**Chapter Fifteen**

*Revealing the Last Skeleton*

“You’re mistaken.” Michael said as he looked confusedly at his future sister in law. “Diana and I only have one child together.”
“It’s ME who has the boy.” Jasmine said.

“Oh, that’s right.” Ashley said. “Sorry. I got confused.”

“You’ll have to excuse Ashley.” Brad said. “She was dropped on her head a few times as a child.”

Ashley nudged her brother making Michael laugh. He and his brothers also had the same good natured ribbing and loved to poke fun at each other while growing up.

“I am EXHAUSTED.” Marie said. “Goodnight, all.”
“Need some help getting into bed Marie?” Brad asked.
“NO, THANK YOU.” Marie spat back.
“B, she’s not into you.” Jasmine said. “Besides, she deserves someone way better.”
“So does David!”
“HEY!” She yelled chasing him out of the room all the way outside.

“Welcome to your new family, Michael.” Marie joked as she said goodnight and left the room.

“You will LOVE us!” Ashley said. “We’re tons of fun to be around.”
“I can see that.” Michael said smiling brightly at his new sister in law and daughter.
“I’m off to sleepy town.” Ashley said getting up from the couch.

“I’ve put you and your brother in cottage three.” Michael explained. “Two is being used by Marie and three has a divider between each room so you and Brad will have privacy.”
“Sounds good.” Ashley said. “Thank you for letting us both stay here. Goodnight.”
“Goodnight, Ash.” I said as she kissed her niece’s nose and left the house.

“Now that everyone is gone…” Michael said. “Would you like to go upstairs?”
“What do you think?”
“I think it’s time to start making a sibling for Paris.”

Michael’s comment took me off guard. I shuttered at the thought of him not knowing the truth and he immediately sensed something was wrong.

“What is it, Diana?” He asked.

“I’m fine. Just a little tired. It’s been a really long day.”
“I know. I’m just glad you and Paris are ok.”
“Me too. Let’s take her upstairs.”

Michael gently picked up his daughter from her jumper and carried her up the stairs to her nursery with me following. As he placed her in her bassinet, Michael sang her a lullaby hoping she would stay asleep through the night bringing tears to my eyes with his amazingly profound voice and heartwarming lyrics:

*“You are the sun*

*You make me shine*

*Or more like the stars*

*That twinkle at night*

*You are the moon*

*That glows in my heart*

*You're my daytime my nighttime*

*My world*

*You are my life…”*

While asleep, Paris held onto Michael’s finger as he gently pressed his pinky inside hers. I walked up behind him and kissed his cheek wiping the tears away from his delightfully beautiful eyes.

“She loves you already.” I whispered in his ear. “That was wonderful, Michael. Is that part of your new project?”
“Yes.” He said “It’s just a small verse that I came up with when you told me you were pregnant.”
“You’ve been writing since then?”
“I never stop writing, Diana.” Michael explained. “An artist never stops his craft unless he’s lost interest in it.”
“Paris has a very smart daddy.”
“And a beautiful mommy.”

He kissed my lips then gently let go of his daughter’s tiny finger before kissing her forehead and saying goodnight. We both made sure the baby monitor was turned on before leaving the room. She was only just days old and Michael left her door open slightly thinking she would be afraid of the dark if it was fully closed.

“Baby, she’s not old enough to understand what the dark is.”
“What if she has a bad dream?”
“It’s not like she can tell us that yet.”
“But if she cries I want to be able to hear her.”
“That’s what the baby monitor is for, silly.”
“Well, I still want to leave her door open a little.”
“Daddy is funny.”
“Mommy is hot.”

“MICHAEL!”
“What?” He said giggling to himself. “It’s true.”

“It is not. I have to start losing this horrible baby fat I have now.”

“You are not fat, Diana.” Michael said as he closed his daughter’s nursery door halfway and led me to his room by the hand. “You look even more beautiful after giving birth.”
“Um, thanks…I think.”
“It’s a good thing. Believe me.”

As I slipped into my nightgown, Michael wore his red silk pajamas and watched me comb my hair while seated at my vanity.

