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04-27-2010, 07:05 PM #21



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

lol Xtina and her dirty mind! I love this fanfic! 😊



Proud supporter of the MJ Dad Jeans

[Quote](#)

04-27-2010, 07:18 PM #22



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 13

One minute into the video, Michael had Christina's hand rest on his warm and firm thigh. Since they were alone in the booth, their hands were hidden from anyone's view.

At first he contented himself with skimming his thumb along the contours of her own, then the real distraction began. Turning her hand up so that the back rested on his thigh and the soft palm lay exposed to him, Michael traced her fingers. Christina swallowed hard. She could hardly breathe as he burrowed lightly in the crevices between her fingers, drew circles in her palm, then dragged his thumbnail up until he reached the pulse beating frantically in her inner wrist.

Pressing his thumb against it as if to relish the throbbing of her blood, Michael stretched his other fingers wide over her open hand to multiply his caresses fourfold. Christina thought she might just faint, shaking as Michael made love to each of her fingers. Each sweep of his fingers was a whisper, each press of his thumb an endearment that inflamed her senses. She might actually burn a hole in the seat before the video was

over.

Castling Michael a furtive glance, she stilled in his hand, then began her own discovery. His gaze locked with hers for a second as her fingers moved tentatively over his big, soft hand.

Michael's eyes cut back to the video screen and he su*cked in a harsh breath as her touch grew bolder. When she stroked the raised ridge with her forefinger, he curled his fingers into hers, stroking, seeking, making her nerve endings sing. By the time the video ended, her blood was thrumming wildly and the blood also flamed in Michael's cheeks.

Michael leaned close to Christina, his dark hair brushing against her cheek. For a moment she thought he was going to kiss her right then and there. But instead he breathed in her ear: "I really feel like kissing you, but I can't do it here. Too many people around."

Christina blushed, ruining her meticulously composed image of laid-back coolness. "It's okay," she said.

They spent a good amount of time engaged in conversation, each surpassing the other in 'me too' exclamations.

She was sitting dangerously close to sexy, hot Michael Jackson, savouring his warmth, his scent, and she was aware that some people were watching, some with barely concealed envy, some with surprise or amusement, and she loved every second of it.

"I think I have to get going. Neverland is a while away. But... can I give you a ride home?" Michael asked her.

Christina didn't think twice. They sneaked out of the club separately, dodging the few paparazzi who hung about. Two of Michael's bodyguards escorted her down the street and watched her disappear into the backseat of the black SUV.

She settled next to Michael and as the car drove away he pulled her close, inhaling the perfume that she wore. The inside of the vehicle was dark, except for the faint street lighting that brushed by the tinted windows.

He gently touched her shoulder and tenderly cupped her chin in his hand, his fingers lightly brushing against her skin. "You're so sexy," Michael said softly, then proceeded to kiss her tenderly on the lips.

His lips then traveled to her ear, brushing softly against it as he said, "Girl, I have been waiting for this moment," his voice deep and masculine.

One of his hands cradled her head, as the other reached behind her back and he pulled her as close as he possibly could to his body. His breathing became deep and quickening as he kissed her again and again, each kiss soft and gentle. He slowly probed her mouth with his tongue and she responded in kind, as gentle as his kiss.

Michael then broke the kiss, his lips going to her neck as her fingers ran through his dark hair.

"Here we are," Christina said a few minutes later with noticeable disappointment in her voice as the vehicle rolled to a stop in front of her house. She felt tempted to invite Michael in, but she knew it was likely he would decline her invitation for he had to be back in Neverland to be with his children in the morning. Besides, she didn't want him to think she was being pushy.

"I really enjoyed your company," Michael said in his gentlemanly manner. "Um, I meant to ask you... would you like to spend a few days in Neverland?"

Christina's jaw dropped but she quickly regained her composure. "Michael... that's so nice of you to invite me. I would love to!" She beamed at him, barely able to contain her excitement.

"Okay, then. Let me know your schedule and I'll have my chauffeur pick you up."

"That's a deal." Christina said. She was about to turn to exit the car when Michael pulled her back to him and planted a smacking kiss on her lips.

Mehar ran downstairs as soon as the front door slammed shut. "You're home already? I was about to get out through the back door. Where's Michael?"

"He went back home. And guess what?" Christina said with a huge grin as she skipped into the living room.

"What? Did Michael Jackson ask you to marry him?" Mehar asked jokingly.

"He invited me to spend a few days in N-e-v-e-r-l-a-n-d!"

The two friends jumped up and down several times, screaming like two giddy schoolgirls.

"This is awesome! I'm so jealous!" Mehar said with big eyes.

Christina hugged herself tightly and dropped onto the sofa. "Michael Jackson is the sweetest guy ever! And a great kisser, too!"

TBC



Quote

04-27-2010, 07:32 PM

#23



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



Quote:

Originally Posted by **MJsPYT777** ♦
lol Xtina and her dirty mind! I love this fanfic! 🙄

Thank you for all the comments!

Chapter 14

Four days later

"Chris, you might want to wake up," Mehar said in the morning, walking into her friend's bedroom. "Susan, your publicist, she called several times and apparently you have to go to a meeting at her office after lunch. She said it's important."

"Why do I have to go talk to my publicist?" Christina asked, groaning as she slowly sat up in her bed. She wiped the sleep from her eyes and allowed them to focus on Mehar who was standing at the foot of the bed. "I don't have any interviews to get prepped for or anything."

"I don't know. Of course she wouldn't tell me," Mehar answered honestly. "I think she's upset about something. And then she told me to come tell you that you need to be there in two hours."

