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04-27-2010, 03:24 AM #11

**MJsPYT777**  
 KEEPER OF THE COBRA

Join Date: Nov 2009  
 Location: Boston, MA  
 Posts: 4,669  
 Groans: 2  
 Groaned at 2 Times in 2 Posts  
 Thanks: 348  
 Thanked 1,112 Times in 670 Posts

I started reading this in the other forum, I'm glad you continued to write! I love MJ, I love Christina the two of them together? Yum!



Quote

04-27-2010, 05:41 AM #12

**Mrs. Järvis**  
 Living Off The Wall

Join Date: Apr 2010  
 Location: Germany  
 Posts: 27  
 Groans: 0  
 Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts  
 Thanks: 12  
 Thanked 19 Times in 9 Posts

How much I love this story 🙄  
 Christina and Michael are really cute together.

Quote

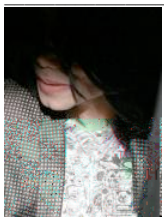
04-27-2010, 06:41 AM #13

**Beautifulsoul**  
 Posting 'Till The Break Of Dawn

Join Date: Nov 2009  
 Location: Cleveland, Ohio U.S.(Dot #239530)  
 Posts: 3,378  
 Groans: 1  
 Groaned at 1 Time in 1 Post  
 Thanks: 1,196  
 Thanked 1,078 Times in 555 Posts

[View Photos By: Beautifulsoul](#)

Sounds good!Keep us updated...pleeze 😊



Perseverance,strength,beauty,love.

Quote

04-27-2010, 08:37 AM

#14



Naima  
Everyday Create Your HIStory

Join Date: Feb 2010  
Location: On the floor, in the round.  
Posts: 866  
Groans: 0  
Groaned at 1 Time in 1 Post  
Thanks: 248  
Thanked 406 Times in 207 Posts  


An update, please. 🙏

Quote

04-27-2010, 04:03 PM

#15



iwrite4mj  
Stuck in the Middle

Join Date: Apr 2010  
Location: Manchester, NH USA  
Posts: 95  
Groans: 0  
Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts  
Thanks: 2  
Thanked 73 Times in 43 Posts  


Isabella, another great story. Am sorry now that I din't start reading this one sooner but am looking forward to updates on this as-well-as more on Taking Chances.

Will be getting mine up on here soon.

Perhaps having it in two places at once will hopefully afford it a larger audience as it's not getting much feedback where it is now.

L.O.V.E.

Paula



Michael  
You're Our  
Brown-Eyed  
Guy

The greatest education in the world is watching the masters at work. MJ

Quote

04-27-2010, 05:15 PM

#16



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  


\*\*\*\*\*

Christina navigated easily through the camera flashes of the paparazzi with two bodyguards in tow, not allowing it to slow her down. A grande caramel frappuchino in her right hand, her brand new Blackberry in the other as she exited the recording studio.

She took a long drink of her frozen beverage before digging through her purse, trying to find her keys.

After a few unsuccessful attempts, she finally grasped her manicured nails around her car keys and continued walking towards her black Lexus SUV. As usual, the paparazzi shouted questions, about her personal life, her latest 'controversial' music video, and the supposed liaison with King of Pop Michael Jackson.

Without answering to their questions, she gave them one of her thousand watt smiles and a small wave as she climbed into the driver seat of the car.

She checked her mirrors carefully, as she cautiously backed out of the parking space, not wanting to hit anyone.

Once she was freed from the confining streets of downtown Los Angeles, she rolled her windows down and turned the volume up on her stereo and allowed the wind to blow through her blond hair. Driving down the 101, she was thankful that the traffic wasn't as bad as it usually was.

She arrived at her home and once inside, she looked in the living room, and didn't see anyone; the kitchen was empty as was the game room. Christina went upstairs and poked her head into the master bedroom, which she insisted that her mother occupy when she was in town, despite her insistence that it should be Christina's room.

