Chapter Twenty Four

*Sex, Sausages & Strippers*

***To my beloved readers****:*

*This was, by far, one of the funniest chapters I have ever written in my life. With so many storms passing between Diana and Michael, I thought now would be a good time to bring some humor into their lives as well as yours. I hope this chapter fills your soul with all the laughter in the world. Enjoy!* ☺

*≠*

“Well, that was tons of fun!” Jasmine said coming into the living room plopping down on the chaise sofa. “Everyone is gone and Liz is fast asleep in the cottage house.”
“Good.” I said propping my feet up on the leather sofa. Brad and Prince came home a while ago and they fell asleep together in Prince’s room. Ashley wanted to put Paris to bed and ended up falling asleep in the nursery. Kai and Bev cleaned up and retired for the night so it’s just me and you now.”
“It’s almost 11:30.” Jasmine said glancing at her watch. “I hope the guys are ok at the studio.”
“I’m sure they’re fine.”

“Did Michael call?”
“A while ago. He said he’ll be home late.”
“I hope you had a good day.”
“I did, Jasmine. Thank you for everything.”
“You’re welcome.”

“I don’t know how you and the Jackson sisters pulled this off but it was very special.”

“Speaking of pulling off…” Jasmine said cleverly.

“Oh Lord…”
“For your bachelorette party--”
“Jasmine, I told you I don’t want one!”
“Oh come on!” Jasmine said trying to convince me otherwise. “Every bride needs to have one, Diana. You are no exception.”

“I have two kids, Jasmine. I need to set a good example for them.”
“Paris is only six months old and Prince will never know. Besides, rumor has it that Mr. King of Pop is also having a bachelor party.”
“SAY WHAT?” I yelled jumping off the couch.

“Yup. Brad and his brothers are organizing it.”
“LIKE HELL THEY ARE!” I said marching towards the foyer.

Jasmine caught me before my hand could reach the front entrance door and dragged me back onto the couch in the living room.

“Diana, calm down!”
“I most certainly will NOT!”

“Didn’t you hear what Katherine said earlier? It’s tradition.”
“I’m sure she would hit the roof if she found out her son was having a sleazy ass bachelor party!”
“You know Michael hasn’t really had a lot of interaction with women. Do you REALLY think he’s going to allow a bunch of female strippers to touch him and stuff money down his pants?”

“Knowing how shy and reserved Michael is and how horny my brother Bradley Jonathan Dean is? YES!”
“Diana, have some faith in your fiancé.” Jasmine said trying to make me see reason. “He’s going to marry you in less than a month. Let the man have some fun for once in his life.”
“Fine. Do you know where it’s going to be?”
“Some strip club.”

“WHAT?!”

Jasmine laughed uncontrollably.

“I’M KIDDING!” She yelled. “They’re having it at Javon’s place. They figured that would be the last place the media would look for him since Javon is always here protecting Michael.”

“I guess you’re right.” I said trying to stay calm. “I just hope Michael will be able to handle it.”
“He’s not made of glass, Diana.”

“I know he isn’t but he is very sensitive.”
“He’ll be just fine.”

“So Mike, you excited for your bachelor party?” Rodney asked.

“I know I am!” Teddy said as he added an extra bass line to his synthesizer.

“I don’t know…” Michael said scratching his forehead. “I mean, I’m not really into those things.”

“You’ll be fine.” Rodney said. “These are your last days of being single. Enjoy it while you can!”
“I guess…”

The three men reviewed several of Michael’s songs and went over the costs of production and licenses for short film ideas. One song in particular stood out to Teddy the most and Rodney felt the ballad was very controversial and would definitely cause speculation in the media. Michael finally wanted the world to know that he was entering a very serious and committed relationship and was now an ‘experienced’ man. Definitely not gay like the world thought he was at one point.

“I think it’s fantastic.” Teddy said. “Now the world will finally stop bashing you about your manhood.”
“You really think they will?” Michael asked innocently.

“Even if they don’t, they’ll definitely be using their imaginations a lot more.” Rodney said.

“You DID write this song based on your experiences in the bedroom right, Mike?” Teddy asked.

Michael blushed and giggled adorably. Teddy and Rodney teased their beloved Pop star friend and begged him to give up the juicy details of his private and intimate bedroom life.