"Okay. You're coming with me, Mehar. You're my assistant now," Christina said as she dragged herself out of the bed.

"Am I?????" Mehar was totally caught by surprise.

"Yes, you are. Meghan went back to school. So you're my new assistant."

"Sure, but we can talk about it later," Mehar said.

"You know how much I do not enjoy being blindsided in these publicist meetings. I wish Susan had given a hint to what this is all about," Christina complained to Mehar as she drove to the publicist's office.

She pulled into the parking lot of the small office building and Christina noticed the dark clouds off in the distance. "Think it's a sign?" she asked Mehar with a smirk. "You know, the dark ominous clouds foreshadowing what's to come."

Christina and Mehar shared a laugh as they walked through the parking lot and into the building. Walking down the hall they came face to face with Susan's door and Mehar noticed that her watch said 1:30, they were right on time. She pushed open the birch wood door and they stepped into the office.

"Hello, Miss Aguilera," the receptionist greeted. "You can go down the hall. Susan will meet you in the conference room."

Christina and her new assistant walked past the desk and towards the modestly sized conference room. The two of them sat around the round table and waited for the publicist to join them. A few moments later, the door opened again and the middle aged woman stood in the doorway.

Her red business suit stood out against her pale skin and her blond hair was pulled back. Her heels clacked against the tile floor as she walked into the room and took a seat at the head of the table.

"Who is she?" Susan asked, casting a glance at Mehar.

"She's my new assistant," Christina announced.

Susan placed a folder on the table in front of her. Christina inconspicuously rolled her eyes; she hated that folder. Susan thought it made her look professional to bring the 'evidence' in a folder.

That folder was not good news, and Christina thought it made Susan look like nothing more than a cheap private investigator.

"Christina," she said simply, narrowing her gaze on her client. Christina sighed softly and waited for her to continue.

Susan slid her manicured fingers into the folder and pulled out a few photographs. "What is this?"

"Oh, that's Michael Jackson and I. Someone must have taken pictures of us at the party," Christina replied, not knowing what the big deal was. "He's just a friend of mine."

"Someone took pictures of you and Michael Jackson getting pretty cozy at the party. It was dark but this picture shows you two really well. And it doesn't stop there. The tabloid is saying that he's sent a bouquet of pink roses with a love note to your dressing room on the evening of the Grammys."

"So what? Michael is just a friend," Christina insisted.

"No," Susan said minimally. "Christina, you cannot be with _____."

"What?" Christina exclaimed.

"He will taint your image," Susan responded. "You will lose fans."

"You CANNOT be serious," Christina outburst.

"I understand that you are a twenty two year old young woman, and you are attracted to certain things that are sometimes unconventional, but you can't be associated with _____," Susan continued. "Someone like _____ will destroy the career you've worked so hard to build."

"First of all," Christina began, keeping her temper under control, "Stop saying his name like it will give you the plague. Second of all, I don't understand why _____ would be detrimental to my career. Do you have any idea of who he really is? He is the King of Pop, the biggest superstar on the planet and above all he is a hell of a good guy. I am the one who should be grateful that he has me in his circle of friends. You have no idea what you are talking about. You would not be saying this if you knew him the way I do."

"Christina, I wish I didn't have to bring this up but do you remember back in 1993 when he had that problem with that 13 year old boy?" Susan said, causing Christina to sigh and roll her eyes once again.

Christina glared at the older woman. "You do realize this is insane right? Michael Jackson would be behind bars if any of that stuff was true. Furthermore, I would not give him the time of the day if I thought he was capable of such a thing."

"I'm going to tell you one more time, Christina. You cannot have a relationship with this man. There is the age factor as well. He's too old for you," Susan said firmly.

"I don't want to listen to any more of this crap," Christina spat. "Mehar, let's get out of here."

Christina got to her feet and Mehar followed suit.

"I'm sorry, Susan, but I need a publicist who gets her facts right before making me get out of bed to waste my time. You're fired," Christina said, icy and unforgiving.

Susan rose and watched in complete shock as the two young women walked towards the door. "But Christina, wait!"

"My lawyer will contact you." Those were Christina's final words before she closed the door behind her with a bang.

TBC



Quote

04-27-2010, 07:47 PM

#24



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 14

Meanwhile in Neverland

Michael was seated behind his desk in his recording studio going through some music notes when Frank Tyson quietly walked in the door.

"Uh, Mike, I'm sorry to disturb you but I want to know what I should do about the Joanna situation."

"I want her to leave. And make sure to tell her that she is banned from Neverland," Michael said, without diverting his gaze from the notes before him.

"But Mike, don't you think you're being a bit harsh? You don't have to ban her from here," Frank said with his eyes full of pity.

"She slept with a Neverland employee, not to mention that she and this person were fooling around in the hot tub outside, on the evening we were out for the Grammys. And on top of that she has been telling people that she's my girlfriend. And you know it's not true. She's just a friend. I opened the doors of Neverland to her and her friends and now she starts making up stories. Tell her to go," Michael said firmly.

"Sorry, Mike. I didn't know about the hot tub part. I'll go tell her."

"Oh, I forgot. There's one more thing," Michael said, looking up from the notes with a little smile on his face.

"Please call Christina and ask her when she's going to come. I've invited her to spend a few days here and I am sending the chauffeur to pick her up."

Frank grinned and nodded in approval. "Right on! But why don't you call her yourself? I mean, you guys

were pretty close at the party. No need for the formalities now."

Michael dropped his gaze back to the notes. "You call her, Frank."

