**CHAPTER EIGHT: My Ray of Light**

Boy, did I feel stupid! “I’m sorry. I thought you were someone else.” “It’s ok.” The person on the other end said. “My name is Frank. I’m Mr. Jackson’s manager. He asked me to call you and give you some information.” “OH, RIGHT!” I quickly grabbed a pen and my notepad. “He will send a car to get you at 7:30 and will meet you at the Hyatt Regency penthouse suite, room 755.” “Got it. Thank you so much for calling.” “My pleasure. Enjoy your evening.” I thanked him again as he hung up. I felt nervous. I wasn’t sure if meeting Michael was the best idea, but he begged me and I knew it was too late to back out now. Besides, I WANTED to see him again!

I looked at the time – it was almost 5. I had two and a half hours to look decent. I wanted to look beautiful without over doing it and thought it would be nice if I wore one of Michael’s favorite colors. I didn’t know what colors he liked in particular so I went online to find out. I did a search under his name but couldn’t find anything. I then started looking at his pictures and couldn’t help but stare. He really IS an incredibly handsome man.

From his pictures online, I noticed Michael wore A LOT of red, black, yellow and some blue. I checked my closet to see if I had any of those colors in a dress. After searching for 30 minutes, I found a red cocktail dress with sequins on it. **THIS IS PERFECT**! I thought. I then put together the rest of my wardrobe: I wanted to curl my hair, wear small diamond earrings, a diamond bracelet and just a touch of makeup. I wanted the dress to be my focal point.

I then took a quick, warm bath to help me relax and feel more comfortable. After getting out of my bathtub, the phone rang. I answered and it was Jasmine again. “ANA! I’m sure you are well rested by now! I’ve been sitting by the phone waiting for the time to go by so that I could call you back.” “Jas! This ISN’T a good time!” “When IS a good time?” “Tomorrow!” “WHAT?! You’re going to make me wait THAT LONG?!” “Jas, it’s only one day, you’re lucky I didn’t say a week and if you keep bugging me, I’m going to make it a month!”

“Ana, PLEASE! I want details. You don’t know how LUCKY you are!!” “Oh, yes I do!” “So, tell me – what did it feel like when he kissed you?” “Jas, I have to get ready.” “For what?” “I’m going out.” “You’re seeing him again aren’t you?” “I didn’t say that.” “Where are you going then?!” “Jas, I’m entitled to my privacy. I don’t need to tell you my life story!” “But that’s what best friends do!” “I really can’t talk right now. I’ll fill you in tomorrow, ok?” “Ana, just for the record – are you going to see him again?” I didn’t say a word. I was hoping my silence would be loud enough for her to figure it out on her own.

“ANA!!! I can’t believe you! Is that why you turned down Mare’s invitation for dinner and a movie?” “Yes, but it wasn’t entirely my choice.” “Meaning?” “Meaning he asked me to see him again. I tried to say no but he wouldn’t take that as an answer.” “Ana, I don’t know if you realize this but – NO ONE WOULD BE STUPID ENOUGH TO TURN DOWN MICHAEL JACKSON!!” “Jas, I don’t have time for this. I have to finish getting dressed.” “What are you wearing?” “Clothes!” “I know that, silly!”

“Look, I’m serious. I’m really pressed for time and he’s sending someone to get me. I have to be ready so that I don’t look rude and keep whoever it is waiting!” “Ana, Marie is going to KILL YOU when she finds out.” “Marie isn’t GOING to find out until tomorrow. You keep your mouth shut and I will take care of both of you tomorrow.” “Ana, if something does happen between you two….will you tell me?” “NOTHING is going to happen!” “Are you sure?” I sighed. I didn’t feel like lying to her any more than I already did. “Jas, I don’t know what’s going on to be honest. I was alone with him today and he just opened up all of these feelings inside of me. I’ve NEVER felt this way about ANYONE before. I don’t even know why he chose ME.” “Well, you got me there!” “THANKS A LOT!” “I’m kidding, Ana. You’re a great catch. You’re smart, pretty, friendly and you have a great sense of humor. Maybe he chose you because you don’t know much about him.” “You think so?” “Yeah! I mean you weren’t into his music and you never thought he was good looking. You had NO interest in him. THAT is what most likely attracted him to you.”