“I guess you can say Diana brought out the beast that was hidden in me.”
“OOOOO do tell!” Rodney said sounding a lot like Michael’s tea flower.

“Is she an animal too?” Teddy asked.

“A gentleman does not kiss and tell.” Michael said making the two men roll their eyes.

“Oh, we are SO having this bachelor party!” Teddy said. “Rod, make sure you get tons of eye candy up in there! This man has a lot of releasing to do.”
“Hey!” Michael said politely. “My release is only for one woman.”
“We know…” Rodney said. “But it won’t hurt to tantalize you with some fine feathered honeys!”

“Will you two have bachelor parties before you get married?

“SHIT YEAH!” They both said in unison. “I’m probably going to have mine in Vegas.” Rodney added.

“Really?” Michael asked shocked.

“Me too.” Teddy said. “If we weren’t so pressed for time and if you weren’t working on this project, we totally would have flown you out there for yours.”

“I’m not a huge fan of that place.” Michael explained. “I used to perform there with my brothers and that was where I first met Lisa Marie. I’d like to leave that city and all of its sin in the past.”
“Like they always say – whatever happens in Vegas STAYS in Vegas.” Teddy said.

After discussing more of the project, Michael said he was getting tired and wanted to go home to his future bride. Teddy and Rodney mentioned they were both going to be pre-occupied with Brad and Michael’s brothers for the next two weeks preparing for their upcoming party. The Pop star thought it would be a good time to put his project on hold and focus on the wonderful people he had staying with him at Neverland. Rodney also mentioned that the material recorded at his studio in Miami would soon be added to Michael’s playlist meaning once the Gloved One decided on his choice of song selections, the tracks would be listed on his contract of media release with ATV and Sony music.

Michael smiled brightly as he heard his own voice in playback in the sound booth. He could hear and feel the passion in his own voice and felt incredibly content with the beautiful material he brought to life so far. The King of Pop took his new found happiness as a sign that now, after the longest time, things were finally starting to fall into place for him and nothing could possibly wreak havoc on him or his loved ones ever again.

**NOVEMBER 7TH, 1998**

With just one week remaining before the big day, Michael and Diana spent as much time as possible with their children trying to stay calm for their ‘last week of being single’ parties. Prince was getting closer to his daddy every day and at seven months old, little Paris was sprouting beautifully and crawling on her own.

Michael’s brothers, Mac, Brad, Teddy and Rodney planned what Mac called ‘a babealicious bachelor bash’ for the Pop star while Diana’s gang of Jasmine, Tina, Christy, Ashley and Michael’s sisters planned an event called ‘Diana’s Day of Ding a Lings.” The soon to be newlyweds looked down on such parties but both knew there was no getting out of it and all they could do was try to enjoy their pre-wedding traditions hosted by their friends and family members. Unfortunately, Michael’s friend Dita was busy with her upcoming project and could not attend Diana’s bachelor party but the Pop legend promises that she would still be coming to the wedding.

Michael’s project was temporarily put on hold until his producers could get the ‘bachelor party blood’ out of their system. TSG was also closed for business until the ‘Ding a Lings’ were no longer going to be in sight for the ladies. Kai and Bev were hosting Diana’s special party in the living room at Neverland while Bill and Javon had the pleasure of hosting their boss’s party at Javon’s Encino home. For security reasons, Javon tripled the amount of security Michael usually had whenever he left his home and made sure every guard was on patrol at Neverland while the bachelorette party was in full swing. All guests were informed in advance that everyone attending the parties was to be searched in order to prevent reporters and unnecessary paparazzi from disguising themselves as strippers trying to sneak into Michael’s home.

In order to prevent their children from seeing or hearing any kind of indecent exposure, Katherine insisted that Prince and Paris stay with her at Havenhurst. Not liking the idea and still completely unaware of what his own grandchildren looked like, Joseph disapproved and forbade his wife from allowing what he called ‘those two demon seeds’ into his home. Feeling deeply afraid that his father would harm his two loved ones, Michael asked Janet if their mother could watch her niece and nephew at her house while she was at Neverland with the ladies. The youngest Jackson loved the idea and said yes making Michael and Diana feel so much better about the safety and wellbeing of their youngsters.