"No, man. You call her. C'mon!"

A cell phone materialized in front of Michael. "Here. Call her," Frank insisted.

"I'm busy now. Just do it Frank," Michael said in a soft, yet commanding tone.

"So whatcha gonna do when she's around? Hide under the bed?" Frank shook his head with amusement, yet not a bit surprised for he knew Michael could be cripplingly shy.

*

Christina had just walked in the door with Mehar trailing behind her. She tossed her handbag on the love seat in the living room and moved into the kitchen.

"Can you believe that sexually frustrated witch? Telling me that Michael Jackson is too old for me! She must be really jealous. Stupid b*itch! How dare her say that stuff about him. I'm so happy I gave her the boot!"

Christina winced as she opened the refrigerator; it was nothing there that interested her. She continued ranting about Susan when the phone rang.

Mehar reached for the phone on the wall and answered it. "Hello?"

"Hello. This is Frank Tyson. I'm Michael Jackson's personal assistant. May I speak to Ms. Christina Aguilera?" He said in his clipped tone.

Five days later

The SUV rolled to a stop at the large black and gold wrought iron gates of Neverland, where Christina's arrival was radioed in from the security booth.

Christina couldn't resist. She rolled down the window of the SUV and peered out in complete amazement as she was driven past the gates. Even for her own celebrity standards, it was the most amazing place she had ever laid her eyes on. It seemed like yesterday when she had tried to moonwalk inside the living room of her grandma's house after seeing Michael bust his moves on TV. And now she was his guest at his wonderful domain.

She arrived at the front steps of the massive 25 room Tudor style manor, where four stoic dark suited men were standing.

"Welcome, Miss Aguilera," one of them said as soon as she got out of the car.

"Hello," Christina smiled at him and her eyes quickly surveyed the beautiful surroundings one more time.

They climbed the front steps of the house and the man opened the door and let her in. Inside she was greeted by a uniformed servant.

"Miss Aguilera, please follow me," the young man said, indicating she should follow him into the main living room of the house.

"Mr. Jackson will be with you shortly," the servant said before scurrying off.

Christina put the big fancy paper bag she held in her hand down on the settee near the fireplace and proceeded to take a good look around the room. She was amazed at the opulent furnishings, fine Italian antiques and the giant oil paintings of Elizabeth Taylor on the pine-paneled walls. The place was magnificent, something right out of a movie. Simply put, she could not believe her eyes.

"So, how do you like it around here so far?" the unmistakable voice breezed into the room.

Christina turned around and was greeted by the most beautiful smile. She was speechless and stared at him for what seemed to be an eternity, blushing slightly when she realized she was drinking in his familiar chocolate orbs.

She took in his torso, clad in a red button-up shirt with gold leafy embroidery, and her eyes moved down his

black trousers and black leather shoes. His midsection was adorned with two chunky belts, and friendship bands adorned his wrists. The King of Pop was sexiness by the bucketload and Christina tried to push away the thought that had crept into her mind.

Michael laughed softly and opened his arms out to her. "Do I get a kiss and a hug?"

Still unable to speak, Christina walked into his arms, feeling not like the experienced Pop Star that she was, but as a silly schoolgirl melting into the embrace of the most famous man in the world.

"I'm so glad that you're here," Michael whispered hoarsely in her ear. He pulled back from the embrace and kissed her, very gently.

She gave all of herself in that kiss, thinking about what scared her the most: she realized she was falling deeper and deeper in love with him.

TBC



Quote

04-27-2010, 08:11 PM

#25



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](#)



omg, lovin' it. More!! 😊



Perseverance, strength, beauty, love.

Quote

04-27-2010, 08:27 PM

#26



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 15

Michael pressed a kiss on Christina's forehead. "Would you like to meet my children?"

She smiled at him warmly. "Sure. By the way..." She moved away from him and reached for the paper bag on the settee. "I have brought them a little present and one for you as well."

Christina pulled a small package out of the bag and happily handed it out to Michael in her open hands.

"A gift for me?" He gently took the package and his long fingers quickly tore at the string and paper. "Awww, that's so sweet of you!" He cried in his childlike tone, holding the Mickey Mouse tie against him. "Thank you so much," he said before leaning forward to peck her on the lips.

"Come meet the children. They are in the playroom with the nanny." Michael took her hand and led her up the wooden staircase.

Michael put his hand on the door handle when Christina stopped him. She then pulled a pair of Mickey Mouse ears from the bag and put it on her head. "I'm ready."

When the children saw Michael and Christina come into the sprawling room, they ran to him. "Daddy!" they cried, their tiny features lighting up in excitement.

Christina's heart filled with delight as she witnessed the pair of beautiful children clinging to their loving father. Prince was an adorable little boy, with blond hair and twinkling brown eyes. Paris was a beautiful girl with long chestnut hair and bright, blue eyes.

Christina's gaze drifted to the rocking chair at a corner and her eyes fell on nanny Grace and the adorable bundle in her arms.

"This is Blanket," Grace said dryly, without taking the time to introduce herself.

"Hi," Christina said shyly. She refrained from extending her hand to Grace in fear it would be bitten off.

"Come meet Christina," Michael said to Prince and Paris, taking them by their little hands and bringing them over to her.

Christina squatted down and smiled at them. "Hi, sweethearts. I'm Christina. It's so nice to meet you," she cooed, watching as the children eyed her curiously. "Your daddy has told me a lot about you."

"Hi. I'm Prince but Daddy calls me Applehead," the boy quickly introduced himself with a sweet laugh. "Daddy said you were a mouse on TV."

