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

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05-16-2010, 12:11 PM #51



iwrite4mj
Stuck in the Middle

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

I'll take that censored part, please.

Someone was seriously offended by the censored parts? Gald I'm not but I agree. If anyone thinks that reading about Michael doing what the rest of us all do with his sgnificant other, story or not, they really should not be reading them. I, personally enjoy the spicy parts and feel that the story just wouldn't be the same without them. Please keep up the great work and I look forward to reading more.

L.O.V.E.

Paula



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

The Following User Says Thank You to iwrite4mj For This Useful Post:
[badgraciebabes](#) (05-17-2010)

05-17-2010, 12:31 PM #52



Julie
Crotch Grabber

[Moon Lander Char](#)
[Tournaments Won:](#)
 Join Date: Nov 2009
 Location: Liverpool
 Posts: 3,146
 Groans: 0
 Groaned at 1 Time in 1 Post
 Thanks: 500
 Thanked 626 Times in 359 Posts

Quote:

Originally Posted by iwrite4mj ♦

I, personally enjoy the spicy parts and feel that the story just wouldn't be the same without them. Please keep up the great work and I look forward to reading more.

L.O.V.E.

Paula

I agree. He did Christina daily, nightly and ever so rightly. 🙏



Dancin' in moonlight, I know you are free, Coz I can see your star,
shining down on me.

Quote

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

[badgraciebabes](#) (05-17-2010)

05-17-2010, 12:41 PM

#53



[badgraciebabes](#)
Shovelling the funk



[Granny In Paradis](#)
Join Date: Nov 2009
Location: The 1980's (Oh ok, England lol)
Posts: 711
Groans: 0
Groaned at 0 Times in 0 Posts
Thanks: 368
Thanked 149 Times in 92 Posts

[View Photos By: badgraciebabes](#)



Quote:

Originally Posted by Julie ♦
I agree. He did Christina daily, nightly and ever so rightly. 🙏

Good lad! More power to him.

I'll take that uncensored part please bb-I luh it. XXXXX



Mikey, Mikey, Mikey, Gracie Likey!

Quote

05-18-2010, 07:45 PM

#54



[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 27

They were in bed, cuddling and kissing and whispering sweet nothings to each other after their steamy lovemaking.

The feel of strong arms holding her tightly, the solid beat of his heart close to hers, the gentle caress of warm fingers upon her face and her lips.

Being in Michael's arms was absolutely magical.

Christina put her mouth to his ear and said in a low, sexy voice. "I'm craving something."

Michael gazed at her, an amused twinkle in his eye. "Again???"

Christina laughed and punched his arm lightly. "Not *that*."

"That's a shocker. What is it then?"

"Ice cream!" She shrieked animatedly like a little child.

"Vanilla?"

Jesus, he can even make the friggin' word vanilla sound sexy. Her breath caught in her throat as she said, "Whatever ice-creamish concoction you have in the freezer."

With a shy laugh, she rose from the bed and reached for her robe.

He sat up. "What are you doing?"

"Goin' down to the kitchen to get it," she replied, shrugging into the robe and tying the belt around her waist.

"No, baby girl. Let me do it." He bolted from the bed and reached for his robe.

"Nope," she retorted. "Someone might see you."

"The kitchen staff is gone for the night."

She reached up and brushed a couple of hair strands out of his eyes. "Just make sure someone doesn't kidnap you along the way," she said jokingly.

He kissed her on the lips and slapped her butt. "Nah. Go back to bed. I have no problem fetching some ice cream for my lady."

What a gentleman! With a giddy grin, Christina went back to bed.

Michael put on his sleepers and slipped out of the bedroom. He made his way across the hallway and as he reached the top of the stairs, he bumped into Grace.

She looked at him reproachfully. "Oh, so you're still up. Long night, huh?"

The mere idea of Michael making love to Christina-something Grace knew had been going on quite frequently since Christina's arrival-made her stomach turn. *Oh, how I wish I could scratch that little b*itch's eyes out.*

"Good thing we've ran into each other," Michael said. "I need to have a word with you. Not now, though. Sometime tomorrow, perhaps when the children are napping," he added quietly with a raised eyebrow.

Whatever it was, the expression on his face warned her it wasn't good, Grace thought. Shoot! Maybe he did hear the conversation.

"Good night, Grace." He turned his back to her and went downstairs.

"Want some?" Christina asked, holding up a spoonful of Rocky Road Haagen Dazs.

"Not too big on sugar but since you're offering..." He took it in his mouth.

