**CHAPTER SIX: One Thing Lead To Another**

I couldn’t believe what I was doing. My mind was completely gone and my heart was racing. Michael was pressed against me so close, I could feel his heartbeat. It was rapid but so beautiful. I didn’t want this moment to end. I put my arms around him and he did the same. Just then, we both broke away and stared at each other in amazement.

“I can’t believe we just did that.” I said. “I’m so sorry. I don’t know what came over me.” Michael looked at me, not saying a word. Just smiling and running his lovely fingers through my hair. “It was beautiful. I’m glad it happened. But…what did you call me before?” “When?” “Before you kissed me.” “Umm, I didn’t call you anything.” He laughed cutely. “Yes, you did. I heard you. It was lovely. I’d love to hear it again. Please?” “I didn’t call you anything, sir.” “Don’t play dumb with me!” Michael said laughing. Calling him by his name just didn’t seem right to me. As much as he begged me to say it, I couldn’t get the word out of my mouth.

“Please, Diana. Just once.” “I can’t, sir. I told you!” “But, you just did!” “I know. But it was in the heat of the moment. I don’t know what came over me, I lost control and this isn’t like me at all. “You mean our kiss meant nothing to you?” “NOOO!! I don’t mean that. It was beautiful it’s just I—“Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. “Mike! Mike! Are you in there?” It was Jermaine. “Sir, my friends are with your brother. I don’t want them to catch me in here alone with you!” “Don’t worry.” Michael said. “I got it covered. Go to the back room, I’ll take care of them.” I quickly ran across the room where there was another door. I opened it and saw another lounging area with a TV, couch and tables with chairs. I locked the door and pressed my ear up against it.

“It’s ok, Jermaine. I’m in here.” Michael said. I couldn’t hear much after that as the voices were mumbled. A few minutes later, Michael started opening the door. “I took care of it.” He said walking in. “Were my friends with him?” “They were, but they left. “ Left? Without me?!” Michael laughed. “Don’t worry, they’re coming back. I told Jermaine to tell them I need more time to get ready. Then he said one of your friends decided to go home and change or something and then come back and meet me.” “That must be Marie. She is just so darn crazy about you and her looks mean more to her than anything. Do they know I’m with you?” “Yes. I told Jermaine that you’re helping me with a new song and he told your friends. Everything is fine. They’ll be back shortly.”

I didn’t realize how clever Michael was. Dropping his glove, sending a card to my house, coming up with this ‘new song’ story in a matter of seconds then telling his brother. I guess being famous makes you create excuses as escapism. I wasn’t going to judge him. He is the greatest entertainer in the world after all. “So, now that we’re alone again. Where we we?” Michael asked walking towards me. “Um, sir I don’t think we should go there again.” Michael giggled cutely. It made me smile. “That’s not what I meant. Come sit next to me, please. I’d love to know more about you.”

We both walked over to a cozy black leather couch and had multiple conversations. I felt like I was talking to someone I had known for years. Michael really WAS so easy to talk to and he’s a fabulous listener. For a while, I actually forgot who he was. “But enough about me.” I said. “What about you?” “I think you probably know all there is to know about me.” He said. “No, I don’t.” “Really?” “No. I don’t follow celebrity gossip. My two friends Marie and Jasmine do. They always fill me in on what’s going on in that world. I have no time for it. I have real issues.” Michael laughed. “I’m so happy to know that you don’t waste your time reading tabloids.” “No way. I know those things are fake and sugar coated. Those people will say and do anything to make money, even if it means destroying another person’s image.” “Like mine.” Michael said while looking down. I felt bad. I didn’t mean to say it the way I did. I tried to cheer him up.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you.” “You didn’t. It’s just – when you grow up in front of millions of people, you’re automatically different and they just don’t understand that.” “I know it must bother you, but I’ve been told you’re a very strong person. You’re like a soldier. As long as you know the truth, that’s all that matters.” Michael put his hand on top of mine and smiled. “Thank you. I knew you’d understand.” “You’re welcome. I know we just met and I’m just a regular person but I want you to know that there are millions of people in the world who love you and know what’s true and what’s not about you. My friend Marie has spent her entire life defending you.”