"Hi. I'm Paris. And you are a mouse," the little girl threw in with a giggle, pointing to the ears on Christina's head.

"No, children," Michael retorted with a laugh. "Christina used to be a Mouseketeer on TV, not a mouse."

Michael went over to Grace and lifted Blanket into his arms while Christina told Paris and Prince about her stint on the TV show.

Prince spotted the paper bag beside Christina. "What's in it?"

Michael brought the baby over and smiled at Christina and the kids, who now sported a pair of mouse ears on their heads just like herself.

Christina noticed from the corner of her eye as nanny Grace gave her a once over and looked expectantly at Michael. "Maybe my visit caught her by surprise," Christina thought, figuring that by now the entire Neverland staff of 120 employees might be talking about Michael Jackson and his younger 'friend'.

A while later Michael showed Christina to her room. It was larger than she had expected. The room was a plethora of crimson reds, golden yellows and cobalt blues splashed in all directions. Yet even though the colors seem haphazard and without reason, every tinge of color meshed and intertwined so perfectly together. The windows offered the most amazing landscape of trees and hills in the far distance. There was a sitting area to the right with a sofa, T.V and stereo system, and there was a large canopy bed with thin white curtains all around it. It was filled, near overflowing, with intricate detail, from the carved wood floor, to the custom-made sculptured area rug lying under the glass coffee table. It was simply breathtaking; then again Christina doubted it was the lively room that stole her breath, but rather the amazing man standing next to her.

"Your children are gorgeous and sweet, just like you," she told him as soon as they entered the room.

"Thank you." Michael gave her that warm smile that always light up a rainy day. He wrapped his arms around her waist. "See you at dinner, baby girl," he said, planting a gentle kiss on her forehead before releasing his grip on her.

Christina stared after him as he walked out, leaving a whiff of his cologne in his wake. The more she got to

know him, she arrived to the conclusion that W*acko J*acko was a mere fabrication of the tabloids. To her Michael Jackson was the most normal and sweet man she had ever met.

*

Christina took a shower and decided on a pair of embroidered Gucci jeans with matching jacket and a plain white tank top underneath. She brushed her cascade of blond hair down her shoulders one more time and was giving the final touches on her make-up when a knock at the door made her jump.

It was the same uniformed servant that had greeted her inside the house upon her arrival. "Mr. Jackson and the children are waiting in the dining room," he said formally. "Please follow me."

She sprayed some perfume on her wrists then followed the man down the stairs to a large carved door.

"Hiiiiiiii!" Prince and Paris' cute voices greeted Christina as soon as she stepped inside the room.

"Hi guys!!!" Christina returned cheerfully. She went around the table and gave each child a noisy kiss on the cheek.

The table had been laid with the finest china, crystal and silverware, while candlesticks flickered in the middle of the exquisite floral centerpiece. A log fire roared in the fireplace, and the soothing sound of classical music purred out from somewhere.

Michael's soft voice spoke to her. "Good evening." He rose from his seat and pulled the chair out for her.

Christina sat down between Paris and Prince while Michael took his seat at head of the table. She noticed that nanny Grace was seated opposite her with Blanket in her arms. The woman settled the baby in the high chair close to her and looked at Christina, her eyes flaring.

That was to be more than a family meal. It was a chance for Christina to experience firsthand how much of a wonderful, doting father Michael was. All of the love protruding in the air, from Michael and Paris and Prince and Blanket was practically tangible.

She loved how Michael gave his children THAT look. The one that parents have ever present on their face for the first time they meet their children. The look that says that they'll love you forever, through good times and bad, and that there was no way in the world that they could possibly be happier than they are at that moment.

What was even more special was that Michael had this way of touching his beautiful children that just in that one gesture said all of that and more. Tapping Paris on the nose, squeezing Prince's sides to make him giggle and his eyes overflowing with love every time he gazed at Blanket and kissed him on the cheek. How much he loved those kids... it was unbelievable.

Grace's eyes danced between Michael and Christina, who kept stealing glances at each other throughout the meal. The chemistry between the two annoyed the living daylights out of her.

The evening was progressing like a charm until the woman decided to speak. She dabbed her lips with a napkin then she gave Christina a fake smile. "So, Christina, since when have you been a fan of Michael's?"

Christina cleared her throat. "Well, my mom had all the Jackson 5 vinyls and the other albums that came along after Michael went solo. I have been listening to his music since I can remember."

"It's really funny when you think that you were in your mother's womb when Michael was releasing 'Off The Wall, isn't it?'" Grace asked with a hint of sarcasm.

"Um, how is your new album coming along?" Michael swiftly asked Christina in an attempt to steer her away from Grace's prying remarks.

Michael shifted uncomfortably in his chair. How he wished he could have told Grace off at that very moment. But he didn't want to create a scene in front of Christina and the children.

"Daddy?" Prince cut in before digging into his food.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Where is your girlfriend?"

Michael shot his son a puzzled glance, wondering what had brought that on. "Girlfriend?"

"Yes, Daddy. Joanna. She said she's your girlfriend and that you're going to marry her."

"No, Prince. Joanna is not my girlfriend and I am not going to marry her. She went back to France, where she lives. Eat your food now, before it gets cold."

"Is Christina your girlfriend, Daddy?" Paris asked.

"No. I mean, yes," Michael replied quickly, only to realize what he had just told his children.

He was left no time for damage control. They were all stunned as Grace seemed to be choking on her food. Her fork fell from her hand and landed on her plate with a loud clank. She started to cough violently into her napkin, causing for her eyes to fill up with tears. A few seconds later and she was fleeing the room.

