CHAPTER SEVEN

*Getting Too Personal*

Michael’s beautiful lady friend had no idea what was happening. Her emotions were raging and as much as she wanted to go further, she knew she had to stop.

“We can’t do this.” She whispered against the Pop star’s lips. “You’re a married man.”
“Not for long.” Michael replied as he ran his index finger across his friend’s lips. “It’s just a matter of time.”

Aurora explained to the Pop star that it wouldn’t be right for them to constantly behave the way they were. If someone were to catch them or take a photo, it would destroy them both – especially Michael. Knowing she had his best interests at heart, Michael agreed to not be too hasty with the beautiful intern and try his best to slow things down. He would never force anything on Aurora. He was a gentleman.

Michael and Aurora stood up and brushed themselves off. They spent endless minutes pulling dozens of hay strands out of their hair before making their way to Aurora’s guest cottage. Michael took her hand and walked her to the front door and wished her a good night. Not wanting their wonderful night to end, Aurora asked the Gloved One to stay with her until she fell asleep. Michael happily agreed and escorted her inside the beautiful stone walled bungalow straight into her bedroom.

The grey eyed intern went to the bathroom to change into her sleeping attire. When she returned to the bedroom, Michael admired her long black silk nightgown and sparkling socks and complimented her. He giggled knowing Aurora was trying to coordinate her accessories to match his own and thanked her for being so appreciative of his wonderful craft.

“I admire your style, Mr. Jackson.” Aurora said as she crawled into the large canopy bed with Michael sitting next to her on the edge. “You truly are iconic.”
“You embarrass me.” He replied trying his hardest not to blush. “Thank you.”
“I’m just speaking the truth.”

“You’re sweet.”
“So are you.”

Aurora rested her head gently against the soft white feathered pillow feeling like she was lying on a bed of clouds. Michael always made sure everything in his guest houses was perfect for every visitor and Aurora Clark was definitely no exception. The Pop star noticed his new friend was enjoying herself as she squirmed childishly loving the comfort of the luxurious home and bed. She moved aside and gestured her friend to lay down next to her with nothing on her mind but delightful conversation. Michael jumped at the chance staying on top of the covers out of respect for his visitor’s privacy.

“Comfortable?”
“Very much so.”

“I’m glad that you’re here, Aurora.”
“I’m happy that you asked me to be, Michael.”

“It’s nice having a friend here.”
“It’s nice to have a friend like you.”

Michael smiled as he turned to his side and faced the grey eyed beauty.

“Tired?”
“Not really. I just love being next to you.”
“And why is that, Miss Clark?”
“You have a very strong effect on me, Mr. Jackson.”

“Do I really?”
“Of course. It’s one of many gifts that you seem to carry.”
“I concur.”

Aurora and Michael both laughed like children. After talking further about several different subjects including their childhoods, dreams and upcoming goals, Aurora’s time zone was starting to catch up with her. Michael noticed his friend becoming droopy eyed and stood up from the bed wanting her to get a good night’s sleep. Aurora grabbed a hold of Michael’s arm forcing him to turn around and face her again.

“Will you sing to me, Michael?”
“Would you like that?”
“More than anything. Please?”
“Sure.” Michael replied as he sat next to his friend on the bed again. “What would you like to hear?”
“Surprise me.”
“Do you have a preference on an album?”
“Something from Bad, please.”

Michael thought for a few minutes as he came up with the perfect song to sing to his lady friend. Aurora waited in anticipation trying her hardest to stay awake desperately wanting to hear the heavenly bliss of her new friend’s golden voice that was about to fill her ears. The Gloved One thought of two songs but wasn’t sure which one the grey eyed beauty would enjoy.

“I sang them all to you at the award show, Aurora.”
“To ME?” She asked shocked.

Michael blushed as he looked down shyly. Aurora melted in the moment and grabbed her friend’s hand admiring his humility and adoring demeanor.

“You are way too cute.”

“Thank you.”
“Did you really sing to me that night, Michael?”
“Yes…” He replied looking away smiling. “You are the reason I agreed to do that performance.”
“You are the sweetest man in the world.”
“Aurora?”
“Yes?”
“I really like you.”
“The feeling is mutual, Mr. Jackson.”

