**CHAPTER NINE**

*Irritated by Interruptions*

“That was some amazing food!” Dennis said as he groaned with pleasure. “Thank you, D.”
“You’re welcome.” The young partner replied confidently. “I’m glad you liked it.”

“You so have to cook for me again tomorrow.”
“I’m more interested in dessert.”
“Um, I think we had that BEFORE the meal.”

David laughed with hints of red in his cheeks.

“Anyway, let’s clean up and head to the movies or something!”
“Why don’t we go bowling?” Dennis asked.

“I don’t know how to bowl.”
“I can teach you.”
“Hmm…sounds ok to me.” David replied as he cleared the dishes from the kitchen table. “Are you any good?”
“I’m a pro!” Dennis replied. “I’ve won many tournaments and dozens of trophies.”
“Cool!”

David helped his partner load the dishwasher and empty the leftover food into plastic containers. After everything was neatly cleaned and tidied, the two decided to get dressed and head out to the bowling alley. Dennis had his own shoes, bowling balls and t-shirt that he always wore for good luck when going out to play. David giggled seeing his friend turn pro. It was obvious that Dennis really took the sport of bowling very seriously.

“I have an extra pair of shoes you can wear.” He explained as he tied his shoelaces. “If they don’t fit we can always rent you a pair at the venue.”
“Uh...yeah we’re going to have to do that.” David said as his right foot kept coming out of his partner’s shoe. “These are WAY too big for me.”
“Well, hey…” Dennis said smirking. “You know what they say about guys with big feet?”

David knew where this was heading.

“No, D.” He replied cleverly. “What DO they say?”
“How about I show you?”
“Sounds good to me!”

The two stripped down and did their thing on Dennis’s living room floor. Four times in one day was definitely a record for both men. David couldn’t resist his partner’s adoring charm and suave drenched aura. Dennis loved the way his partner reacted to his feelings and hoped that the two of them would always remain an ‘active’ couple.

Lisa Marie rented a small loft in a secluded neighborhood just outside of downtown Los Angeles. She sat on her plush sofa with several legal documents facing her on the glass coffee table and debated whether or not she made the right decision to hire the Santa Barbara District Attorney as her lawyer to represent her in her divorce with the King of Pop. Her mother had been calling her several times but the only daughter of Priscilla and Elvis ignored her thinking she would be of no help to her now.

Wanting to hear her soon to be ex husband’s voice, she browsed her contact list on her phone and came across Michael’s direct private line. She then pressed the call feature and listened attentively but the dial tone quickly turned into a busy signal. She re-dialed a few times and after hearing the same signal multiple times, Lisa Marie gave up and sulked with her head against the sofa armrest.

*“I still love you, Michael.”* She thought to herself. *“What happened to us? Where did we go wrong?”*

“I’m so sorry…” Michael said as he returned to his guest who was anxiously waiting for him in his living room. “That took longer than I thought.”
“It’s alright.” Aurora said turning off the TV. “I was keeping myself entertained.”
“What were you watching just now?”
“The news.”
“Oh God…” The Pop star said rolling his eyes. “Let me guess – me again?”
“You got it.”

Michael plopped down on his couch next to the beautiful intern and took her hand. The grey eyed beauty snuggled up to her friend and the two enjoyed cuddling and conversing. The Pop star’s voice quickly turned into music for Aurora’s ears. All she wanted to do was hear him talk about anything and everything. Michael sensed the intern was enjoying her stay at his home and wished that she could stay longer for her company was something he truly adored. Aurora shivered slightly against Michael’s frame worrying him. He then pulled away temporarily and reached across the sofa for a blanket.

“Is that what you had in mind for sharing with me, Mr. Jackson?”
“Are you uncomfortable with that, Miss Clark?”
“Not even the slightest bit.” She replied winking at her friend as she wrapped him and herself inside the soft, velvety sheet.

“Warm?”
“Very.” She replied snuggling up close to Michael’s chest.

The Pop King placed his right arm on top of his lady friend’s head and gently stroked her hair placing a few strands in between his long, ebony colored fingers. Aurora’s head landed on Michael’s upper arm and lightly brushed up against his iconic arm band. Since his shirt was red, the arm band was black making it noticeably visible.

“Michael, why do you have this strip on your arm?”
“It’s a symbolic reminder.” He explained. “Each arm band I wear represents a different color on the flags of third world countries that have sick and starving children. This is my way of reminding people all over the world to love and take care of each other because they need it more than we do.”

“That’s very honorable of you.” Aurora said sitting up and kissing her friend’s cheek. “You really do think of everyone before yourself.”
“I try to.” Michael replied. “It’s important for everyone to love each other. If nothing else, love can be the solution to more than half of the world’s problems.”

