovers events in the story that explains what may have triggered a once faithful husband into a cheater. Adultery is wrong and is one of the Ten Commandments. It's like the old saying, "You reap what you sow". Therefore, sow good seeds on good grounds and watch God bring forth a great harvest.

Darlene Bevins
Middle School Teacher,
Tax Associate

Introduction:

Midnight Creeping, Early Morning Reaping

Midnight creeping sometime brings upon early morning weeping.

Why? Because the villain in this story, Gaylin Harris, receives more than what he bargains for when he decides to cheat on his Christian, paralyzed wife, Gail, with scandalous women.

Gaylin Harris is evil, more poisonous than the venom in a snake. He plays malicious mind games with his wife's emotions and uses her handicap as a cruel way to enslave her mentality so that she will remain a prisoner behind closed doors.

With countless years of infidelity, he finally meets “lips of death” Loretta Cox, who is beautiful, sexy, and dazzling-everything he hopes to find in a mistress, but she is a psychopathic deranged outcast who takes “sweet revenge” to a whole new level that spurs her into one of the world’s most dramatic, bloodthirsty rampages. What is known as a game to Gaylin has now become a vicious cycle. No one knows how the game will end, but after everything is said and done, he will reap what he sowed.

Midnight Creeping, Early Morning Reaping, sounds a call to all cheaters that what they do in the dark, may not bring them back to the light.

Part 1

Seeing the Whole Picture

One: Warning Comes Before Destruction

It's Friday night, and the bedroom is candle lit with the sweet scent of Honey Breeze air freshener wafting around the house. The room's warm atmosphere gives it an inviting ambiance. Gory Rob's soft soulful song "Tonight Is the Night" is sounding from the radio. Two nearly full wine glasses sit on the end table next to a Bible as a half-dressed beautiful woman walks seductively into the bedroom, carrying a red rose in her hand. She politely hands the rose to Gaylin, who lies across the full-sized bed admiring her irresistible beauty. The lady slowly crawls on top of him and passionately kisses him as if it is his last. Arousal heats his body as drips of sweat fall down his face.

She instantly pulls out a long white cord from inside her black briefcase and ties his hands tightly to the bedposts. She blindfolds his eyes with a white cotton handkerchief as she reaches over on the end table and takes a sip of red wine. She evilly laughs like the devil in disguise, while stroking his muscular body with her long fingertips.

Rage suddenly bellowed from within as a quick glimpse from her past crept into her mind. She pulls out a box cutter from underneath the bed and aggressively slashes him across the face and neck. *Punishment for sin may be swift and severe. Punishment is a consequence of sinful action*, she thinks as blood gushes violently onto the silky red sheets. Anguish cries linger outside through the night air, leaving a trail of echoes.

Twenty-eight years earlier, On September 30, 1980, Gail Bradford and Gaylin Harris prepare to unite in Holy

Matrimony at the cathedral in Miami, Florida. She has that special love for him that flows deeply through the veins, capturing segments of cells that hold so much passion. Her family and friends told her that this man was too good to be true. He was very dangerous, vindictive and just as evil as Satan himself.

“Hello, honey. How are things coming along with the wedding?” Gail’s mother said, while walking in the house with a handful of grocery bags.

Gail looked in amazement before speaking.

“Oh, I’ve been running around trying to have everything perfect for my big day. I want everything to look awesome.”

“I still think it’s a bad idea to get married. Sugar, you know nothing about this boy.”

“Mother, please. All I need to know that he loves me.”

“Love? Since when have that boy showed you any love? He’s always talking about himself and speaks badly of women. Baby, if a man can’t respect another woman, then what makes you think he will respect you?” Gail’s mother said, as she places the canned goods into the food pantry, one by one.

“Mother, enough about my man, try to keep your comments to yourself because I don’t want Gaylin to get the wrong impression about you, got it?” She said while standing in the kitchen flipping the pages of a 1980 *African American Magazine*.

Gail is just the typical nice girl next door who Mother Nature skipped over when beauty was being passed around. Although she doesn’t have the face of a queen, she possesses an everlasting Godly spirit that manifests on the inside that makes her more worthy than anyone with physical beauty. Mrs. Bradford, her mother, models her life by the Bible and only wants what’s best for her daughter.

The two keep conversing about the upcoming wedding as they are interrupted by the sound of a horn blowing in the front yard. Gail peeps out the door and notices a 1974 Red Mustang parked in the driveway. A pretty woman strutting her hips in a black spaghetti dress switches as she walks near the house in her three-inch heel pumps.

“Monice!” Gail yells in excitement while standing on the front porch wearing a raggedy white apron. “Wow, you look like you’ve stepped out of a fashion magazine! Girl, those bony leg runway models don’t have anything on you. Come on in and make yourself at home.”

Monice warmly smiles as the glitter in her lip-gloss sparkles.

“Girl, I don’t half-step when it comes to me looking good. You never know whom you might run into.”

Gail agrees, while escorting the lady into the kitchen to meet her mother, who is sitting in a wobbly, old worn down chair at the breakfast table eating a slice of pound cake and drinking a glass of cold milk.

