Chapter Ten

*The Ember Ignites*

“Is that so?” I asked Cameron as he continued driving down the highway.

“Yes.” He said giving me a wink and a smile. “You’re a riddle, Ms. Dean.”
“ME?”
“Absolutely. A beautiful woman who is puzzling.”
“That’s definitely my fiancé.”
“Michael is more of an enigma.” Cameron replied taking a left turn at a busy intersection. “Mysterious and difficult to understand at times.”
“You’re a very perceptive man, Mr. Garivey.”
“Certainly.” He replied. “I strive for excellence in all things, Ms. Dean.”

It was apparent that the handsome CEO was definitely charming. His smile was devious yet adorable enough to seem childlike. His shimmering grey eyes resembled shooting stars flying across a dark night sky and his voice alone could make anyone fall over. Jasmine was right – Cameron WAS a ladies man.

“So tell me about this Diana Dean.” Madonna asked as she and Michael made themselves comfortable on his leather couch with coffee and tea biscuits.
“What do you want to know?”
“Everything. Don’t leave out a single detail.”

Michael explained his entire love story to his estranged friend and briefed her about the current difficulties in their relationship. The female Pop star told the Gloved One that arguments were healthy in any relationship and also helps pave the way to making bonds stronger. Not wanting to get emotional in front of his guest, Michael changed the subject and giggled to himself as he remembered something from the past that he and Madonna once talked about a few years ago when they attended the 1991 Academy Awards together.

“Oh my god.” She replied rolling her eyes and sipping her hot beverage. “I still can’t believe we made so many damn headlines that night. It really wasn’t that big of a deal.”
“It was to the media, just like everything else I say or do.” Michael replied as he nibbled on a tea biscuit. “That was a very interesting evening. I’m glad I went with you.”
“I’m glad you did too.”

The two companions talked for what seemed like hours about the past, present and future. Madonna was on the verge of releasing a new album called “Ray of Light” and Michael discussed his plans for creating new material in the studio and possibly switching to a new record label as a way of turning over a new leaf and starting fresh in his life. The Pop star loved being reacquainted with his former friend and happily invited her to his upcoming wedding. The ‘True Blue’ singer was flattered and graciously accepted Michael’s request for her presence on his day of nuptials. It was evident that Diana was not on Michael’s mind any more or less than Michael was on Diana’s. Distance was definitely starting to become an issue and it surely wouldn’t take long for something or someone to have enough room to wedge themselves between the beautiful CEO and her Pop star fiancé.

“I’m bored, Jas.” Marie said as she and Jasmine were at Marie’s condo 90 minutes away from Neverland. “Michael and Diana are both busy and we have no lives without them.”
“Tell me about it.” Jasmine said stuffing her face with caramel popcorn and peanuts. “The guys have gone camping again and I’m going to be alone for the next week or two.”
“Let’s go spy on them!” Marie said excitedly.

“Are you crazy? Ana will kill us both!”
“She won’t know if we do it right.” Marie explained. “Diana is out with that fancy CEO guy and Michael is having ‘a friend’ over that we know nothing about. Aren’t you the least bit curious?”
“Of course I am.” Jasmine replied. “But it’s not nice to pry on people, M.”
“Since when do YOU care about prying?” Marie asked. “It was your idea to spy on Michael and Diana in Europe through the keyhole.”
“I know but that was different. Michael’s hot as hell and no one really knows about his romantic style. I just wanted to know what type of person he is in the love making department. Now that I know, the thrill is gone.”
“Jas…” Marie saying trying to outsmart her best friend. “You think Cameron is hot too. He’s with Diana right now and Michael is at Neverland with another person ALONE. Don’t you want to know what Mr. CEO’S is like?”
“Diana is engaged and six months pregnant, Marie. She wouldn’t dare to anything stupid and especially not with someone like Cameron Garivey.”
“Don’t you mean Mr. Ladies’ man?”