Elizabeth volunteered to do the beautiful CEO’s hair and makeup before leaving to go to Janet’s house and stay with the children while Mac volunteered to help his friend look and feel his best for his special day. Jasmine was running around like a chicken with its head cut off trying to keep up with the RSVP’s and last minute party planning details while the two lovebirds did absolutely nothing but sleep in and focus on nothing and no one but each other.

“Good morning, sweetheart.” Michael said as I opened my eyes.

“Good morning, baby. How did you sleep?”
“Very well. It’s so nice to not have to worry about running to the studio for once.”
“I know how you feel. I don’t have to wake up and run to TSG for now either. Tonight’s the big night.”
“Don’t remind me please.” Michael said kissing my forehead. “If I could I’d just stay here in bed with you all day and night.”
“That sounds lovely.”
“Diana?”
“Yes?”
“We’re going to be married in a week.”
“I know, Michael.”

“Are you nervous?”
“Are you?”
“Not at all.”
“Really?”
“I’m just worried that something will happen before that day comes.”
“Don’t be silly.” I said pecking his warm cherry red lips. “It will happen. You’ll see.”

“I can’t wait to see you in your white dress.”
“I’m excited to see what you’ll be wearing too.”
“How about I don’t wear anything?”
“UM, I DON’T THINK SO!”

Michael laughed as he bit his bottom lip and winked at me.

“I know that look.”

“Do you now?”
“Yes and the answer is NO!”

“Why not?”
“We have a lot of people in the house, Michael. Someone could walk in on us.”
“The bedroom door locks automatically, Diana.” Michael said happily. “You know that.”

“Oh right. Well, I still think it’s a bad idea.”

The Pop star carefully slipped his right hand under his fiancé’s back and slid her closer towards him. After having her within arm’s reach, he flipped Diana onto her side with one hand placing her directly on top of him locking his arms around the small of her back.

“You can’t run away from me now, Liberian Girl.”
“I love when you man handle me.”
“Is that so?”

“Yes. It’s sexy.”
“Just like you.”
“I am so hot for you right now.”

“I’m glad I’m not the only one.”

“Fuck me hard, Moonwalker.”
“I’d love to.”

Michael pulled my delicate black lace nightgown above my head and dropped it gently on the floor next to the bed. I removed his silk pajamas from his slender body and felt his firmness jolting awake. I shifted down the bed towards Michael’s lower abdomen and opened my mouth wanting to taste his delicious looking member. Desperately eager to feel it’s exclusive touch, I stroked it gently in my right hand making the Pop star moan to himself as he grabbed a hold of the black satin sheets beneath him. The tingly sensation of my warm tongue instantly hit his glands forcing Michael to turn his beautiful head to the left and breathe deeply begging for more.

Wanting to fulfill his every demand, I licked his shaft repeatedly until a tiny bead of fluid developed. I brushed my thumb over it making him squeal in delight as I kissed his anatomy and sucked hard on his glorious crown until he could no longer hold his inner liquid and warned me to stop. Feeling rebellious, I ignored his request and continued taking every ounce of him in my mouth working my jaw and tongue against his hardened steel until he had no choice but to release his bodily fluids against my lips.

“I’m sorry.” Michael said innocently. “I couldn’t stop myself.”
“I didn’t want you to.” I replied as I stood up and quickly ran to the bathroom wiping the evidence of his orgasm from my face with a towel.

“Girl, you are so good to me.”

I took a large sip of water from his drinking glass on the nightstand and sat directly on top of him. “You haven’t seen anything yet.”

“I think it’s my turn now.”
“Oh, baby. I’m not even close to being finished with you.”
“Diana, you are spoiling me.”
“You deserve it.”
“I love you.”
“I love you too.”

We made out for what seemed like hours circling each other’s mouths with our slippery tongues not wasting a single moment of our time. Michael fondled my breasts and pinched my nipples hard wanting to stimulate me and all my senses. I grabbed his firmness with my left hand and squeezed as hard as I could making him gasp in my mouth. His entire back arched against the wooden headboard indicating that he was more than aroused. Knowing it would drive me wild, my soon to be husband shoved his fingers into my compliant opening pumping them like car brakes in and out of me making me tingle and cream against the edged of his pleasurable fingertips.

“Oh god, please don’t stop.” I whispered as his erection pressed firmly against my right thigh.

“I love it when you’re wet, Diana.”
“It’s because of you.”
“What’s my name?”
“Michael!”
“Again.”
“Michael!”
“Louder!”
“MICHAEL!”