Michael rolled his eyes and snickered as he squeezed his friend’s hand.

“You are too formal for me.”
“As I mentioned before, one has to be in your illustrious presence.”
“Will you ever stop talking like that?” Michael asked jokingly.

“Would you like me to?”
“Not really.” He explained. “It’s starting to grow on me. You’re a very charming young lady.”
“I concur.”

The two of them laughed again. Michael cleared his throat ready to sing when Aurora’s hand snuck over and lovingly rubbed his arm. She requested the Pop star sing one song in particular that was very near and dear to her heart. Michael adored his new friend and the warmth that her aura surrounded him with. He happily agreed, cleared his throat and closed his chestnut colored eyes ready to swoon the beautiful intern with the gift of his melodic voice:

“*I’m going to make a change for once in my life*…”

Aurora squealed happily as she sat up in Michael’s bed giving the owner of Neverland her full attention.

“*It’s going to feel real good, going to make a difference, going to make it right*…”

The beautiful intern instantly lost her senses. Michael’s voice, sincerity and talent were clearly exposed in that moment and Aurora loved witnessing every second of it. Not being able to resist, she joined the Pop star singing one of his most iconic, heart wrenching songs of all time:

“*I’ve been a victim of a selfish kind of love. It’s time that I realize that there are some with no home, not a nickel to loan. Could it be really me pretending that they’re not alone? A widow deeply scarred, somebody’s broken heart and a washed out dream. They follow the pattern of the wind you see, ‘cuz they got no place to be, that’s why I’m starting with me*…”

Aurora hugged Michael thanking him endlessly for singing such a beautiful song. Michael lovingly held the beautiful intern kissing her cheek as a friendly gesture. Suddenly, Aurora seemed lifeless as she fell asleep in the Pop star’s embrace. Being the gentleman he was, Michael carefully positioned Aurora in bed and gently placed the covers over her.

“Goodnight, beautiful.” He whispered as he kissed his new friend’s forehead.

He then stood by the bedroom doorway admiring his guest smiling brightly while biting his bottom lip.

“Thank you, Aurora.” Michael thought to himself before turning off the bedroom light and leaving his guest to sleep peacefully in his cottage.

Lisa Marie sat in her father’s study all night without any sleep. She stared at the documents Tom had faxed to her for hours debating if she should hire him as her attorney in her divorce settlement. Horrific thoughts of Michael’s investigation from two years ago flooded her mind making her sigh deeply while placing her head in her hands and banging it lightly against the wooden desk. The thought of her husband being involved with another woman infuriated her. How could Michael move on so quickly? Did he not love Lisa Marie? Was she not worth his tears anymore? The heir of Elvis laid back in her office chair feeling more overwhelmed than ever. As she pondered with dozens of other thoughts, the office phone rang startling her. Thinking it would be her mother, she answered.

“Mother?”
“You called last night?”
“Yes. Thank God it’s you. I really need some advice.”
“What have you done now, Lisa Marie?”
“I don’t know what to do about Michael.”
“You’re divorcing him – what do you not know?”

Lisa Marie rolled her eyes. She knew her mother was not fond of her husband but wished she could more sympathetic towards her during her time of difficulty. She explained the phone call she received from the DA of Santa Barbara and the truth about Michael’s financial situation. Priscilla, not having a care in the world, simply told her daughter she wanted nothing to do with her case and to end it quickly before it got ugly. Lisa Marie knew things would get ugly regardless of how the case was handled but this didn’t matter to the ex-wife of the former king of rock and roll.

“Mother, I really need your help with this!”
“You are not a child anymore, Lisa Marie.” Priscilla said. “You’re a grown woman going through your second divorce. I can’t help you with this situation. You got yourself into this mess, you get yourself out.”
“How did you handle your divorce, mom?”

Priscilla scoffed making Lisa Marie angry.

“Your father and I had different problems than you and Michael.”

