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Post Reply

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04-27-2010, 09:42 PM

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[mjsbabygirl](#)**Back at Neverland**

"My friend Chris Tucker is coming over. So is Macaulay Culkin and his brother Kieran. And also a busload of disadvantaged children," Michael announced to Christina as they walked outside the house. "I just wanna warn you, though. Chris is a big joker. Don't take it personal." He had barely closed his mouth when the high pitched voice called in the distance. "Hey Mike!"

Michael and Christina spun on their heels and saw Chris rushing across the lawn towards them.

"Hey, Chris!" Michael greeted his friend with a big smile on his face.

"Oh maaaaan! You rock my world!" Chris playfully pinched Michael on both cheeks and pulled him into a bone crushing hug.

Chris then turned to Christina with a Cheshire cat smile on his face. "My name is Chris Tucker and I am Mike's favorite whiny b\*tch. Nice to meet you, miss Aguilera. You're bangin." Chris kept looking her up and down, nodding like a bubblehead.

"Call me Christina," she said with a laugh.

Christina was startled when Chris stepped forward and grabbed both her hands and raised them to his lips.

He winked at her. "Mike's bangin' too, right? You're bangin. I'm bangin. Everybody's bangin so everybody's happy."

Paris and Prince came rushing out of the house. "Christina!"

"Look, we're wearing the mouse ears," Prince said excitedly, hopping from one foot to another.

Paris tugged at Christina's pants. "Let's go see the giraffes, and the elephants, and the rides."

"And the train," Prince threw in, reaching for Christina's hand.

Soon they were joined by Frank Tyson and the two teenage brothers Macaulay and Kieran Culkin. "Hi. I'm the Home Alone kid," Mac introduced himself to Christina. "And this is Kieran, my sidekick from hell," he said, nodding towards his brother.

They all waited in the parlor until Michael was finished greeting the children and the respective guardians who had just spilled out of the huge tour bus.

\*

"Ohhhh, Mike. Christina is fiiiine", Chris Tucker cried in his girly voice. He punched Michael on the arm. "So you're not in Never Neverland after all. You got Drrrrty Christina. Lord have mercyyyyy!!!!"

Michael showed Christina the wonders of Neverland. The train, the elephants, the giraffes, the reptiles, the movie theatre and the hugenormous amusement park.

"I'm not going on this thing," Christina said as she eyed up the Zipper, one of Michael's favorite rides.

Michael flashed her a boyish smile. "Chicken!"

"Coward!" Macaulay teased.

"Shamone, girl! Get on it! Shamone!" Chris nudged her.

"I want to go on the Ferris Wheel," Christina whined.

"Do you actually think I would let a silly little ride harm you in anyway?" Michael asked wrapping his arms around her waist.

Christina sighed in defeat. Michael smiled her favorite megawatt smile and effortlessly dragged her towards her demise. One thing she had learned ever since her arrival in Neverland: there was no way in hell anyone could resist that smile.

Her stomach turned and her heart started to pound as she watched the huge ride twist into the air. Michael looked down at her and smiled. She knew he could hear the change in the beating of her heart. He kissed her forehead and she crossed her arms pouting. No matter how slow her pace was he kept making her walk forward.

"Michael, I really, really don't want to do this." she panicked. He stopped walking and turned around to face her.

"Baby girl, just trust me. I thought you were a good sport, c'mon." Michael paused then smiled his gorgeous smile. "We can go on the Ferris Wheel next."

"Fine I'll go on it." Christina said as Michael signaled to the guy running the ride. Michael effortlessly lifted her on to the ride and got on himself. The guy slammed the door closed but it just popped open again. He tried it again but this time a little harder. It opened again. He turned to the other guy and said something and the ride suddenly jerked back.

"NO!!!! This thing is not locked." Christina screamed clutching onto Michael's arm. He chuckled.

"It's Final Destination all over again." Michael teased. Her heart pounded in her chest as he said those words.

"Don't say that!" Christina said quickly, punching him playfully on the shoulder. "Owwwww!" Michael squealed before bursting into a snort of laughter.

Finally the door closed and Christina clutched the bars in front of her. The ride slowly lifted into the air. Suddenly stopping at the top so more people could get on. Their little seat thingy kept rocking back and forth.

"Michael! Stop rocking the damn thing." Christina said fighting her grip on the bars.

"I'm not rocking it." He leaned forward and looked down, "Hey look there's Chris, Mac and Kieran. And Paris and Prince with Frank."

