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Man Vs. Myth - Michael Jackson/Christina Aguilera - 17+

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04-26-2010, 09:10 PM #1



mjsbabygirl

Your Butt Is Mine

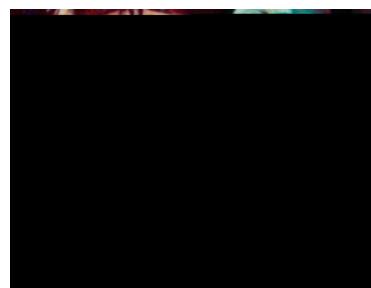
Join Date: Apr 2010  
Posts: 268  
Groans: 0  
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Man Vs. Myth - Michael Jackson/Christina Aguilera - 17+

**NOTE: If you ever come across some other fic that greatly resembles this one... please beware that I have written several short stories/fics that I posted all over the net under different aliases and I have had them copied several times. I had a bunch of stories on a site that went belly up (it was a fan site dedicated to an actor) and then I was googling one day and found my unfinished stories (or pieces of it) all over the place, under other people's names and they added their own stuff. I'm not going to waste time and money suing anyone. I guess when you post fics on the net it's fair game, just like pictures. I don't care. It's just fanfic. "Imitation is the highest form of flattery".**

**This is one of the stories I have on another forum. It is a fanfic about Michael Jackson and Christina Aguilera. They end up spending the night together after hooking up at the VMAs and the rest is HIStory. I have done quite a bit of research on Christina and she has so much in common with MJ. Yeah, it would have been HIStory if they had hooked up in real life.**

I just want to let you know that the story has sexy parts but it is not so 'explicit' that it has to be hidden. That's why I classified it as PG 17+ but it's not that bad really.





## **Man Vs. Myth**

### **Chapter 1**

Christina groaned and tried desperately to cling to sleep for a few more seconds. It didn't work. Reluctantly she opened her eyes, just a fraction, only to close them again with a flinch of pain as the morning sun cut through the curtains and straight into her hung-over brain. Ugh. She always, always had too much to drink at the VMAs. She opened her eyes again, slowly this time and gingerly sat up, trying to assess the damage: It wasn't as bad as it could have been. Sure, her head felt like it had been run over repeatedly by a large vehicle before being stuffed in the tumble drier for a few hours, but she was confident it was nothing a few aspirins wouldn't clear up, and at least she wasn't particularly queasy. That was a definite plus.

As she contemplated getting up, the body next to her shifted slightly and mumbled something before going quiet again. Now, what to have for breakfa- Wait a minute, what was wrong with that sentence? Oh yes. Christina did not have a boyfriend. Okay then. Christina, while not a virgin by any stretch of the word, was not in the habit of sleeping with people she had just met, no matter how drunk she got. This was therefore mildly disturbing. Very cautiously, afraid of what she might find, Christina turned around. Next to her lay a pair of lean, well-muscled and very pale shoulders. These seemed to be attached to a long, lithe body, possibly a dancer, although she couldn't actually tell, as said body was covered in rumpled blankets. On the pillow, also attached to the shoulders, lay a mop of long, thick curly black hair. The man (she was pretty sure it was a man) was asleep on his stomach, with his hair flopping onto his face, rendering her unable to gauge her companion's identity. The figure shifted again, groaning softly.

"What time is it?" Came a muffled mutter. Christina told him. He lay there for another minute, apparently processing the information. Then, in one abrupt motion, he sat up and declared:

"Damn!"

At this point, time seemed to stop for Christina, as she took in the face of the person she had apparently spent the night with. It was quite a shock. Sitting next to her, lower body still obscured by covers, was Michael Jackson. Only, he didn't look like Michael Jackson. Well, he did, but he didn't. He had an immensely pale but sculpted face, much the same colour as a china doll, with high cheekbones and a strong jaw. He had large brown eyes, a soft mouth and a little pointy nose which lent an impish quality to his face. Somehow, though, he was, well, hot. Yes, definitely, definitely hot, Christina decided, feeling the last of her light hangover fade. And right now, very, very ticked off, it seemed.

During the time it had taken the blonde to close her mouth after her shock, her companion had managed to locate his black jeans, and now seemed to be hunting for his shirt. He was somehow entrancing, and she found herself curiously unable to look away. She supposed it was this quality that had allowed him to remain such a successful stage performer, despite his metamorphosis. His body reminded her vaguely of a classical statue, tall, covered in lean muscle that shifted seamlessly as he moved about the room.

"You're Michael Jackson," she stated, sounding stupid and not caring.

"No kidding," Came the disinterested reply, as he continued to search the room for the rest of his belongings. After a little while, he seemed to become aware that she was staring at him and turned, an irritated look on his face.