The wetter I became, the harder Michael became. Lusting for more, the Pop star fixated me on top of him and guided himself treating me with the gift of his entire genitalia inside my warm and incredibly throbbing walls. We moved perfectly together feeling nothing but the beautiful rhythm of our heated bodies. I rode him with so much ease and placed his hands on my wonderfully tensed butt cheeks. Michael squeezed them perfectly as I traveled up and down moaning loudly taking every ounce of him deeper and deeper not wanting the moment to end.

“Girl, you feel so unbelievably good.”
“So do you.”

“You want more?”
“Oh god, yes.”
“Dare me?”
“I dare you, baby. Give me more and more.”

He pushed me gently away from him and laid me on my back. Knowing exactly what he’d do next, Michael turned me towards the edge of the sleigh bed and opened my legs as far apart as he could.

“Ready?”

“Always.”

He opened his mouth and placed his jaw directly onto my vulva. I squirmed as orbs of electricity traveled through my entire nervous system. Michael’s mouth was making loud slurping noises and I could tell he was enjoying his trip down south. I placed my hands on top of his head twirling my hands in between his freshly curled hair pulling it slightly every time his tongue hit a sensitive spot.

“MMMM….Michael…”

Remembering the effect his touch had on me, Michael slid all four of his long, luscious fingers into my labia again making me scream out his name begging him to continue. Each thrust with his tongue and hand sent me into oblivion and all I wanted to do was spread my legs further open for him. My screaming became so loud that I had to cover my entire face with a pillow while the beautiful and overly generous black man known as my fiancé continued pleasing me with excessive force making it extremely difficult to not release what I had slowly building up inside.

“Oh, baby I can’t…”
“Do it then.”
“But it feels so good…”
“I won’t stop until you want me to.”
“Michael, your hands…”

“What about them, Diana?”
“Your tongue…”

“Tell me…”

“Oh my god…mmmm…keep going, baby…please…please…”

He giggled hearing me plead like a school girl. Just when I thought things couldn’t get any better, Michael opened his enticing mouth and let out a request in his most alluring tone of voice.

“I want to watch you release, Diana.”
“Oh, shit that’s sexy.”
“Is it?”
“Yes! Ask me again and please don’t stop what you’re doing to me…”
“Let it out, Diana.”
“Let what out, Michael?”

“What you’re trying to hold back.”
“Which is?”
“

His words sent me straight into a world of bliss forcing me to quickly surrender and resist every urge to fight what I was holding back. I removed the pillow from my face and grappled the sheets underneath me as Michael moved in and out of me feeling extremely ambitious to watch me reach my meridian against his ivory colored skin. After gliding swiftly over my spot more than a hundred times, Michael’s wish came true as my muscles securely clenched around his sodden mouth and tainted fingers flooding him with the result of my now satisfied body from his intense love making.

“How did that feel?” He asked wiping his mouth and hands with his white cotton lined towel.

“Orgasmic.”

He laughed hearing my silly response as he stood up and observed my gratified frame.

“I’m still not done with you, Liberian Girl.”
“Michael, you’re an animal.”
“A black panther to be exact.”
“Is Mr. Panther feeling aggressive?”
“You’d have to pet him to find out.”

“I like the way you think.”

I pulled my Pop star fiancé on top of me and pressed his partially tired body against mine. My hardened nipples touched his and our mouths explored each other with our hands journeying across our perspired arms and legs. With a single thrust, Michael pummeled himself into me making me lose my breath at first but then easing into his generously sized package as it invaded my willing perineum. Michael kissed my chest and collarbone as he continued pushing harder and harder. Loving every second, I lifted my legs in the air hoping he’d be able to fit himself in even more.

“I can’t wait to do this every morning to you after we’re married.” Michael said grunting amusingly.

“Me too.”
“You won’t refuse me right, girl?”
“Never.”
“Promise?”
“I promise.”
“I love you.”
“I love you more, Michael.”

“You want more?”
“I think you know the answer to that.”
“Dare me.”
“I dare you, baby. Fuck me until I cum again.”

No more words were spoken between us as Michael and I lunged into each other wholeheartedly. The wooden headboard banged loudly against the concrete wall as the two of us continued loving each other without stopping for anything. Michael’s peak was fast approaching with mine not too far behind. He placed his left hand behind my head and pulled my face against his ear wanting me to hear him screech and holler as he enjoyed the last few seconds of our otherworldly session.

