CHAPTER NINE:

The Colors of Love

I didn’t want to overreact and assume the worst so I simply went back to the canvas room to ask Michael about what I had found. When I got there, I noticed he put pillows and a pink satin sheet on the floor.

“Did you find them?”
“I found something else.”

“What is it?”

I showed him the letter. Without reading it, he saw the name at the bottom and immediately got up and put his clothes on.

“What are you doing?”
“I’ll be right back.”

I had a feeling he was about to do something drastic. I followed him as he ran into the kitchen and turned the gas stove on.

“MICHAEL! What are you doing?”
“I’m going to burn this.”
“WHY?”

“I don’t want anything of hers around me or you.”
“Why don’t you just throw it away?”
“Because the people who work in this hotel know I’m staying here and will search every corner of this room after I’m gone looking for something they can use against me.”

I realized he was right. Given the situation, anyone would want to use that information and run to the media with it, especially now that his reputation was already damaged.

“Are you sure that’s safe?”
“It’s just paper.”

He ignited the stove, placed the letter on top of a burner and watched it burn completely to ashes. I turned the fan on and opened the patio door to allow the smoke to leave the room.

“I hope they don’t have smoke detectors in here.”

“They do but I turned them off last night.”

“Why?”
“I don’t want people coming in and out of here if they don’t need to.”

“Michael, how did you get to be so smart?”
“I’ve been staying in hotels since I was 5 years old, Diana. I KNOW the business I’m in.”

Once the letter was destroyed, I helped clean the ashes and threw them into the sink washing them away. Michael looked upset and really stressed. He left the kitchen and went to stand outside on the patio. I ran back to the canvas room and put my shirt on which luckily was long enough to cover me to my knees and joined him outside. I held him from behind as he stood looking at the lake outside.

“What’s wrong baby?”
“She never leaves me alone.”

“You didn’t know about that letter?”
“No. Where did you find it?”
“In your bag where you said to look.”

“That must be the last one.”
“What do you mean?”
“When she followed me on tour, she put pictures and letters in all of my bags and in my clothes thinking I would actually read them.”
“Did you?”
“No. I burned all of them. I thought I had finally gotten rid of them but I guess not.”

“Michael, are you really over her?”

He turned around and faced me.

“You have to be into someone first before you get over them, Diana.”
“Are you saying you never loved her?”
“I thought I did at first.”
“What made you change your mind?”
“I realized she wasn’t you.”

His words seemed very sincere. I believed him but wanted to know more.

“This might sound horrible but Lisa was your replacement in my life. I’ve known her since she was little. She and her mother used to watch me and my brothers perform all the time. It was an innocent, childlike relationship back then.”

He explained to me how he fell for her years ago and then lost interest once she married another man and had two children with him. When Michael and I separated, he and Lisa became friends again which quickly turned into something more serious. Lisa was also there for Michael throughout his entire trial when I wasn’t.

“I respect her for being there when you needed someone the most. I’m sorry things didn’t work out between you two.”

“I’m not. She wasn’t the one for me.”
“Why do you say that?”
“She never understood me. She hates animals and never wanted to have kids with me.”

“REALLY?”
“These are things I found out after we got married. Lisa Marie is nothing but a closed chapter in my book of life now.”

“You have no feelings for her at all?”
“NONE.”

“You don’t think you ever will again?”
“My heart belongs to YOU, Diana. It always has and it always will.”

“That’s all I needed to hear.”

I went to hug him and he picked me up and took me back to the canvas room.

“I think we were about to do something in here…”

“You are so right.”

“Did you find it in my bag?”
“I don’t want to use it.”
“Why not?”
“Because it won’t feel the same and it’s not important.”

“Are you sure?”
“Yes, Michael.”
“Diana, I’m going on tour in May.“
“Yeah, so?”

“If it happens, I won’t be here.”
“It WON’T happen and I won’t be here either, remember?”

“But what if it DOES happen?”

“Shh! Be quiet. If it’s meant to then it will. We will deal with it then if we have to.”