"What?" He folded his arms across his still-naked chest and regarded her with an expression that dared her to mock him.

"Isn't your voice, like, many octaves higher?"

A snort of laughter.

"Only when I want it to be," he answered.

"Oh."

Christina didn't quite know what to make of that, and silence descended upon the room once more, save for Michael's quiet muttering about being late. She watched him continue his search, trying to come to terms with the idea that she had slept with Michael Jackson – multiple times, if she wasn't very much mistaken. It wasn't easy, because, much as she admired the man's talent, he was not quite her type. Or at least, the Michael Jackson you saw on TV, and whom she had even met a few times, did. The man presently searching her hotel room in an attempt to remedy his current state of undress, however, was another story entirely. Her brain was having great difficulty processing the knowledge that the two were one and the same, however not nearly as much difficulty as it was having persuading her body that it did not, in fact, want him to forget his clothes and come back to the bed.

Eventually, Michael turned again, looking a more hurt and defensive than annoyed this time.

"Look, I'm sorry if you're disgusted or whatever, but you were there too, you know. And you weren't that drunk, if that's what you're telling yourself." He paused for a moment, watching her for some sort of response. When none was forthcoming, he sighed and went back to his search.

"Anyway," he went on, his back turned to her as he tried to get behind the chest of drawers his top had apparently fallen behind. "Didn't your mother ever tell you it's not nice to stare at people?"

He turned to her again, having successfully retrieved the by now dusty and crumpled garment. It was a forest-green shirt, she noticed, as he began to put it on.

Fully dressed, he retrieved his leather jacket (which was surprisingly lacking in zippers and colours) and turned to her, obviously about to leave.

"Well, I gotta go. I'm already late. For what it's worth, I really enjoyed last night." He paused, perhaps waiting for some sort of response. When none seemed forthcoming, he rolled his eyes at her.

He left, closing the light hotel door behind him. Christina sat on the bed and tried not to think about it.

TBC



[Quote](#)

04-26-2010, 09:22 PM

#2



[mjsbabygirl](#)

Your Butt Is Mine

Join Date: Apr 2010  
Posts: 268  
Groans: 0  
Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts  
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## Chapter 2

Christina stood back in front of the mirror and ran a critical eye over the final results.

She was clad in a grungy dress and layers of rock-chick accessories. Being the star that she was, she could not afford cutting back on the cool factor, even when she got together with her group of dancers for an

informal night out.

Her makeup was clean and natural, apart from the ever-so-slightly gothic black that rimmed her large blue eyes. Her hair she had left to its own devices – long, mousy blonde, falling in soft natural waves down her back.

She spritzed a little Allure over her wrists, throat and the back of her knees, inhaling its sweet notes. She had it just right, she thought – androgenousness – barely masking fruitful femininity, scruffy exterior over sexy black lace.

The night she and Michael Jackson had spent together played vividly in her mind.

As much as she tried to deny it, it was clear that she was interested. Not in love, but physically attracted in a very large, if not huge scale. "Damn!" she thought to herself. Michael had re-ignited the attraction she had for older men and he would not get out of her head.

And truth be told, although Christina had been surrounded by some of the most gorgeous men on the face of the earth, she knew they could not hold a candle to Michael, despite the 22 year age gap between them. He was hot, talented, handsome, the whole package.

The booming space at the XS Lounge beckoned the visitor indoors, its reds, golds and blacks screaming indulgent luxury. Fashionably clad serving staff moved from booth to booth and the bass thumped from hidden speakers.

Christina made her way into the club, her VIP status entitling her to a secluded room in the heart of the action. The VIP room, tastefully decorated in gold and black velvet and darkened polished wood, was almost full.

"Is everybody here?" Christina asked as her beautiful blue eyes snaked around the assembled group of dancers. It wasn't too long before she was showering them with air kisses and buddy-hugs.

There was an album in the works – due the following year – so she always made sure they got together before a tour loomed in the horizon.

They all loved her and vied for her attention. But when a very dancey remix of Michael's tunes started to blast loudly from the speakers, they flew from their tables and gleefully attacked the dance floor.

Christina watched with amusement as the group of professional dancers outmoved the other revelers. She took a sip of her cocktail and licked her lips, her body racing and her mind pulsing as she thought of Michael. "*Something about you babe, that makes me want to give it to you...*" and her thoughts were glued to the lyrics.

The Pop Princess of Ecuadorian vintage was not in love with Michael, but had he shown up in front of her at that very moment, she would have spent the night with him again in a snap. She would not have missed having the entralling, sexy King of Pop all for herself again. Not for the world.