After she realized that the house was in fact empty, she went back downstairs and into the family room. She tossed her phone and frappuchino onto the coffee table in front of the plush couch and reached for the remote to the big screen television.

Christina found one of the music channels and kicked off her shoes and began moving her body to the beat of the music. She took a sip of her drink to realize that the music she was unconsciously moving her body to was 'Dangerous', a Michael Jackson song.

"Dancing in your living room, to your boyfriend's song," Christina's younger sister, Rachel, noticed as she walked into the family room. "Only you Chris... Only you."

"Michael is not my boyfriend," Christina retorted as she lowered the volume on the television and pulled her blond hair into a pile on top of her head. "I was just listening to music and it came on, and my brain did my tour routine."

"Yeah, sure," Rachel scoffed with a dismissive wave.

The music video ended and two young TV hosts came on the screen. "And now we have some very hot gossip about King of Pop Michael Jackson and Princess of Pop Christina Aguilera," the female host said as she fixed the red baseball cap on her head.

Christina looked at her sister and brought a finger to her lips. "Shhh, I wanna hear this," she warned, increasing the TV volume way up.

Rachel took a spot of the overstuffed couch next to Christina. The two women barely blinked as a huge image of Michael and an unknown blonde leaving a celebrity hotspot flickered on the screen.

"Well, it seems that the Genie in a Bottle didn't have enough power to keep Peter Pan in check. The fairy-tale is no more," the male host said, his voice peppered with a touch of teen sarcasm.

"Michael Jackson has been spotted around town with a young blonde clinging to his arm," the female host threw in. "Our sources say that her name is Joanna Thomae and they were leaving the Ivy restaurant last night."

Christina took another sip of her drink and she almost choked on it as her head processed the information. Not that she and Michael were officially dating, but what about those long phone conversations and the love talk? So that's why he had not called her in many days. He had chosen a groupie over her. Michael was a *playah*, she thought bitterly to herself.

## Christina Aguilera/Michael Jackson - Smooth Criminal



TBC



Last edited by mjsbabygirl; 04-30-2010 at 09:40 PM.

Quote

04-27-2010, 05:23 PM

#17



**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

Christina stood in front of the wall of mirrors while one of her songs blasted from the speakers. She was rehearsing the choreography for her upcoming video shoot and was having trouble mastering the steps for the chorus of the song.

"I know you can do this" the choreographer encouraged her. "Stop thinking about it and just dance."

Christina took a few deep breaths and watched him do the steps once more before rewinding the song and trying it herself. "I did it!" she squealed, jumping up and down. She high fived her dancers and decided that it was time to break for lunch.

She walked across the hard wood floors of the dance studio, wearing a black sports bra and red sofee's shorts towards the corner that her friend Mehar-a.k.a Liberian Girl-was sitting in. Mehar had her cell phone pressed against her ear and her silver MacBook open in front of her.

"Tokio Hotel," Mehar clarified. "Go to the back wall, towards the left, third shelf from the bottom, back of the blue bin." Christina knew that Mehar was telling someone where they could find a particular record in the store. She was amazed that Mehar had pretty much the entire store memorized, including the non organized, miscellaneous record collection.

"Found it?" Mehar asked. "Okay, wonderful. And there is someone coming by later to drop off some CDs. Just pay her twenty bucks and put the boxes behind the counter, I will sort them out tomorrow. Talk to you later." Mehar ended the call and set her phone on the ground between her legs.

"I still think it's funny that you know more about that store than the guy that owns it" Christina said as she took a seat next to her friend.

"Yeah, it's because he doesn't know anything about music," Mehar laughed. "His favorite band is 'The Offspring'. They have like one chord progression."

"Let's not get you started on your music tangent," Christina laughed as she grabbed her brown paper sac from inside her oversized messenger bag. She sat with her legs in a "V" in front of her and poured the contents on the ground. She took her peanut butter and jelly sandwich out of its bag and took a bite.

"Um... there is something concerning you that we should talk about," Mehar said.