Jasmine’s words actually made sense. “I think you’re right, Jas.” “Let’s look at the facts: you are one of few who actually got to know him as a person and liked Michael Jackson the HUMAN. NOT Michael Jackson the hot, famous entertainer who is constantly breaking records. You knew next to nothing about him, not even his song names.” “Hey!” I know a few!” “In the backseat is NOT one of them, Ana!” I laughed. “Shut up!” “Anyway, good luck. I hope you have a good time and I can’t wait to hear about it tomorrow.” “Jas, I’m nervous.” “Don’t be. He’s a gentleman. He won’t take advantage of you.” “But what if I want him to?” “ARE YOU SERIOUS?” “THIS IS WHAT I’M TALKING ABOUT!!” I yelled. “He has this thing over me that I can’t control. He is SO alluring it drives me CRAZY!”

“You’re telling ME!” Jasmine said. “The whole time I was sitting next to him today all I could do was think about jumping his bones!!” Jasmine was just too much sometimes. “Jas, you’re something else. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.” “Ana, be careful. You don’t know what you’re getting yourself into.” “I know. Thanks for having my back and NOT A WORD about any of this to Marie, ok?” “I promise.” “Thanks.”

We both said goodbye and hung up. I had about 20 minutes left on the clock. I put on a pair of black wedge heel sandals, grabbed an evening purse, quickly checked myself out in the mirror one last time then headed downstairs. I started feeling uneasy. I didn’t know if going to meet Michael would be the best idea. I was flustered. **What do** **I** **do**? I asked myself repeatedly. Usually, my intuition is right. If I feel like something isn’t good for me, it really ISN’T.

I then started pacing back and forth in my living room. I just couldn’t shake this feeling. As much as I wanted to see Michael, I was afraid of what the outcome would be. **Calm, down Diana. You are getting all worked up over nothing. So many girls out there would love to switch places with you. Just be cool and everything will be fine.** I decided to get some water and cool myself down. As I reached for a glass in the kitchen, I heard a car pull into my driveway. I took a deep breath, looked at the flowers Michael sent me and walked out the front door locking it.

“Ms. Dean?” The driver asked. “Yes.” “My name is Chris. I’ll be your driver this evening.” I thanked the man as he took my hand and lead me to the back door of the car and opened it for me. It wasn’t anything fancy – just a simple black town car with a TV in the back. “Are you comfortable?” Chris asked as he got into the driver’s seat. “Yes, I’m ok.” “The TV there has a built in DVD player. Mr. Jackson put something in it for you to watch.” “Ok, thank you!” “Oh, and this is for you.” He handed me a note. “*Something for you to do while you’re ‘in the backseat.’ See you soon Liberian girl. MJ*.” I laughed out loud. “Did he write something funny?” “Yes! He is hilarious.” “That’s Mr. Jackson.” He then started the car and we were on our way.

I pressed the power button on the TV and there was a huge listing of Michael’s songs and short films. “Oh my god!” I said as I burst out laughing. “He did this for me?” “He sure did. May I make a suggestion?” “Sure!” “Watch Thriller – it’s his best!” “I’ve seen it. That’s the one film of his I can’t watch from beginning to end.” “Too scary?” “UH HUH!” “But that’s the best thing about it!” “I know! That’s what everyone tells me, but as soon as the scene with him walking by the cemetery comes on, that’s when I have to shut it off!” Chris laughed. “Mr. Jackson is a genius. Have you always been a fan of his?”