TBC



Quote

04-26-2010, 09:44 PM

#3



**mjsbabygirl**

Your Butt Is Mine

Join Date: Apr 2010  
Posts: 268  
Groans: 0  
Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts  
Thanks: 115  
Thanked 46 Times in 22 Posts

### Chapter 3

Michael, Prince and Paris were staying at his posh Hollywood hide-out. After putting the kids to bed he went into the master bedroom and laid on his larger than life bed. His head drowned in the soft pillow and his eyes were glued on the ceiling as he fruitlessly waited for sleep to come by.

He was startled when his cell phone rang on the night table. "Hello?" He said, wondering who was at the other end.

"Hey Mike, it's Frank." The young man said cheerfully as he'd detected the melancholy in Michael's voice. Frank Tyson was not only his personal assistant. He was also a close friend and confidant.

Michael stretched languidly on the bed. "Hey. What's up?" The thumping base of the music in the background gave him a hint of his friend's whereabouts.

"I'm at XS right now, having a hell of a good time. Why don't you come down? Lots of hot chicks all over."

"Um... nah. I don't dig clubs," Michael said in the most nonchalant tone of voice.

"Come on, man. I know you're lonely. Plus, the lovely Genie in a Bottle is here."

"Genie who?"

Frank laughed, amused that Michael hadn't caught the hint. He moved to a secluded corner of the V.I.P. room and looked around, making sure no one was listening. "P.Y.T. Christina Aguilera," he whispered in a conspiratorial tone. "She's burning the dance floor right now, shaking what her mama gave her. And she's alone, as far as I can see. She came in with a few dancers but there's no boyfriend."

Michael chuckled softly. "You know it's the same story every time I set foot in a club. They play my music non-stop and keep coming up to me, asking me to dance. I don't want to listen to my own music," he said, trying to steer away from the Christina subject.

He and Frank talked for a few more minutes before hanging up. Rubbing his eyes with his knuckles, Michael thought about that morning at the hotel. Christina was hot and great in bed. But she had been weird, not to mention slightly rude and he didn't want anything of that sort to ever happen again between them.

\*

Two months went by and Christina was enjoying some time off at the mansion she had purchased in the exclusive Cherry Hills suburb of Denver, Colorado. Following a grueling time in the recording studio, her schedule allowed her three weeks off during February.

The entertainment options for the upcoming weekend appeared dismal until the phone rang late Friday afternoon. A publicist friend of hers was hosting an impromptu house warming party at his new ski condominium.

Christina was thrilled. A party at Brian's abode meant copious alcohol, rocking until the early morning, maybe even a few mood-enhancing pharmaceuticals.

She dismissed her security guards for the weekend, screamed for her housekeeper and began sorting through the huge collection of expensive designer clothing she brought over from Los Angeles. The housekeeper, Mary—a nice and patient middle aged woman—tried her best to help Christina pack. The Pop Princess had been at odds with her mother lately, which contributed to her bad mood, Mary thought.

Christina randomly threw clothes and shoes about her bedroom and huge walk-in closet in search of the perfect outfit. She finally chose a pleated denim mini-skirt and a Missoni blouse, along with a pair of Prada boots, a combination costing more than most people make in a month.

She verbally admonished Mary for taking too long cleaning up the mess, made a comment about finding competent household staff and rushed out to her car. In her excitement Christina absentmindedly switched the address of Brian's home from "Old Willow Drive" to "Old Willow Road."

Clouds began filling the Denver sky and the temperature of the mountain air dropped rapidly. Christina started her new Porsche Turbo and merged smoothly with the traffic flow on Interstate 70. It was not long before the tall evergreen covered cliffs of the Rocky Mountains towered over her sleek German sports car.

The Porsche smoothly negotiated the interstate as the light snowfall intensified. Following a quick glance at her hastily recorded directions, she maneuvered her car onto the "Old Willow Road" exit and proceeded up the narrow winding path leading far back into the mountains. The wind howled and small snowdrifts crisscrossed the road. Christina began to question her poorly transcribed directions. She realized she was lost and alone on a desolate mountain road.

She picked up her cell phone and saw a "No Service" alert on the screen.

She debated retracing her steps but was unable to safely turn around due to the heavy snowfall. She incorrectly surmised that civilization lay just around the corner as she proceeded further up the snow packed and increasingly dangerous road. After another thirty minutes of very slow near zero visibility snow obscured travel the all-wheel-drive Porsche could barely claw its way through the ever-increasing drifts.

Out of nowhere, a large deer appeared directly in front of her car. Christina slammed on the brakes and the car spun in circles. Three revolutions later, the sleek German sports car slid into a large ravine. Buried deep in the snow, the engine quickly stalled.