“I know, baby. You’re almost done.”
“Diana…Diana…”
“Yes, baby?”
“Oh my god…Diana….”
“Do it, Michael.”

“I’m going, Diana.”
“I know. I can feel it.”
“Oh girl….mmmmmm ahhh….ahhhh…”

Michael let out a beautiful sounding shriek adding the final touch to my bursting climax. As we both came down from our highest point, the two of us laid side by side holding hands panting heavily. He looked at me and kissed my nose as I pressed my lips against his. It was then that we both realized that in a matter of days, we’d both be making love as husband and wife.

“Good afternoon all.” Jasmine said entering the dining room for brunch. “What a beautiful day!”
“Someone’s getting laid tonight.” Mac joked knowing David was on his way back from Europe.

“Watch your manners, young man.” Elizabeth scolded as she welcomed the beautiful assistant to sit next to her at the table. “Is your husband arriving today, dear?”
“Yes, he is!” Jasmine said happily. “And yes Mac, I’ll definitely be getting laid tonight. Thanks for asking.”

“Oh Lord…” Elizabeth said rolling her eyes. “You people are a very interesting bunch.”
“Thanks!” Mac yelled thinking the icon’s remark was a compliment.

“Where are the lovebirds?”

“Right here.” Michael said greeting his two female friends with hugs and kisses. “I hope everyone slept well last night.”
“Like a log.” Mac said. “What’s for brunch?”

“Today we’re having Ms. Taylor’s favorite – English tea, English muffins, English sausages and poached eggs.” Kai said bringing in a few huge trays and setting them down in the middle of the dining table.

“YUMMY!” Jasmine said as she eagerly waited for Kai to move her hands so she could dig right in.

“Where are my children?” Michael asked not seeing a trace of them anywhere.

“Paris is asleep in her nursery. She’s already been fed and changed. Prince, Brad and Ashley have already eaten too and are playing outside. I’ll bring them in right away.”
“No, it’s fine.” Michael said.
“I didn’t want Prince to stay hungry so I fed him already. I hope that’s alright.”

“Thank you, Kai.” I said showing my appreciation to Michael’s chef. “I apologize for Michael and I sleeping in so late.”

“It’s not that late.” Elizabeth said glancing at her diamond encrusted watch. “It’s only 2pm.”
“That’s late for Mr. Jackson.” Kai said. “He usually wakes up at six.”
“SIX AM?” Mac yelled. “When the heck do you go to bed?”
“I don’t usually.” Michael admitted. “I’ve always struggled with sleep but I do try to go to bed at a decent hour when I’m not working on my music.”
“And that’s hardly ever.” Elizabeth added smiling at her friend from across the table. “As for Macaulay and I, we are both jet legged and on different time zones. We have every right to sleep in.”

“Well, since we’re all together now…” Michael said. “Diana and I have a special announcement to make.”
“Don’t tell me she’s pregnant again!” Mac joked.
“Macaulay, that’s not nice.” Liz said hitting the child star’s hand lightly. “Be nice.”
“Sorry. What’s going on?”

“As you know, Michael and I have two kids, Prince and Paris…”
“Well, DUH!” Jasmine said.

“Getting to the point…” Michael said. “Diana and I would like to make you, Elizabeth and Mac the godparents of our children.”

The two Hollywood stars looked at each other in shock but smiled after absorbing the wonderful news.

“I’d love to.” Liz said getting up from the table and hugging us both.

“Me too…I guess.” Mac said sounding hesitant. “But what about David and Jasmine?”
“They will always be a part of our children’s lives.” I explained. “We asked them first but Jasmine’s commitment to TSG and David’s position in the military may take a lot of time away from the children. So the four of us agreed you two would be the next best thing.”
“I’m honored.” Elizabeth said. “Thank you for choosing me.”
“You’re welcome.” Michael said kissing his beloved friend’s cheek. “You know I love you, Elizabeth.”
“I love you both too.”

“Come here you little peanut!” Michael said to his child star friend.
“Yeah, yeah. I love you too, bonehead.” Mac said hugging the both of us and messing up Michael’s hair.
“Well, now that the hard part’s over...” I said sitting back down in my seat. “Let’s eat!”

