

PRT 407- "Tis' the Season Part 2"

The next morning I was feeling a little bit better. I was downstairs helping my mom make breakfast when my cell phone rang. I answered it.

"Hello?" I answered.

"Hey Mich, it's Holly."

"Holly! Hey!"

"Hey, how are you feeling?"

"Ok I guess."

"I'm really sorry to deliver this news to you right now but I wanted you to hear it from me rather than from the media."

"Oh?"

"The show...it's been cancelled."

"What? Seriously?"

"Yeah, it'll be on for a few more months but it's officially cancelled."

"Wow, what a week for Morris'es."

"I heard about Zack's show. I'm really sorry to add to it with this news."

"It's not your fault Hol. These things happen. I appreciate the call."

"You're welcome. Try to take it easy and have a Merry Christmas with your family. Hopefully we won't need to talk again until after the New Year."

I laughed, "OK. You have a Merry Christmas too."

"Thanks, bye."

"Bye." I hung up.

"What happened?" Mom asked.

I sighed, "My show got cancelled too."

"Oh no, I'm so sorry." Mom said as Zack walked in the room. He heard me tell Mom the news.

"Oh Mich, I'm sorry." Zack said as he hugged me.

I sighed, "Yeah, me too."

"I think this reunion tour is coming at a great time. You two need to spend more time together and reconnect to your roots." Mom said.

Zack nodded, "Yeah, I agree."

"You two should go hang out today, just have fun."

"That's a good idea. You want to go Christmas shopping?" Zack asked me.

I nodded, "Sure, sounds good."

Zack and I got to the Stone Canyon Mall and started walking around.

"We're child star clichés aren't we?" I asked as we started through the main corridor of the mall.

"Not at all." Zack replied.

"Out of work, no hits..."

"Mich, you'll have another hit if you ever get new music out there and we'll both find other shows to work on. How many times have we lost shows before? It happens. Both of us are taken seriously as actors now. We've surpassed the stereotypical teen image we had. Neither of us is a child star cliché."

"I just feel like my world is crashing in around me."

"Sweetie, I think that has more to do with your personal life than it does professional."

"Maybe. I just am not happy."

"Jon isn't helping."

"Zack, don't start. Jon has been wonderful. He's held me together through a lot of this."

"I don't see how."

"You don't want to."

"No, I don't."

I sighed, "Anyway, whatever. What do we get Mom for Christmas?"

"I have no idea."

I hopped on Zack's back for a piggyback ride, "We need to decide."
Zack laughed as he gave me a boost and held my legs, "What are you doing?"
"Tired of walking, giddy up." I said as I reached down and hit his chest.
"You're not as light as you were when you were 5." Zack said as he walked towards a store.
"I'm not that heavy either, now stop complaining and go inside."

Zack and I actually had a really great time at the mall. Afterwards we went home and had dinner with Mom. Dean was out of town visiting his son Charlie. Charlie is...not my favorite person in the world, but he's Dean's son so I tolerate him. Anyway, it was just Mom, Zack, and I. We had dinner then piled into the living room and turned on the TV. Mom was channel surfing when she came across the Christmas movie I did when I was 13, 'Holiday in your Heart'.

"Oh my god." I laughed.
"You were so cute." Mom said as she put the remote down.
"Only on screen. She wasn't so cute behind the scenes." Zack said.
"This is true." Mom agreed.
"God, I was such a bad actress." I cringed watching my performance.
"Nah, it wasn't that bad. Actually, I think you played the part they wanted you to play very well. Sweet, innocent country singer over-whelmed by the big time."
"I have always played innocent well."
"Yeah, the acting wasn't bad...the script could have used some work but you did well with what you were given." Zack said.
"I guess. The singing is spot on." I smiled.
"Yes, it is. You've never had trouble with that."
I sighed, I missed singing. I really did need to get a new album out.

We watched the movie and for me it was a flashback. I remember back to when I filmed it. I was seeing Jon at the time. I even took off for awhile to go on tour with Jon. My producer didn't like it but I was the star. I got my way.