“What is it?” I asked.
“You look gorgeous without any makeup or fancy jewelry.”
“You’re just saying that.”
“I would never lie to you, Diana.”
“Thank you, baby. That means a lot to me.”
“I still think you’re just as lovely as the first day I saw you.”

“Ok, now you’re laying it on pretty thick!” I said trying to make him laugh.

“I’m serious, Diana. You haven’t changed at all.”
“I gained over 50 pounds carrying your daughter, Michael.”
“It only shows on your belly.”

“OH MY GOD, IT DOES?!” I yelled feeling incredibly self-conscious.

“Oh, yeah you still have a bit of belly, it’s adorable!”
“MICHAEL!”

He laughed as he came towards me and kissed the top of my head.

“I’m just kidding, Liberian girl.” He whispered before kissing my cheek. “You don’t have a belly, you are just as stunning as ever and I love you very much.”
“Why are you being so nice to me? I put you through hell these past few months.”
“I knew you’d come around.” He said as he helped me get into bed. “The girls kept telling me to be strong too. We all believed you would come to your senses sooner or later.”
“I’m sorry for hurting you, Michael. Please forgive me.”
“You only forgive the ones that have wronged you, Diana.”
“Didn’t I?”

Michael shook his head no and placed me on top of him.

“You’re here with me now. That’s all I need and care about.”
“Are you sure you’re not too tired to make love?”
“Diana?”
“Yes, baby?”
“I haven’t touched, kissed, hugged or shared the same bed as you in three months. Do you REALLY think I’m too tired right now?”

I laughed as I pulled down both of my nightgown straps.

“What are you waiting for then?”

Michael adoringly bit his bottom lip and winked at me instantly turning me on. As he slid my nightgown all the way up from the top of my head, I unbuttoned his silk shirt and he gladly removed his lower clothing. Making love after three months without an extra 50 pounds weighing me down definitely excited me. Michael nibbled on my neck and worked his way down to my chest and torso leaving a trail of wet kisses behind. His hands began to travel as did mine and we both moaned excitedly.

He reached down and parted my legs circling what was in between with his large and lovely right thumb. His physical contact against my wanting body felt incredibly surreal. All I could do in that moment was surrender to his every demand. He then took his free hand and fondled my breasts one at a time playing with each nipple as they hardened against his warm touch. Wanting to move things further, I reached down and touched his manhood wanting him to feel the same amount of pleasure that he was bestowing upon me.

“Ohhh…Diana….” Michael whispered in my ear. “You haven’t touched me in so long.”
“I know, baby. I’m sorry.”
“Don’t apologize and please, please don’t stop.” He replied taking my left cheek into his mouth and biting it gently. “I’ve missed you so much, girl.”
“I’ve missed you too. I promise I won’t ever deny you again.”
“I love you so much.”
“I love you too, Michael.”

He pulled me towards the edge of the bed and sat on his knees against the floor. His beautiful smile widened as he quickly spread me open.

“MICHAEL!” I yelled. “Don’t do that.”
“Why not?” He asked winking at me.
“I just gave birth!”
“You think I give a shit?” He asked making me laugh out loud.

“Michael, that’s gross.”
“Not for me. Now be quiet!”

“But, baby, that’s –OOOOH!” I yelled as he placed his wet, slithery tongue in between my open and now drenched slit.

“OH MY GOD!” I yelled clutching the silk ebony sheets beneath me. “Don’t stop, baby. That feels SOOOOO GOOOOD!”

He placed his left hand on my right thigh keeping it away from his face as he continued working his mouth on me. Each and every brush with his jaw felt more blissful than the last. I put my hands on his divine head of hair and ran my fingers through each curl that rested perfectly against his smooth scalp. Wanting more, I pushed his head deeper and deeper into me wanting him to go further. Being the generous man he was, Michael smiled against my opening and pushed his tongue inside as far as he could making me scream into oblivion.

“AHHH, AHHH, AHHH!”

“Diana, you are so loud!” He said. “Paris will wake up.”
“I can’t help it!” I yelled. “Her daddy is driving me crazy with his incredible mouth.”
“You want more?”
“FUCK YEAH!”

