

05-10-2010, 07:18 PM



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
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Quote

05-12-2010, 12:45 AM

#44



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 23

Michael and Christina were cuddled up under the sheets, enjoying the warm afterglow of their lovemaking.

His eyes were glued to the canopy above them. "I can't believe we're in bed again so quickly after last night."

Christina reached for his hand. She brought it to her lips and closed her mouth around his index finger, s*ucking on it like it was a penis shaped lollipop.

His lips curled into a smile. "Nah nah nah nah nah. Not now. We have to get out of bed, girl. They must be looking for us."

Laughing, Christina let go of his hand and pecked his cheek with a 'mwah!' "You loooooove me for it," she teased.

No sooner than she had closed her mouth, a knock was heard on the door.

Michael looked at her. "You see? I told you."

He scrambled into his robe while Christina ran into the bathroom for cover.

He opened the door wide enough to poke his head into the hallway. His eyes came in contact with the ones of an obviously turned off—and jealous—nanny Grace. She looked like she wanted to kill him and die for him all at once.

She shot him a positively murderous look and spoke through almost gritted teeth. "Nice to know you're still alive, Michael. We were getting worried. Anyway, I put the kids down for a nap, in case you want to know."

Basking in the glory of her petulance, she turned on her heels and walked away.

Sometime later

Christina was strolling the verdant lawns of Neverland, looking for Michael. She was unaware that nanny Grace was watching her from the nursery window on the second floor of the main house.

There came a flirtatious whistle from behind a tree.

Christina stopped in her tracks, her eyes darting in all directions. "Michael? Is that you?"

Then the first water balloon hit her on the back of the head. She turned, trying to figure out where the blast had come from. Three more came. One hit her forehead, one her thigh and another one her knee.

Getting over the shock, she surveyed the area one more time as she wiped the water dripping down her face.

"Yooohoooo!" Michael giggled from his hiding place.

Christina was stunned when he bolted from behind a nearby tree, halting in front of her with a bunch of water balloons in his hand.

She let out an ear piercing squeal and started to run, desperately trying to dodge the many balloons being hurled at her.

She tried her best to get away from him but he was so fast, hitting her with one balloon after another.

"Come on, Michael! It's not fair! I have no ammunition!"

It wasn't long before Michael was throwing the last one. He grabbed Christina from behind and picked her up by the waist. Both of them laughed deliciously as he spun her around.

He put her down and placed a smacking kiss on her lips.

She hit him playfully on the chest. "Michael, you're such a gangsta! Always finding a way to make me wet."

He took her hand and tucked it in the crook of his arm. "Come with me. I have something to show you."

Christina gasped as her gaze fell on the gleaming monster truck Michael had in his garage. It was all black, sporting a replica of the batmobile for its body.

"Wow!" She exclaimed in awe. "This is not a truck. It's a sex-machine!" *"Yeah, Michael, everything about you is big. Definitely definitely big."* She thought mischievously to herself.

Michael climbed inside his undeniably cool vehicle and rolled down the window, beaming. "I know what you're thinking. Nope. I've never done it in here."





Last edited by mjsbabygirl; 05-16-2010 at 08:24 PM.

Quote

05-12-2010, 07:16 PM

#45



mjsbabygirl
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Thanks: 115
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Chapter 24

Christina lay back in her chaise lounge by the swimming pool. She adjusted the top of her bikini and languidly sipped a juice and tonic. "Yoo-hoo! Ke-en? Where are you, Ken?"

"Girl, wait a minute," Michal's voice rang from inside the pool house.

She giggled. "Oh, Keeeeenn... how many times a day do you change your clothes?"

The door to the pool house opened a crack. His head popped out. "You keep calling me that and I'm comin' out there starkers."

"Oh, you've spent a lot of time in England, I suppose. Does that mean 'naked' in their language?" she asked, head cocked, putting on the ditz.

He smiled. "In English? Yeah."

"Okay," she shrugged. "Ken."

He gasped, aghast.

She laughed.

"You can't call me Ken. He's blond."

