CHAPTER TEN:

Going to a Deeper Level

I didn’t know which direction to go first. I quickly went to the door and let the staff in. They entered the suite pushing carts inside and started to arrange things for Michael to eat. When they left, I closed the door behind them and went to check on him. I opened the door to his room and noticed he had his bag propped on the bed.

“What are you doing, baby?”
“Just going through some things.”
“Thank god. I thought something happened to you.”

“Why would you think that?”
“Because I heard a loud noise.”

Being the man he was, he came over to me and wrapped his arms around me.

“We can make noise together, Diana.”
“I DON’T THINK SO!”

“Why do you always do that?”
“If it were up to you we’d never leave this room.”

“Is that a bad thing?”
“YES!”

He laughed as he kissed my lips.

“I heard the doorbell ring.”
“Oh yeah room service arrived.”

“I’ll finish changing and meet you out there.”

I left as he continued to get dressed. I saw so many different types of foods that my mouth began to water. It all looked so delicious and healthy. *He is such a strict eater*. I thought to myself. When he came out of the room, I couldn’t take my eyes off him. He was simple yet so captivating. I had no idea what it was, but Michael sure knew how to catch someone’s eye.

“Why are you staring at me?”
“Why are you so beautiful?”
“Stop it.”
“I’m serious. You literally take my breath away.”
“I’m just me.”
“Michael, who you are is amazing.”

“Thank you. Come eat with me?”

“Sure.”

I got up from the couch and went to see all the lovely items Michael and I could choose from. He told me was crazy about cheese and fruit. I offered to feed him and he gladly agreed.

“Michael, do you always eat raw food?”
“Most of the time. Sometimes I’ll eat other things but I have to be careful.”

“I’m assuming you don’t eat sweet things?”
“Only natural sugars.”

“Not even candy?”
“No, but I do buy it for children when I visit them.”

“Do you like chocolate?”

“When it’s on your body.”
“VERY FUNNY!”

“Do you like it?”
“OOO yeah!”

I scanned his body with my eyes making him laugh so hard he almost spit out his water. After we ate, Michael asked me to cuddle on the couch and watch a scary movie with him.

“I don’t watch scary movies.”
“WHY?”
“Because they are SCARY!”
“Are you afraid the boogey man will get you?”
The BOOGEY man? What are you? 8 years old?”
“In my heart, yes.”
“I’ll have nightmares.”

“Not if I’m next to you.”

I was starting to melt as I heard his sweet words.

“Will you protect me from scary monsters?”
“Yes.”

“Will you hold me close to you every night?”
“Yes.”

“Will you sing to me until I fall asleep?”
“Yes.”

“Will you buy me a new ring?”
“NO!”

“YOU ARE SO CHEAP!”
“Girl, that ring you’re wearing is REAL.”

“I know, I’m just kidding. I don’t want another one….yet.”
“YET?”

“I’ll give you some time.”

We both lay on the couch and held each other. He had me so close to him there was no way anyone could come between us. I wrapped my arms around him and he did the same gently rubbing my back as we both watched an old scary movie. Every time I felt scared, I would jump and he’d laugh at me telling me not to be so afraid.

“How can you watch these?”
“It’s only a movie.”
“Where have I heard that before?”
“I didn’t mean to say to say it like that.”

“It’s funny how you still remember your own dialogues.”
“I never forget my work, Diana.”

“That’s a good thing. I’m sure Marie doesn’t either.”
“She’s really into me, isn’t she?”
“Like a crazy, obsessed psycho.”
“It’s too bad I didn’t meet her first.”
“HEY!”

He giggled then kissed my forehead.

“I’m kidding. I wouldn’t trade you for anyone.”
“Really?”
“Of course not. Would you?”
“Maybe for a ring.”

He then started tickling me for the longest time. He was moving me around so much we both fell off the couch and landed on the floor. Poor Michael accidentally hit his head against the coffee table. I screamed as I panicked hoping he wasn’t hurt.

“I’m sorry, baby. Are you ok?”
“It was just a bump, Diana.”
“I know, but your head is sensitive.”

I gently rubbed the back of his head where he fell and saw his large scar. I didn’t want him to know I saw it so I moved my hand and continued massaging other areas.

“Does it still hurt?”
“No, but that feels amazing.”
“I’ll keep doing it then.”

“Diana?”
“Yes?”
“You’re really turning me on.”
“SHUTUP!”