He laughed to himself as he continued licking me. I squirmed in all directions against the bed as he inserted two fingers inside at the same time making me pant and wheeze. Three months was definitely a long enough wait.

“Enough, baby, I will go in your mouth.”
“MMM, I hope so.” He said as he continued.
“Michael, stop!”
“No way, girl.” He said as he continued his marvelous work. “You taste like brown sugar on my lips.”
“But, Michael I don’t want to—“
“Diana, just let it happen, please.” He said in his sexual tone. “I want you to.”
“But then we can’t—“
“We can and we will.” He said. “Now be quiet and just enjoy it.”

Not wanting to argue while in the moment, I relaxed my entire frame against the soft, flowy sheets underneath my naked body and let my future husband have his way with me. As his fingers pushed against my slippery walls, I felt Michael open his mouth wider and place my entire front anatomy in his mouth.

“Oh my god, you are crazy!” I said.

“Diana, I am so hard for you.”
“Really?” I said as his sensual words turned me on even more. “What does it feel like?”
“It’s big…”

“And?”
“Wet…”
“And?”
“Throbbing…”
“And?”

“And…” Michael said before fingering me hard and fast.

“AAAAH! OH MY GOD BABY! I’M GOING TO---“
“Do it, girl.”

My body quivered as it tightened against Michael’s tongue and fingers. I twitched uncontrollably as my body eased out of its highest peak of satisfaction. Michael continued until my body regulated itself again making it known that I was ultimately finished.

“That’s my beautiful Liberian girl.” He said as he slowly made his way up towards me.

He lifted me in his arms and held me close to him placing his hand on the back of my head.

“I missed being held by you.”
“I missed it more, Diana.”
“That was amazing.”
“I’m glad. It was for me too.”
“So…how hard are you baby?”
“Why don’t you find out for yourself?”

He pushed his firmness against my stomach making me feel his fully prepared shaft. I pulled away from him and looked down seeing his massive ‘happiness’ springing free and anxious.

“Michael, you are definitely black.” I said jokingly.

“I always have been, Diana.”
“I know. It’s just too bad the media thinks otherwise.”
“They can think whatever they want about me. It’s you I make love to. Not them.”
“I can’t wait to feel you in me again.”
“Does the galaxy of Diana want to be orbited?”

“Desperately, Mr. Space Man. Invade me.”

Without another word spoken between us, Michael lay against the bed and pulled me on top of him. I quickly guided him into me and he straddled me hard in his hands and lifted me up and down repeatedly making me scream and moan with intense enjoyment and white hot pleasure.

“MMMM, Diana…..harder girl.” He said as I kept moving up and down against his pulsating member.

I felt every inch of it sliding its way in and around making me bounce up and down as if I were riding a horse. The feel of ecstasy was among us and all I wanted to do was take this wonderful man for what he was – a gorgeous, intelligent, well-endowed Black man known as Michael Jackson. I kept my eyes open and admired his sweat induced face as his curly hair clung to it tempting me to lick him from one side to the other.

I leaned down and kissed his soaked lips placing my tongue inside and curling it around his. Michael’s hands were on my behind squeezing it hard like a car horn. I moaned against his mouth wanting him more as he continued pushing himself inside me with excessive force.

“Baby, you feel amazing.” I said breaking our passion filled kiss. “I wish we could do this all night.”
“Why can’t we?” He asked giving me his signature wink.

“I don’t see why not.” I replied wanting him to finish what he started. “Let’s take this to another level so we can start over.”
“That’s my woman.” He said gently pulling me off him and laying me flat against the bed.

“I hope I don’t hurt you.” He said as he placed himself on top of me. “I know you just gave birth yesterday.”
“Don’t worry.” I said kissing his nose. “If anything, it’ll make things easier.”
“Tell me if it hurts?”
“Of course. Now please make love to me.”
“Diana, that sounds too romantic.” He said. “You know what I like to hear.”
“Fuck me hard, Moonwalker.”
“THAT’S more like it.” He said smiling brightly as he grabbed my hips and shoved himself inside me.