“But, Diana I don’t—“
“BOY, WILL YOU SHUT UP AND MAKE LOVE TO ME?!”

He laughed so hard when he heard how eager I was. I felt bad for being abrasive with him but I couldn’t help it. I WANTED HIM.

“Please, Michael?”
“It looks like the tables have turned.”
“PLEASE?”

“No.”
“NO?!”

He giggled as he stood up. I could tell he was about to run.

“Don’t even THINK about it. I’m not chasing you this time.”

“You will if you really want me to invade you.”

“PLEASE don’t do this to me.”

“Are we even now?”
“YES! YOU WIN.”

“I always do.”

“OK! OK! You always win! You’re the best. I LOVE YOU.”

“I love you more, Diana.”

I pulled on his leg hoping to make him fall down on me. He removed his clothing and my shirt and we began our session of love. As we kissed, our hands were travelling on each other feeling each crevice of our bodies. I was so excited to be intimate with him again but he suddenly stopped.

“I almost forgot.”
“What NOW?”
“I have something we could use.”
“I told you I don’t want to!”
“Not THAT, silly!”
“Oh, sorry. Well, what then?”
“Wait here.”
“OH GOD. MICHAEL!”

He laughed at me as he kissed my forehead and left the room. I was starting to feel agitated as I lay there nude with my sexual desires consuming all of my thoughts. When he returned, he had a small glass bottle of something with two fancy paint brushes.

“What is it?”
“Body paint.”

“ARE YOU SERIOUS?”

“Lie flat on your back for me, please.”

I did what he asked and Michael opened the bottle and painted the letter M on my stomach.

“Now comes the fun part.”

He licked my stomach up and down in the same direction that he painted. My body was trembling with pleasure and my voice shrieked so high as I felt his tongue against my skin. I clenched the pink sheet with my fist and put my other hand on his head as he continued painting and licking me. My toes curled and my legs wouldn’t stop swerving. He continued from my stomach to my legs and everywhere in between. He was so precise he didn’t leave a single area of my body untouched from the front to the back.

“It’s my turn!” I said grabbing the bottle. I put him on the floor gently and did the same thing not leaving a single part out. While painting him, Michael was wiggling on the floor like a worm. It made me laugh to see someone as flexible and disciplined as him move his body in so many different ways. The sounds that were constantly coming out of his beautiful mouth excited me as he was becoming louder and louder whenever I came near his sensitive spots.

We both took turns and once the entire paint bottle was used I knew Michael was just as stimulated as I was and wanted to finally do what was on both of our minds. As he got on top of me, I knew the big moment was just seconds away.

“Please be gentle with me.”
“You know I always am...at first.”

Just as he spread my legs apart he stopped again and held my body close to his without saying a word. I heard him sniffle as if he were silently crying to himself. I didn’t know why he suddenly became emotional but I held him as tight as I could.

“What is it, baby?”
“Five years. Five YEARS. Five whole years without you, Diana…”

My eyes filled as he repeated those words over and over again. I let go of him and put his face in my hands.

“I know, Michael. It was a long, difficult time for both of us. But we’re together again now and you won’t EVER have to wait or be without me again.”

“I’ve waited for this moment for so long. I don’t want it to end.”

“It doesn’t have to. I’m not going anywhere. You can have me all night long.”

“You really don’t know how much I love you, girl.”

“Show me.”

“You really want me to?”
“MICHAEL, STOP IT.”

We both laughed then FINALLY started to go at it again. I was hoping nothing would stop us this time but once again, I was wrong and there was a knock at the door.

“OH MY GOD. ARE YOU SERIOUS?” He yelled.

“We probably would’ve been finished by now.”

“I KNOW. Wait here. I’ll see who it is.”
“Um, don’t you think you should wear something?”

He wrapped a sheet around him.

“I’ll check the cameras. They can’t see me from inside.”

He came back a few minutes later saying the guards were doing their security rounds and had to make sure he was alright. Michael told them he was fine and not to bother him again unless he called them.