"There was a Ken with jet black hair just like yours."

Accepting the inevitable with a burdened sigh, he came forward, wearing a nice pair of black trousers with a thick belt and a black button up shirt with silver buttons.

Christina knew the reason he had refrained from wearing swimwear: he didn't want to publicly display the uneven patches on his skin due to the vitiligo.

"Oohhh, nice. I likey." She nodded in appreciation and s*ucked on her straw. "All good. Now, spin. Not the James Brown spin. A slow one." She spun her finger around.

Michael rolled his eyes and turned slowly, arms out.

"Come over here."

He cautiously approached her.

"Don't be afraid, Kenny." She sat up, and when he came close enough, she patted his behind. "Perfect."

"Do I please you, Mistress?" he asked with a smile. Ah, that sexy *smile*. As if he knew he was God's gift to women or something.

"Oh, very, very much." She sat back. "You can service me now."

"Oh good."

When he came at her, she gasped, shrinking back -- *Oh my god, he's really gonna--*

And then he scooped her up in his arms, carried her to the pool's edge, and tossed her into the cold, cold water.

Christina surfaced, spitting and muttering something under her breath.

Michael pointed at her emphatically. "Yeah, you know you deserved it!"

"Okay, okay." She wiped the water out of her eyes and threaded to the pool's edge. "Maybe I did." She held out a hand. "Help me out?"

"Oh no, baby girl. I know that trick," he said with a smirk.

She made the most serious face she could. "I promise I won't pull you in."

"You promise?"

"I *totally* promise."

He sighed, and held out his hand. She pulled him in.

His head shot out of the water. "You little liar! I'm gonna--"

She knife-stroked toward the shallow end. He darted after her, caught her ankle, and pulled her under.

She managed to spin, wiggle out of his grasp, and vault out of the water like a dolphin while pushing his head down.

He took that opportunity to seize her hips and yank her towards his face.

She felt his nose on her navel, and gasped.

Bear-hugging her torso tightly against his body, he emerged. "Oh, I got you now."

"Nuh-uh," she said, looking into his eyes as she held onto his shoulders and wrapped her legs around his waist, "I got you."

Expression darkening, Michael slid his hands up her back. Long fingers on her peach-smooth skin, eyes on her wet lips... "Do you know how many of my hair-pieces got soaking wet because of you?"

She splashed him and swam away.

"Alright Barbie," he said, wiping his face, sighting his target on her retreating form. "This means war."

She grabbed the metal ladder and propelled herself out of the pool, water cascading down her back. She slipped two fingers under her bikini bottom, adjusting them like girls do in the movies, and turned to smirk at him while she wrung her hair.

"Get back in here!" He splashed her from there, but she jumped out of the spray. "I'm not done with you yet."

"I guess Barbie wins," she said breezily, and turned on her heel. "We better change, love. The children are going to wake up from their nap pretty soon."

Breathing heavily, he watched her sashay into the pool house and close the door.

A little while later...

Christina went over to Michael's bedroom. She knocked at the door twice. Listened. Slid it open.

Some clothing items were laid out on the bed. The door to the bathroom was open. She walked towards it and heard the shower running.

Christina knew she shouldn't, but something completely out of her control propelled her to peek into that bathroom door.

She smiled, leaning back against the door frame. Stall showers were such a brilliant invention. Except for the translucency of them. And how they got all steamed up.

Even so, his refracted soap-sodded physique was something to behold. Under the water, and, yes... get all that soap off.

*Okay, stop, she told herself. You came here to apologize for your childish behavior and ask him to take you up the Ferris Wheel, not to find a whole new reason to f*uck his brains out... oh, god, that ass of his... he's going to think I'm the biggest hornbag that's ever roamed this planet... god, what kind of crap do they put in the water here in Neverland?*

When he spit into the drain, she held in a chuckle. *Gangsta gangsta! He even spits into drains!*

It wouldn't hurt if she opened the door a teensy-weensy bit more, would it? His back was still turned, he wouldn't see.

It creaked. She held her breath.