Jasmine’s cell phone rang and she quickly left the room saying it was David when in reality, we all knew it was another person RSVP’ing for the wedding. Like everything else she made, Kai’s English brunch was consumed in a matter of minutes. She poured the female Hollywood star a hot cup of Earl Grey while Mac helped himself to a second English muffin. Michael finished his eggs and all I could do was giggle immaturely at the sausage on my plate.

“What’s so funny?” Mac asked.

“Nothing.”

“You don’t like my sausages, Diana?” Kai asked innocently sounding slightly disappointed.

I couldn’t help but burst out laughing.

“Oh, she definitely does.” Michael said. “They’re her favorite thing to eat in the morning!”
“MICHAEL!”

“DIANA!”
“Am I missing something here?” Elizabeth asked as she took small sips of her hot beverage.

“I’m kinda lost too.” Mac said.

“Go on, Diana. Tell them.” Michael said putting me on the spot.

“Oh, I love sausages!” I said proudly. “Especially blackened ones.”

Michael immediately spit his eggs out of his mouth and started to choke.

“Oh my word!” Elizabeth said handing her friend a glass of orange juice. “Michael, are you alright?”
“Yeah…” He said faintly. “I’m fine, thank you.”

“Are you sure?”
“I’m fine, Liz. Thank you for your concern.”

“I’ve never had a blackened sausage before.” Mac said adding more humor to the conversation.

“Oh they’re wonderful.” I said smiling brightly.

“Are they available in bulk?” Kai asked looking more confused than ever.
“No, they’re only available in single portions.”
“Hmm…interesting.” Elizabeth said. “I’ll have to ask my chef in London to make them for me.”
“It’s only in America.” Michael added. “Diana’s been eating them for about six years now.”
“I think I’ll try one in a hot dog bun.” Mac said making Michael and I fall out of our chairs laughing.

“What did I say?” The child star asked sounding completely lost.
“Nothing, Mac.” I said trying to regain my composure. “Trust me, it’s not you.”
“I am very conflicted.” Elizabeth said finishing her tea. “This is a very odd day at Neverland.”
“I’m sorry, Liz.” Michael said between laughs. “We’re just so happy that you all are here with us to share in our special day next weekend.”

“BUT BEFORE THAT—“Mac said sounding excited. “Let’s talk BACHELOR PARTY!”
“Aren’t you a little too young for that?” Elizabeth asked.

“He’s engaged, Liz.” Michael said. “If he doesn’t come to mine, he’ll definitely be having his own.”
“Got that right!” Mac said. “This will be good practice for me!”

Kai returned to the dining room and cleared everyone’s plates. Still thinking her friend and I were weird, Liz excused herself and left the table saying she wanted to join Brad and Ashley with Prince outside. Mac had some business to take care of on his laptop and went to the living room while Michael said he had some important paperwork to go over in his study.

“Sorry I took so long.” Jasmine said returning to the table. “Everyone’s already eaten?”
“Yup.” Mac said handing her an empty china plate.

“OO more for me!” She said excitedly. “Mac, hand me a sausage will you?”

Michael and I looked at each other and laughed all over again holding our sides as they began to hurt from over excessive laughter. Finally clueing into our joke, Mac eyed the breakfast sausages on the table and he too started to laugh within seconds.

“What the heck is wrong with you guys?” Jasmine asked.

“I can’t believe YOU of all people don’t get it!” Mac said between laughs.

“Huh? Get what?”
“Nothing, tea flower.” Michael said taking another breath between laughs. “It’s just an inside joke.”
“Inside is right.” Mac said making us laugh again.

“Ok, ok enough!” I said. “Jasmine, enjoy your brunch. I’ll be upstairs with Paris if anyone needs me.”
“I’ll be in my study.” Michael said. “I have a lot to do before tonight.”
“I’ll be in the living room.” Mac said. “Enjoy your sausage, Jasmine.”
“Oh, I intend to.” She said placing a huge piece in her mouth. “MMM, this is good!”
“That’s what Diana said too.” Michael added.
“MICHAEL!”

“Did she really?” Mac asked sounding intrigued.
“YOU GUYS!!”

“HUH?” Jasmine said.
“Should we tell her?” Mac asked feeling bad for his ‘in the dark’ friend.

“NO WAY!” Michael yelled. “She’ll never let us forget it.”
“Forget WHAT?”