“I don’t think anything else will happen now.”

“GOOD. Come here and PLEASE give me what I need.”

Without waiting any longer, Michael FINALLY made a beautiful and very delicate entrance inside me. The incredible sensation I felt was pleasurable beyond belief. I couldn’t help but rub my hands all over him. He had me feeling so good I ended up digging my nails into his back accidentally scratching him.

“Diana, your nails are really sharp.”
“I’m sorry. I don’t mean to hurt you.”
“It’s ok. I like it.”

“You feel AMAZING. Please, please PLEEEASE keep going!”

I could hear him laugh as he sang to me and kissed me all over. I cried tears of happiness as he endured further and further. I looked to the side and saw a paint brush near my hand. I grabbed it and started tickling Michael’s back with it making him giggle and twitch like a little boy.

“You’re tickling me with that.”
“That’s the point, silly.”

I did the same on his bottom which made him laugh even more and wiggle again. It was so cute to see his boyish side. He told me in so much graphic detail how and what he was feeling every second he was in me making me more and more turned on. The sound of his voice while making love was so divine. At that moment I had never been more grateful to be blessed with the ability to hear with my ears.

“You feel so much better than I remember.”

“Really?”
“Yes. You are still so incredibly tight. I can tell that you saved yourself for me.”
“I really did. I missed this feeling so much.”

He pushed his entire body up and into me with as much force as he possibly could.

“Michael, you’ve grown.”

“Have I?”

“YES! You feel SO much bigger.”

“DO I REALLY?”

“OH GOD, YES! DON’T STOP.”

He laughed at my reaction as he continued. I wanted to join in so I tried to push back against him as he pushed forward against me. The smoothness from the sheet below me made things feel so much more satisfying. Once he was about to reach his peak Michael stopped and pulled me up. He placed me against the wall where his drawing was and told me something completely unexpected.

“I want to finish standing up.”

Without letting me answer, he raised my legs and placed himself in me again. We held hands against the wall as my body was being dragged upwards. The feel of the white wall behind me made me intensely wet. I could feel Michael sweating as he continued copulating me with all the energy he had in him. I was so pleased that I started biting him all over as I reached the height of my climax. I told him I was about to release and he held me close to his body as I finished and let out a huge sigh of unimaginable relief.

“Do you want to lie down?”
“No, baby. Keep going. I love it this way.”

He kept going several times after he reached his high point. I felt so proud when he told me he went more than once and I was lucky enough to feel it each and every time. As content as we both were, neither one of us wanted to stop so we didn’t until we both couldn’t move at all. Michael was so thoughtful and asked me several times if I felt ok.

“I’m fine. How do you feel?”
“So happy.”
“Aw, really?”
“Yes. Thank you so much. I really, really enjoyed it. I love you.”

“I love you too, baby.”

I looked in his radiant eyes and wiped them as they began to fill. I kissed his forehead and he did the same.

“I don’t want to lie down on you yet.”
“Why?”
“I’m sweating like crazy.”
“It’s ok, so am I. Come here.”
“No, I’m covered in it.”

“It doesn’t bother me.”
“I know but it’s very uncomfortable.”

“You won’t let me hold you now that we’re done?”
“You can when I come back, ok?”
“Fine. Make me wait again.”

“Diana, it’s bad. See?”

He put my hand on his back and sure enough he really was immersed in his own sweat.

“Ok. You can go if it makes you feel awkward but it makes no difference to me. I love you just the way you are.”

“You’re sweet. I’ll be back.”
“Me too. I’ll go change.”
“Would you like to wear one of my shirts?”
“CAN I PLEASE?”

“You don’t have to wait for me to ask you.”

“I’d love to if it’s ok.”

He pulled me up and took me to another room where there was a walk in closet full of his clothing. I grabbed a blue shirt and told him I’d wear it after showering.

“You can change in here when you’re done. The bathroom is across the hall.”

“Thanks. I won’t be long.”