"What about me?" Christina asked. "Are you going to tell me that the dress I wore to the studio was too short or too low cut? Because trust me... all of the gossip sites already commented on it."

"I think your dress was totally cute," Mehar replied, "but that's not what we are talking about."

As Christina shoved another piece of her sandwich into her mouth, Mehar reached forward and took a handful of goldfish out of the Ziploc bag sitting on the ground.

"You and a certain artist," Mehar chimed in.

"What are you talking about?" Christina inquired with mock innocence. She knew what was coming. Mehar was a huge fan of Michael's and she knew all the gossip about him. She had been thrilled when she had found out that Christina and her idol had been linked to one another.

"When I was at work this morning" Mehar began, "Two girls came in, looking for a certain vinyl record for someone, and I over heard them talking about how one of them had the King of Pop wrapped around her finger."

Christina almost choked on her sandwich. "You mean that the blonde Michael has been parading around town was at the store?"

Mehar nodded. "Uh huh. Hers truly. She had her little nose up in the air, bragging about it. I didn't mean to eavesdrop but I couldn't resist. I pretended I was arranging some CDs in another aisle and heard everything they said. Michael Jackson has some weird taste when it comes to women, that's for sure. That Joanna is some ugly chick."

Christina glared at her friend disapprovingly. "C'mon, Mehar! You know I don't like to call people ugly!"

"Okay, okay! Let's say she's not that attractive. Not to mention b-o-r-i-n-g," Mehar said in a sing song voice.

They shared a laugh, while Christina finished her bottle of water and Rice Krispies treat. She collected her trash and threw it away in the trash can next to her and stood up. Christina stretched out her legs briefly, while she waited for the rest of the dancers to get ready to rehearse again.

Christina perfected the choreography for the video shoot that was scheduled for the end of the week. She insisted on running through it three times flawlessly before being satisfied with the result. Since the dancers were already present and warmed up, they ran through a few more songs for an upcoming television performance.

Several hours later, Christina was drenched in sweat and her legs felt like they were going to buckle beneath her at any moment. "Let's call it a day" she decided. "Great work everyone." Everyone started to pack up and headed out of the dance studio. Christina walked back towards where Mehar was packing up on the floor and picked her tank top off of the ground.

She pulled the shirt over her head and pulled it down and it rested just above her belly button. Christina knew that a picture of her in short shorts and a short shirt was going to be the headlining picture on the internet later, but decided that she would rather be scrutinized for her clothing choices than die of heat stroke.

"Am I taking you home?" Christina asked Mehar as they walked out of the studio and towards the parking lot.

"Actually, I think I am going to go into work for a bit," Mehar answered, "so I'm just going to walk. It's not that far from here."

"You sure?" Christina asked. Mehar nodded her head and Christina shrugged her shoulders. "Okay, have fun. Call me later."

Mehar waved over her shoulder and Christina walked confidently down the street, swaying her hips a little more than necessary as she walked towards her car. She posed with a few fans for pictures and waved at the paparazzi before completing the walk to her car.

As she arrived at her car, a few more paparazzi began taking pictures of her. They snapped pictures of her bare tan legs and her flat tan stomach, and she knew that her outfit was going to be commented on the following morning on OceanUP or Perez Hilton but she just smiled as she pulled her oversized sunglasses over her eyes.

Christina climbed into her Lexus SUV and threw her messenger bag into the backseat. She turned the radio on, scanning through her programmed stations until she found one that wasn't on a commercial break. Suddenly the edgy voice of Michael Jackson flowed into her car and Christina didn't make a move to change the radio station.

"So he has chosen a groupie over me....Seriously?" she continued to think. "Too bad for him!"

She started the engine and switched the radio station. Without any warning, Michael Jackson's newest single blared through her speakers. "Really?" Christina thought to herself, "all these damn stations play Michael Jackson tunes!"

Christina changed to another the radio station, landing on another that was playing a Lil Wayne song. "See...if I had a crush on him... I would have stayed on that station" Christina reasoned. She drove the rest of way to her house, trying to convince herself that she had nothing more than friendship feelings towards the King of Pop.