"Drippy," she said, and licked it from his chin, and teased his mouth open with her tongue.

When the kiss turned passionate, he pushed her to arm's length, and took a very deep breath. "Your little savage."

She stared at him in wonderment for a moment, and sat back in the bed. "Stop being so perfect. I might start to think you're not real."

"Thought you said I was too real?" He put his arm around her. "Now I'm not real at all?"

"Oh my god," she said, looking into her ice cream bowl. "What if you're not? What if we both died and this is some kind of..."

"Heaven?"

"Well, the Rocky Road does lend weight to that theory." She took another bite, nuzzled into him and declared with mouth full, "Heaven rocks."

Christina woke to the sound of a bird chirping loudly by the window, and lifted her head from Michael's chest. He was asleep, mouth slightly open.

God, he'd held her all night. Perfect, perfect guy.

Yet, Grace's words were like a broken record. Christina was due to return to L.A. in three days and she wanted to know the truth. She had given it a great deal of thought and was determined to confront him before she left.

They had breakfast and as Prince and Paris went up to the attic to read with their home schooling instructor, Michael went to show Christina the arcade.

The back of Christina's hand grazed Michael's, and she hooked his pinky with hers. Eyebrow arched, he looked down at her.

She wrapped an arm around him, and met his gaze with a contagious smile. He set his sights forward to conceal his giddiness.

She tore her eyes away from his and inspected the blinking lights of the several pinball games scattered around the sprawling room. And some amusement park games as well.

Michael spotted one of the games and smiled.

Giggling, he lured her towards it, challenge sparking in his eyes.

"I have no hand-eye coordination, Michael, I mean it--"

"You're a dancer, how can you have no coordination?"

"Hand-eye, silly. I can't shoot guns, I hate guns, I -- oh, you turned it on!"

"I did," he leaned into her from behind. "Now look through this right here, match it up with a target, and squeeze the trigger."

Every sound around her faded to just his voice, his breath in her ear. "I can't do this if you're gonna lull me."

He chuckled, stepped back. "Sorry. Carry on."

With a sigh, she peered through the viewer, squeezed the trigger and missed. "I told you, I can't do this! You take it. Take it."

"No." He returned the rifle to her grasp. "You're going to learn. You see that guy up there on the piano? He's your man."

"That guy? He's the hardest one! How can you expect me to--"

"Will you stop whining and just do it?"

He stood behind her again. "Just let me lull, won't be a second." He pressed his cheek against her temple. "Now focus on that little bull's-eye up there, center it between these two knobby things, right here, keep

your elbows steady, and..."

She shut her eyes and squeezed. The wooden piano man went into motion, fingers moving, head swiveling, top hat jumping.

Christina gasped, incredulous. "Oh my god! I did it! I shot something!"

"Feels good, right?"

Squealing and bouncing against his close *close* body, she spun around, took his face in her hands, and pulled him in for a swift kiss.

And once again the rest of the world tipped over and fell off a cliff.

Mirroring her expression of surprise, of trepidation, of intense longing, his hands slid up her bare shoulders, to her face... and with an intake of breath, he pushed her up against the game counter and kissed her, hard.

With her tongue she captured the strawberry flavored piece of candy from his mouth into hers.

Yes! Oh, god, yes, his tongue, so soft, soft, and soft...

*Fu*ckin' candy-coated lips, knew he'd taste like this...*

They drew apart in unison, gasping for air, staring into each other's eyes. And then, their mouths met again desperately, all reservations forgotten.

Delectable tingles shot from her neck to her toes and everywhere in between, making her moan and hold him tighter.

The soundtrack in Michael's head struck up in rejoice. Possessively, he raked his fingers through her hair and she held the nape of his neck as their heads tilted with telepathic timing and their bodies melded into one, as if they were tailor-made for each other. As if they were born for just this one purpose. Her mind had it right:

Like the pieces of a puzzle, they totally *fit*.

And at that thought, Christina remembered they weren't alone. She pulled back, finger on his lips, and her eyes slid toward Macaulay Culkin and his brother, who were still hanging out at the ranch.

The two teens were deeply entertained by the bowling machine, hooting as they scored. They probably hadn't seen, and it wasn't as if they'd be terribly shocked if they had. But all-of-a-sudden Mac looked into their direction and with a mischievous smile he gave them a thumbs up. *Little devil had been watching the action from the corner of his eye.*

"I um," she began.

"Yeah." Michael stepped back, looked down at the ground. "Sorry. I got a little out of control--"

"No." She pulled his jacket lapels toward her. "I just think we should continue this...tonight."