“I’ll meet you in the living room.”

He kissed me then headed for the door. I grabbed him waist from behind and told him I loved being with him again after such a long time.

“Did you really enjoy it?”
“YES. Can’t you see the big smile on my face?”
“I’m glad I still have it.”
“You never lost it.”

“Looks like I won.”
“Won what?”
“Our bet.”
“YOU SET ME UP?!”

“Of course. I knew the canvas room would work.”

“YOU ARE SO BAD!”

He ran out of the room and I chased him throughout the entire suite. He eventually made his way back to his room and ran in the bathroom.

“Diana, you are my soul mate.”
“You really think so?”
“Absolutely. Nobody understands my character like you do.”
“I think that’s because you haven’t allowed anyone to.”
“That might be true.”
“You’ve always been private and reclusive. It’s hard for people to get to know you.”

“But you did.”
“Yes and I’m glad you let me.”

“Do me a favor?”
“Anything.”
“Stay with me forever?”
“Like I have somewhere else to go.”

He laughed then kissed my forehead again.

“I won’t take long.”
“Me neither. I’ll be on the patio.”

Once he left to freshen up, I did the same and went outside to see the view again. I suddenly remembered Michael hadn’t seen my drawing or eaten anything. I had to remind myself to make sure he did both as well as get a good night sleep. I looked up at the stars and the full moon and was blown away by how beautiful they were. I noticed a shooting star go by and closed my eyes. I then felt Michael’s embrace from behind.

“What did you wish for?”

“I can’t tell you. It won’t come true.”
“If you do tell me, I’ll make sure it does come true.”

“If it doesn’t happen by the time the tour ends, I’ll tell you then.”

“Ok. I made a wish too. We’ll both tell each other when the time comes.”

We went inside and thankfully Michael told me he felt hungry. He called the hotel staff who said they would bring his food as soon as it was ready. I also remembered Michelle telling me he had to take his medicine before bed.

“Michael, when are you leaving tomorrow?”
“Before noon.”

“I’ll be gone before you. I have to be at the office by 9.”

“I have one more surprise for you before you leave.”

“Really?”
“I think you will love it.”
“That reminds me, you didn’t see my drawing.”
“You’re right. I’m sorry.”
“It’s ok – I’ll show you now.”

We went back to the canvas room and Michael gave me his drawing from the wall sketched on paper.

“This is for you to keep. It’s the original draft.”

“Thank you so much. I will put it on my desk.”

“I’m glad you like it.”
“Are you sure you don’t need it?”
“Girl, I drew hundreds of pictures of you.”
“REALLY?”
“I can show you.”
“PLEASE DO!”

“They’re at Neverland. Come with me tomorrow?”
“I’m sorry, I can’t. I have so many things to take care of and dozens of meetings until we leave.”

“I know you will be busy. I am too. I start rehearsing tomorrow night.”

“Are you doing something during the day?”
“Visiting kids at the children’s hospital and orphanages to drop off toys, books, give autographs and take pictures.”

“It’s so nice that you still do that.”
“I won’t ever stop. I’d love to do the same for my own children someday.”

“That’s sweet. I’ll show you my drawing now.”

I lifted the white sheet I had covering it and showed him. I could tell he was lost for words.



“Diana, it’s really beautiful.”
“This is one of my favorite pictures of you singing my favorite song.”

“Your favorite song is Billie Jean?”
“You’re surprised?”
“Yes.”
“Why?”
“You were never a fan of my music.”
“You still remember that?”
“That’s how I became drawn to you.”

“I may not have been a fan but I knew a few of your songs and this one is special.”

He smiled and thanked me as he took me in his arms and kissed me.

“You are so amazing.”
“So are you.”

“Will you be my wife?

Without answering, I went over to the wall where his drawing was, grabbed a red pastel and wrote this:

Diana Loves Michael

“Does that answer your question?”

“No.”

“IT DOESN’T?!”

He then went to my drawing on the wall and wrote his own message:

**Diana, will you marry me?**

“YES, MICHAEL!”