“I think you might be right.”
“I just wish other people saw it the way I do.”
“Well, if it helps, I do.”
“I’m glad.”
“Me too. Thank you for reminding me.”
“Don’t thank me.” Michael said smiling. “Thank the arm band.”

“Thank you, arm band.”

“You’re welcome.” Michael imitated moving his arm up and down.

“Very cute.” The intern replied snuggling close to her friend again. “What shall we do now, Mr. Gloved One?”
“I can think of a few things…”

Aurora’s eyed widened in shock.

“You are definitely NOT shy in private, Michael!”
“What do you mean?”
“You are flirting with me!”
“I AM?”

“Oh, don’t play dumb!”

Michael giggled adorably.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” He said trying to keep a straight face. “I don’t flirt.”
“RIGHT!” The intern said shaking her head. “I knew all that shy stuff was just an act.”
“I don’t ‘act’ at all.” Michael said trying not to turn red. “I’m just me.”
“Well, I like the way you are. In public AND in private.”
“You haven’t seen how I am in private yet, Miss Aurora Chastity Clark.” Michael said with a deep tone winking seductively at his grey eyed friend awakening her sense of curiosity about how he knew her middle name.

*“YET?”* Aurora thought to herself as the little girl inside of her jumped for joy.

“Neither have you, Michael Joseph Jackson.” She replied winking back at him.

Katherine had just finished planting new rose bushes in her beautiful front yard garden outside Havenhurst. The Jackson matriarch had a passion for flowers and enjoyed seeing the gift of life from something as simple as a seed. Joseph was sitting on a wooden bench near the garden reading a newspaper grunting to himself in complete frustration. Katherine turned over the soil in another section of her garden to make room for lilies, sunflowers and chrysanthemums that would soon grow next to her roses.

“What the hell is wrong with that kid of yours? Joseph asked his wife angrily.

“OUR kid, Joe.” Katherine corrected. “What did he do now?”
“He’s still traipsing around with that unknown woman.”
“Oh, Joe. Leave him alone.”

“He’s a married man, Katie!” Joseph yelled standing up from the bench. “No son of mine is going to put me to shame by committing adultery.”

“Like you did.” Katherine said under her breath.

“WHAT DID YOU SAY?”

“Nothing, Joseph.”
“I don’t like what’s happening, Katie.”
“Joe, it’s Michael’s life.” Katherine explained. “He wasn’t happy with Lisa Marie so he did something about it. They’ve been separated for a while now.”

“They won’t be much longer.” Joseph said heading towards the main house. “I’m going to pay him a visit.”
“Joe, you should at least call him first!”
“I’m his father! I don’t need permission to go to my own son’s house!”
“He might be busy recording or he may have children at Neverland.”
“Or better yet…” Joseph continued. “SHE might be there with him.”

The father of nine stormed his way towards the house stepping directly onto Katherine’s freshly turned soil. Luckily, the other seeds had not been planted yet relieving Michael’s mother’s fear of her plants accidentally being killed by her husband’s lack of courtesy. She continued gardening until Joseph got in his car and left the property. She thought of calling her seventh child to warn him that his father was about to show up at his door unannounced but also knew the phone lines were tapped for security reasons at Havenhurst.

“Oh Lord, please protect Michael…” The matriarch said to herself and she continued planting her seeds.

“We really need to slow down.” David said trying to catch his breath. “I think we’re going at it a little too often.”
“Shoot, this is nothing.” Dennis admitted. “I can do you for days!”

David laughed but was also worried that his partner may be a nympho maniac.

“Um, thanks I think?”
“I’m kidding, D.” Dennis said helping his mate stand up from the floor. “Let’s get cleaned up so we can head to the bowling alley.”
“What’s your hurry?”

“The longer we stay here the more we’ll continue corrupting every corner of my house!”
“I’m down with that!” David joked making his new partner laugh.

“You can use the shower in my room.” Dennis said. “I’ll be in the guest room and DON’T even think about sneaking up on me.”
“I wouldn’t dream of it.” David replied. “I’ll meet you back down here in 15 minutes.”

“Cool.”

The two men marched upstairs and freshened up for their first date. After showering, David changed into a pair of black jeans and a white muscle shirt while Dennis put on a new grey Nike tracksuit with a black t shirt underneath. The pair then ran a comb through their hair, gelled it, sprayed on some cologne, grabbed their wallets, cell phones, keys and headed downstairs to leave. Dennis gathered his bowling equipment and David agreed to rent shoes at the venue.

Once the two left the apartment, Dennis offered to take David home so that he could grab a few things from his house and leave them in his trunk but the MTV coordinator kindly refused saying he wanted to head home after their date was over. Dennis respected his new partner’s wishes and drove to the bowling alley excited about spending the day with him.