Anyway, after the movie we were shutting things off and getting ready for bed when we heard a noise outside.

"What was that?" Mom asked.
"I don't know." I said.
"Kids, get upstairs."
"Mom, we're not kids." Zack said.
"I don't care, take your sister and go upstairs."
"No Mom, let me go check it out." I said.
"Absolutely not! If anything happened to you I don't know what I would do. No. Get upstairs now." Mom said.
I sighed. If Mom only knew how powerful I was...
"Come on Mich, upstairs." Zack said.
...but Zack did know.
"Now Mich."
"No." I said.
"Yes." He said as he grabbed my hand and pulled me behind him. We went into the bathroom, which had no windows, and locked ourselves in.
"Why did you do that?" I asked.
"Mom said to." Zack said.
"You know I could totally fry anything that's out there." I said.
"Yeah, but Mom doesn't know that...do you want to reveal your identity to her?"
"Well, no, not really. But I do want to protect her."
"Don't you have x-ray vision or something to scan for danger outside?"
I laughed, "Zack, I'm not Supergirl, no, I don't have x-ray vision or heat vision or any odd kind of vision. I can throw lighting, fight really well, and fly. That's it."
"Sorry."
I sighed, "Mom has no powers. I'm going to check on her."
"No, you're not...but you could go out the bedroom window and fly around the house, make sure it's safe."
"OK, sounds good." I crept out of the bathroom and into my room then I opened the bedroom window and flew out. I

flew around the house and saw flash bulbs flashing in the bushes. It wasn't a burglar, it was a paparazzo. I should have guessed. This also made flying a bad idea. I landed on the roof and went to the edge right over the paparazzo then I fired off some low power lightning, not enough to fry the guy, just enough to scare him out of the bushes. He jumped and got out of the bushes then I fired off lightning again. This freaked him out and he took off. I quickly flew back in the house and locked the window.

"It's ok kids! It was just a photographer in the bushes. He just ran off!" Mom called upstairs.

Zack came out of the bathroom as I came out of my room.

"What did you do to him?" Zack asked.

"Let's just say I enlightened him." I smirked.

Zack laughed as we went back downstairs.

"Are you kids ok?" Mom asked.

"We're fine." I said.

"Stupid press...they never give you guys a moment of peace."

"Never."

"Guess it's part of having two of the most famous children in the world."

Zack laughed, "Mom, we're hardly that famous anymore."

"Then why is the press still tracking your every move?"

"Touché"

"Fun as this is, I think I'm going to bed. You guys have a good night." I said.

"Goodnight sweetheart." Mom said as she kissed my head.

The next day I decided to stay in. It seemed like a good idea to just relax and hang out. Mom had to work so Zack and I had the house to ourselves. He was sitting in the living room playing video games and I was laying on the sofa watching.

"I don't get it, why would you want to play a video game where you're the bad guy?" I asked.

"I'm not, the cops are." Zack replied, not looking away from the screen.

"Exactly my point. You're a car thief. It's just so...not right."

Zack laughed, "Should have expected as much from a super heroine."

"Or any law abiding citizen."

"Fine, let me finish this mission and we'll play Rock Band."

"Sounds good. I call vocals and guitar."

"Oh no you don't. You can get bass but I get guitar."

"Why can't you play drums?"

"Cause I want guitar. You can get bass and vocals or just guitar."

"Fine, fine. I'll take bass." I agreed.

Zack finished his mission then turned the game off. We hooked up the guitar controllers and the headset mic that we had. I put on the headset and Zack started the game.

"What song?" he asked.

"Hmm... 'Wanted'." I replied.

"Ugh, fine."

I smiled. It was Jon's song. The music started and Zack and I played along with the virtual band. I sang along with Jon's vocals. It was awesome. We went through several more songs. Somewhere in the middle of 'You Oughta Know' the doorbell rang.

"Pause it." I said.

Zack nodded and paused the game, "I'll get it."

"Michelle, it's for you!" Zack called from the front door. I put my controllers down and ran to the door. Rocky was standing there.

"Rock!" I cried as I jumped into his arms.

"Hey baby, how are you? He asked as he held me.