"Where?" Christina said leaning forward a little too much and their seat thingy rocked until they were upside down. She screamed bloody murder and clutched onto the bars.

"Hey you can see them much better now," Michael said, still smiling. "And look! They have a better view of you!"

"That's not funny!!" Christina almost screamed as she felt her body being pulled by gravity against the bars.

Suddenly they moved little upright and the ride started to move again. The adrenaline in her blood started to race faster and faster along with her heartbeat. She screamed and wanted to close her eyes as the ride

made them go upside down.

"MICHAEL!!!" She screamed as she closed her eyes.

Michael was laughing hysterically and had no fear whatsoever of the ride. Christina opened her eyes to only see the ground as they swerved up. She looked at her hands clutching the bars in front of her, her knuckles were turning white. Then she turned to Michael to see that he was smiling and he had his arms resting

She threw the jacket on the bar and checked herself critically in front of the mirror, thinking about the intense workouts with her personal trainer that awaited her in preparation for the upcoming tour.

Her musings were interrupted when Michael glided into the room, holding an uncorked bottle of wine and two glasses. Placing them on the small cherry table beside the leather couch, he moved behind her. She felt the heat of his mesmerizing gaze as their eyes met in the mirror.

Encircling his arms around her, he planted a kiss on her shoulder before burying his nose in her blond hair, inhaling deeply, taking in the scent he had already committed to memory.

Christina's chest heaved and goosebumps immediately sprung upon her skin as Michael's index finger teasingly drew a slow circle around her exposed navel.

"Lovely," he murmured in a husky, masculine voice. "Do you know how lucky I feel, every time you let me touch you? I wish I could make love to you in every single room of this house."

He pulled back from her enough to see a little smile playing about her mouth. "Why don't you?" she asked.

Michael bit his lower lip. "Too many people around. I only wish I could give the entire staff a day off to be completely alone with you. But I can't."

He was sorely tempted to make hard, fast love to her, right then and there, but he held back.

He broke away from her and went over to the couch. "Come have some wine."

Michael poured each one a glass and he sat sideways on the couch. Christina stretched out in between his legs, her head on his chest. She could feel his strong heartbeat and steady breathing underneath her head.

They sipped their wine and stayed silent for a while, listening to the outside noise as the heavens opened up with an onslaught of water, light and thunder.

Michael was the first to break the silence. "Christina..."

"Hmm?"

"Baby girl, I have some advice for you. Trust no one in this business," Michael began. 'Um, when you've been in the music business as long as I have you learn pretty fast that there's maybe a handful of people you can trust, or even less. For instance, someone introduces you to someone else or you meet the person in the studio or at a party. I meet many people this way. Someone calls me and says, oh, this person wants to meet you. And you meet the person and hit it off. You might think, great, we have so much in common 'cause that's what they tell you and you buy into their bulls\*hit."

Christina sensed the sheer repulsion in Michael's voice. It seemed he wanted to get it off his chest so she listened without interrupting him.

"You like this person but this person has an ulterior motive," he continued. "They want to use your name to endorse something. Or they either want a hit record or they want you to put their song on your album or they want you to introduce them to the big wigs that you know. Whatever it is, they are out to get something from you. So it's not like a fair friendship if they want you to do something for them. It's no big deal for me, though, to collaborate in a song or whatever. But your friendship is out the window if you don't make what they want your first priority. Suddenly you go from being the greatest person in the entire universe to a manipulator or a liar, or whatever it is they choose to label you. You're being slapped with a law suit for allegedly stealing their song or you're being dragged through the mud by the press for giving them the cold shoulder. Or you open the doors of your home to them and when you least expect there is a 'tell-all' book full of lies about you hitting the shelves. So after a few of those experiences you become paranoid and don't wanna bother trusting anyone anymore. You think that everyone wants something. You may not know what it is at first but down the road you figure out that everyone is in for what they can get from you. It forces you to re-evaluate your life and your 'so-called-friends', and that's hard. It's hard to realize that not everyone is looking out for you... or has your best interest at heart."

"It is even harder for women, let me tell you. Thank goodness I had my mom following me everywhere I went. She watched over me like hawk," Christina said.

Michael glanced down at her curiously. "Did anyone try to sleep with you?"

Christina laughed. "Oh, yeah. But I told the bastard to take a hike."

"Not anyone at Sony, I hope."