Jill took a leave of absence of work claiming she had a personal emergency and was unsure as to when she would return to her place of employment. Since her daughter was also on vacation, people at the office were concerned about why mother and daughter both had to take time off. Jill tried to convince her coworkers that it had nothing to do with Aurora but of course, no one believed her. It wasn’t difficult to see that the head committee member had a strong dislike for her only child’s new ‘friend’ and no one was more adamant than her on making sure Michael stayed away from Aurora forever.

After being approved for a month leave, Aurora’s mother headed home to come up with a plan of her own to try and lure her only child away from the ‘predator’ she thought was trying to steal her daughter away. Little did Aurora know, Jillian Miranda Clark also had a dirty little secret – one that NO ONE knew except her and the other person involved. Someone the beautiful intern had never met and, according to Jill, would see to it that she never would.

“Hello, Ms. Clark.” Barbara said taking her boss’s coat and purse from her. “How was your day at the office?”
“Long and stressful.” Jill replied. “Make me some coffee please. Bring it to me on the veranda with my laptop.”
“Right away, ma’am.”

The accomplished woman made her way onto her balcony and sat at her patio table. She noticed Barbara had already placed the morning paper on a nearby tray with a glass vase full of freshly picked flowers from the head committee member’s garden. Jill opened the paper and went straight to the business section. After reading about MTV’s stocks and how rapidly they were increasing in sales, she then browsed the other sections and came face to face with the King of Pop himself.

*“Lisa Marie Presley files for divorce after just two years of marriage from King of Pop, Michael Jackson.”*

“Smart woman.” Jill said to herself as she continued reading the column.

*“Presley has stated that Michael is not ‘husband material’ and has filed under the clause of ‘irreconcilable differences.’ Presley is also asking for a settlement of $10 dollars from the Pop star which he is refusing to pay. Jackson claims Lisa Marie is extremely stable financially and has no need to demand any funds from her soon to be ex-husband…”*

“So he’s a pedophile AND a cheap bastard!” Jill said angrily. “All the more reason for my daughter to stay the hell away from him.”
“Ms. Clark?” Barbara said scaring her boss as she quickly put the paper down.

“What is it, Barbara?”
“Your coffee and laptop.”
“Please leave it on the table.”

The Clark mansion’s maid did as she was told and left the veranda without saying a word. Jill had enough of reading about Michael and was determined to do anything and everything she could to make her only child see the Pop star the same way her mother did. Knowing how stubborn the young Clark could be, Jill sent Tom an email reminding him that if he did not have an update about Lisa Marie within 24 hours, she would definitely take the matter into her own hands. The senior Clark drafted a quick paragraph and read it to herself before clicking on the ‘send’ feature.

*“24 hours, Tom.”* She said as she sipped on her warm coffee. *“I wasn’t kidding.”*

“THREE STRIKES IN A ROW!” Dennis yelled as he returned to David who was sitting in the bowling lounge area. “I’m on a roll today!”

“Yeah, yeah.” David said. “I suck at this.”
“You do not.” Dennis said trying to be encouraging. “It just takes practice.”
“I keep getting gutter balls, D.”
“So did I my first time. You just have to be patient and not give up. Now, get up there and knock those pins down!”

David stood up from his seat and walked towards the lane. He picked up the large, black round ball and positioned his fingers inside the slots. Dennis gave his new partner some great pointers on how to stand, throw the ball and not lose focus on the pins. David swung his right arm back and released the ball watching it slide across the lane. Dennis watched closely and cheered as he saw his partner’s ball knock every single pin in perfect rhythm.

“STTEEERIKE!” David yelled as he jumped up and down girlishly.

“WAY TO GO, BUDDY!” Dennis yelled as David ran up and hugged him. “I told you it was easy!”
“Thanks, D.”

“Anytime.”

The two shared a brief kiss not realizing they were in public. David and Dennis were not ashamed of their sexual orientation but didn’t want to make others uncomfortable with their openly expressed affection towards one another. The two men pulled away from each other and decided to save their romance for later when no one was around.

“Go again, buddy.” Dennis said handing his partner another ball. “I’ll keep score for a while. You keep practicing.”
“Ok, sure.”

Dennis sat in the lounge area and added points to their electronic scoreboard. He watched David bowl a few more times and smiled brightly to himself knowing that he accomplished something wonderful just by being himself. The two continued taking turns while feasting away on hot dogs, fries, nachos, popcorn and root beer. Dennis’s encouragement really helped his partner gain confidence in the sport. Within a matter of time, David was throwing strikes every other turn and Dennis couldn’t have been happier. At the end of their frame, the two returned David’s rented shoes and headed towards the parking lot.