Christina gathered her thoughts and reached for her cell phone. "No Service," still flashed ominously across the screen. She sat cold and scared in her disabled car. After a few moments her survival instinct took over as she grabbed her designer coat and her small Louis Vuitton suitcase, forced the door open and crawled out of her car.

As she took her first step, she dropped about three foot further into the ravine. She scrambled for a foothold as the heavy snow almost immediately began limiting her vision. Covered with snow, very cold and very frightened, she wiped the snow from her face and began to shiver. Her expensive clothes offered little protection and she realized she was in real trouble. In desperation, she grabbed a series of limbs and climbed out of the ravine. "My ass is freezing," she whined to herself, her face dissolving into tears.

She quickly surveyed her surroundings and confirmed her critical situation. A faint outline of a small pathway leading away from the road caught her attention.

She recovered her suitcase and half crawled and half walked towards what she thought might be an object in the distance. Shivering almost uncontrollably, Christina wiped the cold snow from her face one more time. In front of her was a gated and huge log and stone home with smoke coming from a chimney and the orange glow of the lights pouring through the windows. She spotted a few very expensive vehicles in the circular driveway and this gave her new hope. With all the strength she could muster, she forced herself up the short distance to the property.

She approached the wrought iron gates and used her remaining strength to scream for help.

Through her hypothermia induced delirium she finally saw when two men came out the front doors and approached the gates. Their heavy winter coats covered their dark suits.

"This is private property, young lady," one of them pointedly remarked as he and his colleague eyed her suspiciously.

"Do you guys live here?" She asked, holding onto the gate with a trembling hand.

"We're security," one of the men replied dryly.

Amid her desperation, Christina thought it was time to drop names. "Do you know who I am?"

The two stoic men exchanged glances and shook their heads unimpressively.

"I'm... I'm Christina Aguilera."

Following her boastful announcement she awaited the usual gasp exhibited by mere mortals who did not realize they are in the presence of a "Superstar" celebrity.

"You can't let me freeze out here!" She barked. "I have two Grammy awards, three platinum records. I am a regular on MTV. My concerts are all sell outs and three of my songs made the national top 10 in the last six months."

The men's eyes fell upon her small suitcase. "You're probably a groupie," one of them said condescendingly.

"Pretty bad day to wear a mini-skirt, don't you think?" the other one threw in.

Christina felt like giving them a piece of her mind. She was about to say something really foolish but she bit her tongue. Behaving like a little b\*itch would do her no good then. She was freezing, shaking like a leaf in a strong wind and very weak. Unable to hold on any longer, she collapsed in front of them, barely able to focus. The men opened the gate and gazed down at her. They looked like giants.

One of them reached down, scooped her up in his arms and carried her inside the mansion.

TBC



[Quote](#)

04-26-2010, 10:04 PM

#4



[mjsbabygirl](#)

Your Butt Is Mine

Join Date: Apr 2010  
Posts: 268  
Groans: 0  
Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts  
Thanks: 115  
Thanked 46 Times in 22 Posts

#### **Chapter 4**

The burly security man sat Christina down on a couch in the sprawling living room and then wrapped her up in a blanket. The w O -4hhh in fmin thlargshesprwl in fireplaiecrevitaligazet herAfapteina wer mut (e, sh)

Christina huffed in fury. "You had no right to go through my belongings!" she shrieked, shaking an angry finger at the men.

"Um, I guess I have to let you go, Eddie. Call you later, alright," Michael said into the phone as his ear picked up the loud argument. He flipped the cell phone shut and rushed down the remaining steps.

"What the hell is goin' on here?" Michael asked, his eyes darting around the group of dark suits gathered in front of the sofa.

One of the men pointed to the sofa. "This young lady over here, Mr. Jackson, she showed up at the gates, claiming she's Christina Aguilera."

Christina's mouth dropped open in horror, her raised hand falling limply to her lap as soon as she realized who had just appeared in front of her. She could not believe her misunderstanding had made her land on that doorstep. Michael Jackson, of all people!

"We're sorry, Mr. Jackson. We had to bring her in otherwise she was going to freeze up out there," a security man explained. Then he whispered something into Michael's ear.

"No, that won't be necessary," Michael shook his head with a soft laugh. "By the way, she is who she claims she is."

Christina offered her sarcastic gratitude to the security man. "Thank you for bringing me in from the cold."

"You're welcome," he returned politely.

Michael motioned to the men that they could go. "Thank you, gentlemen. You can leave us, now."

They made their way towards the door, their eyes sweeping the room as they left.

Christina's big blue eyes scanned the room for a moment then settled on Michael who was still standing before her like a statue. He rubbed his chin as he gazed down at her, as if pondering something.