"Nope," she said smartly. "It was some shi\*ty back alley record label you probably never heard of."

"Sorry, baby girl. I probably bored you to tears with this stuff."

"You didn't bore me at all. Actually it was very cool of you to give me advice. It was like having Jesus next to me teaching me the gospel. Thank you," Christina said appreciatively.

Christina stood from the couch, placing her half-empty glass on the coffee table. Michael shifted his position, outstretching his legs in front of him. Putting his almost empty glass aside, he patted the spot next to him.

She plopped down next to him and he turned towards her putting one hand on her thigh and one on the side of her face pulling her closer. She put her hands on his chest and then moved them up, wrapping them tightly around his neck. She parted her lips and he started exploring her mouth; she kissed him back wantonly, moving fully into his embrace. She moaned softly in his mouth as they tangled their tongues. Michael always tasted sweeter than she imagined, like the sweetest wine and ripest fruit. He was like an oasis in the desert.

The sky cracked with thunder. Michael whispered against her lips, his silken voice hoarse with desire, "Let's go upstairs."

\*

That night, Christina and Michael went up to his room and made passionate love for hours. Bolts of lightning flashed across the sky and wind whipped through the air, the onslaught parallel to the intense sexual chemistry and love the couple had for each other.

\*

Spent, they lay naked next to each other. Christina settled her head into the crook of his neck, and he kissed the top of her hair.

He stared up at the canopy above them, trying to keep his mind as blank as possible so as not to have to deal with the different emotions assaulting him at that very moment. He had cascaded head first over the cliff and fallen madly in love with her. The sensation of not getting his feet completely planted on firm ground was at once euphoric and terrifying. But now it was too late to walk away, he thought.

TBC



Quote

04-28-2010, 01:18 AM

#



[purplegothicqueen](#)



Wow! You have been busy posting all this on here. Very time consuming for you. Always an enjoyable read. You are one of the best writers - take care : applaus:

Quote

04-28-2010, 05:38 AM

#



Mrs. Järvis 

#

#

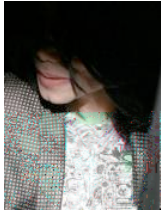
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Oh good, I can't wait to read more. I was just thinking about your story the other day, wondering if we'd get an update soon. 😊



Perseverance, strength, beauty, love.

Quote

05-10-2010, 03:23 AM

#



[mjsbabygirl](#)



Originally Posted by

Oh good, I can't wait to read more. I was just thinking about your story the other day, wondering if we'd get an update soon. 😊

\*\*\*\*\*

And the tabloid headlines were already screaming at the check out lines...

#### **JA\*CKO ROBS THE CRADLE**

**King of Pop's secret relationship with Pop Princess - and she's only 21 years his junior!**

#### **GETTING DIRRTY IN NEVERLAND**

**MichTina: the hot couple that's got everybody talking**

#### **MARRY ME!**

**Michael Jackson begs Christina Aguilera to elope with him**

Just when Christina opened her suitcase that morning in search of a pair of jeans, she heard her Blackberry ringing inside one of the compartments. She was shocked when she noticed that Mehar had left her no less than 10 messages in the past 24 hours.

She brought the phone to her ear. "Hello?"

"Christina? Thank God you picked up! I'm going ballistic!" Mehar said with relief in her voice.

"Mehar, you sound tense. What's the problem with all the messages? I haven't checked them yet."

"It's your mom. She demands that you call her as soon as possible or she's going to drive over there. And your new publicist called. He wants to talk to you A.S.A.P."

"You haven't told my mom where I am, right?"

Mehar had no time to respond. Her eyes widened when she saw Christina's mother Shelly come down the stairs and into the living room, looking very p\*issed off. "Hold on a second Chris. Your mom is right here."

Shelly took the cordless phone in her hand and moved into the kitchen. "Christina, what the hell do you think you're doing?" the older woman barked through the phone line.



"Doing what?" Christina asked innocently.

"You know what I mean. You are in Neverland, right now, aren't you?"

"Yeah," Christina said quietly.

Shelly dropped into a chair and exhaled a frustrated breath. "I knew it! It's splashed all over the tabloids. Thanks anyway for letting me be the last one to know."

"I don't see the big deal. He's just a friend," Christina said without a care in the world.

"Don't fool me, Christina." A quick silence followed. "Are you sleeping with him?" Shelly's voice kept cutting like a knife.