I didn’t really know how to answer that question. I didn’t want him to know the truth. “I’ve always known about him from my best friends, they constantly update me.” “He is one special guy.” “BELIEVE ME, I KNOW!” I then started watching his short films. I thought if he ever quizzed me on something I’d know what the right answers would be. As I watched him, I asked myself why I was so doubtful of him before. **He truly is amazing!** I thought. His lyrics, his dancing, the way he pushed boundaries and always went above and beyond really blew me away. I felt even more appreciative of him and his beautiful work.

An hour went by and I was starting to feel sleepy. “We’re halfway there, Ms. Dean.” Chris said. “Please, call me Diana.” “What a pretty name. Like her Royal Highness.” “Aww, thanks!” “No wonder he likes you.” “Who?” “The man you’re going to see.” “Because of my name?” “Well, he is the King of Pop and Diana is the princess. It makes sense to me.” I started to giggle. “You’re very sweet. How long have you known him?” “Oh, he and I go WAY back.” Chris said. “I’ve known MJ ever since he was a little boy. I use to drive his parents around in Gary.” “REALLY?” “Oh, yes! I watched him grow into the man he is today. I told him when he was a little boy that he was going to be a big star. He didn’t believe me at first. I’m glad he proved me right.” “That’s amazing. What was he like as a child?” “Michael was always a sweet, pure, gentle little soul….”

Chris told me so many nice things about Michael. He mentioned that he loved to have fun, spend time with his brothers, dance and be close to his mother. He also mentioned that he had a difficult relationship with his father and was plagued by insecurity. “I trust that you won’t say any of this to him?” “Absolutely not. I promise. But, can I ask you something?” “Sure.” “Did he mention me to you at all?” Chris smiled as he looked at me through the rearview mirror. “He sure did.” “Really? What did he say??” “Sorry, that’s confidential.” “PLEEASEEEE?” “No can do. I’m sworn to secrecy.” After begging him for ten minutes, I finally gave up. I guess I just had to wait and find out.

After about 45 minutes, we finally reached the hotel. I was getting restless. Sitting in a car for two hours was making me feel queasy. “We’re here!” Chris said as he got out and opened the door for me. “Thank you so much.” I said as he grabbed my hand. “Will you come back to get me?” “I sure will.” “When will that be?” “In the morning.” “WHAT?” “You didn’t know that?” “NO!” “Oops. Please don’t tell him I told you, I thought you already knew.” I started panicking all over again. I wasn’t expecting to spend an entire night with him. I wasn’t even prepared.

Chris was kind enough to escort me inside and into the hotel elevator. He pulled out some type of access card and scanned it on the elevator keypad. We then started going up. “How many floors are we going?” I asked. “He’s at the very top – 25th.” **WOW**! I thought to myself. Michael really knew how to be luxurious. I started to breathe heavily. “Are you alright?” Chris asked. “Yeah, I’m ok thank you.” “Are you afraid of heights?” “No, not at all. I’m just REALLY nervous.” “Don’t be. Michael is very kind and gentle. He loves it when people act like themselves around him and treat him like a normal human being. And I can tell he really cares about you.” “Really?” “Of course. Michael has never done anything like this before.” “What do you mean?” “He’s a very private man. He doesn’t socialize or associate much with the outside world. He’s a recluse most of the time. But, there is one thing he told me that I think you should know…”

‘DING!’ The elevator doors flung open and a man dressed in a black suit was standing outside in the hallway. “I’ll take her from here, Chris.” The man said. “Thank you.” I said to Chris as he stepped back in the elevator. “Wait!” I said holding the elevator door. “What were you going to tell me?” Chris looked at the man standing next to me. “I think I’ve said enough. You’ll see for yourself. Have a wonderful evening.” I let go of the elevator door and Chris was gone. I felt jittery again. **What did he want to warn me about?**

“I’m Wayne. One of Mr. Jackson’s associates. I’ll escort you to his room.” I thanked him and we started walking down a long hallway. As we were going, I noticed several bodyguards and policemen standing around the hallway. Some of them even had guns. “Who are these people?” I asked. “They’re his security. He can’t go or be anywhere in public without them.” I felt very enclosed. Seeing so many armed people made me feel safe but incredibly nervous again.