“Nothing, seriously.” I said breathing deeply.

“I’m going to get it out of you.”
“That’s what she said.” Mac joked.
“OK, ENOUGH!” Michael said trying to put an end to the ridiculous gag. “I’m going to my office now.”

“Hey, Jasmine?”
“Yes?”
“Does David like sausages?”

“MAC!”

**LATER THAT DAY**

Javon took his boss and Mac to his home in Encino where Brad and all of Michael’s brothers were anxiously waiting for the Pop star’s arrival. Mac was dressed elegantly wearing black dress pants and a dark blue dress shirt with a black blazer and his hair sleeked back. Michael, wanting to protect himself from unnecessary scrutiny disguised himself by covering his face with a black surgical mask and fedora with his large black over coat on top of his signature red shirt, black pants and penny loafers.

“THE MAN OF THE HOUR HAS ARRIVED!” Jermaine yelled feeling tipsy from drinking several shots of tequila.

“And his side dish is with him!” Marlon added with a half consumed beer bottle in his hand.

“Oh god…” Michael said under his breath. “I am NOT drinking anything tonight.”
“Me neither.” Mac said.

“You can’t anyway!” Michael said. “You’re underage!”

“That’s never stopped me from doing it before, Mike.”

Michael shook his head but didn’t say a word to his friend. He was upset at the fact that Mac was drinking alcohol sooner than he was supposed to but also knew it wasn’t the right time or place to scold or counsel him about it. He buried the thought and tried to keep an open mind as Teddy, Rodney and all of his brothers told him dirty jokes and made him play naughty games such as ‘pin the underwear on the naked woman’. Brad loved every second of the event but noticed within minutes that his future brother in law was severely uncomfortable in the highly unfamiliar environment surrounding him.

“Don’t worry.” Brad whispered in Michael’s ear. “I got your back.”
“Thanks Brad.”

The gang of ladies at Neverland were immensely enjoying themselves drinking like fish and playing their own versions of naughty games. Diana could not stop thinking about Michael and how odd he must be feeling with his brothers and bodyguards talking about sex and seeing half naked women flaunting their bodies for cash in his face. Katherine called from Janet’s house and said she, Elizabeth and the kids were doing perfectly fine. Prince was watching Disney movies and eating tons of junk food while Paris was asleep. The lovely matriarch asked her future daughter in law to enjoy herself and her last week as a single, unattached woman.

“Diana, give it up!” Jasmine said. “What’s Michael like in bed?”
“OH MY GOD, JAS!”

“EW, I don’t want to know!” Janet said closing her eyes and walking towards the buffet table.

“I gotta take notes on this!” Tina said grabbing her notepad from her bag that she brought with her.

“SOOOO, who’s up for a game?” Rebbie asked saving me from answering Jasmine’s extremely personal and inappropriate question.

“When are the strippers getting here?” Ashley asked.

“In about an hour or so.” Christy said.
“Ughhh, that’s toooo long!!” Tina said as she stuffed five and ten dollar bills in a small fanny pack she brought with her.

“I’m guessing you girls go to these types of parties often?”

“ALL THE TIME!” Tina said. “I’ve even hosted a few at my house.”
“WHERE THE HECK WAS I?” Jasmine yelled.
“You can come to the next one.”
“I’m so there!”

“Me too!” Christy said.

“David arrived safely from Europe, Jasmine?” La Toya asked reminding her of the fact that she was married.
“He did. He’s really jet legged but said he wouldn’t miss Michael’s bachelor party for the world. He must be on his way over there.”

“I bet the guys are pissed drunk out of their minds right now!” Ashley said sipping on her martini from Kai’s open bar.

“Not Mr. Jackson.” Bev said still trying to be professional. “He doesn’t drink alcohol.”
“Shoot, if Mac’s with him he will be!” La Toya joked.
“I need to talk to him!”

“Calm down Diana!” Jasmine said planting me on the couch. “He’s a grown man, he’ll be fine!”
“Have a drink.” Janet said handing me an attractive looking green colored beverage in a fancy goblet.

“What is this?” I asked taking a small sip of the smooth liquid.
“It’s called an appletini.” Rebbie said drinking one herself. “They’re amazing.”
“You’re right!” I said downing the entire drink in one sip. “That’s some pretty good stuff.”
“Here take another one!” Janet said offering me a second glass.