She studied his face, taking in the flawless make-up on his porcelain skin; His famous mop of black curls secured in a ponytail with a few loose strands hanging over his big, beautiful chocolate eyes. As for the clothes, he wore black pants with a black military style jacket with a red armband. And his trademark black loafers.

She was suddenly shocked when he let out an explosive giggle. "You really like to stare at people, don't you?" Michael said, still chuckling.

She glared at him indignantly. "You may bask in my humiliation, Michael. Revenge is sweet, isn't it?"

Michael cleared his throat, his voice not as high pitched this time as he spoke. "You've ended up here by mistake, according to you. And revenge may be sweet to you, but is not my cup of tea. Speaking of which, would you like some tea, Miss Aguilera?"

Christina threw the blanket to the side and abruptly stood from the sofa. She stomped her bare foot, let out a huff, began to pace about the living room and hollered, "I'm just getting my just desserts for staring at you at the hotel, huh! By the way, I know Tae Kwan Do so don't get any ideas."

The little woman who had nearly died from exposure was now throwing an award-winning Hollywood starlet tantrum. The energy expended playing out her drama queen act took an almost immediate effect on Christina. She became dizzy and weak all over again and almost collapsed.

Michael picked her up, set her back on the sofa and wrapped her back up in the blanket.

After an appropriate time for her to recover, he reached down and handed Christina her suitcase. She looked at it and then up at Michael.

"There is a guest-room upstairs, the second door to your right," Michael said. "There is a bathroom in there. You need to take a warm shower and change into something dry before you start becoming hypothermic again. You can surely find your way upstairs without getting lost can't you?"

Her eyes glared; she frowned and tossed the suitcase aside.

With Michael's tolerance of Christina's celebrity brat behavior wearing thin, he turned towards her with a hint of redness to his face and directed, "Get your little bootie off that sofa, into the bathroom and out of

those wet clothes. Otherwise you'll have to go. I have no time for spoiled princess fits." He then narrowed his eyes at her. "Or maybe I should give you something you have probably needed for a long time. A good spanking, that is."

Michael's no-nonsense directive left Christina speechless. She knew she deserved every word of his reprimand. She was soaked to the bone and needed to change.

Without making further eye contact with him, she grabbed the suitcase and went off to the guest room upstairs.

TBC



Quote

04-26-2010, 10:38 PM

#5



mjsbabygirl

Your Butt Is Mine

Join Date: Apr 2010  
Posts: 268  
Groans: 0  
Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts  
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### Chapter 5

Once in the bathroom she opened the suitcase and found an assortment of summer clothes. Nothing was appropriate for winter. After a warm shower, she returned wearing another mini-skirt and blouse and a pair of high heeled Jimmy Choo sandals.

Half an hour later, Christina raced out of the bedroom and went downstairs. She found Michael in the big kitchen, his arms crossed over his chest as he stood by the stove.

He discreetly checked her out as she brushed past him towards the window. Still draping the area in huge snow drifts, the blizzard continued its assault.

Christina glanced out of the window and saw a couple of wild deer bolting over the large white mounds to feed by the nearby stream.

She stared at the deer like a small child in amazement of a wonder not seen before.

Seconds blurred into minutes, and a shrill whistle from the kettle awoke her from her reverie. The tea had boiled over.

Michael set two fine porcelain cups and saucers and a matching tea pot on the circular pine table. He pulled the chair out for Christina and then sat down across from her.

"Listen, Michael," she began, her cheeks reddening as she stared into the steaming liquid she had poured into her cup. "I'm sorry if I came across the wrong way at the hotel. I stared at you because... because I was in awe of you," she said softly.

"No need to think about it anymore. It's in the past," he said evenly. He rose from the chair and strolled over to the cupboard.

Michael brought a tin of cookies to the table and reclaimed his seat. Christina fought a sudden rush of tears by thinking about what he'd just said. So the night they'd spent together meant nothing to him at all. He'd just given her the brush-off. And it was all her fault! She admonished herself.

"I don't want to go back to where I'm staying right now," she told him, almost choking on her words. "I am

alone over there. The only company I have is my maid and my bodyguards."

Michael reached across the table and captured her hand in his. "I completely understand how it feels to be lonely, girl. You can stay here for a few days, as long as you call them to let them know you're okay. I don't want them to think I've kidnapped you. And oh, my two children are arriving tomorrow evening with the nanny. I hope you don't mind."

Christina smiled. "That's cool. I love children."

Michael returned the smile and gently pulled his hand away. "Actually I was getting kind of bored. It will be nice to have someone to talk to," he offered.