I also couldn’t help but notice the beautiful artwork and mirrors all over the walls. “Is this your first time here?” Wayne asked. “Yes. I’ve never been to this part of town before.” “Where do you live?” “About 40 minutes outside of Manhattan.” “WHOA! That’s about 2 hours from here!” “I know!” “Michael must REALLY love you!” I laughed. “Why does everyone keep saying that?” “Because he doesn’t do these types of things for just anyone.” “Funny, Chris said the same thing.” “He wasn’t lying. Chris knows MJ better than all of us. You must be one special young lady.” I smiled.

“He’s just down this hallway.” Wayne said as we both continued walking. “Here we are! Penthouse suite. Room 755. Your man awaits you!” “My MAN?” Wayne laughed. “You know it’s true!” “It’s not like that, really. I just met him today!” “All it takes is one day.” “For what?” “You’ll see!” Everyone was being vague. It started to frustrate me. “Why is everyone being so secretive about him?” “Because that’s the kind of guy he is!” Wayne said. “Michael is full of illusions.” “I guessed that earlier today but why do I feel like you all know something that I don’t?” Wayne suddenly cleared his throat. “I’ll let HIM handle that part.” I felt queasy again.

Wayne knocked on the door and two security guards answered. He told them who I was and that I was to be there with Michael alone. “You can go in, Diana.” Wayne said. As I entered the room, a woman guard appeared next to me and said she had to search me. “Sorry for the inconvenience. It’s not that we don’t trust you, but this is a mandatory routine procedure for EVERYONE who comes in close contact with him.” I told her I understood and she patted me down while the other male guards turned their backs.

A few minutes later, the woman guard told me they’d all be leaving and I would be alone with Michael. “We’ll be right outside at all times. Please come to the door and let us know if either of you need anything.” I thanked her as they all left. I looked around the room and realized I was standing in one of the finest hotels I had ever seen in my life. There must have been at least 5 bedroom and 4 bathrooms. The living room was as big as a bowling alley and the kitchen looked like something out of a restaurant.

I walked over to the family room and saw the biggest TV in the world. There were several couches and tables too. It felt like I was in a palace. I then turned around and noticed there was a beautiful glass door leading to an outdoor patio. I thought I’d get some fresh air while I waited for Michael. I opened the door and the view was spectacular. The entire city of New York was clearly visible. I could see the Empire State building, Twin Towers, Trump Tower, even Madison Square Garden! It was wonderful.

A few seconds later, I felt a presence behind me. I smiled but didn’t turn around just yet. I then heard his footsteps approaching. My heart was racing. I felt his hand touch my back. “You look even more beautiful at night, my Liberian girl in red.” He softly kissed my shoulder. I then turned around. He lifted his beautiful face and stared into my eyes. At that moment, all I could do was smile and hold him in my arms.

“Thank you for coming. I’m so happy to see you.” He said. “Me too. Thank you for inviting me.” “Did you get my gift?” “Yes, thank you SO much!” “You’re welcome. I had to give you my glove. I made you a promise.” “And you always keep them?” “Yes, always.” “You are so sincere.” “I try to be.” I then kissed his cheek which made him laugh. We let go of each other and just stood on the patio, looking at all of the beautiful lights. “This is so gorgeous!” I said to Michael who was holding me from behind. “I knew you’d like it.” I noticed Michael had a scent. It was nothing like before. “Are you wearing cologne?” He giggled cutely again. “You like it?” “YES! What’s it called?” “Black Orchid. It’s my favorite.” “Did you have this one on earlier today?” “No, that was different.” “I love this one on you.” He thanked me and kissed my forehead. Michael’s childlike affection was too beautiful for words.

