*Introduction & Prologue*

The third installment of Michael and Diana’s epic saga has officially begun! As you know, the HIStory tour has now come to an end and the entire gang has returned to Los Angeles. Upon her departure from Europe, Diana received a phone message from Cameron Garivey, the CEO of Capital Records and agreed to meet the mysterious man to find out more about him and why he suddenly has an interest in the CEO of TSG Productions.

Meanwhile, Diana still has a secret unknown to most people, including her fiancé. She knows this must come out in the open in order to start her new life as Mrs. Michael Jackson but things aren’t always as they seem. Diana is afraid her secret might destroy her relationship and cause severe trust issues. Will Michael be accepting of what Diana is hiding? Will he still marry her? Will their relationship be just as beautiful as it is now?

Michael also has a big mess of his own to clean up. After discovering that his ex-wife Lisa Marie and Gerwin, a new owner of a record label company were responsible for his sabotaged concert in Germany, Michael had the two of them extradited to Los Angeles immediately and incarcerated by US Officials until Michael’s tour came to an end. Now that he’s returned to Neverland, the King of Pop and his business partner Prince Al-Waleed bin Talal must join forces and make the two partners in crime pay for what they did. With Michael’s fiancé, his devoted fans and a very strong faith in a higher being on his side, there’s no telling what The Gloved One will say or do next.

As a special treat to my beloved readers, I will be adding a few surprise ‘hints’ and exclusive photos throughout the entire series. On a serious note, I must warn you that **Embers will NOT be entirely predictable and its content does not resemble the same format as its first two segments.** **ENORMUS** amounts of research and preparations have been done to bring this portion of my trilogy to life. I am confident that you will enjoy reading this segment as much as I did creating it for you.

In closing, you are the reason I continue to push myself into writing new thoughts and ideas. Your kind words and endless support are the driving forces in my life that constantly allow the gears of my brain to keep moving forward. I hope that you will stay and enjoy the ride as you read and visualize Michael and Diana’s new journey together as it unfolds into a whole new world within a whole new dimension. **ENJOY**! ☺

***~*** *Michaela Josephine* ***~***



***A STORY OF LOVE, BETRAYAL, LUST, SECRECY & COMMITMENT***

**FEATURING**:

*Michael Joseph Jackson Diana Elizabeth Dean*

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*Jasmine Christina Averson*

*Marie Ann Harper*

***WITH APPERANCES BY****:*

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*Prince Al-Waleed bin Talal Lisa Marie Presley Gerwin Vogel*

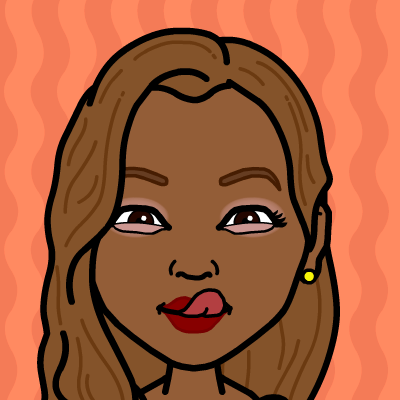
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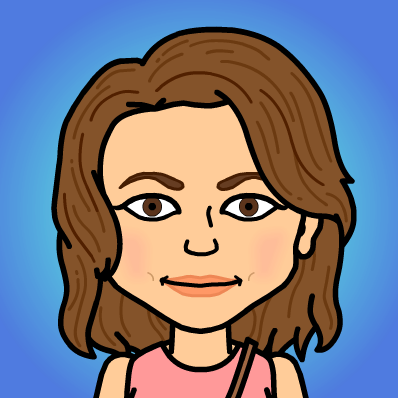
*Cameron Trevor Garivey Erica Sadie David Joshua Averson*

***AND MANY MORE…***

*In dedication to my three most loyal & devoted readers:*

***Abby Paige Shandrea***

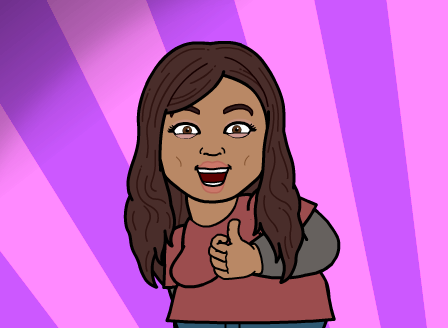
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*You are the roots of my inspiration.*

*Thank you for your never ending support.*

***I love you more with each passing day.***

******

*Your friend and writer,*

***Michaela Josephine.***

*“Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud.*

*It is not rude, it is not self-seeking and it is not easily angered.*

*It keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.*

*It always protects, always trusts, always hopes and always perseveres.*

*Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease;*

*Where there are tongues, they will be stilled.”*

***Corinthians 13:4-8***

“When the devil had ended every temptation,

he departed from him until an opportune time.”

***Luke 4:13***

*“A wife of noble character is her husband's crown,*

*but a disgraceful wife is like decay in his bones.”*

***Proverbs 12:4***

*“What God has joined together, let man not separate.”****Matthew 19:4-6***

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***Thank you, Shandrea.***

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*Michael Jackson Fan Fiction 2014*

*© SSK Creation*

*Pen name: Michaela Josephine*

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**Chapter One**:

*Business Consolidation*

Mr. Garivey’s beautiful blonde haired employee led me towards a set of oversized dark wooded double doors. Large steel lined handlebars were perfectly aligned from top to bottom making it easy to enter the office that belonged to the CEO of Capital Records. As I pushed my way through the doors, I saw a tall, slender looking gentleman staring outside his massive bay window. I gasped to myself as I admired this man’s elegant work station. The entire city of Los Angeles was visible from every window that lined each corner of the room. A large palm tree rested near his mid-century modern style work desk and the entire office floor was covered in white ceramic tiles.