Constant moans and screams were all we said to each other. Michael and I made love until the sun came up taking turns exploring each other like we used to. By the time he and I were too tired to continue, every inch of our bodies had been tainted with our love. As we both panted heavily and lay in bed wanting to catch our breath, the two of us showered together and ended up making love again in every corner of the bathroom, including the toilet seat. To my amusement, Michael enjoyed playing with his ‘delicate flower’ and I enjoyed playing with his ‘hard bark’ tree. We both agreed that three months without intimacy was definitely a punishment of torture – one that we both enjoyed reaping the benefits of.

**THE NEXT DAY**

**MENS CENTRAL JAIL**

**LOS ANGELES**

While sitting in solitary confinement, the former CEO and President of Capital Records had a visitor. Someone he was not expecting to see or hear from again.

“You bloody fool. How could you let this happen? I trusted you.”
“She tricked me, Joseph.” Cameron said hoarsely through a small panel in his cell door. “She had me convinced she was on my side.”
“You couldn’t keep your sick, twisted fantasies to yourself?!” Joseph scoffed. “She gave birth and now my son is a father to her demon child because of you.”
“I’ve lost, Joseph. She has no reason to leave him now.”
“I will see to it that you rot in here for the rest of your miserable life.” Joseph said devilishly before turning his back to leave.

“Enjoy the rest of your life, Mr. Garivey. I suggest you get used to being alone and in the dark.”

**A MONTH LATER**

After a wonderful visit and knowing the wedding was still in the planning stages, Elizabeth returned to her estate in England saying she would be back again once her schedule slowed down. The twins also returned back east to prepare for their midterms and practicums. Katherine encouraged her children and grandchildren to visit their brother and uncle and his new little girl and they all came to Neverland regularly to visit – except one. Michael was heartbroken about the fact that his father never came to see or visit his new grandchild even after being born for a month.

Katherine and her other children tried their hardest to get Joseph to let go of his grudge against Diana but he refused saying Michael was not the father of her daughter and didn’t want to be anywhere near her or Paris. Signing a prenuptial agreement and getting a paternity test was something he was still adamant about but Michael was still not willing to go that far in order to gain his father’s approval, even if it meant him never seeing his father or him never seeing his granddaughter.

Upon his capture from his Malibu mansion, Cameron Trevor Garivey was immediately incarcerated and sentenced to solitary confinement until a complete legal case could be established against him which, according to John, wouldn’t take place for at least a year. Michael and his attorney made sure all of the details regarding our business deal were voided and destroyed leaving no trace of there ever being a chance for reconciliation. Thankfully, no harm was done to TSG and its reputation other than the ridiculous tabloid stories that were always being published in magazines and newspapers. Capital Records was seized by the courts and foreclosed due to Cameron’s unlawful business practice to lure Diana into a business deal solely for the purpose of his own personal gain.

Jasmine eventually told Michael about her horrific knife point experience at her home and Cameron confessed to being the one behind it. Michael was livid and made sure that John prepared their case against him in such a way that would make Cameron suffer even more for the damage caused to his fiancé’s right hand assistant. David was also informed and he visited the ex CEO in jail and told him he was better off staying behind bars because if he were ever freed, David would definitely make sure he would never see the light of day for harming his beloved wife.

The world famous record company was arranged to be given away in auction to the highest bidder but with Diana being granted $30 million dollars in reimbursement for legal fees, new business and license renewal fees, name merging fees, escrow fees as well as compensation for physical, mental and emotional trauma, she and Michael purchased the company and integrated TSG into its building, making “The Sparkling Glove” Productions the record holder for the world’s most successful music production, event coordination and record label company in history.

“Ana!” Marie said as she came down the grand staircase with Paris. “Look who’s up!”
“Come here, cutie pie!” I said as Marie placed the little bundle of joy on the couch next to me. “Did you have a good nap? Yes?”

“She’s getting bigger every day.” Michael said as he came into the living room and tickled his daughter lovingly.

“Indeed, she is!” Jasmine said as she walked into the room. “I knew Paris was the key to bringing you two together again.”
“I love her to death.” I said blowing raspberry kisses on her soft stomach. “She’s my little teeny weeny Paris pooh.”

