**Chapter Sixteen**

*The Untold Story*

The thought of my son having the same medical issues as his father never came to mind. How could I not remember my own fiancé’s health conditions? Would Paris be affected by them too when she grows up?

“Ms. Dean? Ms. Dean?” Dr. Baler said as he shook me back to reality. “Are you alright?”
“I’m ok.” I said trying not to lose my senses. “What can we do about my son’s conditions?”
“A few things.” He said writing more notes into his pad. “He will need to come and see me regularly for additional testing so that we can continue to monitor and evaluate the severity of his health.”
“Does he need to stay here for now?”
“Since he is awake I can have him released but we do have a few more formalities we must complete before discharging him.”

“Thank you, doctor.”
“There is one more thing, Ms. Dean.” He said as we both stood from our chairs.

“I will need you to be tested for these conditions as well.”
“No problem.” I said knowing I was in almost perfect health. “I will schedule them right away.”
“The father of your son is also required to do the same.”

I gasped as I fell back down in the chair.

“Doctor, is there any way we can bypass that part?”
“Unfortunately, not.” He explained. “Your son may be susceptible to a few very serious conditions that could possibly worsen as he gets older. It is mandatory for both parents to fill out a medical questionnaire and complete testing to determine if certain conditions are inherited through family traits.”

“I understand.”

The room was starting to spin and all I could do was think about Michael and his reaction to the final and biggest secret of my life. I knew the day to tell him the truth would come but certainly didn’t expect it to happen like this. I realized this was probably the universe’s way of getting me to break the news to my future husband otherwise I would have delayed it even longer. I gathered myself together and thanked Dr. Baler before following him out of the office and back into the waiting room.

“What happened?” Jasmine asked.

“He’s…he’s…”
“Diana…it’s ok.” David said trying to console me. “What did the doctor say?”
“I can’t get into it.” I replied trying not to cry. “I just want to take him out of this place. I have been to the hospital so many times in the past few months. This feels like my second home now. I never expected to come here because of my little boy—“
“Diana, calm down.” Jasmine said. “Whatever it is, we’ll make sure he’s fine.”

Dr. Baler returned to us and said we could now go home with the young boy and reminded me to make appointments to come back to the hospital for testing with mine and Michael’s completed medical questionnaire forms. David and Jasmine were shocked. They had no idea the child was losing pigment on his skin. Jasmine had been bathing him ever since he was a baby and ever noticed the tiny spots until Dr. Baler pointed them out to her and her husband.

“Here.” He said as we all went into the private room where little man was sitting up front in a gown on a child size hospital bed. “It’s developed on his upper back and he has a few light spots on his right thigh. We must know yours and his father’s full medical history before proceeding with his diagnosis and treatment.”

The three of us thanked the young doctor as he gave us permission to take the squirt home. He also explained that exposure to extreme sunlight is a very common factor that triggers lupus in young children. Jasmine and David explained that their adopted son had been actively participating in outdoor sports since he was as little as two and he never showed any signs of health risks until now.

Once all of the hospital formalities had been completed and the young child was discharged, Jasmine and David took him home immediately and I followed in Javon’s SUV. Being the fiancé of Michael Jackson and not having any security around me was definitely a big risk. However, my child’s health and safety meant more to me than my own and Javon knew where I was going. I knew Michael would have a fit if he knew I left Neverland alone but I also knew that my explanation for doing it was definitely going to be a good enough reason.

The Averson’s pulled into their driveway with me directly behind them. As we entered the house, I helped my little one get changed and ready for a nap.

“I’m sorry about what happened today, baby.” I said kissing his adorable little face. “I promise I will help you get better.”
“I love you, mommy.”
“I love you more, sweetie. I’m sorry I couldn’t watch you practice today. I had to be with your baby sister.”
“When can I see her?” The young child asked.

“Soon. I promise. And you know what?”

“What?”
“You’re in for a big treat! Guess why?”
“Why?”
“Because you’re finally going to see the man who’s on your walls and who aunty Jasmine listens to in the car all the time.”

“DADDY?” He yelled in excitement.

“YES! Your prayers have been answered and you’re going to meet him very soon.”

The young boy jumped into his mother’s arms hugging her affectionately.

“I will really see daddy, mommy?”
“Yes, you will and he’s going to be just as happy as you are.”
“Does daddy love me?”

My heart skipped a beat.

“Of course he does, baby. Why wouldn’t he?”
“He’s never seen me. He’s never seen me play sports.”
“I know honey but daddy is very famous. He can’t be outside in public all the time and soon, mommy won’t be able to very much either.”
“Is that bad?” He asked wanting to know more.
“No sweetie, it’s not. It’s just a different way of living. Now you get some rest like a good boy. I’ll see you again in a few hours.”