Luckily, he seemed to be in his own little world. And so was she, until--

"You planning on joining me or just watching?"

Busted.

Before she could run away, he slung open the stall door. She caught one full-frontal glance and tore her gaze away from the spectacle, training her eyes on an imaginary imperfection in the wallpaper border. Let the babbling begin. "I, um, came to - to apologize for my... uh, behavior, pulling you into the swimming pool like that, getting your clothes and your hair all wet..." She trailed off, biting on her lip.

"Apology accepted," Michael said with a smile, cutting off the shower.

She turned to leave. "Um, okay, thanks. I'll see you downstairs."



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Quote

05-15-2010, 05:23 PM

#46



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Chapter 25

Christina jogged down the stairs, promising herself to never bring up any of her voyeuristic impulses ever again. She made a u-turn towards the main living room when suddenly a hand dropped onto her shoulder, making her jump.

She spun around and when her eyes came into contact with the hand's owner she felt like screaming. It was like a scene out of Psycho, minus the shower.

Nanny Grace retrieved her hand quickly, looking like she had touched the most repugnant thing in the world. "May I please have a word with you?"

Christina gave the woman a once over and shrugged her shoulders. "Sure." *Let's see what this b*itch wants.*

Grace motioned for Christina to follow her into the library.

Christina did as told. Her face immediately brightened up when she entered the room and spotted Michael's children.

Paris was seated in her cute little chair, running a plastic pink brush through her Barbie's hair while Prince was busy with his coloring book that sat on the cute little table before him.

"Hi, sweethearts!" Christina kneeled down and held her arms out to them.

The children immediately stopped their tasks at hand and ran to her. "Christinaaaa! Hiiiiii!"

"Did you guys have a good nap?" She asked, pulling them both into a hug.

Both children nodded against her shoulder.

They pulled back to look at her face. "Can I show you my coloring book?" Prince asked eagerly.

"Of course, sweetheart," replied Christina with a smile. She turned to Paris. "Where is baby Blanket, my darling?"

Paris pointed to the bassinet beside the sofa. "He's sleeping over there."

Grace rolled her eyes. "Children, Nanna needs to speak to Christina for a minute. We won't be too long."

"Tell you what," Christina said cheerfully, her eyes darting between the two youngsters. "Why don't you two go color something and I'll take a look as soon as Grace and I are finished?"

She released them and soon enough they were taking their seats at their small tables and reaching for their coloring pencils.

Grace gave Christina an icy stare and pulled her into a corner.

"I know what game you're playing, young lady," she began in a low voice, her words oozing venom. "You have no feelings for Michael, except for wanting to use him to attract attention to yourself, your new album and your upcoming tour. How convenient."

Christina shot Grace a defiant stare. "And who the hell are you to question my feelings for him? Put yourself in your place, *nanny dearest*. You're nothing more than hired help."

Grace crossed her arms over her chest. "You're so very wrong. I'm not only the nanny to Michael's children," she hissed. "We've known each other for ages and it is my responsibility as a friend to make sure he steers away from women like *you*. I know your type."

Christina looked over her shoulder at Paris and Prince to make sure they were not listening. She sighed in relief as they were deeply concentrated in a coloring world of their own. She shifted her gaze back to Grace. "You know nothing about me! *Nothing!*"

"Oh yes, I do. You're using sex as a weapon to keep Michael wrapped around your finger," Grace said snidely.

Christina grinned evilly. "Which is something you obviously cannot do." She raised an eyebrow. "And for your information, Michael and I are basking in our lusty bunny-ness."

Grace narrowed her eyes. "Oh really? What do you think a man like him's gonna do when you're away on tour? Watch TV by himself on Friday nights? Michael has scores of women crawling at his feet. Fans mob him everywhere he goes. He will never belong to only one woman so you better enjoy it while it lasts. And you wanna know something else? He doesn't trust you, either." She gestured with her hand, "There's that tiny little voice in the back of his mind that is screaming the truth at him. The truth he doesn't want to hear. But he will wake up as soon as this trek of yours to Neverland is over. Trust me."

really hurt to want someone you cannot have."