He laughed as he told me he felt better and pulled me on top of him on the floor. I could see the light from the TV flicker against the side of his face. His soft, flawless skin shined as I ran my hand across his face. I could tell he had something on his mind again.

“What are you thinking about?”
“I can’t tell you.”

“Why not?”

“I’m too shy.”

“Don’t be. I love you, spaceman.”

He laughed as he buried his head against me. As we lay there on the floor together, my lust consumed my brain as I started feeling enamored by him. I placed him on the floor, lifted his shirt and pressed my lips against his body. I could hear him groan to himself which gave my ears an incredible sense of enjoyment. Once I let go of him, he sat up and asked me to sit with my back against the couch.

He held me by my waist as we kissed each other without stopping. His hands were moving swiftly and so were mine. Feeling fearless and incredibly elated, I reached inside Michael’s pants and gently held his shaft. He shuddered at the first feel of my touch then told me not to let go. He did the same to me as he slipped his hand underneath my garment and slowly opened his fist inside of me.

“You read my mind.”

“Is this what you had in mind?”
“Yes.”
“And you were too shy to tell me?”

“I’m not an open book when it comes to these things.”
“Neither am I, but we can help each other with it.”

“I’d like that.”

We both continued pleasing each other as we touched and discovered new ways to satisfy our guilty pleasures without the need for intercourse. Not going all the way was just as alluring and intense for me as doing the actual thing. Michael said the same thing and told me it was just as amusing to him.

Not wanting to stop, I tried groping him and he smiled as he continued making the loveliest sounds I had ever heard. He begged me to continue with more force but I was scared of hurting him. I squeezed him gently which made him feel completely tranquilized. We both had reached a new level that I hadn’t even thought about before. After a long, intense moment of pleasure and delight, Michael said he was going to release any second.

“I want to feel it.”
“Are you serious?”
“Yes. Do it on my hand.”

“You really want me to?”
“I will if you will.”

Just then, the two of us mauled each other like animals. It didn’t take long before we both did what we wanted on each other. As he released, the feel of Michael’s fluid was warm and felt as pure as water. He described my experience like a pipe bursting in his hand.

“Where did that come from?”
“Our bodies.”
“NOT THAT! I mean, the sudden urge to do it.”
“I think it’s just being curious and going after what our hearts desire.”

Suddenly, Michael’s reaction changed and he pulled away from me. It was like he was ashamed or felt what we did to each other was wrong or unnatural.

“I hope you’re not embarrassed.”

“No, it’s not that.”
“Are you sure?”
“It’s just…it’s a different feeling.”
“Is that good?”
“I think so.”

I felt relived as I saw him smile and pull me towards him again.

“I love how we are so open with each other.”
“Me too.”
“I’ll be back, ok?”
“Me too.”

We both stood up and went our separate ways to straighten ourselves out. I looked at the time and it was just before midnight. I knew it was time for bed. I turned the TV off and changed in my sleeping clothes. I made sure the doors and windows were closed before going in his room and getting in bed. I also remembered to leave Michael’s medicine and water bottle next to his lamp so he wouldn’t forget to take it. He saw me lying down and came to bed and joined me. I told him about his medicine and he quickly took it. I was hesitant to ask, but felt the need to know.

“Michael, is that to help you sleep at night?”
“Yes but it’s not harmful.”

“Ok, GOOD.”

“I’d never take something that I knew was bad for me.”

Hearing him say that made me feel slightly better but I was still concerned about the vials I saw before. Since I had no way of knowing if they were his, I didn’t question him and thought he would tell me when he was ready. I also noticed Michael looked very different before bed. His face was simplistic yet still so incredibly beautiful. I didn’t want him to notice I was looking at him so I turned my head and put my head near his on his pillow.

“I’ll be awake before you. “ He said as he pulled me towards him.

“I have to make sure your last surprise is perfect before you leave.”

“You spoil me.”
“You deserve it.”

Feeling his arms around me in bed was the most serene feeling. I closed my eyed and lived in the moment hoping time would freeze. As we lay there in the dark, I couldn’t help but wonder if that was really the start of my future with him. He kissed my cheek and continued holding me while kicking me with his feet. I knew he wanted to be a kid and play around again.

“You’re so quiet.”
“I was just savoring the moment.”
“There will be many more like this, I promise.”

“I hope so.”
“I’ll make sure of it.”

“Stop kicking me!”
“It’s fun.”
“I’ll tickle you.”
“I’d love that.”
“STOP IT.”

“You love it.”