“Did you settle on good terms?”
“Not exactly. But you don’t need to know those details.”
“He was my father!”
“WAS being the key word, Lisa Marie!” Priscilla spat back. “He is no longer a part of your life or mine. It’s time you accept that, move on and stop trying to get involved with men who are just as broken as you. You are not nine years old anymore. You have children of your own now and they need you to take care of them. The world does not owe you any favors even if you are the only child of Elvis Presley.”

“You’re cold, mother.” Lisa Marie said. “No wonder dad left you.”
“I LEFT HIM.” Priscilla corrected. “Like I’ve told you many times before – there is A LOT you don’t know and you never will. Now stop feeling sorry for yourself and pick up the pieces of your life. Goodbye.”

Lisa Marie slammed the phone down and grunted angrily. She knew her mother had the heart of a stone but didn’t expect her to push her only child away the way she did. Feeling distraught and out of sorts, Lisa Marie decided to get a few hours’ sleep before taking the next step. She stood up from her office chair wanting to leave the room when the phone rang again. Feeling angry and bitter about her mother’s attitude, she let it ring and walked out of the study not knowing that one phone call was the key to helping her solve her problem.

Dennis and David slept in till noon. After a fun night of playing video games and going to the bar with their co-workers, both men were thoroughly exhausted. Dennis rolled over and noticed his partner was still fast asleep. Not wanting to wake him, the MTV host crawled out of bed and quickly took a shower. After stepping out and getting dressed, the smell of pancakes and fresh coffee permeated his nose. He smiled seeing his bed was empty and the sheets in perfect order. David had woken up, straightened up his room and headed downstairs to make breakfast.

“Morning!” David said as he saw his partner come down the stairs wearing a white muscle shirt and black shorts. “You look sexy!”
“Gee, thanks.” Dennis replied helping himself to a mug from a nearby cupboard. “I didn’t know you were so fond of cooking.”

“I’m fond of a lot of things.”

“I can’t wait to find out more.”
“You will soon enough.” David replied winking at his partner.

Dennis then went over to his answering machine that was blinking red. He had a message. He pressed the play button on his device and heard his mother’s voice yelling at him to call her back as soon as possible. Not wanting David to hear his mother’s embarrassing lecture, Dennis quickly stopped the message and deleted it.

“What was that about?” David asked as he set the kitchen table with plates, knives, butter and pancake syrup.

“Nothing.” His partner replied. “It was just my mom.”
“She seems angry.”
“I haven’t really talked to her in over a year.”
“Why is that?”
“She doesn’t know.”

David gasped.

“You mean she’s NEVER known?”
“Nope and she never will.”
“D, that’s not cool.”
“Believe me, it is.”
“What about your dad?”
“Don’t even get me started on that prick.”

David had no idea his mate’s family life was so difficult. He wondered why he hadn’t come out to his family. Would they not understand? Would they disown him?

“I’m sorry it’s been so tough on you.”

“I’m used to it. My mom’s been trying to set me up with women for years.”
“Don’t you think it would be easier if you just told her?”
“My father is a minister and my mom is a Sunday school teacher.” Dennis explained. “They are devout Christians and openly bash people who are gay saying they will be condemned to nothing but hell because that’s what the Bible says. I can’t even imagine what their reaction will be like when they find out the truth about their own son.”

“D, you shouldn’t let that stop you from telling them.”
“Easy for you to say.”

“Actually, no it isn’t.” David explained. “My parents didn’t accept it either at first. In fact, like you, I didn’t tell them for years. My mom found out the hard way when she came home from work early one day and caught me making out with another guy on the couch.”
“Whoa…” Dennis said. “How did she react?”
“Let’s just say I was no longer her son.”
“I’m sorry.” Dennis said hugging his new partner. “That’s why I think it’s best that no one knows about me.”
“Sometimes being in the dark isn’t always best.” David said. “My dad never knew about me until he was on his deathbed. I told him just hours before he took his last breath. His last words to me were ‘if only you had told me sooner’. I knew what he meant.”

“I get what you’re saying.” Dennis said sitting at the table next to David. “I just don’t think my parents will ever accept me being gay. They are way too religious and narrow minded to accept it. What they don’t know can’t and won’t hurt them.”
“I understand your fear, D.” David said grabbing his new interest’s hand. “I just don’t want you to have regrets about it one day.”
“I doubt I will.”
“Okay, man. I support you no matter what.”
“Thanks, now let’s eat!”