I noticed he was also wearing red. A red shirt with a gold sash going across his chest with his signature black pants. “We have the same color on!” I said to him. “I know. How did you know I love red?” “A little birdie told me.” “Is that the same birdie that told you about the backseat?” We both laughed. “Speaking of which – I had a fun time in the car!” “Did you really?” “Yes!” I told Michael about Chris telling me he’s known Michael since he was a boy and that he use to drive his parents around town. “Chris is like family to me.” Michael said. “I never leave home without him.”

Just then, a gust of wind came through and Michael’s curls were blowing away from his face. I could tell he was uncomfortable and kept trying to move them in front of his eyes. “Why would you want to hide those beautiful eyes?” I asked moving his curls to the side of his face. “I don’t like people looking at me.” He said. “I get shy and really embarrassed.” “Do you mind if I look at you?” He then smiled and shook his head no while looking down. “You are SO CUTE!” I said hugging him again. “I love you, Diana.” He said wrapping his arms around me. “I love you too, Michael.” He gasped. “What did you call me?” “Michael.” He then squeezed me very tight. It felt so surreal.

A few minutes later, Michael asked me to sit inside with him. “We’ll come back out in a little while, I promise.” I quickly sensed that he was hiding something from me but I was afraid to ask him because I didn’t want to seem impolite. He took my hand as we both went inside and sat on a beautiful chaise lounge sofa. “How are your friends doing?” He asked. “They’re great. Still in la la land ever since they met you.” “Do they know you’re with me now?” “One of them does, but I will take care of them tomorrow.”

I noticed Michael was still holding my hand. “I missed you.” He said. “I missed you too.” “I hope the drive here wasn’t too long.” “No, I was very amused thanks to your TV.” “Did you watch what I put in for you?” “Yes and it was VERY entertaining. You’re such a genius.” “That’s what they call me.” He said as he laughed adorably and put his head down again. “You ARE!” “Thank you. I just do what I love doing. There’s really nothing special about it.” “There IS!” I said as I lifted his beautiful face. “You are incredible. I finally understand why everyone loves you so much.” “I love them more. Especially one in particular.” I smiled. Michael’s flirting was so delightful.

“Why are you sitting across from me?” I asked. “Do I make you nervous?” “No, it’s not that.” He said. “I just don’t want to crowd you. I want you to be comfortable.” “I am but I’d like you to sit next to me.” “Ok.” “Is it ok if I take my shoes off?” “Of course!” I reached down to untie my heels when Michael suddenly grabbed my right leg. “Let me do it for you. Please?” I shook my head yes as he opened my shoe straps and laid my heels on the floor. He then kissed my feet and started tickling the bottoms. “NO!” I yelled as I laughed. “Someone is ticklish.” He said winking at me. “Yes, I am. Please don’t tickle me there!” Of course, Michael didn’t listen to me and began tickling my feet constantly. I tried to move away from him but he was holding my legs down.

“Michael, PLEASE! Stop it. I don’t want to accidentally kick you!” “Ok, ok.” He said as he put my legs on top of the sofa. “Are you comfortable?” “Yes. Come here next to me, please.” He stood up and I helped him over to my side where he put his head against my shoulder. “I remember this.” I said while stroking his beautiful head of hair again. “Me too. I love it.” We both stayed that way for what seemed like an hour. The next thing I knew, Michael started singing: “She was more like a beauty queen from a movie scene…” I quickly decided to take over. “I said I don’t mind but, what do you mean I am the one?” He giggled. “You know my song?” Without answering him, I sang the entire song to him.

“Diana! You can SING!” Michael said sounding completely amazed. “Not nearly as good as you.” “I can’t believe you knew that whole song.” “Why wouldn’t I? It’s a classic, Michael.” “Marie told me you weren’t familiar with my songs.” “SHE SAID WHAT?!” “Oh no, please don’t get upset at her. She didn’t mean it in a bad way.” “Ok, I admit, I’m not as educated as she and Jasmine are when it comes to you, but I know some things.” “It’s really ok.” He said laying back down on me. “I don’t mind at all. It feels good to be with someone who doesn’t treat me like a famous person. I’ve been praying for someone like that to come into my life for a long time.”