“Prove it.”

“How?”

“Sign your name.”

“ON THE WALL?”

“Yes, please. For me?”

Just to make him happy, I gladly did without giving it a second thought:

Yes, Michael. I will marry you.

Signed,

Diana Dean

January, 1997

“Are you happy now?”
“Yes, thank you so much.”

“Come here.”

I hugged him as he came to me and said he’d be right back.

“AGAIN?”

“No, silly. I’m going to get my camera.”

“Good idea! Can I get a copy too?”
“I’ll give it to you once I have it developed.”

He came back a few minutes later and took pictures of all our drawings and words then took a few of me. I also took some of him and then we took a few together with our drawings behind us. Since we had so much paint leftover, I decided to have some fun with it.

“Michael, are you thinking what I’m thinking?”
“You want to?”
“YES!”

He closed the door then removed his shirt. I did the same and the two of us had a paint fight smearing ourselves with all the different colors. By the time we were done, we were completely exhausted and our bodies looked like rainbows.

“Now I have to shower again.”

“Since we both have to, why don’t we together?”

“I love the way you think, girl.”

He winked at me making me want him again.

“Michael, that eye is getting to me.”
“Come here.”

We started kissing again and rolled around the floor making color lines all over the sheets.

“I really hope this paint comes off.”
“It will. There’s nothing in it that’s permanent.”

Michael said he had to shower right away.

“I can’t have this on my skin for a long time. I need to wash it off.”
“I understand. I’ll help you.”
“We have to be quick. Room service will be here soon.”

We both got up and went to the bathroom. For the first time, I actually saw what Michael’s body looked like covered in water. I helped wash all of the paint from his body and watched the colors flow down the drain. I then washed his hair and he did the same for me. Once we were done, I wanted to get out so he could be alone and finish.

“Where are you going?”
“I’m done. Do you still need my help?”

“Yes, with one more thing…”
“MICHAEL, NO!”

“Why?”
“You have to eat and someone has to let the staff in.”

“Promise me one day we will.”
“We will what?”
“You know…”
“No, I don’t.”

“Diana!”

“Michael!”
“Why do you do this to me?”
“Because it’s sexy when you ask.”

“Diana, can we make love in the shower?”
“Yes. I promise we will one day.”

“I love you.”
“Me too. Now hurry up and finish. I’ll meet you outside.”

I dried off and put his shirt back on and a fresh pair of pants that I brought with me. While I was waiting for his food to arrive, I turned on the TV and started going through the channels. A few minutes later, my cell phone sitting on the coffee table rang. It was Jasmine calling to check on me.

“How are you?”
“Just fine.”
“How’s he doing?”
“He’s good too.”
“Don’t forget to give him his medication.”
“I won’t.”

“Has he eaten?”
“Not yet but he will soon.”

“Good. Are you staying there tonight?”
“Just until the morning. I’ll be at the office by ten.”

“Ok. I’ll be there by 8 like always.”
“Thanks for checking on us.”
“Just doing my job.”
“You’ve always been a great friend.”

“I know. SO TELL ME - did you do it?”

“JASMINE!”

“I HAVE TO KNOW!”

“THAT’S why you called?!”
“Well, DUH.”
“You are INSANE. I’ll see you tomorrow.”
“Ana, did you?”
“GOODNIGHT, JAS.”

“Did you?”
“STOP.”
“Did you?”

“QUIT ASKING ME!”

“Did you?”
“YES!”

“I KNEW IT! Marie owes me 100 bucks!”
“YOU TWO BET ON ME?”

“HELL YEAH! I told her she’d lose. That’s all I need to know! Goodnight, Ana.”

“Jas, I can’t believe you. I will get you back.”
“You love me.”

“You’re right, I do.”

Just then, the doorbell rang.

“I have to go. His food is here. I’ll see you in the morning.”

I hung up and headed for the door but stopped in my tracks as I heard a loud thud from inside Michael’s room….