"I'm good. Come in." I said as I dragged him in the house.

"Thanks."

"So, what are you doing here?"

"I missed you and I wanted to see you. I hope that's ok."

"That's more than ok. I'm glad to see you. Hey, we were just playing Rock Band. Wanna play drums?" I asked. Rocky laughed, "Sure."

We spent the rest of the afternoon playing Rock Band, at least until Mom got home. She came in and saw us playing.

"I don't remember ordering a band." She laughed.

"Hey Mom." Zack called.

"Hey kids. Hey Rocky, I wasn't expecting to see you."

"I came to see Mich, I hope that's ok." Rocky said.

"Of course. You know you're always welcome here." Mom said.

"Thanks Ms. Cagle."

"Oh please, call me Lea."

Rocky smiled, "OK."

"Will you be staying for dinner?"

"If I may."

"Of course. We're having pot roast."

"Oh yum!" I cried.

Mom laughed, "I'm glad you approve. Zack, help me with dinner. Mich, you and Rocky should go for a walk outside.

It's nice out there. Dinner will be ready in about 45 minutes."

I nodded, "OK, thanks. Let's go Rock."

Rocky and I went outside and headed towards the park down the street from the house. Mom lived right down the road from Stone Canyon Lake. I held Rocky's hand as we walked.

"Are you ok?" he asked.

"I am." I replied.

"I've been worried about you."

"You and everyone else I know."

"Maybe because there's cause."

"Maybe everyone worries too much. After everything I've been through this year I'd say I'm doing pretty good."

"Mich, you nearly Oded on Vicodin and you've been hanging out on Sunset nearly every night."

"Rocky, I really don't need you to recount my mistakes. I know I've made some...but I'm fine."

"I hope so. I love you too much to stand by and watch anything happen to you."

"I love you too Rock, more than you'll ever know."

Rocky smiled, "Somehow I doubt that."

"You know I'm not seeing Jesse or Paolo or anyone else, except Jon, anymore, right?"

"You're not?"

"No. Just you and Jon."

"Now if you'd just stop seeing Jon we'd be in business."

"I can't."

Rocky sighed, "I know...so what does this mean, are you my girlfriend? Or is Jon your boyfriend?"

"Well, I am Jon's girlfriend, but there is no law that says a girl can't have two boyfriends. I'd like it if I was your girlfriend too...of course if you don't want that..."

"Of course I do. I don't like the idea of sharing you with Jon, but I think I can come to terms with it."

"And of course if you want to see one other person besides me I don't have much room to talk."

"Mich, you're the only one I've ever wanted. There's no one else."

"OK, but if there were I'd be ok with it as long as you were honest."

"I know. If I decide I do want to see someone else I promise I'll tell you."

"I love you. I'm sorry this isn't exactly what you wanted from me."

"I love you too, and you're right, it's not...but we're getting closer to it."

I smiled and leaned against him as we walked, he put his arm around me.

We got back to the house just in time for dinner.

"So, Rocky, how are things going?" Mom asked as she passed me the potatoes.

"Pretty good." Rocky replied.

"Still working at the dojo?"

“Yeah, I am doing most of the work with it actually. Adam and Jason teach classes but with Adam in medical school and Jason working with the Angel Grove Police most of the daily operations are left to me.”

“Wow, I didn’t realize you were a business man.”

Rocky laughed, “I’m not. Never took a class in it or anything, but I taught myself pretty fast.”

“That’s pretty impressive.”

“Thank you.”

I smiled. It was almost funny how much Mom liked Rocky. She always had though, ever since we started dating in high school.

“If you’re done drooling over my boyfriend can you please pass the gravy?” I asked with a laugh.

“Sure...wait...your boyfriend?” Mom asked.

“Yeah...wait...before you go bezurk, I’m still dating Jon too...but yes, Rocky is my boyfriend.”

“Hmm, well, it’s a start.”

“My thoughts exactly.” Rocky said with a smile.

After dinner Rocky and I cleaned the kitchen then we watched more Christmas movies with Mom and Zack. Around 9 I decided I wanted some alone time with Rock.