Christina pushed the thoughts to the back of her mind as she pulled into her driveway. She grabbed her bag from the back seat, and walked up the three steps before throwing open the front door and collapsing onto the couch.

\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile in Neverland...

Joanna and her girlfriend entered the main house, giggling at each other like two silly schoolgirls. They crossed the foyer and immediately stopped when they heard the flip flop of Michael's shoes coming down the steps.

Something is not quite right," Joanna thought to herself as she greeted Michael with a bright smile and got no response from him. His face was dead serious, his cheeks were red and his eyes were like two dark buttons shooting daggers at her. This time he wasn't even wearing his trademark sunglasses, which meant he did want her to see his eyes.

"Joanna, may I speak with you for a moment in the main living room?"

"Of course," Joana replied with a faint smile. She excused herself to her friend and followed Michael into the nearby room.

Michael moved over to the fireplace and crossed his arms over his chest.

"What was that all about, Joanna?"

"What do you mean?" Gosh, he seems really mad at me. What have I done this time?

"What is it with you trying to hold hands with me every time we step out in public? And what the hell have you told my mother? Just because my family came over here and you had some pictures taken with them, it doesn't mean we are getting married!"

"But Michael, I never said anything to anyone. I mean, why are you listening to the tabloids?" the blonde said in a shaky voice. She had heard that Michael could go into fits of rage, but now she was experiencing it. She was scared as a puppy.

"Girl, I don't have to read the tabloids. I have people who do that for me and they always inform me when it really gets out of hand!" Michael barked.

"I never said anything, I swear. You have to believe me!" Joanna said in a pleading tone.

"I am sick and tired of women confusing my good friendship for something else. You better watch what you say and how you act, otherwise your days at Neverland are numbered, got it?"

TBC



Last edited by mjsbabygirl; 04-27-2010 at 07:09 PM.

Quote

04-27-2010, 05:38 PM

#18



**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



Michael stretched his hands above his head and his eyes fluttered open. He sat up slowly and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes. After a few more yawns and stretches, he slipped out of the huge four poster bed and dragged himself towards the bathroom.

A while later after getting into fresh clothes, he put his make-up on and grabbed his dark shades off his night stand and slipped them up his nose.

Michael walked along the window lined hallway and as soon as he reached the bottom of the stairs he heard the voices of Prince and Paris talking to Frank Tyson, his personal assistant.

"Good morning!" Michael beamed at his children as soon as he stepped into the breakfast room.

"Good morning, daddy!" returned the two youngsters in unison.

The proud papa went around the table and kissed and hugged each of his precious children, and they all exchanged 'I love you's'. He then went over to where nanny Grace sat with baby Blanket, who was just a three month old bundle of meat in her arms.

"Good morning, Blanket. Daddy loves you." Michael said sweetly, placing a kiss on the baby's chubby cheek and ruffling the mop of dark hair on top of the baby's head.

"Good morning, Frank. Good morning, Grace," Michael said as he plopped down on the empty seat next to Paris. As he filled his bowl with cereal and reached for the milk, he did not notice that Frank had been watching him. Frank did look like he had something very important to discuss.

Frank waited until the children and the nanny were finished with their breakfasts. He made sure they were out of earshot and took a seat next to Michael, who was skimming through a music trade magazine while munching on his cereal.

"What?" Michael mumbled, taking another spoonful and not looking up from what he was reading.

"Um, Mike... what's up with you and this Joanna Thomae chick?"

"Me and who?" Michael asked. "Oh Joanna? No. We are just friends."

"Have you forgotten that we are friends?" Frank chimed in. "And I know when you are flirting with someone, and you are certainly flirting with Joanna. By the way, where is she?"

"Probably sleeping. She and her friends are not up until eleven. Sometimes noon."

"So that's why you're tired!" Frank said with a smirk.

Michael gave him a look.