“Are you serious?” He asked, smiling again. I noticed his eyes widened a little. “YES! I know she will tell you about it when she meets you. She’s even put me in my place a few times about you.” “Are you not a fan of my music?” “I have to be honest – I’m not as crazy as other girls are but I do know some of your music. I think you’re amazing. You have incredible talent and I LOVE the way you dress!” Michael giggled and looked down shyly. He was absolutely adorable. I couldn’t believe what I was saying – I was the girl who once said Michael Jackson was over rated and sounded like a girl!

“Thank you so much.” He said. “That means a lot to me.” He then started telling me about his career, his family, his dreams, goals, aspirations, even the fact that he wanted children one day. I was amazed at how much I misjudged him. “Sir, you really are incredible. It’s so refreshing to meet someone as famous as you with a high level of intellect and maturity.” He smiled again and thanked me for my kind words.

Suddenly, something came over me again. Hearing Michael talk about so many great and different subjects for such a long time had me developing feelings I had never experienced before. “I can’t believe I’m sitting here next to you. The biggest star on earth. Who would’ve guessed I’d be this lucky?” “No, I’M the lucky one.” He said as he leaned over and grabbed my hand. “From the second I saw you, I knew you were different.” “How did you know that?” I asked. “I have a very strong intuition. It alerts me about a lot of things, good and bad.” “Really? Have you always had that feeling?” “Yes. Ever since I was little and first performed on stage. I’ve always had a guard around people, but sometimes my intuition has failed me and I’ve made mistakes.” “You’re human, sir. That’s allowed.”

“Diana?” “Yes?” “What’s my name?” He asked again, laughing. “You’re not going to let that go, are you?” “Just once. Please? Please?” “Sir, no.” He then came as close to me as he could, put his right hand gently on my cheek and whispered in my ear “Just once. I promise I won’t ask you again. Just once.” He then started to move away but I didn’t want him to. “Don’t do that!” I said pulling him back towards me. “Do what?” “Don’t move away from me. I like it when you’re close.”

He then smiled at me, making me feel weak. I knew the aura he warned me about was settling in. ‘**God, he is gorgeous**!’ I said to myself. I knew there was chemistry between us but I didn’t know what to say or do about it so I thought I’d let him take control. “I love your eyes.” He said touching them. “I love yours too.” I said doing the same thing. “Your lips are like a ripe strawberry, your skin is like satin and your body feels incredible.” He then put his arms around my waist. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. I wanted to compliment him too but I was so gone that I couldn’t get the words out of my mouth. I closed my eyes and leaned over on the couch, lying down. “Come here…” I whispered pulling him on top of me.

He gently ran his hands down the sides of my face. He kissed my forehead ever so slightly. I felt like I was in heaven. He then locked his strong, masculine legs with mine. His chest was pressed up against me and again, I could feel his heartbeat. I took my left hand and put it on top of his head, stroking his beautiful head of hair. I became a completely different person. For the first time in my life, I was starting to fall in love.

“You feel amazing.” I said while stroking his hair. “So do you.” He said as he reached down and grabbed my other hand. “I wish we could stay like this forever.” “I’m not going anywhere.” I said as I let go of his hair and gently massaged his upper back. As soon as my hand touched Michael’s back, he squirmed. “I’m sorry, is that uncomfortable for you?” I asked. “No, it’s not that. I’m just a little sensitive there. No one has ever really touched my back.” “I’m sorry. I’ll stop.” “NO!” He said putting my hand back. “I don’t mind it. I just get a little agitated when someone touches me there, that’s all.”

I didn’t clue in to what he was referring to. I also didn’t know if asking him about it would be appropriate. But curiosity got the best of me so I decided to ask anyway. “Michael?” “Yes?” “Can I ask why you feel uncomfortable with someone touching you here?” I rubbed his back all over, trying to ease his tension. I could feel from underneath his clothes that Michael had knots in his back and certain areas would make him flinch as soon as I touched them. “When I was a child, that’s where Joseph would hit me.” I gasped, accidentally moving Michael’s head from my chest. I held the side of his head gently and put it back to where it was. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to move like that.” “It’s ok. My back is also the one part of my body that I never show anyone.”