The two of them had their breakfast and enjoyed getting to know each other by talking about similar interests, hobbies and upcoming aspirations. Dennis had a routine of working out on his living room floor an hour after eating every meal. He enjoyed doing regular pushups and stomach crunches to maintain a healthy body weight and strong bones. David watched his partner as he removed his shirt and lay on the floor near the glass coffee table. Feeling incredibly turned on by the sight of his shirtless lover, David walked towards Dennis and started kissing him all over.

“You work fast.” Dennis said jokingly.

“You are so fucking hot, Dennis.”

“Shit, let’s do this!”

The two of them stripped off their clothes and began exploring each other one hand and kiss at a time. Dennis was traditional, David was an animal. Together they were unstoppable.

Aurora woke to the sounds of Michael’s animals being fed. She opened her grey portal eyes and sat up in bed seeing dozens of beautiful morning rays of sunshine peek through her bay window. A red summer dress with pink flowers hung perfectly against the bathroom door along with a small crystal barrette for her hair and a huge bouquet of yellow roses on the nightstand next to her. It was obvious – Michael had been there. The beautiful intern jumped out of bed and took a relaxing hot bath with bubbles (the suds, not the chimp). Anxious to see her Pop star friend, the beautiful brunette drained her bath water, freshened up, changed into the summer dress, applied a thin layer of peach flavored gloss to her lips and placed the barrette she was given on the right side of her dark hair curling the bottom resembling Michael’s beautiful hair type.

“Good morning, Miss Clark.” Sandra said as Aurora entered Michael’s home. “I see you are wearing the dress Mr. Jackson chose for you. You look stunning. Did you sleep well?”
“Thank you very much and yes I did.” She replied standing in the foyer. “Where is he?”
“In a meeting at the moment.” The courteous maid replied as she glanced at the grandfather clock in the distance. “He should be wrapping things up now. Breakfast is ready for you on the patio.”
“Has Michael eaten yet?”
“He fasts every Sunday.” Sandra explained. “Mr. Jackson only drinks vitamin water until sunset on this day but he will be making an exception this time.”

“I hope I am not intruding on his routine.”
“Not at all.” She said walking me towards the patio. “Mr. Jackson and all of us are very happy that you are here. Please make yourself comfortable. I’ll go check on him for you.”
“You are very kind.”
“I take after my boss.” Sandra said as she left the patio closing the double glass doors behind her.

Aurora stood on the balcony admiring her new friend’s wondrous home. She smiled watching Michael’s beloved elephant Gypsy – a gift from his good friend Elizabeth Taylor - having a bath by his trainers in the far distance in a large river. Bubbles, Michael’s chimp was also running around chasing after the rabbits and squirrels. There was clearly no doubt that the King of Pop’s home was nothing short of incredible and everyone who visits him at Neverland always ends up awakening the child that is lost or hidden inside of them.

“Hey…” Michael whispered wrapping his arms around his new friend and kissing her gently on the cheek. “I’m sorry to keep you waiting. You look beautiful.”
“It’s alright.” Aurora said turning around with her friend’s arms still around her waist. “I just got here and was admiring your beautiful home.”

“I’m glad you like it here. You look wonderful in your dress. Your hair looks very pretty as well.”

“It seems very peaceful here. Thank you for my dress and barrette. I love them both.”

“You’re welcome and yes it really is peaceful here.” Michael explained. “A lot of my inspiration comes from those mountains and my animals. I’ve written countless songs just sitting at this patio table alone.”

“It must be nice to have so much motivation to do what you love.”
“I try to see the good in everything, Aurora.” Michael said winking at the beautiful intern. “It’s time for you to eat.”
“Your maid told me you fast on Sundays?”
“Yes, I do.” Michael said as he let go of his friend and led her to the table full of mouthwatering breakfast items. “I don’t usually eat until sunset, but today is an exceptional day.”
“And why is that?”
“Because my special friend is here with me.”

“How can one be called a special friend in such short time, Mr. Jackson?”
“How can one make a wonderful impact in such short time, Miss Clark?”
“Another point noted. You are my match with words.”
“I concur.”