“So, you’re going through with this wedding? Girl, my cousin has never settled down with one woman. One lady is not enough for his bedroom. He likes them all: white, black, Hispanic, Asian, you name it. He doesn’t discriminate,” Monice sarcastically said.

Every time Monice takes a look in the mirror, it was like looking at her cousin Gaylin with long wavy hair. From their hazel-brown eyes, jet-black hair and cinnamon smooth skin that were inherited from a mixed blend of African and Indonesian heritage, it was obvious that they shared the same bloodline.

“Watch your filthy mouth, child. I don’t allow that kind of ungodly talk in here,” Mrs. Bradford said as she eases out of the worn down chair in the kitchen and walks back into the living room and turns on the television.

Gail takes a deep breath before speaking.

"I get so sick and tired of people trying to rule my life. Back off, will you?"

"Girl, I'm just trying to help your butt out. I know my cousin. You're not his type, anyway. You're too churchy. He likes girls that wear the tight skimpy clothes, long wigs all down their backs, heavy makeup, and, yeah, the big butt," Monice said as she slaps herself on the behind.

"Talking about the kind that looks like you?" Dion bitterly said while walking in the house from the front door. "Don't take it personal. I'm just showing Gail a cheap sample of what her fiancé might like."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Oh, did I step on your toes? Excuse me. They always said a hit dog will holler," Dion said as she plops down on the sofa next to Mrs. Bradford, who is deeply engaging in a television show.

"So you got jokes, huh?" Monice said. "You wish you had this big nice butt."

"Stop all the bickering. This is a special time in my life and I want everyone to get along."

Dion is Gail's best friend who hates the idea that she is planning to marry a senseless, egotistical womanizer that despises the ground she walks on. Early the next morning around nine o'clock, the telephone rings several times before Gail retrieves it. She wobbles over to the table and quickly answers and discovers that it is Gaylin, happily calling from Connecticut.

"Honey, I got the job. I finally got my big break as a star actor. The producers took one look at my monologue and loved it. We're moving on up like Weezie and George."

"I am so proud of you. How much will you be making?" Gail asked with the telephone to her ear.

“Baby, I will be paid top dollars. I don’t know the exact figures yet. But I heard that the pay is great,” he said in excitement. “I’m on my way, now.”

“That’s great, honey. So have you thought about the wedding that will be going on in two weeks?”

“Huh? What wedding? No one told me about a wedding.”

Gail’s eyes got big, “our wedding, stupid! Don’t tell me that you’ve been so busy that you forgot!”

“Oh yeah, that wedding,” he remembered. “There’s no need to rush things. We have all the time in the world. I have enough things on my plate to deal with.”

“Enough things on your plate to deal with?” She angrily snapped. “What could be more important than you being a father to your child? Before you got this job you said that we were going to be married! I’ve been here running around stiff big trying to make arrangements for our big day!”

“We will get married one day, but today is not the time to talk about it. I’m just getting started in my career and I need to stay focused,” Gaylin said, seriously. “Frankly, I have big plans that don’t quite include a wife and a baby, maybe one day when I’m thirty.”

“You chose one helluva time to tell me that you’re not ready for marriage! Don’t try to get out of this one! I didn’t get pregnant by myself! I had big plans, too! I wanted to attend college and do something good with my life! Listen, you’re not even worth a hand in marriage! Lose my number you son of a ___!” *Click.* Gail slams down the telephone and runs heartbrokenly to her bedroom.

Laying face up in her bed staring straight at the ceiling, Gail’s heart sank. She remembered a few months ago in high school stepping across the lawns of Burger Land, racing to the parking lot to meet Gaylin, who was sitting in the front seat of his friend’s Chevrolet. That was the very first day he

expressed his love for her and she soon after gave him her virginity. She wished she didn't have to think about it all as if it just happened. It was just a brief period in her life she hoped would disappear.

"Wake up lazy bone!" Dion interrupts Gail's train of thoughts as she shouts, while strutting over in a very happy mood flashing all white teeth.

"I'm not sleep."

"Girl, why are you still in your nightgown? We have a ten o'clock appointment this morning with the florist about your wedding flowers."

"Wedding? There's not going to be one," Gail murmured as she stuffs her head in the pillow.

"Girl, that's the best thing you've said all day. Don't worry, you're better off without that scum bag," Dion said in laughter. "He doesn't deserve you."

Gail has tears and pain in her eyes as she thinks about her ungrateful fiancé, who is in Connecticut hanging around celebrities and high maintenance music performers.

"Gail, you will not stay in this house and sulk all day." Dion grabs the pillow off Gail's face. "Go and get dressed and have some fun. Stop wasting your time thinking about Gaylin. He's not thinking about you."

"I love him. Maybe he needs time to think about all of this. He needs time to think about me and the baby."

"Gail, wake up and smell the coffee. Guys like Gaylin only think about himself," Dion said in her usual serious tone. "It's not the end of the world. Forget about him and go out and find you a real man, someone who is going to treat you right."