The two women turned at the sound of footsteps.

"There you are," Michael said as he came into the room. His gaze flickered between the two as he sensed the palpable tension in the air.

God damn it! I left the door ajar! Grace thought to herself, wondering whether he had been listening to their heated exchange.

"Daddyyyyyyyy!" Paris and Prince's angelic voices breezed through the room. They dropped their coloring pencils and rushed towards Michael.

Michael grabbed his two gorgeous children and hugged them tight. "What about some pizza for dinner?" he asked as he released them.

"Pizza?" Paris exclaimed, wide-eyed.

Prince hopped up and down with excitement. "Yes daddy! I want pizza!"

*

Was the girl's name really Paris? The man thought to himself. He had heard that name in a movie once. He had seen the girl in the movie. He had seen her eat the pizza directly out of the box and the Kentucky Fried chicken from the bucket.

But despite the cheerfulness and love emanating from Michael and the children, dinner was a very unpleasant experience for Christina. Grace's bitter words had been hammering inside her head and she was barely able to touch her food. What if the things the woman had said about Michael were true? Was he really suspicious of her? Sooner or later, she was determined to find out from the man himself.

Later on...

Christina sat down on the floor, in front of the first row of red velvet chairs inside the movie theater. She looked up and saw Michael towering over her, holding a brown paper bag and two cans of soda.

"More food?" she asked when the delicious smell wafted through her nostrils.

"You barely touched your meal over dinner, baby girl. I know you like Chinese food so I've ordered you some," Michael said as he crouched and handed her the items. He settled down next to her, his legs outstretched in front of him. He looked her over as she peered into the bag. *This girl changes outfits more often than Cher*, he thought. Now she was wearing a soft yellow v-neck halter top with little embroidered palm trees on it and did she ever wear a bra? And a pair of black low rise jeans. She looked good enough to eat.

Christina leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "Aww, that's so sweet of you. Thank you."

*

"I know you had dinner already but have just one little bite. It's not gonna kill you! You can always moonwalk it off." She waved the vegetable roll in front of his face and took it away with a sigh. "Here I thought you were all Adventure Guy, but noooo, you're afraid of a tiny bit of bean sprouts."

Michael snagged it from her hand. "Persuasive little cheat."

"Thank you!" She gave him a sunny grin, and reached across the floor for her soda.

"You always get what you want?" He inspected the roll.

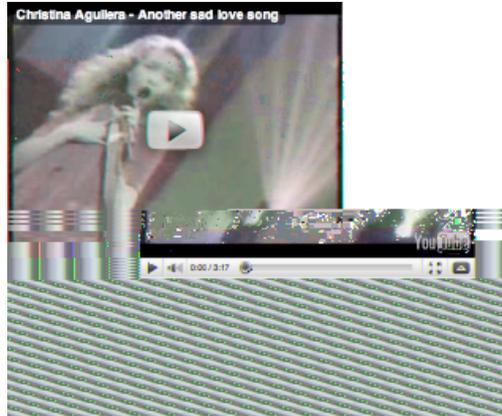
"Nope. Only from you."

"Wanna watch the videos?"

She nodded.

He rose quickly and signaled to the projectionist to start the film.

The images of a 12 year old Christina Aguilera singing on the 7th season of the Mickey Mouse Club started flickering on the big screen.



A minute into the video and Michael clapped and nodded approvingly. "Wow! What a voice!"

Christina was silent as she chewed. And then, "I told ya. I was the little girl with the big voice. Too bad we weren't born in the same era. I would have loved to have performed a duet with you."

Michael pulled a lollipop out of his pocket and unwrapped it. "You saying that I'm too old to do a duet with

She moved to kneel at his feet, and chuckled.

"What's so funny?"

In a quick movement she removed his shoes and lightly brushed her finger across his toes.

He laughed, "Hee heeeeee! Don't do that."

"You're ticklish!"

"Am not!" he said unconvincingly, since it was coupled with a giggle fit.

