Chapter Eleven

*Unknown Secrets & Confessed Feelings*

**FIVE DAYS LATER**

Aurora was enjoying her fabulous stay at Michael’s beloved home. The two ‘friends’ were getting closer by the minute and adored each other’s company. After their train incident, Michael’s feelings for the beautiful intern were growing rapidly. Aurora tried her hardest to resist the Pop star but his charm and alluring persona were too strong for her to decline. Sandra watched her boss from afar and was delighted to see her boss so highly spirited. The entire staff at Neverland loved seeing the Pop icon’s new form of happiness and hoped that his new lady friend would remain in his life forever. Unfortunately, Aurora was due to leave Neverland and return home in just two days much to Michael’s dismay.

Tom returned to Los Angeles after his short trip to New York to see Jillian and was still waiting for Lisa Marie to give him an answer about whether or not he would be representing her in her divorce. John Branca who was Michael’s attorney was also keeping close tabs on his client and reminded Michael that he should steer clear of the press due to having a new lady in his life. Rumors were beginning to circulate quickly about the Gloved One having a secret love affair and the last thing Michael wanted or needed was for the grey eyed goddess’s name to be dragged through the mud right next to his own.

At Aurora’s request, Michael resumed his regular duties the day after the beautiful intern arrived at his home making sure his pending projects were not being ignored or neglected. Aurora helped Michael with several of his ideas and encouraged the Gloved One to go on tour again to help him boost his confidence level as well as raise his iconic status even higher. Michael was not very interested in going on another world tour to promise his HIStory album but did agree to give it some more thought once things with Lisa Marie settled down.

Dennis and David were back at work trying to pick up their extra assignments due to the Clark women being away. The two men were still going strong with their relationship but always maintained their professionalism while at work. They also agreed to keep their union a secret since dating coworkers was strictly against the MTV code of ethics policy. It was obvious that sexual tension definitely arose between the two every day and neither of them could hardly wait to get out of the MTV parking lot before expressing how much they ‘loved each other’ in private.

Priscilla called her daughter every day reminding her of her legal responsibility. The daughter of Elvis ignored her mother’s calls and deleted her voicemail messages repeatedly. She no longer needed the woman who gave her life to interfere in her private business and couldn’t have cared less about her opinions on the matter. Lisa Marie was still skeptical about hiring the District Attorney as her lawyer and decided to look into other options before making her final decision.

In between being a good host to his guest, Michael always kept busy with rehearsing, going to the recording studio, attending business meetings, visiting orphanages and hospitals and writing several new pieces of literature. Aurora was astounded by the Pop star’s busy schedule and feared that he was taking on too much at a time. Michael’s lifestyle seemed completely normal to him and he assured the grey eyed beauty that his way of life was nothing that he couldn’t handle. Aurora made sure her new friend always ate his meals on time, drank enough fluids and was getting enough sleep in an attempt to alleviate her concern of the Pop star suffering from extreme dehydration or exhaustion. Michael loved the attention his visitor was giving him and obeyed her every command hoping that she too would allow him to return the favor one day and take care of her the same way.

Jillian kept a close eye on every news channel, internet website and newspaper making sure her only child’s name was not linked to Michael Jackson’s in any way. Tom assured the head committee member that Aurora would not be mentioned anywhere and he’d see to it that it stayed that way. Unknown to most people, Jillian Miranda Clark was a woman of power and prestige but also had a dark side to her – one that few people knew about, including Tom Sneddon himself.

“Jillian, your daughter is expected to return home in two days?”
“That is correct.”
“I assume she will be coming to see you upon her arrival?”
“I hope so. She has A LOT of explaining to do!”
“Be sure to keep me posted once you hear from her.”

“You do the same about that freak’s soon to be ex-wife.”
“Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing.”
“I want to see him suffer, Tom.”
“So do I, Jillian.” Tom said with cruelty dripping from his voice. “So do I.”

“Hey, D!” Dennis said as he stormed through his partner’s beautifully crafted two story home. “You won’t believe what I just found out!”
“What is it, Dave?” He asked as he stirred his home made beef stew in a large silver pot with an oval shaped wooden spoon.

“Jill Clark might be retiring!”
“GET OUTTA HERE!”

“Look!”