Michael got up from his chair. "Um... would you mind keeping an eye on the kids for me? I'll be back in a minute," he asked Christina before charging after Grace.

He found Grace in the hallway. She was leaning against the wall, her hands on her chest as she desperately gasped for air.

"What the hell was all that?" Michael snapped.

Grace let out a deep sigh. "I cannot believe you told Prince and Paris that this woman is your girlfriend. God, you're falling head over heels for her! Don't you see what she's doing? She's using you to sell more albums. I can't believe you're that gullible not to catch on."

TBC



Last edited by mjsbabygirl; 05-06-2010 at 06:14 PM.

Quote

04-27-2010, 08:44 PM

#27



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 16

"First of all, Grace, this woman you're referring to has a name. Secondly, I couldn't care less whether you like her or not. Thirdly, she doesn't need me to sell more records. She is a successful recording artist in her own right."

Grace stared at him in disbelief. "Sure. And you are the biggest superstar in the universe. Haven't you heard that her record sales spiked up since word went around that you two are an item? She has a new album and tour coming up. Not hard to put two and two together. Wake up for once in your life."

Michael ran a frustrated hand through his hair, annoyed that he could not have privacy in his own home. "I am sick and tired of you meddling in my personal life. My patience is running thin and one of these days—" Michael's mouth snapped shut in fear of saying something he would later regret. The children loved Grace and letting her go was not as easy as it seemed.

Grace shook her head and made a tsking sound as Michael walked away from her and retreated into the dining room.

"Oh Michael, you're in for a big fall. I just hope I am around to help you pick up the pieces." She mumbled

to herself.

*

Michael took one last look at Paris and Prince before closing the door behind him.

"Thank you for helping me tuck them in tonight. They really enjoyed your bedtime stories. And the mouse ears," he told Christina.

"I loved doing that. You can count on me tomorrow evening if you need, I mean, if it doesn't create a problem between you and the nanny." Christina tried to keep the tone lighthearted, but the worry in her voice was evident.

They put their arms around each other and started walking towards the staircase. "Christina, I really want to apologize for what happened. Grace can be quite a loose cannon sometimes. But that won't be happening again."

"Now, what do you wanna do?" he asked her when they reached the bottom of the stairs.

Christina pondered a minute. "I know it might sound boring to you, but can we have some tea first? I have this weird habit of drinking tea after dinner. Then we can do something else after."

They arrived in the kitchen and she hopped onto a bar stool.

Michael started to peruse through the cupboard. "What kind of tea would you like?"

"English Breakfast."

Christina watched him as he filled the kettle with water and set it on the stove. "You're such a normal guy. Those moronic tabloids, having you as some sort of w*eirdo with oxygen chambers and false noses!"

"Does my nose look fake to you?" Michael asked with a smile.

"Where did you get this idea from? Of course not! You have the cutest nose ever."

Michael walked over to her. "Touch it," he urged.

"Don't be silly, Michael."

"C'mon!" He said with a laugh.

"No way!"

"Yes way! Touch it!"

She reached up and touched his nose. As she did, he let out a loud squeal and quickly covered it with both hands. "Aaaaoww!"

Christina almost fell off the stool with fright. She watched in horror as a wide eyed Michael stared down at her, his big hands still covering his nose and mouth. "My nose! What have you done to my nose? It's falling off!" came his muffled cry.

Christina brought a hand to her chest. "Oh my God. Are you alright?"

Michael uncovered his face and pretended to be mortally offended. "So you believed I had a fake nose after all!" He stared at her a little longer then he began to laugh hysterically. "Babygirl, the expression on your face was priceless!"

"You're such a prankster!" Christina laughed.

"Yeah, but this prankster here is very much into you," he said softly.

Her heart nearly skipped a beat when she saw his eyes glued to her. The realization once again struck her, triggering a blush to slink up her neck and settle glaringly in her cheeks.

Without warning, Michael felt the same inexplicable jolt he had experienced before. Suddenly, he lifted her up onto the counter with his strong arms. She was sitting facing him, he was pushing his body between her

legs and he was gazing at her intently, their faces a few inches apart.

He moved his hands up, and ran them through her hair. His dark eyelashes fluttered briefly before he bent slightly and crashed his lips against hers. He kissed her again, this time more hungrily, his tongue probing her mouth. Christina buried her fingers into his shiny black hair and pulled him closer. His kisses moved upwards. He began to kiss her cheek, her forehead. "Ohhh, babygirl," he whispered hoarsely. Christina thought she could feel the beginnings of his erection pressing against her thigh.

Suddenly they heard a noise. "Someone is coming into the kitchen!" Michael whispered. He and Christina dove to the floor and hid behind a cabinet.

Mario, one of the chefs, came into the room looking for something. He stopped in the doorway. "Where the hell did I leave those bloody keys?" he grumbled, his eyes surveying the kitchen counters.

Christina and Michael grinned at each other like two sneaky teenagers in fear of getting caught and she covered her mouth to stifle a giggle.

Mario was about to take a step forward when a female voice wafted into the room. It was Teresa, one of the maids. "I found them," she announced, dangling the keys in her hand.

The two employees turned to leave the kitchen and Mario flicked the light off as they went.

"Clear," Michael said, getting to his feet and helping Christina up.

She flicked the light back on. "Thank goodness you forgot to turn the burner on," she said, pointing to the kettle on the stove.