Jasmine gasped. She knew her best friend would never betray her fiancé but couldn’t help but wonder if Cameron would be stupid enough to make a move on his career equal.

“You go to Neverland. I’ll find Diana.” Jasmine said getting up from Marie’s chaise sofa.

“WAIT!” Marie yelled. “We don’t even know where they went!”
“Oh, trust me. I’ll find them.” Jasmine explained. “Knowing Cameron, he’s going to try and impress Diana by wining and dining her at some fancy ass restaurant downtown. We both know what his car looks like. I’ll won’t take me long to track them down. Keep me posted on Michael.” She said before opening the front door.
“Roger that!” Marie replied as she grabbed her coat and purse and headed out locking the door behind her.

**HAVENHURST**

“I don’t like where this is going, Katie.” Joseph said as he sipped his brandy in front of his wife. “That bitch is up to something and I’m going to find out what it is before that thing she calls Michael’s baby is born.”
“Joseph…” Katherine said gently. “Why can’t you just be happy for Michael? He’s finally found happiness.”
“The only thing that boy has found is another way to be an idiot.”

“Diana is a very sweet person. Why won’t you just give her a chance?”
“A woman like that has no business being with someone like Michael.”
“What does that mean?” Katherine asked shocked. “He is your son, Joseph.”
“Don’t remind me of things I already know, Kate.”

“Joseph, you really need to ease up.” Michael’s brother Jermaine said as he came into the room with his 16 month old son, Jaafar Jeremiah Jackson. “Michael is really happy this time. I think we owe it to him to lend our support and be thankful he is no longer alone.”

“Stay out of this.” Joe said giving his fourth child the evil eye. “And get that kid out of here. He doesn’t need to see or hear grown folks talk.”

Jermaine shook his head as he and little Jaafar left the room. Katherine stood in awe not knowing what to say or do about her husband’s shallow attitude. Wanting to change the mood in the room, she sat on her couch and turned on the TV. To hers and Joseph’s surprise, live coverage of Diana and Cameron’s dinner date was making headlines on every channel.

“Who is that guy?” Katherine asked. “Why is she out with another man in public like that?”
“I KNEW IT!” Joseph yelled as he angrily threw his empty snifter glass across the room shattering it into small pieces. “SHE IS UP TO SOMETHING. WHERE IS MICHAEL?”

“JOE!” Katherine yelled standing up from the couch. “Where are you going?”
“To get some air.” He said on his way out the front door. “Tomorrow I’m going to pay that son of yours a little visit.”

Katherine stood by the door and watched her husband jump into his car and drive away with tear filled eyes. She had no idea what was going on but feared that Michael and Diana were having problems. Not wanting to jump to conclusions, she considered calling her future daughter in law but knew she would obviously be too busy to answer her call. Feeling confused and concerned for her child, Katherine knew she was helpless in that moment and went back to the living room and sat on the couch praying to God that everything was alright and nothing was as bad as it seemed.

“This is so beautiful.” I said looking at the glamorously decorated venue filled with elaborate paintings, glass sculptures, water fountains and multi colored lights. “I’ve never seen a restaurant like this before.”
“I’m glad.” Cameron said as removed my black lace shawl from my shoulders and pulled my chair out. “A fine lady always deserves the finest things in life.”
“Quite the charmer, Cameron.”
“I do my best.” He said with a wink as he sat in his seat across from me. “I know that alcohol is out of the question so no wine for us tonight. How about sparkling cider?”
“That sounds lovely.”

“MS. DEAN! MS. DEAN!” Several reporters yelled as they tried taking photos of Cameron and I together.

“WHY ARE YOU HERE WITH MR. GARIVEY?”

“WHERE IS MICHAEL?”

“ARE YOU TWO HAVING PRE MARITAL PROBLEMS?”

“IS IT TRUE THAT YOU LOST THE BABY, MS. DEAN?”