"Listen to you. You're sounding like my mother. I love him. I'm carrying his child." She rubs her belly.

“So what? It’s the eighties. A lot of women carry men’s babies and not get married. Just join the crowd like everyone else.”

“Are you deranged, or plan out stupid? I’m not going to have a bastard baby walking around here without a father,” Gail said in frustration, as she turns her attention away from Dion, who is still staring at her with both hands on her hips.

“You should of thought about that before you had sex. I’m quite sure your pastor preaches about fornication. If you didn’t want to get pregnant out of wedlock, then you shouldn’t have given up the goods before the honeymoon.”

“Yeah, I know I made a huge mistake. That’s why I want to do things right, by getting married,” she said. “I know he would make a great father.”

“You need to seriously think about what you’re doing. Marriage is nothing to play with. Once you make those vows before God, then death is the only separation. Unless that fool starts beating the crap out of you, or you catch him cheating with some woman,” Dion jokingly said while laughing.

While Gail and Dion continue to argue about her future commitment to Gaylin, the telephone rings and it is Monice on the line, demanding her for Gaylin’s personal telephone number.

“I need my cousin’s direct number,” Monice said rudely, without greeting Gail with a hello. “I tried calling the office, but I haven’t received an answer. I keep getting a busy signal.”

The vein in Gail’s forehead bulged, as she swallowed hard.

“I don’t give away Gaylin’s personal telephone number. Maybe he’ll give it to you himself.”

“What? This is important. I need to speak to my cousin.”

“I’m sorry, Monice, but I—”

“Alright!” She cuts Gail off. “I’ll get it some other time! You have a good day!” *Click*. She hangs up the telephone.

“See there. That heifer is trouble. I’m warning you Gail to not get involved with that family. Those people might be crazy,” Dion said, giving her hair a toss. “I’ve heard about cases like that in the big city.”

“Dion, that’s enough! Gaylin this, Gaylin that! I’m tired of the whole thing! Just go and leave me *be*! I got too much stress as it is!” she roared as she left the room with the door slightly ajar.

Later that afternoon around four o’clock, Gail notices from the front porch the mail carrier placing a red envelope into the mailbox right before he drives to the next house in his muddied white mail jeep. She joyfully runs to the mailbox as if she knows that the letter is from Gaylin, who she still loves and adores. While ripping open the neatly folded letter, her heart fiercely beats with anxiety as the sweat slowly drips from her face.

The note is printed in bold letters asking Gail to meet Gaylin in Connecticut on May 27th, the day of their wedding. After reading the note, Gail immediately feels very nervous and sick to her stomach, and a tear falls down from her eye, because now she knows definitely that there will not be a wedding. So, she walks spiritlessly back into the house and curls up onto the sofa.

On May 27th, Gail prepares herself to aboard the next airline to Stanford, Connecticut. She sits beside an elderly couple on the plane and wishes that it were herself and Gaylin. She looks at the couple and starts a simple conversation.

“Oh, you all look so lovely. How many years have you all been married?”

“We have been married for almost seventy- five years. Our wedding anniversary is tomorrow,” The elderly lady said with a sparkle in her eye.

Gail’s face beams with admiration as she watches the happy couple.

“How did you do it? How can someone stay married that long with all this temptation out there?” she asked, desperately wanting to know the answer.

“You have to have God in it and to be with the right person. Without God, Satan can ruin a marriage in a heartbeat,” the man answered, seriously staring into her brown eyes. “Don’t become an unequal yolk.”

“What if your mate doesn’t want to serve God, and he is only concerned with materialistic things and his career?” She sadly uttered to the couple that leans closer to her seat.

“Well, honey, don’t marry the joker,” the man firmly stated. “Don’t put yourself in a bad situation before it happens. If you already know that this fellow is bad news, then don’t think that he will change once you are married. Honey, you’ll be like Humpty Dumpty, setting yourself up for a very big fall. Me and my wife have been married for almost seventy-five years and have had only one big argument.”

“Really! How did you all manage to get along for all those years?” Gail questioned with surprise as she moved closer to the couple.

“We’re still trying to end that argument,” the pair said in laughter, as the pilot announces that the next stop would be in New York.

The plane has arrived and the airport was more crowded than Gail anticipated. The walkways were filled with business and everyday looking people carrying luggage and talking on pay phones. She retrieves her luggage and passes the ticket booth and searches around for Gaylin, but he isn’t

there. She waits for several hours until she decides to take the next cab to the address in Connecticut, where he is temporary residing.

Gail's cab pulled up in front of the apartment building. She paid the driver and then gathered her belongings. However, when she arrives at the apartment, she sees with surprise his car is at home. She goes inside the lobby and takes the elevator to his apartment. Gail yells his name as she knocks forcefully on the door. But when Gaylin peeps through the peephole and notices his fiancée, he bangs his hand in anger against the door. He adjusts the towel around his nude body and turns on the light. Her smile fades as he opens the door; Gail receives the biggest greeting that brought tears to her eyes.