David showed Dennis a memo that was passed around at work. Dennis wondered why he hadn’t received it but didn’t care. His eyes scrolled the entire page and each word shocked the MTV host making his eyes pop out of their sockets:

*“Due to an unrelated work issue, it is with a heavy heart that we announce the possible retirement of Jillian Miranda Clark. Her 25 years of hard work and dedication to Music Television will always be remembered. Recruitment for her replacement is currently being arranged. If confirmed, Ms. Clark’s retirement will commence in 30 days following a second written notice.”*

“WHOA.” Dennis said. “I wonder what brought this on.”
“My guess is her daughter.”
“What does she have to do with this?”
“I don’t know really.” David said. “She’s still in California ‘on vacation’ and Jill isn’t too happy about it.”
“She’s a grown woman.” Dennis said. “What’s the big deal?”
“She’s probably still with Mr. Pop star.”

Dennis scoffed as he returned to his boiling pot.

“Even if she was, it’s not like they’re screwing around. Michael’s a married man. I’m sure he wouldn’t stoop that low.”
“He’s getting a divorce, D.” David said as he came up from behind his partner and gently rubbed his back.

“Whatever, it’s their business. Oh damn, that feels amazing.”

“You want more?”
“Hell yeah.”

“Let’s go upstairs.”

“Can we at least wait until the stew is ready?”
“I’ve got more beef then that stew, Dennis.”
“You are so right.” Dennis replied smiling brightly.

David turned his partner around and kissed him intensely. Dennis swiftly turned off his gas stove and led his special man upstairs to his room. The two stripped down and lay against each other on Dennis’s waterbed engaging in their own version of foreplay. Within seconds, their hands traveled, their voices moaned and the entire room was filled with lust.

“Michael! May I come in?”
“Sure.”

Aurora opened the door to Michael’s studio and was blown away by the sight of the Pop star dancing in his signature black pants, penny loafers, sparkly socks and red shirt. The beautiful intern giggled seeing her new friend looking so ravishing while in the creation of his element. Michael smiled and winked at his lady friend while gesturing for her to sit in a nearby chair as he finished the last bit of his rehearsal. Aurora stayed quiet and watched as Michael practiced gliding his magical feet across the well laminated dance floor. The beat to Billie Jean played in the background making Aurora bounce from side to side not being able to resist the hypnotic sounding baseline.

“You like that song?” Michael asked as he turned off his stereo and reached across for his towel and water bottle.

“I do.” Aurora replied. “I love all of your songs, Mr. Jackson. They are all so incredibly captivating. One can easily slip into a trance and feel like they are flying while hearing your melodic tone whispering in their ears.”

“You flatter me, Miss Clark.”

“You deserve it. Should I leave you alone?”
“Of course not.” Michael replied while turning to stand in position. “I’m almost done.”

“Good. I miss you.”
“I miss you more.”
“Is that why I haven’t seen much of you during the past few days?”

“I’m sorry, Aurora. I’ve been caught up with many things but we always have dinner together.”
“Yes, we do. But I miss being next to you…”

Michael blushed. Aurora’s hand brushed against the small of his sweat infused cheek. She gently pulled his curly hair away from his exotic eyes and kissed his temple making him almost lose his own balance. The beautiful intern gently bit his earlobe making the Pop star flinch against her. Aurora knew she was getting to her new friend. Michael’s heart was racing. All he could think about in that moment was throwing his friend down on the ground and exploring her in ways he was too shy to ever talk about.

“Aurora….” He whispered rhetorically. “I have to finish my routine.”
“Am I distracting the greatest entertainer on earth?”
“Yes, but you know I love it.”
“I love it too, Michael.”

The Pop star closed his eyes and giggled to himself as he took every ounce of Aurora’s affection internally. He raised his arms and held her but at a distance not wanting her to get close to his drenched body. Aurora didn’t mind Michael’s perspiration and thought it was nothing but the result of his wonderful craft making. She wished him luck and kissed his cheek before returning to her seat. Michael walked towards his stereo and re-played the instrumental version of his Thriller CD and quickly got back into work mode.