As they had their tea, Michael and Christina chatted along and found out a few things they had of mutual interest. They discussed a childhood under the control of a physically and emotionally abusive father, the discrimination he had faced on MTV for being an African American and the adversity she had faced for being of Latino heritage. They told each other of their mutual admiration for their vocal ability, for taking risks with their music videos and ever-changing image. They laughed when she told him she had been considered the little girl with a big voice while Michael told her he had been called a 42 year old midget as a little boy because of his singing abilities.

By the time they had finished the conversation, Christina had tears in her eyes. She wiped them, swallowed hard, went around the table and hugged Michael, very much aware of his physique and his cologne. Embarrassed by her impulsive action she recoiled and apologized.

Michael quickly squelched any need for an apology with a smile, "No apology necessary. That was nice."

They said their good nights with another hug. She followed him into the living room and watched with great disappointment as he went up the stairs and disappeared into the hallway.

Christina glanced around the room, looking for something to entertain herself with. She noticed the black baby grand piano at a corner. She walked to it and ran her finger tips along its shiny surface. She sat on the bench and as if under a spell, she started to play and sing one of her songs:

Michael had already changed into his black satin pajamas when the sound of Christina's soulful voice reached out to him behind the closed door of his bedroom.

He opened the door and laid down on the couch in the sitting area, his head on the armrest. He kicked off his sleepers and they tumbled onto the floor. The fireplace was the only light on. Lying on the couch Michael noticed the shadows cast around the room and across the ceiling by the single light source.

Christina's voice washed over him. He closed his eyes slightly, but without the little effort to hold them shut. His eyebrows jutted up with her higher lilt. A faint grin ran across his face at the sweet chords. He tapped out the rhythm with one finger on his stomach, and shook his head faintly with the beauty of the words. He tried to focus on her words, but they just swept around him. He needed a friend, a lover he could turn to. The lyrics spoke what he dreamed of.

Michael felt the way Christina sounded. In this mood he didn't have words for, it was soothing to hear her sing his blues. She was putting her finger on it right along with him. Or for him. She was doing it for him. She shook him to the core.

He couldn't be certain she was right for him just then. He was uneasy admitting that she had something he needed. He didn't want to take anything from her. He didn't want to take her for granted. They had a gap of many years between them. But love had no age. At least that's what his heart-not his head-was telling him.



### I Turn To You

*When I'm lost in the rain*

*In your eyes I know I'll find the light  
To light my way, when I'm scared losing ground  
When my world is going crazy you can turn it all around  
And when I'm down you're there pushing me to the top  
You're always there giving me all you've got*

*For a shield, from the storm for a friend, for a love*

*To keep me safe and warm, I turn to you*

*For the strength to be strong, for the will to carry on  
For everything you do, for everything that's true, I turn to you*

*When I lose the will to win*

*I just reach for you and I can reach the sky again  
I can do anything 'cause your love is so amazing  
'Cause your love inspires me  
And when I need a friend you're always on my side  
Giving me faith taking me through the night*

*For a shield, from the storm, for a friend, for a love*

*To keep me safe and warm, I turn to you*

*For the strength to be strong and for the will to carry on  
For everything you do I turn to you yeah*

*For the arms to be my shelter through all the rain*

*For truth that will never change for someone to lean on  
But for a heart I can rely on through anything  
For the one who I can run to oh I turn to you*

*For a shield from the storm, for a friend, for a love*

*To keep me safe and warm, I turn to you*

*For the strength to be strong, for the will to carry on  
For everything you do, for everything that's true  
For everything you do, for everything that's true, I turn to you*

TBC



Quote

04-26-2010, 11:00 PM

#6

**mjsbabygirl**

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## Chapter 6

Christina had just closed the piano lid when she heard the sudden clapping. "Bravo!"

She swung around and gazed up to see Michael standing at the top of the stairs. "That was lovely," he said as he glided down the steps. "I was ready for sleep but..." his voice trailed off.

"Oh my God, Michael. I might have scared off your sleep. I'm so sorry," Christina apologized.

He had changed from his pajamas to his normal clothes, his shoulder length mop of dark curls now loose.

"No worries," Michael said as he reached the last step. "Your voice is overwhelmingly beautiful. It was like listening to an angel sing."

Christina beamed with pride. No matter how famous an artist was, receiving the King of Pop's seal of approval was better than chocolate.

Michael smiled sweetly as he stood before her. "What about a glass of red wine, girl?"

"I would love to," she nodded enthusiastically.

Michael disappeared into the kitchen and into the cellar door.

Christina sank into the chintz sofa and crossed her legs. A few minutes later he re-emerged, clutching two wine glasses with one hand and an uncorked bottle of red wine with the other.

"Jesus juice," Michael said, pouring each one a glass.