TBC



Quote

04-27-2010, 08:51 PM

#28



mjsbabygirl
Your Butt Is Mine

Join Date: Apr 2010
Posts: 268
Groans: 0
Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts
Thanks: 115
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Chapter 17

Christina laid her head on the pillow that night, dazed and confused. She didn't know what to make out of Michael. She could not figure him out. He had kissed her goodnight and disappeared into his bedroom, as if wanting to avoid her touch. She couldn't understand his shyness.

she pondered sadly to herself.

But the image of Michael filled her mind and drove her crazy. She tossed and turned, until finally she drifted off into sleep.

At what must have been about three in the morning Christina was woken by the sound of her door shutting. By the time she was conscious enough to react to the figure that had slid in through it, sleek as the night itself, it had moved to the foot of her bed. She propped herself up on her elbows and turned on the bedside light. Then she almost fell back down in shock. The light revealed the figure to her, and the figure was Michael, standing inside the thin curtains of the bed, donning the same clothes she had last seen him in—a pair of blue jeans with a white v-neck t-shirt, minus the leather jacket.

Needless to say Christina was pretty surprised. For a while neither one of them spoke, Christina because

she had yet to recover her speech abilities and Michael. . . well, she didn't know why he didn't speak; it seemed to her it would have been the logical course of action, seeing as he was the one creeping around in the middle of the night, but he kept quiet, and stood perfectly still, just staring at her with huge brown eyes that she had to fight from drowning in.

After a little while, a few minutes at most, Christina managed to force out the most obvious statement from her throat:

"Michael, I thought you were sleeping."

"Couldn't." Then he was silent again, forcing her to question him further:

"Why did you come?"

"I had to see you." At this point, Christina had to admit, he was starting to get on her nerves, despite her elation that he was now sitting on her bed, if fully clothed, at three in the morning.

He looked her straight in the eye, with the most mournful expression she had ever seen on a human face, and she stopped fighting the current and let herself sink into the endless abyss of his eyes.

"I love you." Michael said softly. "I can't fight this feeling anymore. I'm crazy in love with you."

Christina's surprise was an understatement. The man she loved, and that a couple hours prior had no hope of ever being with again-not in bed from what it seemed- came into her room in the middle of the night and told her he loved her.

At that point she lost all semblance of higher brain function, but Michael didn't seem at all bothered with that; in fact, he kicked off his shoes and took the opportunity to crawl towards her on all fours.

Before she knew it Michael had his lips pressed to hers, his tongue snaking into her mouth, kissing her slowly, tantalizingly. He pulled away and smiled into her blue eyes, and the room lit up, and then he kissed her again.

"Oh God, Michael, you have no idea how wonderful you make me feel," Christina thought. His mouth tasted of mint humbugs, mint and honey mixed together in a way she had never thought possible. His kiss was hot and sweet and full of passion, and she reached up and knotted her hands in his hair, whimpering as he moved away from her mouth, kissing his way to her earlobe. Somehow, the bedcovers seemed to have slipped off, and he was lying next to her.

"I love you, I love you, I love you," Michael whispered to her over and over again like a mantra. He smiled at her again, a soft, warm smile that melted her heart. Christina smiled back, and leaned over to kiss him, gently at first, but before long intent on satisfying him as he had her.

Much to her disappointment, though, he put a hand on her shoulder and stopped her. "Tomorrow", he promised. He was exhausted, he said, and he wanted to be fully awake for the next round, now that he'd waited so long for it to happen again. How could Christina deny him that? They curled up against each other, and she put her head on his shoulder and fell asleep, happier than she'd ever been in her life.

TBC



Quote

04-27-2010, 09:28 PM

#29



mjsbabygirl
Your Butt Is Mine

Join Date: Apr 2010
Posts: 268
Groans: 0
Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts
Thanks: 115
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Chapter 18

Christina moved into the bathroom that morning and turned on the hot water in the shower. She had woken up to an empty pillow beside her, which led her to believe that the images of Michael creeping into the room in the middle of the night had been all a dream.

After undressing and shivering with delight, she got under the shower sprays and closed the shower door behind her. She quickly wet her hair and let the water drive away her goose bumps. The multiple shower heads felt really incredible, reaching her from every angle. She reached for the shampoo. Pouring some of the shampoo into her hand, she replaced the bottle and briskly rubbed her hands together. She started to hum a little tune as she piled her hair on top of her head and started rubbing in the foam in her hands.

She turned slightly, her eyes closed, and started rinsing the shampoo out of her hair. Foamy water ran in rivulets over her skin, dripping off of her chest, rolling over her stomach, and flattening in between her legs. Wiping the water off of her face, she reached for the washcloth and poured some liquid soap on it. Suddenly, the shower door opened and a fully dressed and barefoot Michael let himself in, singing her favorite Off The Wall song:

What an early morning surprise, she thought to herself as he pulled the shower door closed behind him, his brown eyes sweeping over her, taking every sweet curve. Christina let her head fall back against the wall, feeling the water beat down on her neck and chest. The cool ceramic surprised her, but did not disrupt the mood of the moment. She couldn't believe he was doing this... he was getting drenched, on the way of being half-drowned, and gave no sign of stopping anytime soon. He gently took the wash cloth from her hand and like a passionate sculptor, he lathered her body, working over her shoulders, down her chest, around her beautiful breasts, and along her hips. He felt every nuance of her fabulous curves, and it drove him wild. Michael continued to sing, his voice bouncing off the shower wall:

"God, Michael! You scared the hell out of me!" She laughed, adrenaline making her weak and shaky. "That was so sweet. Thank you," she gushed.