"Didn't you hear what I just said, mom? He's just a friend." *Last night Michael and I got laid like there was no tomorrow. Oh mommy dearest, if you only knew...* Christina thought to herself with a smirk.

"Christina, I sincerely hope you're aware of what you're getting into."

"I have a very busy day ahead of me. I'm fine, don't worry. Michael's been treating me like a queen. I'll talk to you when I get back. Sorry mom, but I have to hang up. He's waiting for me downstairs. Bye."

"Christina! Don't--"

And the line went dead.

\*

Christina met Michael downstairs in the foyer. She sure looked hot with her low rise blue-jeans, a white tee, a white baseball cap on backwards and a pair of white Jimmy Choo trainers. "Where are you taking me now?" she queried.

"You'll see." Michael's eyes ran down her body, his cheeks reddening as some very unholy thoughts brewed inside his head. *If only I could place a wet kiss on your navel and ...*

Truth be told, Michael was having so much fun with Christina, more than he had had with any other girl in the longest time, and the idea that he would get to have her delicious little body all for himself again made him want to rip their clothes off right then and there.

Regaining his composure, he took her small hand in his big one and they walked outside.

They started crossing the well-manicured lawn when all-of-a-sudden he halted and turned to her. "I need to ask you something."

Christina picked up the somewhat concerned look on his visage. "What is it?"

"Are you ready for the ride?" He asked her with a serious frown.

She made a face at him. "Michael, I'm not going on the zipper again if that's what you're thinking. No wayyyyy!"

A hearty laugh escaped Michael's lips. "No, baby girl, that's not what I meant. I'm referring to the intense media scrutiny and paparazzi harassment you'll be subjecting yourself to by having a relationship with me."

Christina looked at Michael, his outright concern for her well-being making her heart swell with love and affection for him.

"Oh, screw those oximorons, Michael," she said dismissively. "I couldn't care less. It's none of my business."

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Michael smiled. He kissed her lightly on the lips and they resumed their trek.

\*

"This is my 'giving tree,'" Michael said proudly, staring up in amazement as they halted by the large old tree with large green leaves and a thick trunk. "It's a big secret and I never show it to anyone."

He started to climb the tree. "Come on," he invited, and Christina climbed after him.

When he got to a thick branch way up he sat down and pulled her beside him.

"Wow," Christina gasped at the breathtaking view, noticing how high they had climbed.

"This tree is my inspiration. I wrote many songs up here. Heal The World, Earth Song, several poems, you name it."

A moment of silence. Christina inhaled a deep breath and surprised Michael when she began to sing one of his songs in her beautiful, soulful voice:

*"What about sunrise, what about rain, what about all the things, that you said we were to gain...what about killing fields , is there a time, what about all the things, that you said was yours and mine..."*

Michael gasped. "Christina, that was beautiful. Why did you stop? Sing more."

"Sing with me," she coaxed.

"No, no, no. I want to hear you sing," he insisted, his face lit up like that of a little boy.

*"Did you ever stop to notice, all the blood we've shed before, did you ever stop to notice, the crying Earth the weeping shores? Aaaaaaaaah Oooooooooo..."*

"Excellent!" Michael clapped his hands at the end of the song. "Girl, that was fantastic. You've hit the notes to a tee. And you know what I like about you? You sing it from your soul. That's what being a true performer is all about."

Christina blushed a little. "Thank you," she said softly.

He leaned in and pecked her on the lips. "Wanna go back?"



Last edited by mjsbabygirl: 05-10-2010 at 02:16 PM.

Quote

05-10-2010, 03:25 AM

#



[mjsbabygirl](#)



The sun was playing hide and seek behind a few gray clouds so Michael had requested for lunch to be served inside a small tent, just as a precaution.

Paris could hardly contain herself, scrambling out of her daddy's arms onto the ground, making a beeline to the yellow rubber ducks floating in a small pond. "Ducky." She leaned over the short tank, grabbing at one

of the ducks, on the verge of falling in until Christina rescued her from a certain watery fate. Christina pulled the little girl into her arms and planted a noisy kiss on her cheek.

Michael, Christina, nanny Grace and the kids entered the tent and were joined by Macaulay Culkin and his brother. Lunch consisted of savory foods such as creamy potato salad, macaroni and cheese, green salad, the indispensable fried chicken, fruit salad and strawberry cheesecake for dessert.