He pecked my lips softly before curling into a ball and closing his eyes. I smiled brightly seeing my firstborn drift into a safe and peace filled slumber. As I gazed around his room, pictures of his father were plastered on every wall. His albums were on a nearby shelf next to a small CD player and a child size easel with a sketch of Michael’s toe stand drawn on it was placed at the far corner of the room. His blanket had a picture of his daddy as a gold statue from HIStory and his pillows were black and sparkly resembling his father’s Billie Jean wardrobe.

As I turned my back to leave the room, a small sharp looking object peered out from underneath the child’s pillow. I gently reached under it and pulled out a small frame with a picture of Michael smiling as a young child. Tears pricked my eyes as I placed the photo back in its place and kissed my son’s forehead. Jasmine and David always made sure that my little boy knew who his real parents were. Unknown to anyone, Jasmine would always secretly update me on my child’s life never allowing me to miss a single moment of his growth.

His first steps, losing his first tooth, all of his birthdays – I never missed a single event in his life to date. Why I couldn’t tell Michael or Marie about him was another story. One that I knew I had to finally disclose because my little boy’s life depended on it. As I made my way into the Averson’s living room, the two of them asked me to stay for dinner and I politely refused saying I needed to get back to Paris at Neverland. I grabbed my things and headed towards the door when I took a deep breath and uttered the words I was not expecting to say anytime soon.

“Come to Neverland later tonight, you two. It’s time.”

“Diana, are you sure?” David asked looking shocked.

“I’ve never been surer of anything. Michael needs to know now. Our son’s health is in his hands.”

“Say no more.” Jasmine said. “We’ll be there.”

**LATER THAT EVENING**

“Ana, what’s going on?” Marie asked as she saw me sitting alone on a bench near the Neverland grand clock. “You’ve been quiet and distant all day.”
“I have a lot on my mind, Marie.”
“You can always tell me.”
“I will. As soon as Jasmine gets here.”

We both walked back to the main house and spent time with Paris in the living room when Bev came in and said Michael wanted to hire a nanny for his newborn daughter. Marie thought it was a great idea and Bev said she would arrange for me to meet a few qualified women who had successfully passed security clearances with no criminal background of any kind. Bill, Michael’s close entourage member suggested his nanny that he had for his own newborn. Liking the idea, I told them I would look into the matter in more detail after discussing it with my future husband.

Obviously, hiring a nanny was the least of my worries. I needed to reveal my biggest secret to the man who was just months away from becoming my husband and was also the greatest entertainer on earth. If his ridiculous child molestation charges weren’t enough to drive him over the edge, what I was going to tell him possibly could. Marie’s phone rang in her pocket and she happily scurried out of the room saying it was a call from Mac. Kai then took my little girl from my arms and headed upstairs for another feeding and diaper change.

**OCEAN WAY RECORDING STUDIO**

**LOS ANGELES**

“Sounds good, Mike!” Producer Teddy Riley said as he helped the King of Pop record some of his new material. “What do you say we call it a night?”
“Not yet.” Michael said from the recording booth with his large headphones on. “I need to hear the playback.”
“Mike, we’ve been doing this since 6am.”

“We used to start at 4am and not leave the studio until after midnight the next day during Dangerous, Teddy.” Michael explained making the producer feel horrible for rushing the master at work.

“You’re right.” He said looking down and smiling. “My bad. But I thought maybe you’d want to spend time with your new family.”
“I do but my work is important as well. I need to get this material recorded. We’ll work for one more hour then call it quits, ok?”
“Sure. You’re the man.” Teddy replied as he continued playing various sounds from the audio panel.

Michael took a deep breath and smiled to himself.

“This one’s for you, Diana.” He said before clearing his throat and singing one of his new and unique sounding melodies.

“Ana, it’s getting late.” Jasmine said looking at the time on her cell phone. “Are you sure Michael is on his way home?”
“He called and said he was an hour ago.” I replied. “I’m assuming he either lost track of time or went to a studio really far from here.”
“He’ll be here shortly.” Kai said holding two glass bottles in her hand. “I just pureed some more food for your little girl. She’s growing big and strong already.”
“I can tell.” I said smiling at Michael’s chef. “Thank you for taking such good care of her.”
“It’s no trouble at all.” She said heading upstairs to the nursery.

David and little man were taking a tour of Michael’s home and the two of them went on a few of the rides to kill time until Michael came home. Jasmine was starting to feel anxious about the Pop star knowing the truth but tried her best to stay strong for the sake of her best friend.