His eyes traveled over her again, pulse pounding. He dropped the wash cloth to the floor and his hands came up to curve around either cheek, caressing her wet hair. He didn't answer her with words, but instead pressed his body against hers, pinning her to the shower wall. He bent down to kiss and pull at her lips, ignoring the wet fabric clinging to him and the humid air in favor of the heat from her body. Christina sighed tremulously, gripping his wet shirt. They embraced and kissed while the spray rinsed their sexually-charged bodies.

She tried to pull the shirt off of him, but he didn't seem to be in any mood to help her.

"Michael, what are you--" She swallowed heavily as he met her gaze, his eyes more sparkling than ever. Her thighs were shaking already, and if he actually did what she thought he was going to, chances were, she'd slide right down the wall. Reaching out for the water temperature knob, needing something to hang on to, she said, "You can't, not when I'm standing up! I'll fall!"

He shrugged his shirt off, letting it fall to the floor with a wet smack. "I'll always be there to catch you, baby girl."

Michael dropped the bottle of shampoo, which bubbled around them as they made love. They shared a long passionate kiss that felt like it lasted hours. It felt like a wave had come, crashed, and then slowly gone away, leaving only a feeling of complete bliss. Christina was ecstatic.

It was a great feeling, his bare wet skin on hers. A pleasant feeling. To her Michael was so fragile, so breakable. There he was, in her arms, so trusting.

Michael pulled away from the kiss and looked at her, and her eyes stared back into his. Words couldn't describe how amazing everything felt to her: their naked bodies closer than ever before, his eyes, so intensely focused on hers, the implicit exchange of feelings in wordless waves, crashing into each other.

Once again Michael crushed his lips to hers, every desire, every desperate feeling of need and want for her weaved into that act. His big hands roamed through her back, finding their way to her damp hair. He unlocked his lips from hers and grasped the sides of her face with his hands and caressed it with his thumbs.

Michael lowered his hands to her waist and lowered his head to her ear. "Girl, you rock my world," he breathed in a husky voice.

She kissed his shoulder. Michael looked so different to her. The fire in his eyes was staggering. It was like seeing a different side of him. She had seen the timeless, phenomenal artist; the little boy and prankster trapped inside of him. And now he had unleashed his animalistic side, hungry for her. She didn't care about heaven or hell. Being loved by him, feeling him inside her was as good as it could ever get, she was certain.

"Christina, I promised you I was going to make it up to you in the morning, didn't I?" he asked her softly.

"Um... yes... you... you did," Christina stammered. So it was not a dream. Michael did come into my bedroom in the middle of the night after all.

The sound of her name on his lips was like music. Music more beautiful than she could ever write. Than anyone else could ever come up with. This was the perfect sound. Their drunken night at the hotel was now only a blur. Michael was more perfect than she could have ever imagined. She loved the pale tone of his skin, which was so soft and smooth. Every contour of his body more beautiful than any painting she had ever seen. There was no other man in the world who could ever compare to him. He was just like the lyrics of her song 'Ain't No Other Man.' And so much more.

Still kissing, they got out of the shower and dried each other in huge terry towels embroidered with Michael's crest. They slipped into bathrobes and wrapping their arms around each other, they headed back into the bedroom.

"Your coffee got cold," Michael said with a disappointed pout when Christina took notice of the silver tray at the foot of the bed. It contained a bowl of her favorite cereal, a silver spoon, some milk, coffee, orange juice in a crystal glass, and a single red rose in a thin crystal vase.

Totally dumbstruck, Christina turned and looked at Michael. "Did you do this for me?"

"Yeah, yeah," he replied shyly. "I went down to the kitchen and prepared the tray myself, hoping you would be still in bed when I came back."

"Awww, that was so incredibly sweet!" Christina wrapped her arms around his waist and stood on her tiptoes to kiss him on the lips. She was puzzled when Michael tilted his head to the side and studied her face.

"What?"

He ran a finger down her cheek. "Baby girl... I love your blue eyes."

TBC



Quote

04-27-2010, 09:38 PM

#30



mjsbabygirl
Your Butt Is Mine

Join Date: Apr 2010
Posts: 268
Groans: 0
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Chapter 19

Christina threw both her arms around Michael's neck as their lips met passionately. The force of the embrace sent them onto the bed, wrapped in each other's arms. They couldn't get enough of each other and seemed always ready for another round.

She landed on top of him, and she caught his intense brown gaze for a moment.

"Michael, I want you so much, from your hair follicles to your toenails," Christina husked, initiating her assault on the beautiful man beneath her.

With a light feathery brush on Michael's lips, she migrated down his sexy neck. Between soft, tantalizing kisses, she declared in a whisper, "I love you, Michael, so very much."

"You're so sweet, baby girl. Every part of you," Michael whispered back to her.

Christina straddled him and as her eager hands reached for the tie on his robe, a very unwelcome knock sounded at the door.

She gazed down at him with a puzzled frown. "Who could it be this early?"

"No idea," Michael said quietly. "Let me get up. I'll go hide in the bathroom for you to answer the door."

Christina reluctantly got off the bed and waited until Michael bolted into the bathroom. She ran a hand through her still damp hair and made sure her robe was tied before walking over to the door. "Who is it?"

"It's Grace."

Christina rolled her eyes and opened the door a crack to see a stone faced Grace with Blanket in her arms. "Good morning," Christina greeted and smiled at the baby. "Hiiiiii sweetie!"

Grace gave Christina a once over. "I know Michael is in here," she said accusingly, sounding like a mother who had seen her teenage son commit the big crime of sneaking into his girlfriend's room. "Tell him that I am taking the children down to the breakfast room in a few minutes."