“I do, but we have to sleep.”
“Says who?”
“Says ME. We both have to be up early and I have so much to do tomorrow. I have a meeting with the investors who are going to fund your tour in the morning. I have to go home and look presentable before I can face them.”
“I appreciate what you’re doing for me.”
“I do my best.”

“I can’t wait to look over my shoulder and see you girls watching me from backstage.”

“I think Marie will go on stage with you.”
“She can if she wants to.”
“She will freak out and embarrass you in front of millions of people.”
“It’s ok. She’s so sweet.”

“She is. Sometimes I feel like you should be with her instead.”
“That could be arranged.”
“HEY!”

I got up from the bed and started hitting him with my pillow. He hit me back and the two of us had a pillow fight for the longest time. One of the pillows almost ripped open as I threw it over his head and it landed on the floor.

“We really need to stop before we break something.”

“They won’t care.”

“These things are fancy and expensive. They are not ours to break.”
“Girl, have you SEEN where I live?”
“Good point. But still I don’t want to.”

We got back in bed and put our arms around each other this time with our noses touching each other.

“There is no space between us again.”
“I know. I love it.”

“I hope we always stay this close.”
“I’ll make sure we do.”

“I love you, spaceman.”

“That is such a cute name. I love you more.”

“Michael?”
“Yes?”
“Sing to me?”
“What does Liberian girl want to hear?”

“Surprise me.”

I noticed he closed his eyes momentarily.

“You don’t have to if you’re tired, baby.”
“It’s not that. I’m going into singing mode.”

“Oh. Sorry.”

“Girl, you’re silly.”
“I don’t want to distract or interrupt you.”
“Shut up then.”
“Hey, don’t tell me to shut up!”

“What will you do about it?”
“I won’t go to Europe with you!”

“Girl, you’d be on the next flight after a week.”
“I most certainly would NOT!”

“Just like how you went 5 months without touching me.”
“MICHAEL! You were BEGGING ME.”

“I know and you gave right in.”

“Why would you use that against me now?”
“Diana, I’m kidding. I’d never do that to you on purpose.”

He then hugged me even tighter than he already was.

“I’d really love to hear you sing.”

“I’m trying to think of a song.”

“It can be anything as long as it’s one of your songs.”

He then smiled and sang the first few words of the one song I didn’t want to hear:

“*It’s close to midnight*...”

“ANYTHING BUT THAT!”

He laughed as he tickled me gently and pulled me on top of him. He kissed me then gently lay me down on the bed and held me as he placed one hand behind my head and whispered in my ear:

*“Every night she walks right in my dreams*

*Since I met her from the start*

*I'm so proud I am the only one*

*Who is special in her heart*

*The girl is mine*

*The dog gone girl is mine*

*I know she's mine*

*Because the dog gone girl is mine.”*

“That was beautiful. Thank you.”

“I’ll do anything for you.”

“Me too.”

“Sleep well.”
“You too. Sweet dreams.”

We kissed again for the last time then snuggled together as we both closed our eyes and slowly drifted asleep.

**\*\*\* THE NEXT MORNING \*\*\***

I set my alarm for 6 hoping to have enough time to go home and look decent before heading to the office for my meeting. I noticed Michael was already awake. I jumped out of bed, showered and got my things ready to leave. I heard one of his songs faintly playing from far away. Once I gathered my things, I left the room to see what he was doing.

I saw a few trays with covers on them in the living room. I knew Michael hadn’t eaten as it seemed like nothing had been touched yet. I then heard sliding noises across the floor in the same room he taught Marie and Jasmine how to dance. *He must be rehearsing*. I thought. Excited to see his routine, I quickly ran to the room to see him.

I smiled as I saw him wearing his entire gold wardrobe dancing across the room to his song Scream. I shook my head in delight as I watched him bring his brilliant craft to life. As much as it amazed me, it also made me realize how hard Michael was on himself. He constantly repeated the same steps over and over watching each and every move he made making sure it was absolutely perfect. I could tell he was tiring himself out but refused to stop. Michael’s expectations of himself were so high, it seemed like he never allowed himself to be nothing but the absolute best.

“Work it, baby!”

He laughed as he saw me from across the room and stopped what he was doing.

“How long have you been standing there?”
“Long enough to see your secrets.”

“I don’t really have any. I just do what I feel.”

“Including me?”

“Yes, exactly.”

As he walked over and gave me a hug, I felt his gold fabric pressed against me. It felt even more beautiful then it looked.