"Aw, Michael's big feet are ticklish!" She tickled them some more. He was giggling. Giggling so hard like a little boy! It was the cutest thing she'd ever heard.

"Leave 'em alone!" He combusted into hysterics, trying to push her away with his feet. "I mean it!"

"Say I'm a gangsta..."

"Stop it! Stop stop stop! Okay! Okay! I'm a gangsta!"

"Okay, okay, stopping," she said, letting go of his feet. She reclaimed her spot next to him, trying to keep a straight face. Unsuccessfully.

"I'm gonna get you for that," he vowed, turning his head toward her.

"I'm not ticklish," she said airily.

"There are other ways."

He was staring at her dangerously and there was something so sexy about what he said and the way he said it.

Other ways. Other. Ways. She cleared those images out of her mind.

They resumed watching the videos and as Christina saw a young Michael move across the screen, she dissolved into tears. She thought of the abuse Michael had endured from his father Joseph, which caused for her own sad recollections to flood her mind. "Oh, Michael," she sobbed brokenly. "I'm so sorry."

Michael watched the light and colour and vivacity leave her face as he studied her. "Why are you crying?"

"I... I was just thinking... how in the world your father had the courage to ever lay a finger on you. I'm sorry for saying this but he has no heart," she said between sobs. "I didn't have it easy myself."

"Don't cry," he said gruffly. "Please don't cry, Christina. It's all right. Just tell me about it. Let it out."

He pulled her into his arms. Kissing her hair, he held her first softly and then tighter as he felt her begin to relax in his grip.

A piercing heartache overtook both of them as she told him about her difficult childhood. The physical abuse and verbal humiliation her tyrannical father had subjected her to, and how one day her mom came home and found her bleeding on the chin, a result of her dad hitting her for making too much noise.

"I witnessed a lot of unpleasant things," Christina continued sadly. "A lot of pushing and shoving and fighting and quarreling. Growing up I did not feel safe. Feeling powerless is the worst feeling in the world. I turned to singing as an outlet. The pain at home is where my love for music came from. I use the pain of my past in my music."

Michael rocked her in his arms and as her sobs died away he lifted her head from his chest and tilted up her chin. In her liquid blue eyes he saw himself, the deep pain and anguish mirroring his own.

She looked deeply into his eyes and said with a faint smile, "But you know something, love? You and me, we're both survivors. All the horror we have been put through didn't stop us. It only made us stronger."

"You're beautiful, Christina," he breathed, wiping the tears from her cheeks with his thumb. "So beautiful and so special. You really are."



Last edited by mjsbabygirl; 05-16-2010 at 10:18 AM.

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The Following User Says Thank You to mjsbabygirl For This Useful Post:

05-15-2010, 06:02 PM

#47



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#48



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05-15-2010, 07:15 PM

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The Following User Says Thank You to iwrite4mj For This Useful Post:

05-16-2010, 01:07 AM

#50



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Chapter 26

Their mouths were begging for it but there was no kiss as the projectionist was still inside the booth.

Michael put his mouth to her ear. "Wanna retire for the night?"

*

30 minutes later

Michael knew, oh, he knew he shouldn't be doing this, sneaking into her bedroom as she took a shower. He should have been a good boy and stayed in his bedroom waiting for her.

He strode ahead, and slowed down as he reached the bathroom door, which was slightly ajar.

Taking a breath, he pushed it wider, opening it to a full, clear vision of her, hands in her hair, arms raised, back arched. Water streaming down the curves and planes of her supple body, soap lather sliding along with it, exposing her flesh to him slowly, teasingly.

Lips parting, tongue touching his teeth, his breath caught in his throat. A hundred rapid-fire visions went through his mind: pushing her against that glass stall; throwing her on the bed, still wet and glistening; kissing her all over... watching their reflection in the full length mirror as he loved her in a standing position...

Suddenly, Christina opened the stall door.

Turning off the water, she nodded at the towel Michael was holding over his groin. "Is that for me... or for you?"