The two friends sat at the patio table eating the wonderful morning meal Michael’s staff had prepared. The Gloved One threw a small piece of butter at his beautiful friend that landed on the side of her face. Michael could not hold back his laughter as he watched Aurora peel the item off her face and forcefully tried to shove it down her friend’s throat. Michael resisted as hard as he could and the two of them fell out of their chairs landing directly onto the cold stone lined ground beneath them.

“Are you ok?” Michael asked pulling his friend’s hair out of her face. “I’m sorry.”
“Don’t be.” Aurora said. “I’m not hurt.”

Michael took the grey eyed beauty’s hand and linked it with his own.

“You are so beautiful, Aurora.” He said using his free hand to touch her soft rosy cheek. “I love your company.”
“Oh my goodness. I completely forgot to thank you again for inviting me here.”
“You don’t ever have to thank me for anything.”
“The same goes for you.”

Michael gazed at his visitor’s lips lusting to press his against them. He leaned in slightly closer towards the grey eyed beauty but stopped at the sensation of Aurora gently pressing his hand that she was so graciously holding onto.

“Mr. Jackson, I do believe that you are getting too personal again.”

Michael giggled as he kissed his friend’s nose and helped her stand up.

“Thank you for reminding me.”
“I must warn you that I might not do that again.”
“I must say I’m looking forward to it.”

The two of them straightened themselves out and continued eating (and throwing) their delightful meal with nothing but the rays of the shining California sun, a full day of fun activities and the bonus of each other’s company.

“That was fun.” Dennis said helping his exhausted partner stand up from his living room floor. “I think my morning workout has come to an end.”
“I second that.” David said with his hair messed up and sweat dripping from his entire body. “I need to shower.”
“Me too.”
“Thanks for that.”
“Anytime.” David said winking at his partner.
“I think that was the best I’ve ever had.”
“It definitely was for me too.” Dennis added.

The two men gathered their clothes and headed upstairs. Dennis offered his guest and partner his bedroom while he walked across the hall to use another bathroom. Not wanting to come down from his natural high, David snuck into Dennis’s spare room and surprised him by getting into the shower with him. Dennis had never shared his bathroom with anyone before but was intrigued by the idea. David kissed his boyfriend wanting to go further while Dennis grabbed his partner’s body and pressed it closely towards him. Beads of warm water trickled down from the shower head above them making the two men feel even more aroused. As the two of them continued their love fest, David and Dennis became prime examples of how love could strike at any time and irrelevant issues such as sexual orientation had absolutely nothing to do with it.

“I am so full now.” Aurora said taking one last bite out of her Belgian waffle. “I don’t think I will eat for the rest of the day.”
“Good.” Michael said jokingly. “My staff work hard enough as it is. They don’t need another person to add to their job duties.”
“Hey!” The brunette said throwing her napkin at the Pop star. “I don’t mean to impose on anyone, Michael.”
“I know. I’m kidding.” He said as he stood up from the table offering his hand to her. “Shall we go?”
“Where?”

“I will take you around the ranch some more and show you my theatre.”
“Is this a date?”
“Would you like it to be?”
“I’m sure you know the answer to that, Mr. Jackson.”
“I believe I do Miss Clark.”

“Always so charming.”
“Always wanting to be charmed.”

Aurora placed her hand inside Michael’s and the two walked out of the main house together into a golf cart. Michael introduced his new friend to his gardeners, animal trainers and zookeepers greeting them courteously as he drove the beautiful intern around his entire property showing her the highlights of his wonderful estate. Aurora felt like she was in a dream. Everywhere she looked, she saw nothing but magic. While trying to be a good host, the Pop star could not help but stare at his guest admiring her perfectly flawless skin, stunning grey eyes and bedazzling smile.

He drove the cart up to his theatre and helped his guest out of her seat. Michael held her hand again as he opened the doors to his cinema and gestured his new friend to enter inside. Aurora could not believe her eyes. An array of Disney characters were on display with massive candy counters, popcorn machines and soda fountains. Inside the screening room were hundreds of plush red velvet seats with specially designed hospital beds built directly inside the theatre walls facing the back of the room to allow ill children to visit the Gloved One whenever they wished.