“I can’t believe my brother is getting hitched!” Randy said trying to stand up straight. “When he was born, I said ‘this one is gonna world the change.’ I’m glad I was right.”
“He was born BEFORE you and it’s change the world you fool.” Jermaine said laughing at his drunken brother’s comments while helping himself to another tequila shot.

“Oh right. Well, I knew Mike was gonna be special. I felt it in my guts.”
“Your guts are about to come out if you don’t stop drinking!” Mac said. “You’re hammered as fuck,”
“Mac, don’t talk like that.” Michael whispered.

“It’s true!”
“I know. I can’t believe I let you talk me into bringing you here with me. You are way too young to be seeing and hearing all of this.”
“Mike, calm down.” Mac said. “I’m getting married too.”
“I don’t want to be a bad influence. Your parents would never approve of this.”
“You couldn’t be a bad influence on me even if you tried. Now just relax and have some fun.”

“Yeah, Mike. Stop being such a boy scout!” Marlon said handing his brother a beer. “Have a drink!”

“You know I don’t drink, Marlon.”
“You’ll change your mind when you see the strippers that are on their way!”
“Oh god…”

“I can’t wait!” Brad said jumping up and down.

Jasmine and Tina were having a blast enjoying Kai’s bartending expertise drinking martinis, cosmopolitans and appletini’s while talking openly about each other’s sex lives. Janet, Rebbie, and La Toya were waiting anxiously for the male strippers to arrive while Bev made sure everyone was well fed with Kai’s organic appetizers and main courses. Diana tried her hardest to have fun but could not shake the feeling that Michael was miserable and probably wanted to come home to her.

Wanting to know for sure, she excused herself by saying she needed to use the bathroom and snuck upstairs into the master bedroom locking the door behind her. She sat on the edge of Michael’s bed and dialed Javon’s number hoping he’d be able to hear his cell phone ring and be able to speak to her future husband before the girls would come upstairs and knock on the door looking for her.

“PARTY MACHINE! JAVON’S IN THE HOUSE!”

 “Javon, it’s Diana. Can I please speak to Michael?”
“WHAAAT? I CAN’T HEAR YOU!!”

I sighed and rolled my eyes. It was obvious the strippers had arrived at his house and the background music was blaring loudly. It was safe to assume that Javon probably couldn’t even hear himself think, let alone hear my voice on the other end of his cell phone.

“JAVON! IT’S DIANA! I NEED TO TALK TO MICHAEL!”
“OH, DIANA HEY! HOW YOU DOIN’ GURRLL?”

Knowing he was drunk and resisting the urge to laugh, I asked him again where my fiancé was and his response nearly startled me to death.

“OH, HE’S HAVING A GREAT TIME STUFFING DOLLAR BILLS DOWN LOLA’S BRA!”

“HE’S DOING WHAAAAT? WHO THE HELL IS LOLA??”

“OOPS! SORRY NO THAT’S NOT MIKE, THAT’S TITO!’

“JAVON, WHERE IS YOUR BOSS?”

“OH, YEAH I ALWAYS FLOSS!”

“JAVON! I SAID BOSS! WHERE IS MICHAEL? YOUR BOSS!”

“MICHAEL? WHO’S HE? OH YEAH THAT GUY! GIRL THAT DUDE’S AN INCREDIBLE DANCER ISNT HE?”

“Oh my god.” I said asking myself why I even bothered to call him in the first place.

“JAVON, PLEASE TELL MICHAEL TO CALL ME!”

“YOU’RE RIGHT! I DO HAVE TO PEE! YOU’RE A PSYCHIC, GIRL!”

“GOODBYE, JAVON!”

I slammed the phone down and threw myself onto the bed feeling completely stressed out. Thoughts of Michael feeling scared, awkward and out of place floated through my mind. To no surprise, my concern for my beloved fiancé was suddenly interrupted when Jasmine knocked loudly on the bedroom door yelling that the strippers had arrived.

“I’ll be right down!” I yelled.

“Hurry up!” She yelled back. “We’ve got more buns than a bakery downstairs!”

I rolled my eyes and dialed Javon’s number again hoping he’d hear me more clearly the second time. After several rings, I was seconds away from hanging up until I heard the one voice I was aching to hear all night saying my name in perfect harmony…