“I had a great time.” David said. “Thanks a lot for bringing me here.”
“No problem.” Dennis replied putting his key into the ignition. “How about we go for a drive?”
“Sure. Where?”
“Wherever this car takes us.”
“Sounds good to me.”

Dennis put the top down on his convertible BMW and blasted some of his favorite songs from the 90’s in his stereo. David loved feeling the wind blowing perfectly in his gelled blonde hair and adjusted his seat to lie back comfortably. Feeling a sense of eroticism, Dennis glanced in his partner’s direction and grabbed his ‘manhood’ gently awakening David’s inner freak. Wanting to go further, Dennis pulled over in a secluded forest area and placed the top back on his car. He gestured David to get into the backseat and the coordinator did just that. Dennis removed his track jacket and shirt and David stripped down to his boxers.

“I’ve never done this in a backseat before.” David said.
“Neither have I.” Dennis replied as he lightly brushed his hand against his partner’s firmness. “There’s always a first time for everything.”
“I guess so.”

The two then locked lips and removed what little clothing they had left on their bodies. Dennis moved swiftly while David laid back and enjoyed the fruits of his partner’s labor. When one was satisfied, the other would take over. They did this at least four times in a row with no desire of stopping anytime soon. Dennis thought taking things slow with David would be best at first but with their perfect sexual connection, that was no longer an option. The two were very much in love and slowing down was no longer in the cards for either of them.

Michael and Aurora watched a documentary about James Brown on TV. The Pop star was greatly influenced by many legends during his childhood and one of the biggest was none other than the godfather of soul. Aurora’s grandparents were also big fans of the caped star and enjoyed watching the incredibly detailed story about his life.

“He is a true genius.” Michael said as the show came to an end. “I wouldn’t be who I am today if it wasn’t for that man.”
“I know.” Aurora replied as she sat up and faced her friend. “You’ve been inspired by many great people, Michael.”
“You never stop trying to be the best, Aurora.” Michael explained. “You always study the greats so that one day you can become greater.”
“Well said, Mr. Jackson.”
“Thank you Miss Clark.”

“Mr. Jackson?” Sandra said peeking her head into the living room. ‘Dinner will be ready in two hours.”

Michael thanked his maid as she left the living room doorway smiling.

“I can’t believe it’s 5 already.” Aurora said glancing at her watch. “Where did the time go?”
“The days always seem to fly by at Neverland.” Michael explained. “Sometimes I’ll be in my dance studio at 6am and next thing I know, it’s midnight.”

“Oh my goodness!” Aurora said concerned. “Does that mean you don’t stop at all to take breaks in between?”
“Not always.” Michael admitted. “I won’t lie to you. There have been times when I’ve rehearsed for more than 13 hours straight.”
“MICHAEL!”

“I know, I know.” The Pop star replied. “I used to do that. I’ve gotten better now.”
“That is very dangerous and extremely unhealthy.”
“I know but it was my escape at the time.” Michael said with a hint of sadness in his tone. “Performing is all I’ve ever done, Aurora. It’s all I know. It’s all I have.”
“It isn’t anymore, Michael.”

Michael smiled and kissed his friend’s forehead.

“You’re very kind, Miss Clark.”
“I concur.”
“Will you ever stop saying that?”
“I don’t think so.”

“In that case, I guess I’ll just have to get used to it.”
“Again, I concur.”

Michael tickled his friend making her squeal. The grey eyed beauty loved being childish with her new friend and adored the thought of being able to let go of her formalities and just be herself for once. Michael wanted nothing but Aurora’s happiness and hearing her laugh in his own home was better than performing in that moment. Not wanting to stop, the Pop star continued and somehow, Aurora’s hand went up in the air and accidentally pushed Michael off of her forcing them both to land on the living room floor.

The Pop King landed directly on top of the beautiful intern and apologized for possibly hurting her. Aurora insisted that she was alright and enjoyed their brief moment of immaturity. Not wanting the moment to seem awkward, Michael attempted to stand up Aurora quickly pulled his arm stopping him from getting up. She linked her hand with his pulling him closer. As Michael was being led, he closed his eyes thinking Aurora was about to kiss him.

“Can I share this with you too?” Michael whispered against her thin pink lips.

“As many times as you like.”

The two ‘friends’ barely touched each other before their moment was interrupted yet again. Not by a person or a phone call but by the Michael’s security monitor that was beeping constantly on a nearby bookshelf. The now frustrated Pop star stood up from the floor, reached for the monitor and spoke directly into it.

“What is it?” He asked trying to stay polite.

“Sir, your father is at the gate.”