“Rock and I are going to go talk upstairs.” I said standing up.

“Ok, have fun.” Mom said.

I took Rocky’s hand and led him upstairs. We went in my room and closed the door.

“What do we need to talk about?” Rocky asked.

“Nothing in particular. I just needed to be alone with you.” I said as I kissed him.

“Ohh, ok. I like the way you think.”

“I thought you might.” I said as I slipped his shirt over his head.

“Are you sure you want to do this in your mom’s house?”

“I’m a grown woman and we’re in a relationship...besides, it never stopped us in high school.”

Rocky laughed as I took off my shirt, “Touché.”

We finished undressing and make our way to my bed. He pushed me down on the bed and got on top of me. It was absolutely amazing and I was totally into it until...

“Hey Mich, sorry to bother you guys but...oh shit...” Zack said as he walked in my room without knocking.

“Oh shit!” I echoed as I pushed Rocky off of me and pulled a blanket up over me.

“I’m sorry, I...”

“Ever hear of knocking?!”

“Sorry...sorry.” Zack said as he left the room, closing the door behind him.

“OK, that was pretty embarrassing.” Rocky said.

“No kidding.” I sighed as I got out of bed and put my robe on.

“Where are you going?” Rocky asked.

“To see what Zack wanted. Stay put we’ll finish this when I get back.”

I left the room and went downstairs.

“What was so important you felt the need to burst in my room without asking?” I asked.

Zack turned red.

Mom smirked, “What are you and Rocky doing up there exactly?”

I turned red, “Um...”

“Relax, you’re a grown woman...besides, if I let you get away with sleeping with Jon the other night I’m not going to say anything about you and Rocky.”

“You knew about that?” I asked.

“Of course. I take it Zack got an eyeful?”

“That’s putting it mildly. I need a full brain scrub.” Zack said.

I sighed, “What was so important?”

“I just wanted to let you know, it was just on the news, Serena’s new single is the highest rising song on the charts this week.”

“Seriously! Sweet!” I cried.

“Yeah, I thought you’d be happy about that.”

“Thanks, just, next time, knock. Now if you’ll excuse me, I left my boyfriend upstairs.”

Mom laughed.

I rolled my eyes and went back to my room, this time I locked the door behind me.

“Everything ok?” Rocky asked.

“Yeah, fine. Serena’s new single is doing well.” I said.

“That’s good news.” I nodded.

“Yes, it is.” I agreed as I took my robe off and got back in bed, “You know, that kinda killed the mood...can you just hold me?”

Rocky nodded, “Of course.”

I smiled and moved so I was nestled in his arms. I cuddled against him and just enjoyed the feeling of our skin touching and being close. I ended up dosing off and eventually fell fast asleep.

A couple of days later I was sitting at the computer surfing the internet when I came across a few stories that caught my attention. One was that another young actress had passed away. I’d worked with her on a project a while back and it was sad to hear. Of course a person’s untimely demise is always sad. It didn’t help that she was just a couple of year’s older than myself. Quite sad indeed. The next story was about me. Evidently my vanishing for Christmas vacation was making headlines. ‘Michelle’s Tragic Year Sends her into Hiding’ one headline said. ‘Heartbroken Michelle Copes 1st Christmas without Husband’ another said. Lame, lame, lame, lame! Ugh. It was the third story though that really caught my attention. ‘Giovanni’s Son Rushed to Hospital’. I read the story. Evidently one of Jon’s three son’s was rushed to the ER the night before and was released a few hours later. The story didn’t indicate which son or the nature of the illness. Whatever the case I loved those boys like they were my own and obviously I loved Jonny. I ran to the phone and dialed Jon’s cell number.

“Hi, you’ve reached Jon Giovanni and I am unable to take your call right now. Leave your name, number, and nature of your business and I’ll get back to you as soon as I can. Thank you and have a wonderful day.” **BEEP**

“Jonny, hey, it’s me. Baby, I heard about the hospital. I was just calling to see which of the boys it was and make sure everything is ok. Call me back. I love you. Bye.”