A few paintings lined the ivory walls with classical pieces clearly depicting Cameron Garivey’s fine taste in artwork. As I made my way towards his set of white and silver cushioned office chairs, he turned around and faced me making me lose my entire train of thought.

“Ms. Dean. How wonderful it is to see you.” He said in a clear yet slightly deep tone of voice. “Thank you for taking the time to meet with me. Please have a seat.”

I did what he asked as I cleared my throat and crossed my legs professionally. Only one question was circulating through my mind: what did this guy want from me?

“Welcome back from Europe.” Cameron said sitting down in his fancy leather reclining CEO chair. “I assume you must be exhausted from your flight.”

Not wanting to waste his or my time, I sternly asked him what the purpose of our meeting was.

“Indeed, Mr. Garivey. So, why don’t we cut to the chase? Why did you want to see me?”

He scoffed as he heard the temperament in my voice. I wasn’t about to let some overpaid stuffed shirt get his way with me especially since I worked my tail off to be who and where I am today. Being a woman of equal status to a man in my career was something I always took great pride in. After dealing with Waleed and his shallow attitude towards women for five months, I had no doubt in my mind that I could confidently handle Cameron with the exact same etiquette.

“Miss Dean, you are the illustrious owner and CEO of TSG Productions.”  
“That is correct.”

“Have you ever considered branching out into other opportunities?”  
“What exactly are you referring to?”  
“Have you ever considered a slight change in your career?”

I knew where this was going. Once again, a man was intimidated by a woman considered to be an equal in our line of work. I smiled to myself as I slowly stood up from his chair desperately wanting to give him a piece of my mind.

“Mr. Garivey, I understand that I have only been in this type of business for a fraction of the time that you have. However, in the short time that I have established my career and business, TSG has been the most successful entertainment corporation in history. As the youngest CEO in North America, I am perfectly capable of doing my job correctly and have handled it quite well if I must say so myself. I can also identify with your concern as far as having a woman compete with you in this business. However, my gender has nothing to do with my success. It is simply the results of hard work and never ending perseverance. I have no plans for a career change and quite frankly I don’t appreciate you wasting my time by trying to subtly convince me that I am not your equal at what I do. Moving forward, I strongly suggest you use due diligence before asking the next woman CEO of any company for a meeting with you. Have a wonderful day.”

As I stood up to leave, the now shocked CEO with his jaw to the ground called out to me.

“Ms. Dean, I sincerely apologize.” He said as I slowly turned my back to face him. “That was not my intention at all. With all due respect I was not trying to belittle you or your career in any way. I do, however, commend you for your powerful and confident poise. You are, in my opinion, a true definition of a CEO.”

I smiled and rolled my eyes as I made my way towards his circular conference table. Seeing his laptop from the corner of my eye gave me the impression he had something to show me. Cameron smiled cleverly as he too made his way to the small glass table also lined with white and silver cushioned chairs.

“All business talk aside, Mr. Garivey...” I said looking sternly into his grey eyes. “What is it that you REALLY want?”

“It’s better if I show you.” He replied turning on his laptop to begin a slide show presentation.

After five months, the Averson family was happily reacquainted. The three of them were a family unit once again. David couldn’t wait to fill his wife in on all that happened during the time she was in Europe. As a welcome home present, he prepared breakfast for the lady of the house as she woke up to the mouthwatering aroma of freshly brewed coffee, orange juice, eggs, bacon, biscuits and sausages. David also invited Marie over to enjoy their large and lovely feast.

“I certainly wasn’t expecting all of this!” Jasmine said as she greeted her family at the kitchen table. “You two are the best!” She kissed her two favorite men who were covered in flour on their foreheads.   
“You deserve it Jazzy Pooh.” David said pecking his wife’s lips. “Have a seat. Marie should be here soon.”

“I missed you.” The little boy said as Jasmine scooped him up in her arms.   
“I missed you more. I can’t believe how big and strong you are now!”  
“I promised squirt I’d take him to the park and to see a movie.” David said placing a few strips of bacon onto a large serving platter. “I figured you’d be exhausted from your flight and would want to stay home and rest so we’ll get out of the house and let you have some peace and quiet.”  
“David, you’re amazing.” Jasmine said as she helped her little one to his seat at the table. “I haven’t seen you two in so long. As tired as I am, breakfast as a family is just what I need. I’m still really jet legged but never too tired to spend time with my family.”

As soon as the three of them sat down, Marie came in through the front door and greeted everyone with a bright and friendly good morning.

“Perfect timing!” David said. “I just finished crisping up the bacon strips.”  
“Smells wonderful!” Marie said looking at the lovely buffet in front of her.

Everyone sat in the dining room and bowed their heads to say grace. Little man was wearing his Michael shirt that Jasmine gave him as a gift from the tour. The little boy couldn’t wait to eat as he started banging on his plate with his knife and fork.

“Food please!!” He said innocently making all of the adults in the room laugh.

“Just a minute.” David said reminding him of his manners. “Aunty Marie is our guest – she gets to pick first.”

“How about we choose together?” Marie said lightly messing up the boy’s beautiful blonde hair. “One of everything for both of us!”  
“YAAAAY!”

“NOOO!” Jasmine screamed. “He’s only five, Marie. He can’t eat that much.”  
“He’ll be fine!” Marie said putting a sausage and half a biscuit onto the little boy’s plate. “He’s a growing kid. Show us your muscles!”