"Oh yeah," Michael nodded. "Definitely yeah."

[To be continued...](#)



Last edited by mjsbabygirl; Yesterday at 10:24 PM.

Quote



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 28

The hours ticked by and Michael didn't seem to be too concerned about holding a private conversation with Grace. Not on that day. It could wait. Christina would soon be gone and he wanted to spend as much time with her as he possibly could.

*

The fading, warm rays of sunshine felt good on Christina's bare arms as she braced herself against the concrete ledge of her private balcony. Her eyes squinted slightly as she gazed out over the rolling hills of the ranch's property. A soft smile came to her face when she heard the sound of the suite door closing gently and a few seconds later, two strong yet loving hands wound their way around her waist from behind. Her eyes closed as Michael nuzzled her ear and she could smell the tantalizing scent of his cologne.

"Baby girl," he whispered in his gentle voice before leaving a trail of feather-light kisses down her neck.

Christina smiled, moving her hands to join his where they were resting on her stomach. His lips moved back up to her ear again and when his tongue snuck out to glide across the warm skin, her head fell back slightly as a delightful sigh escaped her pursed lips. Her legs suddenly felt like jello and her mind a bowl of mush. She heard Michael chuckle softly behind her as he repeated the action, this time su*cking gently on the skin before licking back over it and pulling away.

His volume dropped to bedroom-level when he said, "Nothing I can do makes you come undone like that spot below your ear."

"And I love that you know where that spot is," she smiled, glancing over her shoulder at him and thinking how well he knew her already. He put his hands on her hips and turned her around to face him and she reached her arms up to wrap them around his neck. Their lips melted together as one and he let out a soft moan as their tongues met ever so lightly.

"I love having you here with me," he declared, his voice smooth and gentle as he nuzzled her face.

"And I love being with you," she returned, biting her lower lip softly as she felt a gentle pulsing sensation against her thigh, letting him know she was enjoying their light foreplay. "Let's get out of here. Can we go for a walk?"

"A walk it is then," he smiled as he took her hand in his and led her off the balcony and through her suite. As they wound their way through the hallway, she told him about all of the fun she'd had with his children so far.

The stroll was a leisurely one. Sometimes there was conversation and sometimes there was nothing but comfortable silence. They swung their hands lightly between them as they just enjoyed having more time alone together. He didn't even notice when the lyrics of 'Break of Dawn' started to flow in his beautiful voice:

*Hold my hand, feel the touch of your body cling to mine
You and me, makin' love all the way through another night
I remember you and I walking though the park at night
Kiss and touch, nothing much, let it blow just touch and go*

*Love me more, never leave me alone by house of love
People talk, people say what we have is just a game
Oh, I'll never let you go, come here girl
Just got to make sweet love 'til the break of dawn...*

The lyrics faded on his lips as he caught himself singing his own music, something he hardly ever did, not at home at least. He was amazed at the effect Christina had on him.

"You know, I really appreciate the way you bring my children up in our conversations. It means a lot to me," Michael stated with a dazzling smile and a sideways glance at her.

"Awww, they are so adorable," she gushed. "It is impossible not fall in love with them. And they are an extension of you. How could I not mention them?"

A low rumble of thunder broke them apart and Michael looked up to the sky to see a chain of dark clouds on the horizon.

"It looks like it might storm. Maybe we should head back," she frowned.

"No, no, it's fine. Those clouds are a long ways off," he insisted. Taking her hand again, they continued walking across the green grass, sharing words here and there. Several minutes passed and the dark clouds seemed to be getting closer and closer and every roll of thunder seemed to be getting louder.

"Perhaps we should start heading back," Michael announced, noticing they had walked quite a distance from the main house. They turned around and began walking in the direction they had just come. As the thunder became louder and louder their stride became more hurried.

"Michael, hurry! It's going to start a downpour any minute," Christina laughed.

"No, we'll be fine. We can make it," he assured her just as the first few drops of rain began pelting the earth. Within seconds, the rain came, falling in cold, hard sheets. Not able to contain herself, Christina began laughing causing Michael to chuckle right along with her before he pulled her under a large tree.

"Michael, what are we going to do? It's lightning! We can't stay under this tree, we'll get killed!" she cried over the sound of the rain. Michael took a moment to ponder the situation, trying to think of some way to get them out of the storm. Suddenly, he spotted their sanctuary.

"The greenhouse! It's right there! Do you think you can make it?" he asked.

"Yeah, let's go!" she agreed, taking his hand. He pulled her the fifty or sixty yards it was across the field to the large glass building and pulled open the door. Christina ran in first and Michael joined her, turning around to slam the door quickly, shutting out the fury of the sudden storm.