“Are you saying your prayer has been answered?” “Yes.” “Aww, Michael. You are so sweet. Can I ask you something?” “Anything.” “Will you teach me how to dance?” He laughed loudly. “Umm, ok. When you come visit me, I’ll show you whatever you’d like to learn.” “REALLY?” “Yeah, sure.” “OK!” I suddenly felt excited. The thought of learning how to dance from the greatest dancer in the world was definitely something to be happy about.

For the next little while, Michael was very quiet. His eyes were closed and it seemed like he was asleep. “Michael?” “Yes?” “I thought you were sleeping.” “I was just praying.” “I’m sorry to interrupt you.” “No, you didn’t.” “You seem like a very spiritual person.” “I am. Aren’t you?” “You could say that. My family and I always go to church on Sundays and a lot of us get together and fellowship often.” “That sounds like my family.” “Are you close to them?” “Not really. We’re all busy in our show business lives. We try to come together but it doesn’t always happen.”

Just then, the doorbell rang. “ROOM SERVICE!” “I forgot about that.” Michael said. “What is it?” “You’ll see.” He ran over to the door and answered it. A lady came in pushing a very long table with trays and other covered items. She then opened each tray and I saw ALL of my favorite fruits surrounded by a milk chocolate fountain. “OH MY GOD!” I screamed. I noticed Michael said something to the lady in her ear and then something to the guards outside before closing the door. I knew something was up. “Did you do this for me?” “Yes.”

“How did you know these were all my favorite things?” “I charmed Marie into telling me when you left my dressing room with Jasmine earlier today.” “Oh god. Marie is TOO crazy about you. You could’ve asked her to tell you anything and she’d sing like a canary.” Just then, I started thinking about what else Marie might have told Michael about me while being caught up in the moment. I knew that was something I had to bring up with her tomorrow.

I walked over to the fruit table and started admiring the fountain. It was absolutely gorgeous with so many different types of fruits, marshmallows and cookies surrounding it to dip inside. Michael walked over to where I was and put one of his fingers inside the fountain then pulled me closer to him. He bent down next to my left leg and smeared the chocolate from his finger all the way down to the very bottom of my leg and started licking it. His tongue was amazing and the way it moved felt like a snake was wrapped around me.

He then took his free hand and ran his fingers down my other leg. I started to feel aroused. I didn’t want him to stop. He then kissed my legs all over working his way up from my ankle to my knee and then my thigh. He wanted to go higher but I grabbed him and pulled him up towards me and kissed him as hard as I could. He put his hands on my upper back which wasn’t covered by my dress and accidentally put chocolate on my skin. “I’m sorry.” He said while giggling. “I’ll get it for you.” He turned me around and licked my back which made me tremble. He could feel my body moving. I knew anything could happen between us at this point.

“I love you so much.” He whispered as he kept kissing my back. His hands were moving in different directions touching me in places I had never been touched before. “I love you too, Michael.” I tried to contain myself. It seemed like I was going to fall to the ground. Michael had me feeling so weak, it seemed like I was sedated. But I didn’t care. This moment felt incredible and I wasn’t going to let it slip away.

I then turned around and faced him. I pulled him as close to me as I could and pressed my lips against his. A few seconds later, we heard a loud ‘BOOM’ outside. “Wait, Diana.” He said breaking our kiss. “I have something to show you. Come with me.” He led me outside on the patio again and asked me to close my eyes. He positioned me a certain way as if I was supposed to face something. “Stand right….HERE!” He said as he placed me in front of something. I felt excited but nervous at the same time.