The little boy stood up from his chair and started flexing. Trying his hardest not to laugh, David also got up from his chair and did the same. Jasmine oohed and aahed as she admired the men in her life showing their perfectly chiseled arms to her and her best friend.

“Very nice.” Jasmine said laughing. “Now let’s eat before this yummy food gets cold!”

“Has anyone heard from the lovebirds?” Marie asked sipping on her hazelnut flavored coffee.

“Nope. Ana has that meeting with Cameron, remember?” Jasmine said while buttering her freshly baked biscuit.

“Oh, right! Did Michael call?”  
“Not that I know of.”   
“He hasn’t called the house yet either.” David said while eating his eggs and watching his son at the same time. “I’m sure he’s still sleeping. It was a long flight and all that performing probably knocked the wind out of him too.”

“Mr. Jackson?” A female voice said from outside the Pop star’s master bedroom door. “Are you awake?”

After knocking several times and calling her employee’s name with no reply, Michael’s personal chef Kai Chase decided to obtain the master key for Michael’s bedroom from his security. After explaining that he was unresponsive, a large guard with oversized biceps came to his door and opened it with a small silver key. Kai thanked the generous yet overbearing man and slowly opened the entertainer’s door. She smiled brightly and placed her hand on her heart as she saw her boss sleeping in his large wooden sleigh bed wearing a red hat with a fuzzy white pompom at the top.

Not wanting to disturb him, Kai closed the door and told the other staff members that Michael was okay and resting comfortably. Unfortunately, the King of Pop’s peaceful slumber was interrupted seconds later when Waleed made his way through the front door. He asked the staff where the owner of the property was and everyone informed him he was still in bed. Waleed requested for someone wake him up immediately since the two of them had very important business matters to discuss. Staying professional, Kai politely obeyed the prince’s request and asked Beverly, one of Michael’s maids to wake him up and inform him that he had a guest waiting to see him.

Waleed was asked to wait in the living room. As he made his way towards the couch, he turned on his partner’s big screen TV and grunted angrily to himself as he saw the news of Michael’s return to Los Angeles and Lisa Marie’s sabotaged plan on every channel. To no surprise, Michael’s name and reputation was being tarnished in the media all over again as pictures of him in Europe with Lisa Marie made headline news. Gerwin’s smug face also appeared on the screen making the Prince of Saudi Arabia feel sick to his stomach.

Not wanting to upset his business partner, Waleed quickly turned off the television and waited patiently for Michael to arrive. With the HIStory tour now behind them, both men had a huge dilemma on their hands. Waleed and Michael had to come up with a plan to make the infamous ex-wife and her partner in crime pay for what they did in Europe. With Michael’s approval, Waleed would see to it that the two of them would get exactly what they deserved.

“I must say I am very impressed.” I said to Cameron as he closed his slide show. “That was a lovely presentation.”

“Thank you, Ms. Dean.” The well groomed man said sitting in front of his equally capable CEO. “That means a lot coming from you.”

“Now that I’ve seen what your company has to offer, I’m still confused about why you wanted to see me.”

Cameron smirked. I could tell he was definitely up to something.

“Ms. Dean, I have a proposition for you. One that could make us even more successful than we already are.”  
“US? What exactly do you have in mind, Mr. Garivey?”

“Ms. Dean, I’d like to—“

A knock at his office door made him stop speaking and quickly turn his head. A young woman who looked awfully familiar stood outside Cameron’s office formally addressing him as ‘sir’. Surprisingly, she also did not enter his office without the CEO’s permission to do so.

“Miss Dean, I’m sure you remember my personal assistant, Erica Sadie.”

The young woman with no bandages on her wrists, different colored hair and eyes greeted me with a firm handshake. At that moment, it was evident that Erica had cleverly disguised herself to fool me into thinking she was Michael’s fan when in reality, she was Cameron’s ticket to getting closer to me.

“It’s a pleasure to see you again. How is Mr. Jackson? Please tell him I said hello.”

Seeing Erica in her work demeanor made me lost for words. I couldn’t believe I had fallen for such a well-orchestrated trick. Erica was no helpless fan of Michael’s who lived in Europe. She was simply an American who conned me into meeting her boss.

“He’s well, thank you. I have not spoken to him yet today but will definitely pass your message onto him.”

“That will be all, Erica.” Cameron said as the now red haired, chestnut eyed young lady placed a stack of files on her boss’s desk. “Please see to it that we are not interrupted again.”

“Very well, sir.” She replied before nodding her head and closing the large office doors on her way out.

Jasmine was right – Cameron WAS attractive. He was approximately six feet tall with perfectly styled short, dirty blonde hair and smoldering grey eyes that resembled tiny specs of glitter in a pool of ash. As handsome as he was, I smiled knowing exactly who and what I had living at Neverland. The man everyone loved and adored – my fiancé, the one and only Michael Joseph Jackson.

“Good morning, Moonwalker.” Waleed said as he saw Michael enter his living room wearing his signature black pants, penny loafers and white shirt.

He walked towards his business partner and greeted him formally with a handshake before yawning and lying down on his recliner sofa. Jet leg was really taking a toll on the Pop star. The time difference between America and Europe was also confusing for him. Michael thought he was still overseas and didn’t realize he had slept through the entire morning. If Beverly hadn’t woken him up, he most likely would’ve slept the entire day.

“Mike, I know you’re really tired but we need to talk.”  
“What is it Waleed?” Michael asked closing his eyes and yawning again.

“We need to talk about Lisa and Gerwin.”  
“Do we have to do this NOW?”

“YES. The story is already all over the news and every magazine cover. You are gaining a lot of negative press once again and the last thing Kingdom needs is their biggest star being dragged through the mud like you were in 1993.”