"Just kidding," Frank said. Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "Ah, I know! You're still thinking about the Genie in a Bottle. Or should I say Drrty Christina? And why are you so against it?" Frank asked. "You and the Pop Princess have a lot in common. Just from how she acts in interviews and stuff that I have seen. You are both weird and funny."

"Even so," Michael reasoned, "There will never be such a thing as Michael Jackson and Christina Aguilera."

"Once again, why are you so against it?" Frank persisted.

"Because it's too complicated. We are both famous and the tabloids are going to be all over us."

"Fine," Frank conceded. "But Mike, let's get real. It will be tabloid chaos regardless of who you date. You once told me that you like women who are in showbiz because they understand what you go through. You said that Christina and you have a lot in common, blah blah blah. So, what's the issue? And when you get together with Christina for real, because I think it is bound to happen, I will try not to say 'I told you so.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

Christina sat on the overstuffed couch in the downstairs family room, her freshly painted toenails propped up on the edge of the coffee table and the latest issue of Good Housekeeping spread across her lap. An episode of CSI Miami played across the television screen, its volume on mute as her eyes roamed across the page of the magazine.

Mehar skipped into the living room and hopped over the back of the couch and plopped down next to Christina. She immediately grabbed the remote control and switched the channel to FUSE and unmuted the television.

"Please, help yourself," Christina said sarcastically. "Feel free to change the volume and the channel."

"Will do," Mehar replied. "It's not like you are paying attention. You are too busy reading your magazine.... Who's on the cover this month, the inventor of paper maché?"

"Martha Stewart, thank you very much" Christina laughed, as she continued to read the article.

"I love that you read Good Housekeeping," Mehar laughed. "If only your millions of fans knew that you loved reading magazines designed for housewives."

"Whatever," Christina giggled as she finished the article, marked her page in the magazine and closed the pages. "But since it bothers you so much, I will just finish reading it later."

"Well, you know that you need to start getting ready for the Clive Davis party," Mehar noted. "Have you picked out a dress yet?"

"I think I am going to wear that blue Marc Jacobs dress," Christina decided.

"That one is really short," Mehar remembered. Christina shot her a 'so what?' glance and she continued, "Aren't you going to get cold?"

"They party is inside," she reminded her friend. "It will be fine."

"Alright," Mehar conceded. "Are you having Jose Eber do your hair and Martina your make-up?"

"Nah," Christina said. "It's just the Grammy pre-party. I mean yeah, it's Clive Davis, but whatever. They are doing everything for me tomorrow, but I got tonight on lock down."

"Do you know how you are going to do your hair?" Mehar motioned towards Christina's damp, and slightly frizzy hair hanging from her head. "Because as sexy as it is right now..."

"Shut up" Christina laughed. "I didn't do anything to it when I got out of the shower. I am probably just going to straighten it. Maybe pin some of it back away from my face, and leave the rest of it down. And make-up wise, I'm thinking, since the dress it's kind of a royal blue, I will go with gold eye shadow and like a nude glossy lip."

"I can see that," Mehar said, as she pictured it in her head. "When do you need to start getting ready?"

"Probably now," Christina said, looking at the large grandfather clock in the corner of the room. "I have to



leave here in like an hour and a half."

"Okay," Mehar said as she stood up from the couch. "Well, you have fun, and uh... Tell Michael Jackson that the Liberian Girl says hello," she purred with a seductive eye brow raise. "If you aren't too busy flirting with him that is."

"Talk to you later," Christina said dramatically.

TBC



Quote

04-27-2010, 05:51 PM

#19



**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 11

### That same evening at Neverland

Michael sat in the big bed inside his bedroom, his back resting against the bedpost, his legs outstretched in front of him and reading glasses up his nose as he gingerly fingered the corner of the page in his book.

"Daddy!" Little Paris, her hair done up in two braids, bustled into the room and jumped into Michael's lap as roughly as seemingly possible. Her lovely blue eyes and her petite mouth both fixed into the sweetest smile as she looked up into the face of her father.