“LEAVE HER ALONE!” Cameron yelled standing up from the table. “Ms. Dean and I are entitled to our privacy like every other human being.”

As he sat back down, Cameron shook his head and a few large bodyguards came to our table and escorted the reporters and paparazzi away from our table. The restaurant manager personally came to our table and apologized repeatedly for the unexpected annoyance and assured us he had no idea our dinner would turn into a three ring circus. Cameron politely accepted his apology and told him it was no problem and ordered two glasses of cider in fluted champagne glasses. His power surprised me. It was obvious that wherever Cameron went, bodyguards and chaos always followed him. As I gazed around the room, I could tell the handsome CEO’S eyes were glued to me. Not wanting the moment to be any more awkward than it was, I glanced in his direction and smiled wondering what he was staring at.

“What?”

“You look beautiful.”
“Thank you. You’re too kind.”

“Shall we order?” Cameron asked handing me a large, black vinyl encased menu containing hundreds of deliciously mouthwatering items.

“I don’t want anything too big.” I said browsing the menu. “Maybe just a salad.”
“Are you sure?”
“Yes. I don’t know what types of foods this kid likes and the last thing I need is to get sick and give those reporters outside another story to write about.”
“Understood.” Cameron said as a young Italian waiter named Antonio came to our table with our cider and two glasses of ice water with lemon wedges placed on the rim. “So, let’s talk business.”
“Let’s do.”

As we both sipped our drinks, Cameron and I discussed every aspect known to man about merging our businesses together. The outcome we were expecting, the rise in profits, the increase of productivity and a chance to open the doors of our business to a whole new market. Antonio returned a few minutes later with his small writing pad and Cameron kindly ordered both of our meals and waited until the young man left before continuing our conversation.

“Diana, I think our waiter likes you.”
“Why do you say that?”
“He gave you two lemon wedges and I only got one.”

I laughed as I looked down at our glasses confirming Cameron was right.

“Would you like another one?”
“No. I just wanted to see that beautiful smile again.”
“You flatter me. Now, back to business…”

“Marie, I found them!”

“How? Where?”
“Well, the gazillion reporters and media people outside the restaurant was a big help. Are you at Neverland?”
“Yeah, but I can’t see a thing. I can’t go to the gate because Javon will see me on the cameras and tell Michael that it’s me and he’ll know I’m spying on him.”
“See any cars or anything?”
“Nope.”
“Well, just wait outside the gate then. It’s getting late. Whoever it is will surely be leaving soon.”
“Roger that. What’s Ana doing?”
“Having a blast with Mr. hottie.”
“Maybe we should just meet back at your place, Jas.”
“Forget that!” Jasmine said. “I want in on the action.”
“There is NO action, Jas.”

“There will be eventually. Cameron never wants anything for nothing in return. I’ll bet my TSG salary that he’s trying to get in Diana’s pants.”

“You’re being ridiculous.”
“Am I?”
“YES! NOW GET BACK HOME.”

“Marie, you’re too young and naïve to understand these things.”

“I am NOT!”

“I’ll keep you posted and you do the same.”
“Jas, I really don’t—“

Jasmine hung up and went back to peering through the restaurant window from across the street in her car. She pulled out her binoculars and tried to catch a good view of her best friend and her dinner ‘date’ but they were seated in a somewhat private and secluded area of the restaurant. Wanting to see more, Jasmine got out of her car and tried to move in closer without anyone noticing hoping that people would think she was just another reporter trying to get a story out of them.

“I can’t believe how late it is.” Madonna said looking at her watch. “I really should be going.”
“What time is it?”
“11:30.”
“Oh, boy.” Michael said. “We’ve been talking for almost four hours.”
“It seems like it’s only been ten minutes.”
“I know. Will you visit me again?”
“Of course. But this time, Diana has to be here too.”
“I’ll make sure she is.”
“It was good seeing you again after all these years, Michael.”
“You too.”
“Goodnight.”
“Goodnight, Dita.”