“I understand. So what’s your plan?”  
“MY plan? What about you?”  
“I already know what I’m going to do about those two.”  
“And what is that?”  
“Go to trial and put them behind bars.”  
“ARE YOU CRAZY??!!” Waleed yelled standing up from Michael’s black leather sofa. “YOU CAN’T DO THAT! The press is going to be all over you like groupies at your concerts!”

Michael giggled.

“Nice use of words.” He said while rubbing his eyes and standing up from his recliner. “I’m going to trial, Waleed. There is no other way around it. Those two will pay for what they did to me in Europe.”  
“Mike, I really think you—“  
“Waleed please!” Michael said putting his hand up in his business partner’s face. “I’ve made up my mind. I will not let those two walk free from this. They embarrassed me, sabotaged my concert and almost cost me my relationship with Diana. I had to live five years of my life without her. There is no way I will let her slip away from me this time. I will die before that ever happens again.”

Knowing how headstrong his partner was, Waleed decided to let Michael have his way for now and simply nodded his head in agreement. Kai entered the living room and announced that lunch was ready. Michael asked the prince if he would stay and eat with him but the Arabian man politely refused and reminded the King of Pop of an important meeting scheduled for later that evening with their business attorneys. The Pop star politely asked Kai to inform Beverly and his other staff to have all of his bags unpacked and clothes washed so that he could look his best in front of his representatives. Waleed said goodbye as he exited the front door leaving Michael to his meal.

“Time to wash up little man.” David said wiping the young boy’s mouth. “Don’t forget to use soap on your hands.”

“Yes, buddy.”

“Buddy?” Marie asked Jasmine.   
“They love calling each other that.”

“How cute!” Marie said finishing her coffee and the last bit of eggs on her plate. “Since we’re free until Monday, you want to hang out?”

“I’d love to but I still have a lot of unpacking to do plus I need to get adjusted to the time difference. I’m surprised you’re doing so well. You can stay here and hang out with me if you want.”  
“Ok, thanks. It’s not so bad for me. I already unpacked all of my things and can help you with your bags too.”

Marie kindly helped clear the table and washed the dishes. The boys got dressed and went ahead with their plans so Jasmine could rest and have the house to herself. Once they left, Marie plopped down on Jasmine’s chaise lounge and turned on the TV. Jasmine sat next to her and the two of them shook their head in disgust as they watched the news about Michael, Gerwin and Lisa Marie. Jasmine scoffed as she saw the faces of the two criminals and how Michael was becoming the target of more unnecessary scrutiny.

After a few minutes, Marie turned off the TV saying she didn’t want to see or hear any more about the sabotage and seeing Gerwin’s face was upsetting her. She then began to wonder about Diana’s meeting with the CEO of Capital Records. Jasmine was also curious and kept looking at her phone hoping to hear from her boss. She briefly explained to Marie that Cameron Garivey was a very successful and attractive man. If he wanted to see Diana there was a strong possibility that he had more than just business on his mind. Both girls sat and watched cartoons as they waited anxiously to hear from their best friend.

“I apologize for the interruption.” Cameron said as he reached for the stack of files Erica placed on his desk. “From one business person to another, I’m sure you are aware of how hectic things can get.”  
“I most certainly do.” I said wanting the meeting to be over. “What was it that you were going to say?”

The handsome CEO briefly skimmed the files on his desk then made his way back towards the conference table. He ran his hands through his perfectly flowing hair and sat down with his laptop on the table between us.

“Ms. Dean…” He continued while gazing at me. “You and I are both very good at what we do. By working together, you and I can soar above and beyond the highest levels of music and entertainment production.”

He then opened another program on his laptop and turned it towards me. A bright, white screen appeared with the words “Business Consolidation” in big black letters at the very top. At that moment, Mr. Cameron Garivey’s intentions were as clear as water – he wanted a piece of MY business.

“Mr. Garivey, are you suggesting that we—“  
“Yes, Ms. Dean.” Cameron said interrupting my words. “I have been researching and studying your company since its launch and I am confident that you and I will make a phenomenal team. I’d like to merge TSG Productions with Capital Records.”

Michael finished his meal and went to his study to call his fiancé. After hearing her voicemail, he assumed she would still be resting after their long trip home and thought she would call him once she woke up. After waiting for more than two hours, Michael still didn’t hear from his future wife and started to worry. He called her again and still wasn’t able to get through. He then called Jasmine hoping Diana would be with her or she would at least know where his beautiful bride to be was.

“MICHAEL?”

“Hi, tea flower.”  
“GIVE ME THE PHONE!” Marie yelled in the background.   
“STOP IT!” Jasmine yelled shoving her friend onto the couch. “HE CALLED ME!”

Michael laughed. He couldn’t believe the girls still acted crazy every time they heard from him.

“It’s alright. Let her say hi, please.” He requested.

“HERE! MAKE IT QUICK!” Jasmine said handing her cordless phone to the Pop star’s biggest fan.

“Welcome back, Michael! How are you?”

“Thank you. I’m fine. How is my cuddly bear?”  
“Better now that I’ve heard your voice. How are things at Neverland?”  
“Everything is just how I left it. Have either of you heard from Diana?”  
“Not yet. Have you?”  
“No. Why is her phone turned off?”

“We didn’t know it was.”

Jasmine heard Michael’s question and hesitated to tell him the truth. She warned Diana about Cameron and told her to inform her fiancé before agreeing to meet with the CEO but that obviously didn’t happen. Not knowing what to do or say, Jasmine panicked. She knew she had to tell Michael something otherwise he would get suspicious. Marie said a few more words to her idol then handed the phone back to her friend.