Michael smiled down at the small child in his lap. He looked up when he heard Prince rushing into the room. The little boy jumped on the bed, giggling deliciously, his blond hair shining in the still available sunlight that flooded through the windows. He and his little sister were already dressed for sleep, looking adorable in their animal print pajamas.

Soon a smiling nanny Grace appeared in the doorway with baby Blanket in her arms. She sat down on the plush velvet armchair across from the bed. "They want to hear a story from you before going to bed tonight," said she.

Michael set the book that was in his hands on the night table beside the bed. "And where is the book you want me to read, my darlings?" he inquired, his gaze darting between his two lovely children.

"Tell us a love story!" Prince screamed as a content sigh escaped his lips.

Paris looked up at Michael with her bright blue eyes and nodded her head in agreement, "Yes, please tell us a love story, Daddy."

He smiled a soft smile as he played with Paris' hair, thinking that if his heart had wings, he would be flying to the sky at that very moment. "Alright, I'll tell you a love story then."

Michael got a little more comfortable in the bed before clearing his throat and beginning, "Once upon a time \_"

As he began his story Prince gave a huff of frustration before speaking, "No, I don't wanna hear they meet, they look at each other, they fall in love."

"We want to hear something different, something real!" Paris threw her hands in the air animatedly, nearly hitting Michael in the face.

Nanny Grace and Michael stared at each other in shock and shared a quick laugh. It was incredible to them how well-spoken and smart those little tykes could be at such a tender age.

His gaze snapped back to his children. He nodded his head and remembered a little tale his mother Katherine had told him when he was a little boy.

The children smiled happily before he started once again with a story, "Once upon a time there was a little mouse at 2300 Jackson Street..."

Michael was halfway through the story when Frank Tyson poked his head inside the room. He watched the loving interaction between Michael and the beautiful children. Those were the moments when Frank knew that his boss was truly happy.

Later on, after tucking his children in with Grace's help, Michael found Frank waiting for him in the window lined hallway that led to the master bedroom.

"What is it?" Michael asked, Frank trailing behind him as he made his way into the bedroom.

"So, you're not going to Clive Davis' party?"

"Nope. But I will be at the Grammys tomorrow."

"Clive is going to be disappointed. Suzanne de Passe and Quincy Jones are going to be there."

"Yeah, I know. Just call him and apologize for me," Michael said nonchalantly as he kicked off his sleepers and plopped down in the bed.

Frank was not a bit surprised, though. Michael always made people wonder whether he was going to show up at parties or not. It was part of the King of Pop's mystique.

"Oh, one more thing," Frank piped up. "Speaking of the Grammys, Joanna approached me and asked me to ask you if she can be your date to the awards tomorrow."

Michael settled the book down in his lap and looked up at Frank over the rim of his reading glasses. "Tell her no. I can't. There is already enough gossip as it is."

Frank turned on his heels and as he was about to go out the door, he spun around to look at Michael one last time. "You know, Michael, as a friend I have a little piece of advice for you. I know you've got the hots for Christina and vice versa. Don't let happiness pass you by just because of fear or pride, man. Go for it. Life is too short. Screw the tabloids."

Without saying another word, Frank turned and let himself out of the room, closing the door behind him.

\*\*\*\*\*

Christina looked at her watch. The party at the Beverly Hilton had been in full swing for a couple of hours. Every time a new guest walked in the doors, her heart gave a jolt. She glanced at her watch again. Almost 11 p.m. and she had tirelessly surveyed the crowd. But no sign of Michael Jackson.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mehar ran down the stairs as soon as she heard Christina's car pull into the driveway.

Her eyes widened with anticipation when the door opened and Christina came into view. "Gosh, I stayed overnight and couldn't sleep a wink. So, how was it? Was he there?" Mehar asked excitedly, short of hopping up and down like a small kid. But her excitement soon melted away when she picked up the disappointed look on her friend's face. "Oh, no! What happened?"

"Nothing. He wasn't there," Christina replied dryly.

"Don't worry. He's going to be at the Grammys," Mehar said for comfort.