The female Pop star laughed and rolled her eyes again.

“You love calling me that, don’t you?”
“It’s sexy.”
“Just like you.”
“Stop it.”
“You know it’s true.”
“I don’t actually.”
“I’m sure Diana tells you that all the time.”
“She does, but in my opinion she’s the sexy one.”
“Based on the photos I’ve seen, I must say I agree with you.”
“You would. Dita is a freak.”
“So is the King of Pop.”
“I AM?”

“Isn’t that what the world calls you?”

Michael laughed.

“I guess that’s something Dita and I have in common.”
“I suppose but Dita is also a woman who chooses her circle very carefully.”
“I must be special then.”
“Of course you are. She liked you which is how you came to know that she exists.”

“I’m glad to know her. She’s wonderful.”
“All freaks are, Michael.”

He laughed as the two of them stood from the couch and made their way into the foyer. Madonna took one last sip of her coffee and left a small, folded piece of white paper underneath the coffee tray unknown to Michael and left to join him near the front door.

Just as Marie was about to leave the outside of Michael’s property, her cell phone rang. Thinking it was Jasmine again, she kept her eye on the main entrance gate but stayed as far as possible so that Michael’s gatekeepers would not see her.

“What now?”
“Hi to you too.”
“MAC?”

“Yes, Rie Rie it’s me.”

Marie accidentally screamed in excitement alerting Michael’s gatekeepers. Not wanting to be seen, she ran across the dirt road away from view hoping no one would follow and catch her spying. She sat on a large rock on a gravel path and smiled brightly hearing her distant friend’s voice.

“How are you Mac?”
“I’m alright. How are things in LA?”
“Same old.”
“Why do you sound so far away?”
“I’m outside.”
“Where’s Mike? I’ve been trying to reach him all night.”
“Um…he’s….busy.”
“Doing what?”
“Probably writing new material.”

“At this hour?”
“This is Michael Jackson we’re talking about. The man doesn’t exactly have a fixed schedule.”
“You’re so right.”

The two of them caught up on things and reminisced about their time at Neverland. Knowing she couldn’t let her guard down, Marie tried her hardest to stay strong and keep their conversation as platonic as possible without revealing her true hurt inside. At the same time, Mac was no stranger to his new friend’s feelings and knew within seconds that something just wasn’t right.

“What’s on your mind Marie?”
“Not a whole lot.”
“Why are you being like this?”
“Like what?”
“You seem like you’re lost in space.”
“I guess I am.”
“I don’t like this side of you.”
“There isn’t anything I can do about that.”
“I don’t know who you are but when my friend gets back from her trip to space, have her call me.”
“I’ll be sure to give her the message IF she ever gets back.”

Marie then hung up and noticed a black vehicle with tinted windows leave through Michael’s entrance gate. She ran down the gravel path as fast as she could hoping to catch a glimpse of her idol’s secret guest. By the time she came near the gate, the car sped off leaving Neverland and Marie was left standing alone wondering who the person was and why Michael would want to keep her a secret. Not wanting to risk being seen, Marie quickly jumped in her car and drove home. She and Jasmine were due back at the magical home in the morning for breakfast and Marie knew she would definitely hear about Michael and Diana’s evening apart in a matter of hours.

Michael watched his friend leave his property then closed the main door and headed upstairs to his room. He knew his staff would be awake early in the morning and ready to start their daily duties so he left the coffee cups in the living room for them to pick up. Upon entering his bedroom, Michael changed his clothing and went to bed with nothing but thoughts of his fiancé being in public with another man on his mind. He repeatedly tossed and turned in his beautiful oversized wooden sleigh bed trying not to let his imagination get the best of him about his beautiful bride but couldn’t shake his feelings of uncertainty.