“Why is that?” I asked, still rubbing him. He suddenly got up quickly. “I’m sorry!” I yelled. “I don’t mean to be nosy.” “No, you’re not.” He said. “It’s because of this!” Michael lifted his pant leg and showed me patches of his skin discoloration. “I have these all over my back, some are more noticeable than others and I hate it! I can’t control it and I wish it never happened to me!” He then closed his eyes and started to whimper. I couldn’t stand to see him hurt or crying.

I got up and held him as tight as I could. He wrapped his arms around me as he let out a loud, painful cry. “Don’t cry.” I whispered in his ear. “I can’t bear to see you hurt. It’s heartbreaking to hear you cry.” Michael then started sniffling. I then let go of him and held his face in my hands. “You are beautiful. Don’t you EVER let some stupid patches or scars make you think otherwise!” He didn’t say a word, he just looked down and continued sniffling. “I’m serious! You are gorgeous! You had me drawn to you within seconds. NO MAN has ever done that to me before and I know they never will. You’re VERY special, sir. You just need to believe that.”

He then hugged me again putting his right arm on the back of my head. For the longest time, we both just stood there, holding each other tightly. It was beautiful. His touch was as gentle as a feather. His breathing was slow and steady. Our hearts were beating in sync. It felt like a real love connection.

He then let go of me and put his hand on my cheek again. “Diana?” “Yes?” “I’m so glad I met you. You’re a wonderful person.” “Thank you, so are you.” “I want to see you again.” “I’d like that too.” “Will you please visit me in California?” “I’d love to! You already have my contact information since you sent me that card, right?” “Yes.” “OK! If you send me another one with your contact information on it, I’ll keep in touch with you and you can tell me when to come and visit you.” “You promise you’ll come?” He asked softly. I was mesmerized all over again. “Yes, I promise.”

He smiled, biting his bottom lip again. I ran my fingers through his hair, he seemed to like it when I did that. “Can we go back to the couch now?” I asked. “Sure.” We both lay there in the same position as before. Only this time, Michael wasn’t as tense as he was before. “You seem a lot more relaxed now.” I said rubbing his back again. “I feel so much better.” “You do?” “Yes. Keeping those secrets for 30 years really took a toll on me. I’m so glad I told you. I trust that you won’t tell anyone?” “Not a soul, I swear.” “Thank you, Diana.” “You’re welcome.” “I love you.” “I love you too, Michael.” “WHAT?” He asked shockingly while standing up halfway on the couch.

“What?” I asked as I winked at him. “What did you call me?” “You heard me.” “I did, but I’d like to hear it again. Please?” “Nope. You said only one time!” “Oh, that’s not fair!!” He said while laughing hysterically. “You torture me by not saying it and then you finally do and it’s when I least expect it.” I then laughed and said “Too bad! You won’t hear it again.” “Please Diana?” “Nope!” “Please?” “Nope!” “PLEASEEE?!” “NOOOPE!” This went on for about ten minutes then Michael started to tickle me.

“OH MY GOD, NOOO!” I screamed as he tickled my stomach. I laughed hysterically as he continued doing it. I tried to shake him off but his body was so strong, I couldn’t wean him off. Truth be told, I didn’t want to wean him off anyway. “Stooop!!” I yelled as he kept going. “What did you call me?” “Sir!” “What did you call me?” “Sir!!” We both kept on laughing until suddenly, Michael and I fell off the couch with me landing right on top of him. “I’m sorry. Are you ok?” He asked while removing my hair from my face. “Yeah, I’m ok. I’m sorry I landed on you. I must be so heavy!” “No, not at all.” He said as he kept putting my hair back in place.

“You feel amazing. Come here.” He took his arms and gently put them on the back of my head and pressed me against him. It was the most loving thing I had ever experienced. Now he was rubbing my back. “Does that feel ok?” He asked. “Yes, it does. I love it.” I said wrapping my arms around his waist against the floor. He then started to play with my hair, releasing it all from my ponytail. “Your hair is beautiful.” He said as he ran his long, lovely fingers through it. “Thank you. I do my best to take care of it.” “I can feel that. It’s so soft and wonderful to touch.” “Just like yours.” I said smiling at him.