Christina threw herself on the couch. "I don't care anymore. He's probably in the arms of that stupid groupie as we speak. Whatever. To each their own. I have more important things to think about, like the big rehearsal with the girls later on."

\*\*\*\*\*

Tired after the final rehearsal with Missy Elliott, Lil Kim, Pink and Maya-who would be performing Lady Marmalade with her that evening- Christina quietly slipped into her dressing room, not letting herself get lulled by the usual cacophony of backstage which was to start very shortly; people running around half-naked, cheers and flowers and champagne everywhere. She reached into the small fridge for a bottle of water and sat down in one of the empty make-up chairs. A seasoned performer, she wasn't nervous about the show. But the one thing that set this evening apart from the ones before was the fact that Michael Jackson was going to be in the first row watching.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. Christina opened it to find a delivery boy holding a large bouquet of pink roses. "Ms. Aguilera, this is for you."

Christina took the bouquet in her hands. "Wait a minute." She placed the bouquet on top of the vanity and pulled some money out of her handbag. "Thank you," she said, handing him his tip.

She walked back to the vanity and plucked the card from the plastic prop attached to the bouquet and nudged the tiny envelope open with her thumb. She was pleasantly surprised when she read the ivory-colored tag that said:

*Good luck tonight.  
With love,  
Michael*

TBC



Quote

04-27-2010, 07:03 PM

#20



**mjsbabygirl**  
Your Butt Is Mine

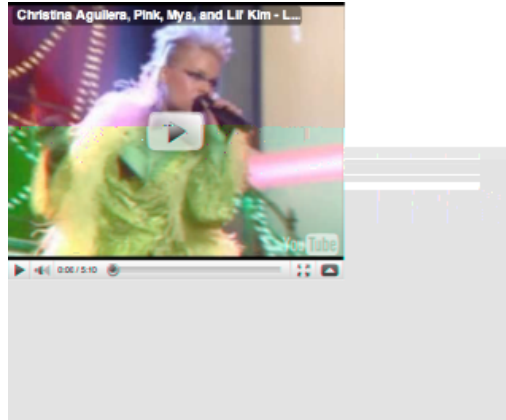
Join Date: Apr 2010  
Posts: 268  
Groans: 0  
Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts  
Thanks: 115  
Thanked 46 Times in 22 Posts



Christina got off the make-up chair and took a good look at herself in the mirror. Her long hair was

*"Our next song is from the movie Moulin Rouge, a film that took us back to the days when the w\*hore houses were about the music." A huge laugh came from the crowd. "Please welcome 99's best new artist Christina Aguilera, Lil Kim, Mya and Pink."*

The lights went up and the girls said their first lines whilst snapping their fingers. The instrumental part began and after Mya went down the steps, singing and swaying her hips, Christina rose from the settee and stood at the top of the stairs. *"Please God, don't let me trip and roll down these stairs,"* Christina prayed. That was it. She was there, feeling as if she was singing for her life. But as she watched her fellow singers do their sexy thing, she felt more comfortable. Halfway through the performance Christina shrugged out of her robe and glided down the staircase, her insides shaking like a leaf as she imagined that Michael's eyes were watching.



The audience gave them a standing ovation at the end of the performance. Christina scanned the front row and saw the well-known faces. Her friend Justin Timberlake clapping enthusiastically, along with Billy Joel, Tony Bennett, the girls from Destiny's Child and many others, but again... Michael was nowhere to be seen.

\*

After dropping in and out of a few post Grammy parties around town with her publicist, Christina arrived alone at Mary J. Blige's ultra exclusive bash at the XS lounge, where she would be hanging out for the remainder of the night.

She spoke to the hostess and a few other guests before sinking behind the comfortable booth reserved for her at a quiet spot of the VIP area and checked her watch... 11:15. The evening was panning out smoothly but not as she had planned it.

A gorgeous Calvin Klein underwear model type cocktail waiter materialized in front of her and she ordered two drinks.

"I rushed here as fast as I could," said the familiar voice, startling her.