As a last resort, he sighed deeply as he turned to his right side and pulled out a small prescription bottle from the bottom drawer of his nightstand. Unknown to anyone, Michael still had various medications within his reach that he secretly kept hidden and away from everyone in his life. He opened the bottle and slipped two pills in his mouth swallowing them whole without drinking any water. He then closed the vial and hid it in his drawer again before closing his eyes and finally drifting away to sleep.

“This was a wonderful idea.” I said wiping the sides of my mouth with my white cloth napkin. “Thank you so much for this evening, Cameron.”
“My pleasure, Diana.” He replied drinking his cider. “I assume we will be doing this again sometime?”
“Perhaps in the near future.”
“There is one more issue that we have not discussed yet.”
“I knew that was coming.”
“Did you?”
“Of course. I mean, we’ve discussed everything about your side of the merge but not mine.”
“Right you are, Ms. Dean.”
“I’ve wanted to talk about that part as well.” I explained. “I’m still indecisive about this whole thing. I would appreciate it if you could give me more time to look things over before I give you TSG’S financial reports and classified information.”

Cameron sighed deeply. His patience was running thin. On the outside, he kept a straight face and smiled at the woman he admired but on the inside, his body was raging and he desperately wanted things to move to the next level already.

“If you insist, Diana. Take all the time you need.”
“Thank you for understanding.”
“But I must warn you, the title to Capital Records is sitting in escrow as we speak.”
“I wasn’t aware of that. You seemed to have moved on this quite quickly.”
“Once again, I strive for excellence, Ms. Dean.”

“Point well noted Mr. Garivey.”

“No pressure Diana, but the clock is definitely ticking.”

“I realize that. If you are okay with waiting, I should have an answer for you within the next 90 days.”
“Should?” Cameron asked raising his brow.

“Yes. My goal is to fully educate myself on Capital Records inside and out within the next two months. Once completed and if I decide to proceed further, I will gladly hand over all of TSG’s reports for you to review and analyze. If we both come to an agreement at that point in time, we shall remove your title from escrow and join forces.”

“I like the way you think, Diana.”
“Thank you.”
“They definitely knew what they were saying when they called you the greatest CEO in history.”
“Indeed they did, Mr. Garivey.”

“Now that business is all settled…” Cameron said as Antonio came to our table to clear our plates. “Would you like some dessert?”
“As much as I love sweets, I have to say no.”
“Cupcake?”

I gasped.

“How did you know about that?”
“I was referring to the dessert menu, Diana.”
“Oh, jeez I’m sorry.”

Cameron laughed. I shook my head in embarrassment and looked down at the dessert menu feeling like a complete fool. Cameron was starting to have an effect on me – one that no man has ever had before, including Michael.

“I have to pass.” I said handing him back the menu. “It’s getting late and Michael must be really worried about me.”
“And yet he hasn’t called you once tonight?”
“He’s a very busy man, Cameron.” I explained. “Michael is all about music, dancing and making the world a better place. When he goes into that mind of his, there is no coming out until he wants to.”

“I didn’t mean to comment about your personal life.” Cameron said. “Are you sure you don’t want anything else?”
“Positive. But I do have a question for you before we leave.”

“Do you, now?”
“Yes.”
“You are free to ask me anything you wish, Diana.”
“What is your secret Cameron?”

The handsome CEO snickered to himself as ran his thumb across the bottom of his lower lip.

“Diana, now is not the time for that.”
“I’m curious – you said in the car that we both have secrets.”
“We do.”
“How do you know that?”
“I’m a very smart man, Ms. Dean.” Cameron explained. “I’m no mind reader, but it’s painfully obvious that you have something hidden from the world and you would rather die than have it revealed.”

I narrowed my eyes at him. Clearly this wasn’t going the way I was expecting it to.

“When we first met, you told me you had your eye on TSG since day one. Why is that?”
“You were my biggest competitor.” Cameron explained. “You came in and broke all of my records and set the bar so high for myself and others that I had to know what was so special about you.”
“Is that the only reason?”
“It might be.”
“Why do I get the feeling you’re not telling me the whole truth?”
“Verity is not something that is granted to everyone, Ms. Dean.”