My eyes were still closed. Michael put his hand over my face so I wouldn’t peek. “Keep your eyes closed, ok?” He asked. “What are you up to NOW?” “You’ll see….” A few seconds later, he removed his hand from my face. My eyes were still closed. “Diana, open your eyes.” Just as I did, I noticed the entire view was black. Not one single light was on anywhere.

Michael suddenly snapped his fingers and within seconds, the entire city lit up in different colors from one side to the other. Red, yellow, purple, blue, green and pink. “OH, MY GOD!” I screamed. “How did you do that?!” “Wait, it’s not over yet….” I noticed the middle part of the city was still dark. Michael clapped twice. Just then, the middle part of the view lit up in gold lights. It spelled the words “DIANA, YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE.” I was stunned. At that moment I had no words to say, no feelings to describe and no control over what I was about to do.

 “Michael, I can’t believe you did this for me. I don’t know what to say. I need to take a picture of this!” “You don’t have to.” He explained. “You see those people over there?” He pointed to a small crowd of people standing on a hill in the distance. “Those are my photographers. They’re taking panoramic shots for you. They will be ready before I leave and I’ll give them to you.” I suddenly had tears streaming down my face as I watched the entire city in lights with my name in it. Michael came close to me and wiped my tears. “You are so amazing!” I said as I held him close to me. “Thank you SO much!” “I’ll do anything to see you smile.” He said as I clutched his body close to mine. “Anything?” I asked. “Anything.”

I then placed my hands on his cheeks and pulled his face close to me. “Make love to me, Michael.” He was silent. I could tell he seemed a bit shocked. “I wasn’t expecting you to say that.” “Neither was I. But you’ve given me so much. Now it’s my turn to give you something. Please?” “Diana, I—“ “Please?” “I don’t know if—“ “PLEASE!” I could see fear in Michael’s eyes. He seemed VERY hesitant. “I don’t want to push you into it.” “You’re not. I asked YOU. Please?”

He looked down as if he were shy again. I could tell he was smiling. “Someone seems happy.” I said as I lifted his face. “Go in that room.” He said as he pointed inside and across the hall.” “There’s something in there for you.” “You just keep surprising me!” “This is the last one. I’ll be right there.” I kissed his cheek and looked at the city view one last time. “God, this is beautiful.” “I know.” Michael said, looking directly at me. His charm was taking its toll on me again and I loved every second of it. “How long will these lights stay this way?” “Until sunrise.” “Are you serious?!” “Yes.” “It’s so beautiful. Thank you!” “I’m glad you like it.”

“Don’t be too long.” I said as I walked back inside. I went to the room Michael pointed to and as I opened the door, I saw a trail of what must’ve been over 100 candles leading all the way up to the bed, which was another sight to see. It had to be the biggest bed in the world and was completely covered in rose petals with a box placed on the edge of it. I walked over to the bed and saw my name written on the top with a note attached to it. ‘*Something to match your glove.*’ I opened the box and couldn’t believe what I was looking at.

Inside the box was the most beautiful sleeping gown I had ever seen. It was white chiffon completely covered in crystals from top to bottom just like the ones Michael has on his gloves. “BEAUTIFUL!” I said to myself as I lifted it from the box. It felt heavy as the stones were quite large. I went over to a standing mirror that was near the bed and placed the gown in front of me. I then looked up and saw Michael standing behind me.

“Michael, I LOVE IT. But, you really didn’t have to.” “I know, but I wanted to.” “Will you help me put it on?” He started walking towards me. I put the gown gently on the bed. Michael pulled my zipper down at the back of my dress all the way and started to remove it from my shoulders. As he began to pull down, I noticed he suddenly closed his eyes. I grabbed his hands and turned around, facing him.” “Why are your eyes closed?” He giggled. “I can’t see you like this.” “Like what?” “Like THIS!” “You mean without clothes on?” “Yes.” “Why is that?” “I’m a gentleman.”