As much as I loved our intimate moments together, I realized I missed the sound of Michael’s voice. I knew he didn’t like talking much as he was very shy but his voice aroused me and I wanted to hear more of it. “Tell me about your family, sir.” I asked while standing up. “What would you like to know?” “Anything you’d like to share. I’m all ears.” He laughed. “Well, I have a photo album that I always bring with me wherever I go. Would you like to see it?” “YES, PLEASE!” I said sounding excited. I helped him up from the ground and as I did, I bent down and kissed his pant leg. The one he had lifted for me earlier. I then sat there on the ground with my hand on his leg with my eyes closed, praying for all of his pain and difficulties to disappear.

Michael sensed what I was doing. He put his hand on top of my head and said ‘**god bless you’** under his breath. I could tell he didn’t want me to hear him so I acted like I didn’t and got up immediately from the ground. We straightened ourselves out and he walked me to another door at the far end of the room. “This place is like a maze!” I said walking through the room. “I know, it’s crazy.” Michael said. “But I like it. There are lots of places to hide.” He then winked at me. I knew what he was thinking. I winked back.

“Here it is.” He said pulling the album out of a bag. “Let’s go sit on the couch again.” We both walked over and sat back on the leather couch. Michael opened the album and there were several pictures of him and his family from when they were little all the way until the present time. “These are beautiful!” I said looking at them all. “Is that your mom?” “Yes.” “She’s beautiful.” “Thank you. I love my mother, she’s wonderful.” Hearing Michael talk about his mother brought tears to my eyes. I looked over at him and noticed his face lit up like an angel. He really loved his mother very much.

“These are my sisters.” He said pointing a picture of girls. “Rebbie, LaToya and Janet.” “And here are my brothers – Tito, Jermaine, Randy, Jackie and Marlon.” After looking through more than half of the album, I noticed Michael didn’t have one single photo of his father. I didn’t want to be rude and question him about it and based on what he told me earlier, I already knew why.

“These are great pictures, sir.” I said while continuing to look at them. “You all seem to be very close and your house in California looks absolutely amazing!” “I can’t wait to have you over.” Michael said while rubbing the small of my back. “I’m looking forward to it.” Just then, Michael leaned over and kissed my cheek. I took a breath but didn’t over react. I looked over and saw a twinkle in his eyes. I put the album on a side table and held him again, even more tightly than before.

As we both let go of each other’s embrace, we came towards each other and softly pressed our lips together. Michael put his hands on top of mine and I opened my palms to let his hands fall inside of mine. Once we stopped, I immediately felt lustful. At that point, I couldn’t hold myself back. I started kissing his neck, biting it gently. He giggled and slowly lay down on the couch to make himself more comfortable. I continued to kiss his neck, from one side to the other. He was taking deep breaths, sighing in relief. I knew he felt comfortable.

“Don’t stop. Please, keep going.” He repeated. “You feel so good.” I slowly began to unzip his shirt and he had another one on underneath it. I could feel his belt from his pants scraping on my knee. He laughed seductively and knew I was trying to tempt him. I held his beautiful face in my hands and kissed his eyes, eyebrows and his forehead. To complete the foreplay, I then kissed his nose which made him flinch again.

“Are you ok?” I asked. “I’m fine. It’s just a habit. Keep going. I love it.” I unzipped his shirt completely but didn’t remove it. I lifted the white shirt he had on underneath and kissed his stomach making circles with my tongue. Michael was so aroused, his body was moving in circular motions. It looked and felt incredibly sexy. Knowing that this man had such an incredible dancing ability made me realize his moves in bed would be too good to pass up. I then started to feel my body throb. I knew I had to put these feelings to use.

I moved towards his lips and kissed him passionately again. He put his loving arms around me as if he wanted me to keep going. I wanted to go further and knew I had to tell him. “I have something I’d like to ask you…” “Yes?” He whispered softly. “Will you make love to me….Michael?” He gasped lovingly, I felt it against my body. “Say it again.” He asked. “Michael.” He moaned beautifully. It turned me on even more. “Again?” “Michael.” “Oh my god.” He said while pulling me closer to him.” “I want you.” I said peering in his wondrous eyes. “I want you more.” He said as he pulled my hair softly and whispered in my ear “I thought you’d never ask….”