Once again Nanny Grace sat across from Christina, trying her best to conceal her feelings of disgust, which in fact could be better labeled as jealousy.

Christina and Michael were seated very close each other, just like two love birds. The children burst out with laughter when he held a spoonful of potato salad to her mouth, trying to feed her as if she was a baby.

"Eat it, Christina. Come on, eat it!" Macaulay urged her.

"Yeah, eat it," Prince piped up, throwing his little arms up in the air.

Christina opened her mouth but Michael deliberately missed it and smeared it all over her lips.

"Michael, this is not cool," Christina protested, wiping it off with a napkin.

Michael smiled mischievously as he dipped his fork into the rich cheesecake, bringing a thick chunk to his lips. But then he shoved it squarely onto Christina's face.

"Yuck!" Christina sputtered.

"It's your food fight initiation!" Michael got up and danced around the table as he and the others collapsed with laughter at the look on Christina's face. Even Grace, who wasn't much of a fan, couldn't help laughing.

After laughing until he had tears in his eyes, Michael returned to his seat, acting as if nothing had happened.

Christina wiped her face clean and in a quick movement she grabbed a chunk of the cheesecake with her bare hand and threw it at him, hitting him squarely on the nose with it.

Michael grimaced as the red gelatinous topping slid down his chin, down his forest green shirt, landing on his lap before falling into a spat on the floor. He reached for the bowl of macaroni and cheese. "I gonna get you for this!"

"No, Michael, no!!!! Christina jumped up and went around the table. She put her hands up defensively in front of herself and as Michael threw the creamy mixture at her, she ducked behind Grace's chair, who ended up getting hit squarely on the forehead.

He was puzzled when Christina huffed and stormed out of the tent. "Christina! Wait!" He bolted from his chair and charged after her.

Christina was sprinting across the lawn with Michael close on her trail, running as fast as his legs would carry him.

She burst through the front door to the main house and glanced over her shoulder. "Christina!" Michael called out when he saw her darting up the stairs and turning into the hallway.

Trying his best to catch her, Michael quickly made it up the steps. But as soon as he took a few steps into the window lined hallway, he bumped into his middle aged Portuguese maid, almost knocking her over in his haste. "Ai Jesus!" The woman cried. "Sorry, Maria," Michael said apologetically, gripping her by the shoulders to steady her.

By then Christina had rushed into his bedroom and was now locked in his luxurious bathroom. She looked around, settling her eyes on the huge marble Jacuzzi.

Michael grunted as he tried the locked door. "Come on, Christina, open it!"

She turned the ornate gold faucet on the Jacuzzi and started peeling off her clothes, leaving only the delicate gold and diamond necklace Michael had presented her with the previous night. Now in her naked glory, she opened the closet where he kept several bottles of make-up. She padded over to the door, giggling as Michael continued to implore from the other side. "I was just playing around, baby girl. Don't be mad," he said sweetly.

"Too late. I'm going to dump all of your liquid make up in the toilet!"

Michael groaned. "No! Don't do that! It's bad for the environment. Plus that make-up was custom made specially for me."

"Okay, then. Let's make a deal." Amused to the core, Christina covered her mouth to stifle a laugh.

"I'll wear the gold pants for you, I promise. I'll even dance if you want," Michael offered in his high pitched voice.

"Bullsh\*t!" She teased. "You're not going to do that and you know it! And don't try to work that voice on me, mister."

She went back to the tub and making sure the temperature was right, she strolled back to the door and unlocked it. With a smile, she peered into the bedroom to see Michael sitting on the edge of the bed facing her. She swung the door open, turning her naked back to him, letting him watch as she slowly slipped into the tub.

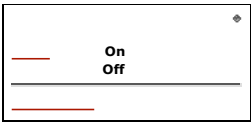
"Aren't you coming?" She asked him.

Michael bit his bottom lip. He stared at her for a while and when he realized he had no more resistance left in him, he moved into the bathroom. He let his fingers start to undo the buttons of his shirt and soon he was pulling the garment out of his pants and off his body. Eventually, the remaining pieces of clothing joined the shirt on the floor and he slowly hopped into the warm water with her.

Before he'd even gotten himself situated, Christina was floating over to him. She curled up in his lap and captured his lips in a tantalizing kiss. He tilted his head back and let it rest against the edge of the tub as one of his hands rested on the top of her thigh and the other slipped around the small of her back, holding her against him. She sighed in contentment and let one of her hands slip

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