“We haven’t heard from her Michael but I’m sure she’s fine.”  
“Is she at home?”  
“I don’t know. She could be and she’s most likely charging her phone which is why it’s turned off.”  
“She has my number here. Please tell her to call me when you hear from her?”  
“Absolutely.”  
“How is your family?”  
“Very well, thanks. The boys are out doing their own thing. David invited Marie over for breakfast and now she won’t leave me alone.”

“I HEARD THAT!” Marie yelled as she stood and crossed her arms.

Jasmine ignored her friend’s remark and did her best to assure the King of Pop that his future wife was okay and would pass his message onto her as soon as possible. After hanging up, the girls were more worried than ever about Diana’s meeting and hoped that if she was still with Cameron, she had better be finished with him soon.

“Mr. Garivey, I don’t think that would be—“  
“Ms. Dean, I understand this is a big decision. However, I strongly believe that you and I can hugely increase revenue and ultimately become the largest global music production company in the world.”

“I am flattered that you have kept me and my career in such high regards but I am content with TSG being an independent company and see no need to merge my business with yours at this time. I’m also in the beginning stages of a personal transition and cannot get myself into a major business decision like this right now.”

“Your recent engagement to Mr. Jackson?”  
“Exactly.”

“Ms. Dean, I really believe that you should—“  
“Thank you for your time, Mr. Garivey.” I said getting up from his white cushioned chair. “I’m certain that you will find another company more than willing to merge with your own. Have a wonderful day.”

As I made my way towards his office doors, Cameron called my name making me stop and turn towards him again. He walked over and handed me a floppy disk with his company name written in bold black letters.

“This contains all of Capital Record’s financial and historical figures. I trust that you will review this information and possibly reconsider?”

I sighed. Cameron was obviously very serious about the merge. As much as I wanted to walk out on him, seeing how much work he put into his presentation made me realize I couldn’t be rude to him. As his equal and not wanting to come off as highly unprofessional, I took the disk from him and placed it in my purse.

“I am not making any promises, Mr. Garivey. However, I will review your data and get in touch with you within the next week or two.”

“That is all I am requesting at this time, Ms. Dean. I wish you a good day.”  
“And I, you.”

Cameron walked me out of his office towards the elevator. As I stepped inside, I took one last look at the handsome CEO whose aura dripped of uncertainty. We stared into each other’s eyes intensely as the doors slowly began to close. His gaze implied that we would definitely see each other again. As the doors closed completely, I made my way out of the main entrance doors and to my car inhaling deeply as I sat in the driver’s seat. Jasmine was right – Cameron DID have an effect on people and not just in the world of business. I glanced at my watch and noticed it was already past 4pm. Not realizing how much time had elapsed, I quickly turned my phone on and noticed seven missed calls – four of them were from Michael. Worried that he might get the wrong idea, I quickly drove home hoping to speak to my husband to be.

“Mr. Garivey?” Erica said as she knocked on his office door. “Your board meeting has been postponed until tomorrow.”

“Perfect.” He said under his breath while fixing his tie. “Get my associate Rick on the phone for me at once.”  
“Yes, sir.”

Cameron sat at his office desk pondering to himself. Why didn’t Diana agree to his business proposal? Was he lacking something? Did he not seem convincing enough? Meeting the renowned female CEO struck a nerve with the CEO of Capital Records. It was apparent that Diana Dean had more going for her than he expected – in her professional AND personal life. In an attempt to plan his next move, Cameron opened one of his desk drawers and pulled out a few confidential files he kept buried under a large stack of blank papers. After skimming through them, his desk phone rang.

“Rick?”  
“Yeah, what’s up?”  
“I need you to do something for me right away.”  
“No problem – what do you need?”  
“Give me a full background check on two more girls from New York.”

“Sure thing.”

“ANA! Thank god!” Jasmine yelled right into my ear as she put me on speakerphone. “Where the heck have you been? We’ve been worried sick about you!”  
“I’m fine, Jas. I had my meeting and lost track of time. Did Michael call you or Marie?”  
“Yes and he said call him at Neverland immediately. Marie is here with me. How did the meeting go?”  
“Hi, Marie!”  
“Hi, Ana!”  
“Well, for starters – it was really very interesting.”  
“HE’S HOT, ISN’T HE?!”

“JAS!”

“Well, HE IS!”

“ANYWAYS – as I was saying - THE MEETING went just fine. He wants to merge his company with TSG.”  
“REEEEALLY?” Marie yelled. “That’s so awesome!”

I briefly explained to the girls that a merge was not in my best interest especially with mine and Michael’s wedding just months away. Not wanting to hear the details of the meeting itself, Jasmine wanted to know more about Cameron’s appearance and what he wore to the meeting instead of what we actually talked about. As for Marie – she kept going on about Michael’s negative press and ridiculous rumors about him and Lisa Marie.

Hearing such bizarre accusations against my future husband made my skin crawl. To help clear my mind of all the nonsense, Jasmine invited me to her house for a girl’s day and made sure I promised to call my fiancé before leaving to see her and Marie. After hearing Jasmine’s mindless chatter about Cameron Garivey’s attractiveness, she reminded me of something that had completely slipped my mind.

“Tell him, Ana.” She whispered so Marie wouldn’t hear her. “It’s time!”  
“I will, Jas. But I’m going to need you and David with me.”  
“Don’t worry, we’ll be there. Do you want me to tell Marie?”  
“No, she needs to hear it from me too. We’ll all be together when it comes out.”  
“Ok. See you soon?”  
“I’ll be there in an hour or so.”

“Sounds good. Bye!”

After hanging up with Jasmine, I called Michael to inform him I was alright.