“Apparently not, Mr. Garivey. But I would really like to know what it is you think you know about me and what it is you are hiding from the world.”
“In time, Diana.” Cameron said with a wink. “In time.”

“Jas!” Marie yelled as she answered her phone.

“Marie, where are you?”
“At home. I’ve been waiting for you to call me back. Are those two still at the restaurant?”
“Yeah and it seems like things are heating up.”
“WHAT? HOW?”

“Diana looks REALLY tense. I can tell she’s nervous about something.”
“Well who wouldn’t be in the presence of a guy like that.”

“Did you find out anything?”
“Nope. Mac called me and I got distracted. Whoever showed up at Neverland left in a black unmarked car with tinted windows and sped out of there like they were on fire.”
“Well, I’m sure Michael will tell us who she was tomorrow.”

“Probably. Are you going home?”
“Hell no. Not until these two leave the restaurant.”
“Well, I’m going to bed. See you at Neverland in the morning.”
“Goodnight Marie.”

“You really have no reason to be nervous.” Cameron said as he took sips from his ice water.
“Why would I be?”
“I can see and tell that you are.”
“How so?”
“Your voice has changed, your eyes shifted just now and your entire aura is dripping with anxiety.”
“I’m fine, Cameron. Being pregnant has that effect on me.”
“Understandable.” He replied as Antonio came back to our table with after dinner mints.

“Why didn’t he give us our bill?”
“It’s already been taken care of.”
“How?”
“Erica gave the manager my payment information over the phone when she made the reservation.”
“Smart man.”
“I am indeed, Diana.”

“Shall we go?”

“If we must. But I have to admit I do love your company, Ms. Dean.”
“The feeling is mutual, Mr. Garivey.”
“We must do this again.”
“I don’t see why not.”

Cameron smiled as he stood up and helped me with my shawl again. As I turned to reach for my black and silver beaded clutch purse from the table, Cameron also reached for it at the same time as a courtesy and our hands touched with his on top of mine. For a nanosecond, it seemed as if we were both frozen in time and no one was in the room but us.

“I’m sorry.” He said removing his hand from mine. “I was just trying to get that for you.”
“It’s alright. No harm done.”

“I will bring the car around for you.”
“I can walk with you, Cameron.”
“Absolutely not.” He said pulling his keys out of his black dress pant pocket. “There is no need for you to walk any more than you have to. At least not when I’m around.”
“Are you trying to persuade me, Mr. Garivey?”
“Would you like that, Ms. Dean?”

I laughed. Cameron’s flirtatious behavior intrigued me. I had never experienced such wooing from any man in my entire life. Michael was certainly not like Cameron due to his shy nature. But after meeting Cameron and being out in public with him, the unknown frozen ember hidden underneath my love for the King of Pop had suddenly began to ignite and I owed it all to the CEO and President of Capital Records.

“Please wait here.” Cameron said as he and I walked to the front entrance of the restaurant. “I’ll do my best to get rid of those annoying reporters for you.”
“Thank you very much.”

Cameron’s security stood by him as he went outside and mauled his way through the unstoppable paparazzi. I checked my cell phone for any missed calls and to no surprise, there weren’t any. The fact that it was past midnight and Michael hadn’t called me once made me feel like I wasn’t as important to him as his unknown guest.

“Have a wonderful evening.” Antonio said as he walked by me. “And please thank Mr. Garivey for me.”
“For what?”
“My more than generous $400 tip.”

My eyes widened when I heard the amount. Surprisingly, Antonio’s tip WAS generous – so generous that it was obviously much higher than the entire bill itself. I didn’t want to question Cameron since the amount was not my business but couldn’t help but wonder why he was such a lavish spender. A few minutes later, Cameron’s guards drove up to the front of the venue in their black SUV’s with their employer right behind them. He jumped out of the driver seat and opened the passenger door for me waiting patiently until I sat inside and was perfectly comfortable with my seat belt fastened.