As soon as he turned back around to face her, his back was thrust roughly up against the door. Christina slipped her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his urgently. His hands automatically found her bare thighs underneath her soaking wet dress and he let his fingers trail up the skin until he was resting against her warm heat.

Please go to the following link to read the censored part # 3: <http://fan64.proboards.com/>

You may use the same password from before to read all the parts as I post them (and the ones that have been already posted as well). Please leave me a message if you no longer have the password and I'll send it to you.



Quote

Yesterday, 10:36 PM

#56



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 29

They were preparing to leave the greenhouse when Michael noticed that Christina had been studying him very intensely as they slipped back into their clothes. The pressure of being under her scrutiny became too much to handle. "What's the matter?" he asked as he buttoned up his wet shirt.

Christina gulped. Grace's sharp words kept piercing through her mind and now she was ready for the moment of truth.

She tried to look him in the eye as steadily as she could before speaking, "Michael, I have something to ask you. Please be honest with me."

His curiosity perked up. "Of course. What is it?"

"Do you think I'm using you?"

He lifted his eyebrows cryptically. "What?"

"Do you think I'm using you for my own gain?"

Afraid of what she might hear, she broke the eye contact for a minute. But as she looked back at him, she was startled by the two piercing black orbs staring at her.

He dropped his gaze to the floor and took a deep breath. "To be honest...I don't know," he said coldly. "And I'd rather not think about it."

Christina gaped at him, slightly shaking her head in disbelief. Those words felt as though she had been slapped across the face with great force. She was speechless.

He looked at her for a minute and then turned and walked away.

The stroll back to the main house was extremely uncomfortable. Michael was silent and stiff and Christina struggled not to let the tears spill down her face.

Once inside the house, they climbed the stairs in complete silence and she followed him into his bedroom.

She closed the door behind her and stopped in her tracks. "So you don't trust me."

He sighed in exasperation then stepped up to the crackling fireplace. Placing a hand on the carved mantelpiece, he bit his bottom lip and looked down at the burning flames, taking a moment to gather his thoughts.

"I told you, Christina. I don't want to think, much less talk about it."

Christina narrowed her eyes at him. "She was right all along, then!"

His gaze collided with hers. "She who?"

"Grace... your good friend," Christina blurted out with a hint of sarcasm.

"What do you expect?" Michael snapped. "We haven't known each other that long. So many people have lied to me and used me throughout my life that I don't know who to trust anymore."

Eyes flashing, chin up, Christina folded her arms, as nervous tension ignited her temper and angry words bubbled hotly to her lips. But she felt like his blunt words had shut down her power of speech, to the point of her being unable to speak.

As the argument progressed, they were unaware that Grace had crept out of the nursery and now had her ears glued to the door, listening to their bitter exchange with a victorious smile on her face.

"Christina, put yourself in my shoes. How would you feel if the people who were most dear to you treated you like a puppet?" He thought of Lisa. "I don't want to get into more details."

"Well, well, I don't need to hang out with Michael f*ucking Jackson to become a household name, if that's what you're thinking," Christina spat angrily.

"Oh, Christina, screw you! Stop acting like a child!"

She turned to leave. As her hand reached for the door handle, she said without looking back at him, "Have yourself a good night, you f*uckin' King of Pop!"

Christina closed the door behind her with a loud bang, short of seeing Grace scurrying back into the nursery. She went into her room, collapsed onto her bed and cried herself to sleep.

[To be continued...](#)



Last edited by mjsbabygirl; Today at 12:53 PM.

Quote

Today, 11:35 AM

#57



MJsPYT777
KEEPER OF THE COBRA

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



Darn you Grace! lol I love this story, please continue! 🙄



Proud supporter of the MJ Dad Jeans

Quote

Today, 11:49 AM

#58



Julie
Crotch Grabber

[Moon Lander Char](#)
Tournaments Won:

Join Date: Nov 2009
Location: Liverpool
Posts: 3,146
Groans: 0
Groaned at 1 Time in 1 Post
Thanks: 500
Thanked 626 Times in 359 Posts
●●●●●●●●



i love this story so much, you can imagine Grace listening them going "muhahaha!" afterwards. Grace is always a bitch in these stories, its so funny.



Dancin' in moonlight, I know you are free, Coz I can see your star,
shining down on me.

Quote



Bookmarks

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Fan Fiction 

All times are GMT -7. The time now is 03:26 PM.

-- Positively Michael! ◆

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