“Diana?”  
“How are you, baby?”

“Thank god you’re okay. I was so worried about you.”

“Of course I’m okay, silly. I had a business meeting that went into the afternoon. Did you miss me?”  
“Ask your invader.”  
“MICHAEL!”

“Hee hee.”

His adorable laughter made my heart melt like wax. Michael never let me forget his charm and always made sure I had a smile on my face every time we spoke to each other on the phone.

“You will never change.”  
“We both know you don’t want me to.”  
“Very true. Did you eat and sleep?”  
“Yes and yes.”  
“Good boy.”  
“Come over?”

“Jas invited me to hang out with her and Marie. Maybe later tonight?”  
“I have a business meeting with Waleed and my attorneys.”  
“About Bonnie and Clyde?”

Michael snickered to himself. He knew exactly who I was referring to.

“I knew I had to face this nightmare sooner or later when I returned home.”  
“At least you’re not facing it alone this time.”  
“I know. I love you.”

“I love you too, Michael. Call me when you get home from your meeting.”

“Diana?”  
“Yes?”  
“Bring protection.”  
“OH MY GOD, GOODBYE MICHAEL!”

“I mean it.”  
“So do I – GOODBYE!”

“You know you want to.”  
“I’m still jet legged, Michael.”  
“So am I. Together we can ease our tension.”  
“Bathtub?”  
“I was thinking the toilet seat again.”  
“BYE, MICHAEL!”

“See you later, Liberian Girl.”

“SOOOO, how did it go?” Marie asked as I walked into Jasmine’s living room.

“IS HE HOT OR WHAT?”   
“Jas, when are you going to stop being so man crazy?”  
“NEVER. Don’t leave ANYTHING out! What did he look like? How did he sound? What did he wear?”

As I explained my meeting details to the girls, they were amazed at how Cameron’s idea was presented. The only thing running through my mind was the fact that the CEO of Capital Records had been secretly ‘studying’ my career and business since day one and I had no idea he even existed. Jasmine showed me Cameron’s website on her laptop and told me that he had ten years of successful production history preceding my own career. According to his online biography, Cameron Trevor Garivey inherited Capital Records from his late grandfather after losing his battle with brain cancer. Not wanting his grandfather’s business to be sold to the highest bidder, Cameron agreed to take over Capital Records and do his best to make sure his family’s legacy stayed strong – that is, until I came around and pulled the rug out from under him in just a short number of years.

Marie was also fascinated by the CEO and questioned his sudden interest in TSG. Jasmine added that Cameron was most likely feeling intimidated by having a woman compete with him in the music business world and probably felt like less of a man since I defeated his success in less time than it took for him to inherit his entire company. Refusing to feel daunted, I told the girls there would be no way a man would come in between me and my own career as a businesswoman. TSG was at the top of the charts and with Michael’s HIStory tour under its wing, it was more than obvious that Cameron Garivey was jealous and wanted a piece of the pie.

“Are you going to refuse him?” Jasmine asked raising her brow.   
“Of course. There is no way I will agree to merge TSG with Capital.”  
“But Ana, think about all the revenue, productivity and exposure we will gain.” Marie added.

“I have and it’s still not a good idea.”  
“Did he show you his genitals?” Jasmine asked trying to sound somewhat professional.

“FINANCIALS, Jasmine!”

“Yeah right those things – are they huge? I MEAN are they good? NO, WAIT! I mean--”

“I GET YOUR POINT!” I said looking at Marie who was now choking from excessive laughter. “Not yet but he gave them to me on a disk. I’ll get to them when I have time.”

“Ana, I think you should give it some serious thought.” Marie said putting her hand on my shoulder. “It does seem a bit sudden but you know all about the rules and regulations about this business. I know you will do the right thing.”  
“And don’t forget to tell Michael about it.” Jasmine added.

“Thanks. Now, let’s change the subject.”

“Good idea!” Marie said reaching for a large square book from her bag on the floor. “Guess what I brought?”

“NO WAY!” Jasmine yelled. “When did you have the time?”

“I woke up early and went to the photo lab.”

Marie sat between Jasmine and I and showed us several hundred photos from throughout the entire HIStory tour. The three of us laughed uncontrollably as we saw several photos of us smiling and being silly. Marie and Jasmine’s red carpet poses looked like something out of a Hollywood movie premiere. As we continued looking through them, a picture of Erica and Marie appeared on the page making me stop her from turning the page.

“Wait. When did you take this one?”  
“At the coffee shop in Paris.”  
“I can’t believe she did that to me.”  
“What are you talking about?” Jasmine asked.

I told them about the helpless looking bandaged girl from Europe and both were completely blown away. They said they had no idea Erica was disguising herself as Michael’s fan just to gain inside information about me to present to her boss. The thought of it made me question my entire sense of judgment. How could I not have seen right through her? Was she really that good of an actress?

“Ana, wake up!” Marie said snapping her fingers in my face. “Where’d you go?”  
“I’m not going to tell Michael about Cameron yet, girls.”  
“WHY NOT?” Jasmine asked.

“He’s already dealing with his own drama right now with Lisa Marie and Gerwin. I don’t want to overload him with my problems too.”

“Ana, you need to tell him.” Marie said. “If he finds out some other way—“  
“He’s NOT going to find out unless you two open your mouths and tell him.”

“We won’t say a word.” Jasmine said. “But it’s really not a good idea to keep something like this from your fiancé.”  
“It won’t be a secret forever. Besides, what he doesn’t know can’t and won’t hurt him.”