"Thanks for coming," Christina said to Mehar as she plopped down next to her.

"Thank you, Chris, for asking Mary to put me on the guest list. A party like this for mere mortals like me is the coolest thing ever."

The cocktail waiter came over and placed the two drinks on the table in front of them.

Mehar immediately cradled hers and took a big sip. The concoction was somewhat spicy, with a strong alcoholic jolt to it. But the alcoholic vapors attacked her nostrils and she started to cough violently.

Christina let out a big laugh as Mehar sputtered, inevitably spilling some of the drink on herself and making her eyes stream.

"That's not funny!" Mehar said, laughing at herself as her throat tingled.

"So... where is Candy Man?" Mehar asked while wiping the spill on her blouse.

Christina took a sip of her drink. "I'm feeling like such a doofus. I was scared to death of screwing up my number because of f\*ucking Michael Jackson! And guess what, he wasn't even there. I gotta get this bugger

out of my head. But it seems he's cast a spell on me. I just can't stop thinking about him."

"Don't feel bad, girl. The King of Pop has cast a spell on millions of women out there. Trust me," Mehar said with a wink.

Christina dropped her gaze into the drink she was nursing, unaware of the huge group of people that had just entered the VIP area. Mehar immediately spotted 'the jacket' in the middle of the entourage. Her jaw dropped and her eyes were so wide. They looked like they'd pop right out of her head. "Oh my God! Oh my God! Look who's here!" She nudged Christina on the elbow.

Christina's head snapped up and she saw when Frank Tyson broke away from the entourage and approached her booth. "Miss Aguilera, my boss over there is wondering whether he could come join you," he said quietly.

"Sure," Christina said.

Frank's eyes settled on Mehar with a brief 'why don't you get out of here and allow them some privacy' kind of look.

Trying to disguise her euphoria, Mehar picked up her drink and the small evening bag beside her, obviously ready to leave the booth.

"Thanks," Christina whispered into her friend's ear.

"Good luck," Mehar whispered back before taking off. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" she muttered triumphantly under her breath as she walked away.

Frank went back to where Michael stood and whispered something into his ear.

Christina already felt high whenever she thought of Michael and when she saw him, it only pushed her higher. *God must have been in a real good mood the day He breathed life into this man*, Christina thought when the heart-stopping gorgeous superstar shed his entourage like a heavy coat and glided towards her. He wore a white glittery jacket and tight leather pants that hugged his lower body deliciously and a pair of black ankle length designer boots. He looked finger licking good, just like a piece of KFC fried chicken and she couldn't wait to get her hands on him. She was sure she was already getting dizzy with the smell of his cologne, a scent she could sniff a mile away.

"Hi, babe," Michael removed his dark shades and moved behind the table, settling next to her in the intimate space.

Feeling goosebumps as he brushed his leg against hers, Christina smiled at him, and made eye contact. "Thanks for the flowers," she said.

Michael smiled back, looking at her appreciatively. She wore a form fitting black top, apparently without a bra. He stared into her eyes, and even in the dark ambiance, Christina realized just how intense his dark eyes were.

It was hard for her to comprehend that he was the same incredible man she saw on TV and listened to as a little girl, rewinding the tapes and putting the needle back to the start of the vinyl over and over again.

"Your performance was amazing," Michael said before looking away. He raised his eyes towards the video screen mounted on the wall.

Christina gawked at him, surprised. "You saw it? But I didn't see you there."

"Oh, yes, I was there. I watched everything from the VIP lounge backstage. I rarely sit in the audience," Michael said, his eyes still glued to the video screen.

She was going to say something when the intro of her song "Dirrty" started booming out from the loud speakers, accompanied by the very controversial images.

She blushed as the sexy video filled the screen. "S\*hit!" she thought.



Christina looked at Michael and saw that he was obviously entertained, reacting to the music and drumming his fingers on the table as the video played along.

She smiled when he reached under the table for her hand and entwined his fingers with hers.

TBC



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-- Positively Michael!

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