Michael handed her a glass, turning red when his eyes swept over her beautiful legs. He looked at her and noticed the light of the burning fireplace reflecting from her gorgeous blue eyes.

She struggled to suppress a giggle as he grabbed his glass and perched on the other end of the sofa, staring at his shoes. What was the matter with this guy? She couldn't believe he would be that timid towards her, not after that tryst at the hotel. But then he could have been drunk, she thought, as she didn't remember too much of it either.

Neither of them spoke for a few minutes. Christina was the first to break the silence. She ventured closer, clinking her glass against his. "To the beginning of a wonderful friendship," she said.

Michael looked sad for a moment. Then he smiled and his eyes met hers as they took another sip of their wine. Friendship would be for the best, he concluded, for getting involved with her would be ultimately foolish. He had considered it but quickly pushed the idea out of his mind. The age difference between them bothered him, not to mention that their superstar status would most definitely generate tabloid fodder once they found out about it.

"So, I've heard you're working on a new album. How's that going?" Michael inquired, studying her face, trying hard not to let his eyes slide down her legs again.

Christina sipped her wine and licked her lips. "Well, there's still a lot of work to be done. I need to spend some more time in the studio. Then we have to plan for the tour and all. You know how it works."

"Oh yeah," Michael sighed. "If it wasn't for my beloved fans, I wouldn't do it. The long tours, I mean. I'm so fed-up with the different time zones and hotel rooms. They are cold and lonely. I stare the crowds below me, hidden by the curtains, and I feel isolated from the world. I hear all those people chanting my name, yet I'm so alone."

"Tell me about it," she said, letting out a sigh of her own. "But I've watched your concerts from the audience, you know," she revealed.

"Really?" Michael asked, surprised.

"Yeah. I saw you onstage twice. Once during the HIStory tour and another during the Dangerous Tour. No wonder you're the King of Pop, Michael. You're the most amazing and electrifying performer."

Michael couldn't stop blushing. Despite all the accolades, he was not yet used to compliments like that. The pair sat in silence for another bit. She finished her wine and he stood from the sofa, pouring her another glass. He went to where she sat and plopped down beside her. They were much closer this time.

"And not only that," Christina went on. "You're such a caring individual. It's not everyday that an artist donates the entire proceeds of a tour to charity."

Michael blushed even more and looked away. A slight shiver ran up his spine when he felt her hand landing softly on his thigh, gently stroking it, in a very tender way. A long curl fell on his face and his big brown eyes looked straight at her and through her.

"Thank you, Michael, for being this incredible source of inspiration. Not only to me but also to all other performing artists around the world," Christina said gently.

"Uh-uh," Michael shook his head. "This is where the inspiration truly comes from," he said, pointing to her heart.

"You're so humble, you know that? Besides, an awesome guy like you should not be alone. You need a woman to love you and treat you right," Christina said in the softest of voices, her fingertips caressing the cheek of the legend beside her. My God, she thought, Michael really was gorgeous. Gorgeous beyond comprehension.

Before they knew it, their lips met in a warm embrace. Michael felt his head spin as he kissed the Pop Princess, and felt her reciprocate his kiss. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her into him, feeling all the passion flowing from her. Their tongues danced together, and she ran her fingers through Michael's famous curls. His mouth was warm as he kissed her sweetly, slowly, softly. That kiss they were sharing at that moment sent a sparkling thrill through her body. It was a heaven she'd never experienced before.

Suddenly Michael came to his senses and pulled away from her.

"I can't.... I can't do this!" he said, standing up. Christina got up along with him.

"I'm sorry, Christina, I don't know what came over me; that shouldn't have happened. I am so sorry," Michael said in the most apologetic and sorrowful tone he could muster.

He walked towards the stairs. Christina called after him. "No, Michael wait! You've done nothing wrong!" But he sprinted up the steps and disappeared into the hallway.

TBC



Quote

04-26-2010, 11:18 PM

#7



[mjsbabygirl](#)

Your Butt Is Mine

Join Date: Apr 2010  
Posts: 268  
Groans: 0  
Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts  
Thanks: 115  
Thanked 46 Times in 22 Posts

I apologize for this post being sort of boring but I want to exploit the pitfalls of two big pop stars being in a relationship. It will get better, don't worry. I had added/changed a few bits from the previous version on the other forum. [And please feel free to leave comments.](#)

Chapter 7

Christina got out of bed the next morning and Michael was nowhere to be seen. He had just disappeared into thin air. She shrugged her shoulders and had breakfast alone in the kitchen.