Aurora examined Michael’s every move from the sway of his left foot to the twirl of his dark, curly hair. She noticed his legs were thin yet powerful. His waistline was small but filled with intense rhythm and swiftness. His arms were long, strong and very abrupt. The grey eyed beauty licked her lips constantly and fanned herself several times. The MTV Video Awards performance was one thing, but watching the King of Pop in rehearsal was definitely another.

“You are so damn hot.” The intern said to herself as the little girl inside of her screamed and ran around in circles. “If only I wasn’t leaving in two days.”

“Ms. Clark?”
“What is it, Barbara?” Jillian asked as her maid opened her bedroom door.
“You have a visitor.”
“I’m not feeling well.”

“I mentioned that to her but she refuses to leave.”
“Who the hell is it, Barbara?”

“Pamela Sneddon.”

Jill’s eyes widened. What was Tom’s wife doing in New York? And at the Clark mansion of all places?

“See her to the living room and make some tea. I’ll be down in ten minutes.”
“Yes, Ms. Clark.”

Jill jumped out of bed and quickly freshened up. She put on her most expensive burgundy jumpsuit designed by the one and only Oscar De La Renta and sprayed on a few sprits of her favorite perfume – White Diamonds. She ran a comb through her dark, wavy brunette hair and applied a thin layer of red lipstick to match her outfit. After glaring in her chrome plated full length mirror, Aurora’s mother headed gracefully down her regal staircase to meet and greet her surprise visitor.

“Pamela, how wonderful it is to see you again.”
“I wish I could say the same. “Tom’s wife replied not wanting to hug the woman she came to visit. “I’m not here for a reunion, Jillian.”
“Why ARE you here?”
“I’m here to tell you that you aren’t fooling me.”

Jillian laughed sarcastically as she sat on her plush white leather couch across from her guest.

“What on earth are you talking about Pam?”
“It’s PAMELA.” She corrected sternly. “We are not friends.”
“That’s painfully obvious.” Jill repeated. “So, what can I do for you Mrs. Sneddon?”
“Mrs. Sneddon is right.” Pamela spat back. “And what you can do is stay the hell away from my husband!”

“I beg your pardon?” Jill asked shocked.
“Don’t play dumb with me.”

“I have no idea what you mean, Pamela.”
“Why did Tom come here to see you privately, Jillian?”

The chief committee member laughed out loud as if she had just heard the stupidest joke in the world. She eyed the District Attorney’s wife with so much ridicule and tried to explain herself the best way she knew how.

“You couldn’t be farther from the truth, Pamela.”
“I’m not here to play games, Jillian.”

Barbara came into the living room with a large gold plated tray with a beautiful antique looking teapot and a plate full of shortbread cookies. Pamela gestured the maid to leave saying she did not want to eat or drink anything. Jill gave her maid the eye to leave the room and not come back without permission. Barbara took the tray and left the room not saying a word. Pamela scoffed in disgust seeing Jillian look so elegantly overdressed. She wondered what the senior Clark’s intentions were and why she would want to make her jealous or envious by trying to be something that she obviously wasn’t.

“I’ll get right to the point.” Pamela said. “Stay the hell away from my husband, Jillian.”
“Pamela, your husband is of no use to me.” Jill replied trying to sound superior. “Believe me, he’s all yours.”

“You are a dirty little home wrecker and you know it.”

“Is that all, Pamela?” Jillian asked standing up from her couch.

“Yes, that definitely is all.”

Pamela stood from the couch and headed towards the front door. Jill walked with her guest towards the foyer and tried convincing her again that nothing was going on between her and her significant other. Pamela could not shake the feeling that Jill was lying and took it upon herself to make sure that Aurora’s mother would never go near what was rightfully hers.

“I know the truth, Jillian.”
“If that were true, you wouldn’t be here, Pamela.”
“Old habits seem to die hard with you Clark women.”
“I beg your pardon?”
“Stay away from my husband you cheap whore.”

“GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!”

Pamela flipped her long brunette hair in Jill’s face and stormed out of her mansion’s front door. Jill stood in her foyer not believing what just happened and the nerve of Tom’s wife coming into her house, falsely accusing her of having an affair with her husband and then blatantly insulting her by calling her a whore.

“Is everything alright, Ms. Clark?” Barbara asked.

“Fine.” She replied. “Please see to it that she never steps foot on my property again.”
“Yes, ma’am.”