After I tried to call Jonny, Rocky and I decided to go into town and get some cookie dough so I could bake. We were driving to the local Wal-Mart and I had the Christmas station on. One of Jon’s Christmas songs started to play. I smiled warmly and I noticed Rocky turn and look out the side window.

“Oh hell, what’s your problem?” I asked as I continued to drive.

“I just don’t like listening to his music.” Rocky replied bitterly.

“He’s a great singer.”

“Yeah, but he’s also an asshole and just the sound of his voice infuriates me.”

I rolled my eyes, “It’s a song, deal with it.”

“You know I hate listening to him.”

“Are we going to have this same argument every time one of Jon’s songs is on the radio?”

“You could change the station.”

“I happen to enjoy listening to him. Now stop being a baby and deal with it.”

Rocky made a face and turned away again.

I sighed and went back to listening to the music.

We got the cookie dough and went home. I started baking and Rocky went to the living room to watch TV. Mom was at work and Zack had headed back to LA so Rocky and I had the place to ourselves. I was rolling out gingerbread when Rocky walked up behind me and started kissing my neck.

I giggled, “Stop that.”

“You know how much I love you, right?” he whispered.

“I love you too Rock.”

“You know, you’re cute with flour in your hair.” He laughed as he brushed the flour out of my hair.

“Eh, baking is not my forte. Too domestic.”

“But you pull it off so very well.”

I laughed, “Thanks.”

“I’m glad you invited me to stay here with you.”

“Well, Mom likes having you here and...so do I.”

“Good, I like being here.”

I smiled, “Go finish watching the football game and let me bake.”

Rocky nodded and kissed me, “Ok.”

I did some more baking then I tried calling Jon again. I got his voicemail...again. I left another message. I tried again 3 times that afternoon. By this point I knew it wasn’t that he didn’t have his phone with him...he was screening his calls and avoiding me. It was seriously starting to piss me off...not that I could tell anyone how pissed I was.

Then again, this is me and I suck at hiding my emotions. That night Rock and I got into bed.

“What’s wrong?” he asked as I turned off the lamp.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“You’ve been moody all day and something is clearly bothering you. What is it?”

I sighed, “I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine, just tell me what the deal is.”

“You saw the news about one of Jon’s son being taken to the ER, right?”

“Yeah, but I figured everything was ok or else you’d have said something.”

“Well, yeah, if I even knew what was going on. I’ve been trying to call Jonny all day and getting voicemail. It’s quite clear he’s screening his calls. He’s avoiding me and it’s pissing me off.”

Rocky sighed, “Have you stopped to consider that it’s probably because his family needs him.”

“Well, but...”

“Michelle, you’re his mistress. Whatever happened to his son is a family matter and that means his wife and kids probably require his undivided attention right now. I’m sure he’ll call you when things settle down.”

“I know, but...”

“You hate being a mistress, I know, but you’re the one that put yourself in that position.”

“Yeah, I did. Ugh. It’s just frustrating...besides wanting to make sure Jonny is ok I really do love those kids. I wanna make sure whichever one it was is ok.”

Rocky nodded, “I know. Believe it or not I feel bad for the kid too.”

“You do?”

“Of course. Just because I hate his father doesn’t mean I want anything to happen to him...or any of Jon’s kids.”

I sighed again, “I’m sorry Rocky, I really am so lucky to have you. I take you for granted sometimes and I’m sorry.”

Rocky pulled me into his arms and kissed my head, “I’m used to it.”

I sighed heavier and closed my eyes, I seriously needed sleep.

The next morning I woke up and went downstairs. I was going to get a bowl of cereal when I noticed someone watching TV in the living room. I went to see who it was. It was my not-so-dear step-brother Charlie.

“Ugh, what are you doing here?” I grumbled.

“Watching TV at the moment.” He said.

“Not what I meant.”

“Oh. Needed a place to spend Christmas so Dad said I could stay here.”

“Greeeeat.” I sighed.

“What’s wrong sis?”

“I’m not your sis.” I mumbled as I went to get breakfast. Christmas was in two days and I really, really wanted to get it over with.