Soon one of Michael's bodyguards informed her that her sports car had been pulled out of the ditch. So she changed, grabbed her belongings and went home, just like that. Wow, not even a simple goodbye, she thought of Michael as she drove along the snowy highway. She could not believe that the well-mannered King of Pop had behaved like that, especially towards a lady. What was he scared of? Had she grown seven heads without being aware of it?

To her surprise, Michael called her that evening to check up on her in his gentlemanly manner. He had apologized for taking off on her and they chatted over the phone on a daily basis for the next two weeks.

#### **Two weeks later**

It was seven in the morning and Christina had just gotten up after a mere three hours sleep. She was tired but yet full of giddiness for having another conversation with Michael.

Love is a funny word, she mused to herself as she peered out the panoramic window of her Hollywood Hills home. Sunlight had filled the room with light, washing over the fresh flowers in vases at the windows. The flowers had looked beautiful and alive, nourishing the living room. Beyond the windows, the leaves on the trees were tossing in a playful breeze. Fluffy light clouds hovered over the landscape in a blue, almost transparent sky.

Love had no definite meaning. Sure, the dictionary could use some big words to make it sound sweet, give it some meaning, and to supply people a sense of security. Scientists would argue that it was a chemical reaction. Some big worded element mixing with some kind of microscopic doodad with a 4-syllable long name.

A 'regular' person could go off on some long story about how loving someone meant never wanting to let them go, but doing whatever you must to keep them happy. A teenager could describe it as someone that carried your books and called you 'babe' or 'hon', while a small child could think of princes and princesses, long stories of triumph, and happily ever afters. Which one had it right? The one who saw love as nothing more than science?

How about the one who would sacrifice their own happiness for someone else's? Or maybe it was the one who thought love was the most wonderful thing in the world, and that it had no consequences but a life full of enjoyment.

At this moment in time, Christina Aguilera could not answer that question. She was beyond confused about what she felt, read, or thought about. For years, love had just been another word in her vocabulary. If she thought about her dad, it would be even worse. Then the word carried no meaning at all. She had forgotten what it was like to believe in love, but after interacting with Michael, she was beginning to understand, and perhaps even feel it.

She hadn't realized it, of course, and now, looking back, she felt somewhat like a fool for truly registering the fact that Michael was beginning to grow on her, to be a major part of her life. She was only now starting to accept the fact that she couldn't get him out of her head. Seriously.

As a child, she had dreamt of love. Of fairy tales with happily ever afters. It was a dumb thing to dream of-princes and dragons and magical kisses that would wake one even from the deepest of slumbers-but who was a little girl to help it? Of course, once the 'little girl with the big voice' reached 10 years old she realized that none of this could be true. She observed the world around her, and that led to the conclusion that love was simply someone who was around you all the time, someone you had an attachment to. Her theory, again, was proven wrong when her dad had left and she had nobody around-except for her mom- to show what love was.

She became a celebrated pop star, feeling lonely and isolated and that, along with not having felt love in so long, made her believe that the thing people called love was simply a chemical reaction in the brain releasing endorphins and hormones that made people feel good about it.

But it wasn't so simple, as she soon came to discover. After meeting Michael and getting to know him she began to feel a little tinge of happiness again just by thinking about him. This, she could only conclude, was love. They had so much in common, starting with the adversity they had faced in the industry. She for her Latino heritage, and he for being African American.

Could one person really be the cause of so much happiness, so much joy, and so much pain all at once? Why was it that, although they both wanted and felt the same things, they were forced to stay apart?

Christina felt a little like Juliet, and like Michael was Romeo. Instead of a family feud preventing them from being together, it was themselves and the pitfalls of their profession. They were not a couple that had met at a supermarket or laundry mat. They were both pop superstars who lived under the microscope as the entire world watched them. It was up to them to cross that line fearlessly and show the world they were

#8

#9



[Quote](#)

04-27-2010, 12:20 AM

#10



**squiffy**   
Your Butt Is Mine

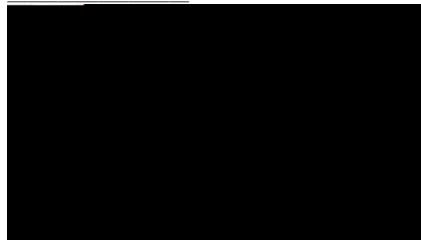
Join Date: Nov 2009  
Location: Leicestershire, UK  
Posts: 386  
Groans: 0  
Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts  
Thanks: 32  
Thanked 101 Times in 52 Posts  




Quote:

Originally Posted by **mjsbabyygirl** 

hehe! Yeah, I think I do know what you mean! \*cough\* Not so censored on here!! Yay!!



I'm melting, like hot candle wax. (dot 6222)

[Quote](#)



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Fan Fiction



All times are GMT -7. The time now is **03:13 PM**.

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