He didn't answer, didn't look away. Head down, he took in every wet, naked inch of her with deep bedroom eyes. Then his gaze met hers.

Michael frowned, momentarily shelved his lust, and forced his vocal chords to work. "Christina..."

Sensing his sudden hesitation, she shut the glass door. "Okay, I'll see you in your bedroom shortly. Don't fall asleep."

Without saying another word he cast the towel down on the floor and walked out.

*

She opened his bedroom door and peered in. "Michael?"

"Decent." She heard a giggle and stepped inside.

Michael was sitting in his bed, already in his black satin pajamas, an open book in his lap, his back propped up against the pillows.

He looked up at her over his reading glasses, taking in the short red silk robe concealing her body.

She stood at the foot of the bed and whined, "I thought you were going to shower with me."

He put his book on the night table and removed his glasses. "Sorry, babe. I didn't want to get my hair wet again."

Christina gave him an evil smile. She grabbed a cushion off the antique chair and threw it at him as hard as she could.

Michael grabbed the cushion out of the air. His eyes narrowed. "Oh, you are in for it now."

He lunged. With a gasp, she took off, triggering a chase around the bedroom.

She squealed as he closed in, "No horseplay in the bedroom!"

"This horse is not playing," he growled, outstretched hand almost catching her by the hem of her robe before she screamed and scampered away.

"You're just begging for a spanking."

"A sp...?" She looked at him and gasped. *Other ways.* "You did not just say that! Am not, you big perv!"

"I was going to give you a good one back in Denver, when you were acting like a little diva, remember? There's no escape now. You're going over my knee, missy."

"Not if you can't catch me!" She rounded another corner and sprinted forward into the sitting area.

Sprightly little thing. He couldn't keep up with her.

So, he howled in pain, and limped over to the bed.

Christina stopped, turned around. "Michael?" She tentatively approached him. "Are you... are you okay?"

"My ankle," he said, sitting down and making a big show of nursing it. "I must have sprained it when I was practicing a few dance moves."

"Do you... need..." She stepped a little closer.

Just one... more... step...

He grabbed her by the arm and threw her over his knees.

"You big faker!" She tried to wriggle away.

"Yeah," he laughed, holding her fast. "And you fell for it. Welcome to gangsta's paradise!"

She thrashed around in his lap. "Michael don't!"

"I don't know, love." He shook his head, running his hand up her thigh. "You've been a bad, bad girl."

"No! No!" *Yes!*

"That's right. I gonna spank your cheeky little bum 'til...", he briefly slipped a finger under her robe, "it turns apple red."

"No!" She squirmed. "My poor bum! Your hand is huge. It's gonna hurt!"

Wicked grin on his face, he raised a hand in the air and snapped it down once over the thin material of her robe. Not too hard, just enough to make her squeal in surprise.

"Pulling me into the water?" *Spank!* "Tickling my toes?" *Spank!* "Yeah, maybe this will teach you." He spanked her again and again, getting that same delicious response each time.

"Ow! Ow!" she laughed, struggling not so much. "Ow!"

He rubbed her butt, hand moving in little circles over the thin material that covered her soft, taut skin. "I'm sorry... did I hurt you, baby?"

Legs stilling, she scoffed. "Hardly."

"Oh," he shrugged, and slapped her. *Hard.*

"Ow!" She screamed a real scream and jumped up, rubbing her behind. Then she assailed him, hitting and pounding his chest. "That hurt!"

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Chest rumbling with laughter, Michael grabbed her arms and pulled her close. "I just... couldn't resist."

Eyes level with his, she pouted. "Jerk."

He smiled at that pouty lip. "I'm sorry."

When his gaze met hers again, she felt light-headed.

His smile faded. Tight grip loosening, his fingers were now reaching for the tie on her robe.

She swallowed, opened her mouth to speak...

***Censored* Sorry for the inconvenience but maybe you could leave me a message on my wall if you want to read it.**

Just want to make sure I don't send it to someone who doesn't want to. Thank you!



Last edited by mjsbabygirl; 05-18-2010 at 07:45 PM.

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