Without mustering another word, Grace turned sharply on her heels and briskly marched away.

B*itch. Christina poked her head out and watched until the nanny disappeared into the nursery at the end of the hallway. Christina closed the door behind her, appalled with the lack of privacy Michael had to put up with in his own home.

Michael emerged from the bathroom, wondering why the hell Grace was taking the children down for breakfast earlier than usual. "I heard Grace," he said. "We have a full day today. Wear something comfy cause I'm showing you around the ranch. I'll come get you for breakfast in twenty minutes."

He gave Christina a quick peck on the lips before letting himself out of the room.

Grace shot Christina and Michael a steely look as they entered the breakfast room, holding hands and giggling at each other.

Paris and Prince bolted out of their chairs as soon as Michael came into view. "Good morning, Daddy!"

Christina stood nearby and watched with pure delight as Michael dropped down to his children and hugged them tightly. "Good morning, my darlings. I love you," he said tenderly, planting a wet kiss on each child's cheek.

"I love you, Daddy," Paris and Prince said simultaneously. Michael chuckled when the two youngsters broke away from his embrace and ran to Christina, wrapping their tiny arms around her legs. "Good morning, Christina. I love you."

"Good morning, guys! I love you, too." Christina squatted and gave them a hug and a kiss of her own.

Michael's heart swelled with love for her as he saw the loving way she interacted with his children. He rose letting his eyes fall on his baby son. "Good morning, Blanket. I love you," Michael said as he lifted the baby out of Grace's arms, kissing him on the cheek. He then glanced down at the nanny. "Good morning, Grace. I love you. And please wipe that look off your face," he said quietly.

Grace looked as if she had just returned from a funeral. A reluctant smile spread across her face and she said forcibly. "Good morning, Michael. I love you, too."

Paris held her arms out to be picked up by Christina. "Can I sit in your lap?" the little girl asked sweetly.

"Paris!" Grace said sternly. "Christina won't be able to eat breakfast properly with you sitting in her lap, sweetheart."

"It's alright. We can have breakfast together," Christina retorted as she scooped Paris into her arms and sat next to Prince.

Grace's shoulders slumped in frustration as she watched Michael talk to Christina as though she was a member of the family. And to make matters worse, the children seemed to have had really warmed up to her in a matter of hours.

Prince climbed onto his seat and reached for the little spoon in front of him. "Daddy, I wanted to wear the mouse ears that Christina gave me but Grace said no," he complained.

"I want to wear my mouse ears, too," Paris nodded innocently.

Christina reached for the cereal box and poured some into hers and Paris's bowl. She avoided making eye contact with Grace at all costs. The woman clearly had a vendetta against her.

Michael fed a little spoon of baby cereal into Blanket's mouth. "Well, my darlings, Grace changed her mind," Michael offered. He shot the nanny a warning stare. "She is going upstairs right now to get them. Right, Grace?"

Grace cleared her throat. "Of course," she said through a strained voice. She raised an eyebrow at Christina and rose from her chair.

Christina watched with a victorious smirk as the woman stomped out of the room to do what she was told.

Meanwhile at the Jackson Family Compound in Havenhurst

Katherine arrived into the kitchen to find Latoya standing at the corner of the kitchen counter.

Latoya's eyes were glued on the TV set while Janet prepared breakfast. "I f*uckin' love this video. It's f*uckin' awesome!" Latoya gushed as MTV played the live version of Christina Aguilera's controversial video 'Dirrrty'.

A look of pure disgust descended upon Katherine's face as her gaze landed momentarily on the TV screen. "Michael has completely lost his mind."

"No way, mom," Latoya countered, clapping her hands as the music played along. "Christina is so funky. I like her. Look at that. She knows how to shake some boooootie. Alright!"

Katherine grabbed the small remote control off of the counter and turned the TV off.

"Hey!" Latoya cried in protest.

"Toya, go into the entertainment room if you want to watch this garbage. Not in here. I want to have my breakfast peacefully. And no F word around me. Please!"

Janet set a tray of pastries on the table. "Mom, stop worrying about Michael. He is a grown man."

The sound of chairs scrapping against the floor followed as the three women sat down for their first meal of the day.

Janet poured herself some orange juice. "Mom, let's leave Michael alone. Really."

The Jackson matriarch sighed in exasperation. "How can you say that, Janet? You of all people! This girl is half his age, young enough to be his daughter. Not to mention that she dances around half-naked in her videos. What kind of example is that?"

"Oh mom, Michael doesn't look his age. And it's not as if he has always been fully clothed in his videos. Does 'You Are Not Alone' ring a bell?" Janet smartly pointed out.

Katherine helped herself to a croissant. "She's after Michael's money."

Latoya and Janet burst out laughing at their mother's naiveté. "Christina is a millionaire. She doesn't need Michael's money," Latoya said.

"I just don't want Michael to suffer. He was so hurt when Lisa divorced him," Katherine said.

"Whatever, mom. Let Michael leave his life and stop comparing every woman to Lisa," Janet insisted. "I actually think this relationship is perfect for him. Christina has her own career and she goes touring, which means they'll be apart for months at a time. He needs his space to do his own stuff. And it seems they really like each other. I'm happy for him."

"So you two have been talking about it, huh? I'm going to have a serious talk with your brother. You wait

and see," Katherine said warningly. She spread jam on her croissant and let her white teeth sink into it.

TBC



Last edited by mjsbabygirl; 05-06-2010 at 06:18 PM.

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