***NEXTSPACE CONFERENCE CENTER***

***CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA***

“Good evening, gentlemen.” Michael’s friend and longtime attorney John Branca said as his two most prolific clients entered the grand conference room. “Welcome back from Europe. Congratulations on such a worldly successful tour, Michael.”  
“Thank you, John.” Michael replied trying to hide his flushed cheeks.

Two other lawyers representing the defendants were also seated at the large round conference table surrounded by laptops, briefcases and several legal documents. Both men nodded their heads as they took their seats beside their fellow respective attorneys.

“If we could get started.” One of the defense attorneys said. “Why don’t we all begin by stating our names?”  
“Not yet, councilor.” John said raising his voice to the opposing party. “As you can see, the mediator has not yet arrived.”

“Mr. Branca, this is just a briefing. The arbitration is still two weeks away. I do not understand why we needed a mediator present at this time.”  
“I beg to differ.” Waleed said. “He should be here any minute.”

Michael looked at the two defense attorneys and stared sharp daggers into their eyes. How could they both sit across from him and try to defend two people who were, in Michael’s eyes, criminals? All parties were informed prior to the meeting not to speak directly to each other until the mediator arrived. Michael closed his eyes and thought of his fiancé and his reward of being with her once his agonizing meeting came to an end. He smiled at the thought of seeing his significant other in just a matter of hours. The woman of his dreams. The beloved lady in his life. His soon to be lawfully wedded wife.

“Good evening all.” A short, dark haired man said as he closed the conference room door behind him. “My name is Rick Ellis and I will be your mediator throughout this entire procedure. If you could all please state your full names for legal documentation purposes, please?”

Once all of the names were stated and documented, John began to explain the horrific events that took place during Michael’s tour in Germany to everyone in the room. Not wanting to disclose too much personal information before the actual hearing took place, he also added that Michael and Lisa Marie have been divorced for some time now yet she still refuses to stop chasing after her ex-husband. Brian, the defense attorney representing Michael’s ex-wife stood up in anger and attempted to defend his client. After a long and hard discussion, both parties presented their cases very strongly ending with Gerwin’s attorney, Carl suggesting both clients be granted a plea bargain since they were both first time offenders.

“After seeing numerous amounts of evidence and hearing statements from both parties, I have reached a decision…” Rick said as he gazed at all the documents and photographs presented to him.

Michael and Waleed narrowed their eyes in worry. This was their moment of truth.

“In light of all the evidence and information presented here today, I have come up with a fair conclusion as well as a suggestion for all parties involved…”

“Mr. Ellis, with all due respect sir, I really think you should allow for more time and thought towards this case so that you may—“  
“I have been working with the law for more than ten years now, Mr. Williams.” Rick said looking directly at Carl, Gerwin’s attorney. “I do not need someone to suggest what I require in order to do my job correctly.”

“I apologize.” Carl said as he put his head down in shame.   
“Although I am not a judge in this case or a prosecutor – but as a legal US Official representative for the city of the Los Angeles, I do believe beyond a reasonable doubt that every honorable judge in this country will rule in favor of Mr. Jackson.”

Michael and Waleed sighed deeply. Both men shook hands and smiled thinking justice would finally be served.

“However…”

Carl and Brian both cleared their throats.

“Taking such a miniscule case to court could take several months or even years. Therefore, I have a resolution that can and definitely will clear this entire matter effectively for both parties involved which will, in turn, allow this entire turmoil to end in a civilized and dignified manner.”

“What are you suggesting, councilor?” Waleed asked.

“Mr. Jackson, I strongly encourage you to settle this case out of court.”  
“Absolutely not!” Michael said shaking his head.

“Mike—“  
“Forget it! I did that once before. I will not just accept money for what they did and allow them to walk away freely.”

“Mr. Jackson, I understand your concern about wanting to have a trial. However, I urge you to negotiate your terms with Mr. Branca and the defense attorneys present here today. As a legal representative, I can assure you that this is your best option. With your tour coming to an end and your name being tarnished on a daily basis, I see this as an opportunity for you to put this difficulty to rest so that you may continue to focus on your career goals once again.”

“I agree with him.” Waleed whispered under his breath. “This will save us all a ton of time, money, embarrassment and unnecessary scandal. If we accept their plea bargain, they could still do time and pay for all of the emotional and physical damages those two felons caused you and Diana in Europe.”

“Is it necessary to agree at this point in time, councilor?” Brian asked.

“Your arbitration with the defendants has been confirmed and is scheduled in two weeks. I will place a memo indicting that both parties will have their decisions ready by then. Good evening, gentleman.”

Rick stood up and left the room. Michael and Waleed shook hands with John who told his clients that their briefing went very well making the next round much easier for the glorious Pop star. With Brian and Carl giving him the evil eye, Michael and Waleed both wanted to put them in their places but knew they weren’t allowed to since everything could and most likely would be used against them. Both defense attorneys simply exited the room without saying a word. Michael and Waleed both had a quick follow up chat with John on their way out with John saying he would be in touch with the two of them again before their arbitration.

Michael sighed as he and Waleed got inside their large black SUV. Michael’s driver handed him a black surgical mask to cover his face along with a thick black overcoat to hide himself from the media and any fans that may have followed them. Waleed was driven to his hotel first and told his business partner to rest and that he’d call him in the morning. Michael shook his hand and watched him leave before his driver pulled out of the hotel parking lot and headed straight to Neverland. The King of Pop did his best to hold back tears as he glanced at his new driver from the rear view mirror. He couldn’t help but remember his most loyal and lifelong driver and friend – Chris. Michael smiled as he looked down and giggled to himself. In that moment, he prayed that wherever his previous driver and friend was, he was happy and safe.