“Oh no, not pooh.” Jasmine said. “It’s bad enough David calls me that.”
“Speaking of which, where is he these days?” Michael asked.
“Working. It’s no longer peace time. He’s got equipment to haul and an army to look after.”

“He’s a veteran just like me.” Michael said. “I admire him for his service to our country.”

“We all say the same about you, sir.” Chris said as he walked through the main entrance door.

“OH MY GOD! CHRIS!” I yelled placing Paris in her father’s arms and hugging him.

Marie and Jasmine screamed for joy and hugged Michael’s previous driver and none of us could believe he was actually standing in the same room with us.

“Surprise!” Javon said as he came through the door. “Michael asked him to visit and he finally made it back to America.”
“I’m so glad you’re here.” I said as he kissed my hand.

“So, this is the lovely little girl named after the city of love?” He asked gently taking her from Michael’s embrace.
“Yes, that’s her.” Jasmine said. “Isn’t she beautiful?”
“Well, let’s see…” Chris said gently poking her chubby cheek and tickling her stomach making her squirm slightly against him. “OO! She’s ticklish. Definitely a Jackson.”

“With a hint of Dean.” Michael said tickling me from behind making me squeal.

“Miss Diana, how are you doing?”
“I’m well. I’ve gone back to work part time, my girls are watching over me, Michael and I are doing great and he’s busy with his upcoming project. Things are slowly getting back to normal around here.”
“I’m glad to hear that.” He said rocking Paris back and forth in his arms. “This one is definitely going to be a heart breaker.”
“Like her daddy!” Marie said.
“Stop it.” He said turning all shades of red.

Kai came into the living room and said lunch was ready. Javon picked up Chris’s belongings and headed for the guest house. Michael handed his little girl to Bev for her diaper change and nap. I followed Michael’s driver and guard to the guest cottage hoping to have a moment alone with him while everyone made their way into the grand dining room.

“Javon?” I said as we both walked across the stone lined pathway. “I’ve been meaning to talk to you alone for some time.”
“What’s wrong Ms. Dean?”
“I never got a chance to thank you for saving my life.”
“Don’t worry about it.” He said as he opened the cottage house door and placed Chris’s luggage inside. “I was just doing my job.”
“Michael is very lucky to have you as his employee. You’re a very loyal man.”
“I do my best, Ms. Dean.”
“Diana. Please call me Diana.”

The large, handsome man with chestnut brown eyes laughed and blushed lightly.

“I’ll wait to call you Mrs. Jackson.”
“You’ll be waiting a while.”
“Have you two set a date yet?”
“November 14.”
“That’s only six months from now.”
“You’re right. I guess I better finish planning my own wedding with the girls.”

We both laughed as he walked me back to the house.

“I’m happy for you, Ms. Dean.” Javon said as he opened the main entrance door for me. “You and Mr. Jackson have both been to hell and back. You two deserve nothing but happiness now.”
“Thank you.” I said as he walked away smiling.

**TWO WEEKS LATER**

After Chris’s surprise visit came to an end, he said he had more plans to travel the world and would return to Los Angeles in time for the wedding. Michael had a full day of studio time that Quincy booked for him so that the two music partners could bring a few pieces of the Pop star’s new written literature to life. He also made arrangements for Michael to meet and be introduced to two new producers that had been waiting anxiously to meet the greatest entertainer of all time and assist him with his upcoming, highly anticipated project.

Marie went to the mall with Kai and Bev to buy more baby clothes while I spent quality time with my daughter. After feeding my little Jackson juniorette her organic baby food consisting of pureed carrots, peas and green beans made from scratch by Kai, I changed Paris’s diaper and put her down for a nap. Javon stayed with her wanting to watch her sleep and insisted I have some alone time.

Having the main house of Neverland all to myself was a rare treat. I sat on the couch in the living room and turned on the TV wondering what new ridiculous headlines Michael and I were making in the news. Just as I put my feet up on the coffee table and made myself comfortable, Bubbles appeared out of nowhere and jumped on the couch sitting next to me.