“Michael, this is absolutely incredible.”

“You think so?”
“Of course. Who else would build such a fascinating entertainment center? You are truly amazing.”
“Thank you, Aurora.”

The two of them sat in the very front row of the theatre and watched the large black protective curtain slowly rise above the massive 50 foot wide screen.

“Are we going to watch something?”
“Of course.” Michael replied smiling.

The Pop star’s staff discreetly closed the theatre doors allowing the two friends to have complete privacy. Aurora felt slightly uncomfortable at first being in a secluded room with Michael alone but her discomfort quickly disappeared at the sight of her new friend’s feet dancing their way across the big screen.

“OH MY GOD!” Aurora yelled in delight. “Are you serious?”
“I haven’t seen this yet.” Michael said smiling. “I wanted to be with you when I did.”
“You flatter me, Michael.” Aurora said kissing her friend’s cheek. “Thank you.”
“No, Aurora. Thank YOU.”

The two friends sat together and watched Michael’s opening act at the 1995 MTV Video Music Awards. Aurora could not stop smiling and all Michael could do was sit back and watch her. Dazed by her beauty, the Pop star gently touched her hand wanting nothing but to hold it. Aurora’s breathing became ragged. She turned her head and looked at Michael who was also looking ravishing in the darkness. His dreamy eyes shimmered against the glow of the theatre screen and his curly hair blanketed the sides of his face. Aurora turned and hugged her friend tenderly not wanting to let go. Michael took a deep breath as he tried his hardest not to let his strong feelings for the beautiful intern overshadow his thought process. The Pop star gently rubbed his friend’s back sending waves of tingle down her spine. As they pulled away from each other, Aurora could no longer hold herself back from the overly handsome, irresistible persona sitting right next to her.

“Am I getting too personal?” Michael whispered against his friend’s wanting lips.

“I told you I wouldn’t stop you next time.” Aurora replied.

“She’s crazy!” Jill said to Barbara as she poured her boss a cup of tea on her veranda. “What the hell is wrong with that child of mine?”
“I don’t know, ma’am.” Barbara said trying to stay out of her employer’s personal affairs.

“Aurora has always been a wonderful daughter.” Jill said trying to calm herself down. “What could she possibly see in someone like that?”

“Perhaps they are just working together.” Barbara suggested trying to stay neutral.

“Nonsense!” Jill spat back. “What business could my daughter have with a man who clearly has severe psychological issues? Aurora is many things but a doctor isn’t one of them!”

Barbara knew she was treading on thin ice. She kept her personal opinions to herself not wanting to run the risk of losing her job. Jill kept asking rhetorical questions confusing the housekeeper into thinking she was obliged to answer. After a few minutes of bantering, Barbara was saved by the phone ringing in the main house and politely excused herself to answer it. She returned to her boss saying it was a gentlemen calling for her. Jill took the phone from Barbara’s hands and asked her to leave her alone. The maid did as she was told closing the veranda doors behind her.

“Tom?”
“Jillian, good morning.”
“Did you speak to his wife?”
“I did and I do believe she is on our side.”
“Good. When will she take action?”
“I am working on that now. I tried calling her earlier but she did not answer.”
“Please hurry, Tom.” Jill said with panic dripping from her voice. “I want that freak away from my daughter!”
“Not to worry, Jillian.” Tom explained. “I know how to handle him. I’ve done it before and I can surely do it again.”

“The clock is ticking, Mr. Sneddon.” Jill threatened. “Aurora is planning to stay with that man for a week. If I don’t get an update from you within 48 hours I will handle this myself.”
“You have my word, Mrs. Clark.” Tom said trying to reassure his old friend. “I know Lisa Marie will go with our plan. The only daughter of Elvis is our trump card in luring her soon to be ex-husband away from your child.”

“I hope so.” Jill replied. “24 hours, Tom.”

She then hung up the phone and sipped her tea with treacherous thoughts of Michael in her mind.

“*You will pay for this, you weirdo*.” The head MTV committee member thought to herself.