The girls were enjoying themselves at Jasmine’s house eating popcorn, painting their nails and giving each other facials. Jasmine French braided Diana’s hair and Marie put curlers in hers. After fully pampering themselves and eating two large bowls of popcorn, the girls had officially ended their days of European fun.

“I am SO going to miss Paris!” Jasmine said looking at Marie’s picture of the Eiffel Tower. “Ana, you are one lucky woman!”

“Stop it.” I said trying to hide my rosy cheeks. “I wasn’t expecting him to do what he did there.”

“But you loved it!” Marie added tickling me gently. “Look at those two gigantic rocks he gave you!”

I looked down at my hands and smiled brightly. I still couldn’t believe that Michael Jackson was just months away from being my husband. After everything we all experienced in Europe, it still felt like a dream. A dream that seemed completely unrealistic. Jasmine heard my phone ring in my purse and handed it to me. After seeing Michael’s number, I excused myself and went into the kitchen to speak to my fiancé in private.

“Hi, baby. How was the meeting?”  
“It went well. How are you?”  
“Good. You’re home now?”  
“Yes. Come over.”  
“I’d love to but I feel bad about ditching the girls.”  
“You’ve spent hours with them, Diana.”  
“I know. But I can’t just leave. It’d be rude.”  
“Bring them along.”

“Are you serious?”  
“Of course. There are plenty of things for them to do here. I know Marie will definitely have a blast.”  
“I don’t know, Michael. I mean the press is already talking about you--”  
“You really think I care about what they say? It’s not as if they will ever stop talking about me.”

“I guess you’re right. I’ll ask the girls.”  
“I have a feeling they won’t say no.”  
“Well, DUH.”

Michael laughed as I went to the living room to tell his two favorite fans the good news.

“Michael has invited us to Neverland. Do you two want to go?”  
“HELL TO THE YEAH!” Jasmine yelled as she stood up from her couch.

“I’VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO THERE!” Marie yelled jumping up and down on Jasmine’s couch like a 4 year old.

“Give me the phone!” Jasmine said grabbing my cell from my hands.

“Michael, will Bubbles be there?!”  
“Of course.”  
“CAN WE MEET HIM?” Marie yelled from the couch.

“Tell her yes.”  
“Michael said yes!”

Suddenly, the two of them started bombarding my future husband with millions of questions.

“CAN WE WATCH A MOVIE IN THE THEATRE?”

“CAN WE EAT LOTS OF CANDY AND SNOW CONES?”

“CAN I GO ON THE FERRIS WHEEL?”  
“CAN WE RIDE THE HORSES?”

“GIRLS!” I yelled snatching my phone back from their hands. “The man just got home from a five month tour in Europe yesterday! CHILL OUT!”

Michael giggled cutely as he heard his fiancé take charge of her two employees and best friends.

“Sorry, baby. These two will never stop misbehaving when it comes to you.”  
“It’s ok. I love it when they act that way.”  
“That’s because you don’t have to see or hear it every day.”  
“Be nice to my fans, Diana.”  
“Yeah, yeah. So, what time should we be there?”  
“Do you want me to send Javon to pick you three up?”  
“Javon?”  
“My new driver.”  
“Oh, gosh. I completely forgot. Awww, Chris…”  
“I know. I was thinking of him earlier today.”  
“Have you heard from him?”  
“Not yet but I’m sure he’s fine in Germany.”

“I bet he’s having a blast. You can send your new driver to get us if it’s not too much trouble.”

“Stay with me tonight?”

“I don’t think I can. I have so many things to take care of.”  
“Please? I need you.”  
“Me too. But I—“  
“I miss your galaxy, Diana.”  
“NO, MICHAEL!”

“WHAT? WHAT?” Jasmine asked being her curious self again.

“NOTHING, JASMINE!”

“I need to invade you…”  
“I’ll see you soon.”  
“I really hope you lose an earring when you get here.”  
“GOODBYE, MICHAEL.”

“Marry me, Diana.”  
“You know I will.”  
“Soon?”  
“In a few years.”  
“WHAT?!”

“I’m kidding. I’ll see you later.”  
“You will be punished for that.”  
“I’m looking forward to it.”  
“I love you.”  
“I love you too.”

The girls screamed their goodbyes to Michael as I hung up the phone and watched them scurry into Jasmine’s room to make themselves look presentable. I told them Javon was Michael’s new driver and he was on his way to get us but they were too engrossed in themselves to care. I snickered and rolled my eyes seeing the two of them go crazy about going to Michael’s enchanted home. It was refreshing to see that even after all this time, Jasmine and Marie still acted like typical fans every time Michael’s name was mentioned to the two of them.

**CAPITAL RECORDS**

**7PM**

“I got your background checks, Cam.”  
“Fax them to me immediately.”  
“Already on their way.”  
“Great - how did your meeting go?”  
“It was ok. A complete twist of fate though.”  
“What do you mean?”  
“I can’t discuss the details but it’s a massive name.”  
“Someone famous?”  
“You could say that.”  
“Well, I’m sure you’re used to it. Thanks for the info.”

“Anytime.”

Cameron stayed late at his office knowing he would receive what he requested from his acquaintance who also happened to be Michael’s legal representative. Unknown to Diana, Cameron had connections all over the US and could easily get his hands on anything he wanted – including background checks from every person she associated with. The grey eyed CEO glanced at his fax machine as it delivered the pertinent data he waited all day to receive. He smiled deviously as he read the names of the two people he wanted to know more about. The two people Diana loved the most, aside from her future husband. The two people that knew his competition better than anyone:

***“MARIE ANN HARPER”***

***“JASMINE CHRISTINA AVERSON”***