“You are too kind.” I said as he came back to his side and drove out of the parking lot.

“It’s my pleasure, Diana.” He replied as he headed onto the freeway heading back to Santa Barbara.

**AN HOUR LATER – 1:30AM**

“Diana…wake up.” Cameron said shaking me gently. “You’re home.”

I opened my eyes and noticed the main entrance gate slowly opening.

“I’m sorry I fell asleep.”
“Don’t apologize. I’m sorry for keeping you out so late.”
“It’s alright. I’m not a teenager, Cameron.”
“But you are an engaged mother to be. I do keep that in consideration.”
“Are you always like this?”
“Like what?”
“Overly greathearted?”
“That would be your fiancé, Ms. Dean.”
“I think he’s met his match.”

“OH, NO.” Cameron said as he drove his car up to the main house. “I will never be half the humanitarian Michael Jackson is.”
“He’s a very generous man indeed.”
“I’m still trying to figure out what it was about him that intrigued you.”
“I really have no idea. I was never even a fan of his.”
“Is that so?”
“Yes. My best friend Marie whom you met earlier has lived for Michael since the day she was born. Her first word was his name.”

Cameron smiled cleverly.

“Interesting…”

“Michael and I have quite a story. We’ve been through a lot together.”
“I’m sure you have. Being with someone of his status must not be easy.”
“It really isn’t but I’m sort of used to it now.”
“Don’t you miss having a normal life?”
“My life was never normal, Cameron.”
“I mean away from the center of media attention. No cameras, no photographers, no drama, no false stories. Just waking up and being able to go out in public without being harassed.”

The handsome CEO’s comment flustered me.

“I don’t even remember what that’s like anymore.”
“You can have that again, Diana…”

Cameron put his hand on mind again making my heart skip a beat.

“This new life you are going into may not be as satisfying as you think.”

Before he could continue, I stopped him hoping he would be courteous enough to let me leave without hearing the rest of what he had to say.

“I must get inside. It’s very late and I’m exhausted.”
“I just want you to be happy, Diana.”
“I appreciate that.”

“Would you like me to walk you to the door?”
“That’s not necessary.”

He then got out and opened the door for me again. I took his hand as I stepped out of his vehicle and tightly held my clutch with my other hand. He handed me a piece of paper folded in the shape of a heart with his office logo stamped at the top.

“I had a wonderful time with you, Diana.” He said kissing my cheek. “I hope we can do this again soon.”

“I would love that.”

“Goodnight.”
“Goodnight, Cameron.”

I watched as he drove away exiting Michael’s property. I rustled in my purse looking for my key when Kai opened the door helping me inside. I asked her what she was doing up so late and she informed me that Michael was asleep and she woke up to the sounds of his giraffes making noises and wanted to check and make sure they were okay. She then noticed the coffee tray sitting on the table in the living and decided to pick it up when she heard me rummaging for my keys at the door. The girls were at each other’s house and would be back in the morning to join us for breakfast. I thanked Kai for the update as she said goodnight and headed towards the living room to pick up the tray. I made myself comfortable on the couch and opened Cameron’s note:

*“I will never forget this day.*

*Fortunate is the man who spends his evenings with the world’s most beautiful CEO.*

*Sweet dreams.*

*Cameron.”*

His kind words made me tingle all over. I sighed deeply as I folded the note and put it in my purse. I then noticed a small piece of paper on the coffee table. Thinking it must’ve been placed under the silver lined coffee platter Kai had just picked up, I unfolded it and couldn’t help but feel shocked as I read the short but direct message hand written by another woman addressed to the man who was just months away from being my future husband and the father of my child:

*“I had a great time with you tonight.*

*Thank you for having me, Michael.*

*Dita.”*