“Hey, buddy.” I said petting his furry head. “You’re looking sharp today. I love your sparkly vest.”

The adorable and now bigger sized chimp hollered as he saw his owner’s face on TV. The news was full of even more scandalous rumors about my future husband making Bubbles hysterical. Feeling angry by the negative press the Pop star was getting, Bubbles started to get aggressive and jumped up and down on the couch screaming in anger.

“BUBBLES, STOP!” I yelled giving him the hand signal Michael taught me to calm him down. “SIT!”

He did as he was told and whimpered with tears in his eyes as he saw Michael’s face on the news. I told the beloved chimp that his owner would always be in the news and for him to ignore it and he tucked his head under my arm trying not to cry.

“It’s ok.” I said wrapping my arm around the adorable scamp. “Michael knows it’s all garbage. We do too.”

Not wanting to see his owner be ridiculed anymore, Bubbles grabbed the remote control and switched the channel. ‘Curious George’ was on and Michael’s beloved pet screamed happily as he pushed me aside and sat right up close to the TV watching one of his favorite animated shows. I laughed seeing the adorable monkey enjoying himself eating a banana and watching his ‘family’ on the big screen. Minutes later, my cell phone rang and it was Jasmine sounding frantic and completely panicked.

“DIANA, GET TO CHILDREN’S HOSPITAL NOW!”
“What’s wrong, Jas?”
“Little man collapsed during his baseball practice.”

I left Bubbles in front of the TV and ran upstairs to the nursery. I told Javon what happened and he said he would watch Paris and gave me the keys to his SUV. Having a three year old daughter of his own, I knew Javon was perfectly capable of looking after his boss’s little girl and I had no problem leaving her with him.

**LOS ANGELES CHILDREN’S HOSPITAL**

Jasmine met me at the front entrance and took me to the emergency room. David said the young boy was rushed into the O.R. since he wasn’t breathing and had an oxygen mask on. My heart was racing and I had no idea what to say, think or do. Jasmine was neurotic as she paced back and forth in the waiting room while David and I stood near nearby watching and waiting for a doctor to come out and tell us what happened to the child.

**AN HOUR LATER**

A young male wearing a light blue scrub and stethoscope around his neck came out of the operating room and walked towards us. Jasmine came and stood next to her husband and held his hand as we all waited impatiently for any news.

“He’s awake now.” The man said. “I’m Dr. Baler, the pediatrician on duty. Are you the young boy’s parents?”
“We are his adoptive parents.” David said before pointing to me. “She is his biological mother.”

“Your name, ma’am?”
“Diana Dean.”
“Oh, yes. Of course.” He replied. “You and your fiancé have been the subject of media for quite some time now. I’m sorry I didn’t recognize you. Please come with me.”

“Jas…” I said looking at my best friend and her husband worried.
“It’ll be ok.” She said rubbing my shoulder. “Just go with him.”

I followed Dr. Baler to a private room around the corner of the hallway with a large white desk and steel lined office chairs. The young doctor gestured for me to sit and after doing so, he too sat in a black swivel chair across from me with a few documents in front of him.

“Ms. Dean, I’ll get right to the point.” He said pulling out a pad and a pen from his white overcoat pocket. “Your son collapsed earlier today and after running a few tests and x-rays, a number of things were revealed that you must be informed about.”
“Is he ok?”

“Yes and no.” He said writing a few things in his notepad. “We drew a few blood samples from your son and I had the lab run a few specific tests and the results were quite nerve racking for a six year old boy.”

“Please, Dr. Baler…” I said trying to stay calm. “Tell me what’s wrong with him?”
“Your son’s blood tested positive for antinuclear antibodies.”
“What does that mean?”
“Your son may be suffering from a disease called lupus.”

“WHAT?” I yelled standing from my seat. “How is that possible?”
“It’s a genetic trait.” Dr. Baler explained. “I also noticed that your son has small patches of discoloration on his back and upper thighs. These are signs of another serious condition known as vitiligo.”

“Oh my god…” I said as I slowly sunk back into my chair. “Michael…”