Jill headed straight to her study and sat at her large office desk. She dialed the number of the person she wished to speak to and after a few rings, he finally answered.

“Tom Sneddon.”
“YOU SON OF A BITCH!” Jill yelled in rage.

“I beg your pardon?”
“You told Pamela the truth?”
“She’s my wife, Jillian.”
“You brainless excuse for a man! Why the hell would you tell her?”

“Again, she’s my wife. She had a right to know.”
“If she exposes me or my child I will kill her.”
“Is that a threat?”
“You bet it is!”

Jill slammed the phone down and marched back to her room. She changed into her black silk nightgown and rested on her king size air mattress. Thoughts of Aurora as a child and her father ran through her mind. For years, Jill kept the truth about her husband a secret. No one, not even her only child knew the real reason why he left the Clark women. At least, not until Jill discovered that Pamela Sneddon also knew.

“Your cooking isn’t half bad, Dennis!” David said as he mopped up the last of his partner’s stew from his bowl with a small piece of his dinner roll.

“Thanks.” Dennis replied scooping the last of the stew from his bowl into his mouth. “I’m glad you liked it. It’s my grandma’s recipe.”
“Was she a good cook?”
“The BEST!” Dennis said proudly. “I learned how to bake from her too.”
“Well, you’re certainly good at baking in the bedroom!”

“You’re funny.” Dennis replied. “Are you staying over?”
“Would you like me to?”
“I think you know the answer to that.”
“In that case – sure.”
“Cool. I’ll clean up then we can check out what’s on TV.”

The two men cleared the dishes off the kitchen table and placed them into the dishwasher. There were no leftovers so cleanup was a breeze. Dennis turned on the dishwasher and David plopped down on his couch with the TV remote in his hand. The MTV host filled his coffee maker with water and opened his fridge to reach for his carton of milk when he suddenly noticed a large canister of whipped cream. He smiled deviously while reaching for it and closed the fridge door holding the can of creamy goodness behind his back.

Dennis walked behind his couch where David was sitting and sprayed a small rosette of cream into his palm. He gently placed it along David’s ear and licked it instantly turning his partner on. David turned off the TV and turned around grabbing Dennis’s mouth just in time for a kiss. Dennis dropped the canister to the ground and the two went at it again on the couch. Clothes came flying off and the two went at it ravishing each other not wanting to waste a second of each other’s time.

Aurora waited for her new friend in his sanctuary with Louie and Bubbles. The chimp took a liking to the grey eyed beauty and sat in her lap while eating a banana and patted the intern’s head. Louie appeared to be smiling which in turn made Aurora smile. Michael’s boa constrictor Muscles was shedding in his incubator making the brunette goddess cringe. His trainer explained that snakes shed every three to eight weeks depending on how fast they grow in order to heal from injuries and to ward off any parasites that may be hiding in their skin.

“He’s really harmless.” The trainer explained. “He’s not poisonous and he sleeps most of the time.”

“I don’t care, he’s creepy!” Aurora said staying as far away as she possibly could from the cold, large reptile.

The trainer laughed as he tended to his regular duties. Michael came in the shed minutes later with damp hair and a fresh black wardrobe. He thanked his friend for patiently waiting for him and greeted his animals. Bubbles quickly jumped out of the intern’s lap and latched onto his owner. Michael kissed his furry friend and told him to place his banana peel in the garbage bin nearby. Aurora watched closely as the chimp did as he was told then grinned feeling proud of his accomplishment. Michael smiled and kissed his beloved llama’s face placing a fresh stack of hay and grass into his mouth.

“Come with me, please.” He said holding out his hand to his lady friend.
“And where is the Gloved One taking me?”
“You’ll see.”

The two ‘friends’ said goodbye to the animals and their trainer before leaving the barn. The Pop star helped his guest into her side of his golf cart and drove her towards the far side of his massive property near the mountains and lake. Aurora noticed a small picnic table was set up for two with candles and fresh red roses as the centerpiece. Michael giggled adorably as he watched the beautiful intern’s face light up with joy and amusement. She lovingly threw herself into his arms and held him as tight as she could.

“You are the sweetest man in the world.”
“Thank you.”
“I love you, Michael.”

“I love you more, Aurora.”