My feelings for him suddenly grew deeper. For a man who was raised the way he was, he sure knew how to treat a lady. “What if I WANT you to look at me this way?” He gazed into my eyes. My hands were still on top of his and suddenly we both allowed my dress to slide off and fall to the floor but I still had my undergarments on. Michael looked down then back up at me. It seemed like he had just taken a quick scan or an x ray of my body. “That was quick!” I said laughing. “I didn’t really look.” He said as he laughed shyly.

I then leaned over and reached for the gown. Michael took it from me and asked me to turn around. I did as I was told and closed my eyes. He raised my arms up and slid the gown onto me. It was a beautiful and PERFECT fit. “Gorgeous.” He said as I opened my eyes. He kissed my back, grabbed my waist and pulled me towards him. “Michael, I want you.” I said as I turned around and kissed him cupping his angelic face in between my hands.

He then picked me up and carried me to the bed, laying me down on it gently. The box that had the gown in it was next to me. Without a care in the world, Michael side swiped it right off the bed and it slid across the floor. It made me laugh. Wearing such an elegant gown made me feel very erotic. “Michael?” “Yes?” “I want to watch you undress.” He laughed and had a puzzled look on his face. “Are you serious?” “Yes and please don’t rush. I want you to do it slowly.”

He then smiled and did what I asked him to. He started with his pants and I watched as they landed on the floor next to him with my eyes literally having the same speed as his clothing. My body was starting to let me know I was turned on. He then reached for his shirt and unbuttoned it, one at a time. As he worked his way down, my body was starting to twitch. He then removed his shirt completely and let it fall next to his pants. Still wearing undergarments, he came over to the bed and placed himself directly on top of me.

“You are so sexy.” I said as I rubbed my legs up and down against his. I then brought him closer to me and kissed his lips, this time putting my tongue in his mouth. My hands landed on his back and he flinched one more time. “No, baby.” I whispered in his ear as I massaged him to make him feel comfortable. “Not tonight.” He then kissed me putting his tongue in my mouth. This was our first REAL intimate kiss. I didn’t want him to stop. I took his left hand and placed it underneath my gown where my underwear was. It made him giggle.

“You can remove it.” I said, moving his fingers around the elastic waistband. “You first!” I gasped. “Looks like someone isn’t shy anymore.” “No, baby. Not tonight.” He said winking at me. I felt even more excited. I lowered my hand and touched the waistband on his underwear. I slid them down half way and Michael used his legs to completely remove it and slid it onto the floor. He then started to pull my gown up which made my body tremble. Michael noticed this and immediately stopped. “Are you ok?” He asked. “Yes. Keep going please. I love it.” He then kissed my forehead and continued pulling on my gown. I loved every second of it.

As he pulled up going past my legs, he stopped there and spread my legs apart, making his way to the top of my underwear. As he tried pulling them down, he felt something tap him on his finger. He looked down and noticed there was something in the middle of my underwear – a jewel in the shape of a music note. He laughed uncontrollably. “This is adorable!” He said as he bent down to kiss it. “Thank you. I knew you’d like it.” He then pulled down my underwear completely and it landed right next to his on the floor.

As he made his way back over to me, he lifted each of my legs and kissed my feet, toes and ankles. It felt so divine. I then noticed Michael had a spark in his eye. “I love you so much.” He said as he placed himself on top of me again. I knew at that moment, it was time. I quickly grabbed him and pressed his beautiful, partially nude body against mine. I held him as tight as I could and he did the same. “I just want to FEEL you.” I said. Michael’s body felt indescribable. All I knew was I didn’t want this night to end.

He then lifted himself up and asked me to sit on the bed. I knew he wanted to remove my gown completely. I sat up with my arms in the air, allowing him to continue. Just as he was about to lift the gown above my head, I suddenly put my arms down. I felt VERY scared. “Michael…” He was quiet for a few seconds then put his hand behind my neck and held me. “We don’t have to…” He said. “It’s not that.” I said as I uttered the truth about me. “Michael…I’m a virgin.”