“I’ll go change so we can eat.”
“You haven’t eaten yet?”
“I was waiting for you to wake up.”

“I like seeing you in this.”
“I only wear it on stage and when I’m rehearsing. I don’t want to ruin it.”

“Will you wear it after we’re married?”

“Sure. I’ll even let you try it on.”
“YAAY!”

He giggled as he kissed my forehead and said he’d be back. I sat in the living room and waited for him. I noticed I had a missed call from Marie so I called her back to see what she wanted.

“Is everything ok, Marie?”
“Yeah, it’s all good. I just wanted to remind you about the investor meeting.”
“I’ll be there by 8:30. I’m about to leave the hotel.”

“I’ll let Jasmine know. “
“Any other calls?”
“No, just the usual’s.”
“Perfect. I’ll see you soon.”

“Is he awake?”
“Yes. I’d give him the phone but he’s changing. I’ll tell him to call you at the office later.”
“Ana, you’re the best.”

“See you later.”

Michael came out of the room dressed in black and red. I was curious as to why he always wore the same colors.

“Baby, why do you always wear black and red?”
“Red gives me energy. Black makes me look better.”

“You look amazing in ANYTHING you wear.”

“So do you.”
“Not nearly as good as you.”

He sat next to me and we both fed each other. I noticed he was drinking a certain type of blended juice.

“Michelle told me she used to make protein shakes for you.”

“She still does sometimes.”
“Do they help you?”
“A lot. I don’t drink them as often as I used to but I still try to keep up with them.”

“I can make them for you.”

“You don’t have to.”
“I want to. I’ll do anything to help you get better.”

“You’re sweet. Thank you.”

When we finished, Michael told me he had one last surprise for me and led me outside to the patio. He covered my eyes with his hands and we stood that way for what seemed like at least ten minutes.

“What are you up to NOW?”
“You’ll see.”

I heard a very loud noise from above.

“Michael, what is that?”

“Just wait.”

“It’s making me nervous.”

“Don’t worry. I won’t let anything bad happen to you.”

He kissed the side of my face and slowly removed his hands from my eyes. I then heard another loud noise from above and that was when Michael asked me to open my eyes. I saw an airplane flying across the sky with a banner at the back of it. I couldn’t believe my eyes when I read what was written on it:



My eyes filled as he held me from behind. I was so lost for words. It was then that I realized I was the luckiest girl in the world.

“Yes, Michael I will.”

“Promise me.”
“I promise, I promise, I promise!”

I turned around and held him and he put his hand on the back of my head and told me he loved me more than anything. I didn’t want to let go of him and neither did he but we knew we both had to.

“Thank you so much. I love it.”

“It’s being filmed from up there. I’ll give you the tape when I get it.”

“You are the best thing that ever happened to me.”

“So are you.”

“I hate to leave you but I have to. I need to go home and get ready for my meeting. When can I see you again?”

“In a few days.”
“Call me every day?”
“You know I will.”

We kissed briefly then Michael walked me to the door. We were sad to leave each other as we knew we wouldn’t meet again for a while. Michael was so sad he wouldn’t let go of my hand at all.

“Baby, I have to go.”

“I don’t want you to.”

“I’ll see you again soon.”

“It’s not soon enough.”

I hugged him again trying to comfort him. I could tell me leaving really bothered him.

“I had such a wonderful time with you.”

“Me too. Call me later?”
“Of course. When I get to Neverland.”
“I love you, spaceman.”
“I love you more, my sweet girl.”

**\*\*\* A FEW HOURS LATER \*\*\***

“Ana, the investors are here.”
“Thank you, Marie. Please seat them in the boardroom, I’ll be right there.”

Jasmine walked into my office with her paperwork and laptop and asked if I was ready to begin our presentation.

“I’m all set. Let’s get in there and get this show on the road.”

While Jasmine and I were setting things up, Marie was watching Michael’s short films and not paying attention to the phones as usual. Jasmine could not stop asking me about Michael and wanted to know every detail about what we did.

“Jas, stop asking me. I mean it.”
“I’m dying to know!”
“Then keep dying.”

“Ana, that’s not nice.”
“I love you Jas, but that’s private information.”

“You will tell me eventually.”

“Maybe, maybe not.”

We both headed for the boardroom with our heads held high and all the confidence in the world. I felt proud to be representing Michael and I knew his tour would definitely be a success. As Jasmine and I walked in the room, I almost fell from shock when I saw who one of the investors was….