“Where’s Marie?”
“On the phone with her boy toy.”
“Still? They’ve been talking for hours!”
“MMM-HMM!” Jasmine said. “It’s obvious they like each other.”
“That may be but Mac is way too young AND he’s taken.”
“Something tells me that isn’t enough to keep our little friend away from him.”
“Stop, it Jas. Marie is no home wrecker.

“Would you feel the same way if it were me instead of Marie?”
“HELL NO!”
“Why not?”
“Because you are the biggest perv on the planet! You don’t care if a guy is taken, you’ll go after anything that has legs.”
“Oh come on!” Jasmine said laughing. “Am I really that bad?”
“YES!” Marie said as she came to join us on the couch.

“How is our little Kevin?” I asked.

“Fine. I told him about the wedding date, he’s super excited.”
“He better be here. Michael and I have something serious to discuss with him.”
“OOO what is it?” Jasmine asked.

I told the girls that Michael and I decided to make Mac and Elizabeth the godparents of Paris. Marie was ecstatic and Jasmine thought it was a great idea. Naturally, I would have assumed someone much older than Mac or perhaps one of Michael’s brothers fill the role but he insisted that his child friend was more than capable. Wanting to make my fiancé happy, I agreed to his choices and said we’d inform them when they both returned to LA to attend our wedding.

“Ready to go?” Teddy asked Michael as he left the recording booth and entered the audio room.
“Jeez, I had no idea how late it was.”

“Time flies when you’re working on a new project.”
“It does. I hope Diana doesn’t get mad at me.”
“You want to call her again?”
“No, I’ll just surprise her.”

“Alright. I’ll go check on the car and make sure Javon and the guys are ready for you to exit the building.”
“Thanks, Teddy.”

The aspiring producer left the Pop star alone in the sound booth while he collected his music samples and various notepads with lyrics. A sudden light breezed wind brushed the side of the Gloved One’s face making him jolt around and drop his notepad on the floor. After leaning down to pick it up, he sat in one of the studio booth chairs and closed his eyes hoping that whatever ethereal force was troubling him would soon disappear.

“Michael…” it whispered in his ear. “It’s me…”

He quickly opened his eyes but did not see or hear anyone. He was alone in the booth and thought he may have been hallucinating. Michael looked around the room puzzled. He couldn’t see this ethereal force but knew that a strange, unknown spirit was lurking around him and its presence was very strong.

 “Get away from me, whatever you are!” He said trying to alleviate his fear.

“Yo, Mike! Who are you talking to?” Teddy asked as he made his way back into the room.

“No one. I was just singing out loud.”
“Uhh, yeeeeah…” Teddy said thinking his musical partner was odd. “We’re ready and will wait for you outside. Take your time.”
“I’ll be right there.”

Michael quickly gathered his belongings and placed them in a small black box. He then reached across the sound panel for his notepad and screamed as he saw it open with words written in familiar handwriting:

*“The King will soon meet his Prince.”*

“TEDDY! TEDDY! GET IN HERE!” Michael yelled.

The producer bolted back to his partner and saw he was obviously distraught by something.

“What is it?” Teddy asked concerned for his friend.

“LOOK!” Michael said showing him his notepad. “I swear to God I didn’t write this. I don’t know who did but it wasn’t me. I swear it wasn’t.”
“Uhh…Mike…” Teddy said eyeing the blank page. “There’s nothing written on it.”

Michael looked down and also noticed the page was now without any words.

“How can that be?” He asked. “I swear there was something written on here! I didn’t write it, Teddy. It was right here!”

“Mike, you’re exhausted.” Teddy said patting his shoulder. “You’ve been in work mode for more than 24 hours straight. Go home and get some rest. Your mind is going into overdrive.”

“Teddy, I’m not crazy!”
“I never said you were, man.” He replied trying not to laugh or sound insensitive. “Let’s just get out of here. Tomorrow is a new day.”

**TWO HOURS LATER**

The main phone line rang at Neverland while Kai was preparing a special protein smoothie for her boss in the kitchen. Knowing it was probably a news reporter offering money to get a picture of Paris for the newspapers, she answered rolling her eyes and then gasping lightly after hearing the person’s voice on the other end.

“Listen up, I need you to do something for me.”
“Mr. Jackson? Uhh…how nice it is to hear from you.”
“Shut the hell up!” Michael’s father barked. “I need something and only you can get it for me.”
“What can I do for you, sir?”
“Get me a blood and urine sample of that demon child.”

Kai’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets. How could a grandfather ask for such a thing and refer to his own granddaughter as a ‘demon’ child?

“Sir, I must warn you that every incoming and outgoing call at Neverland is monitored for—“
“You know damn well where these calls are being recorded.” Joseph said interrupting her. “You will go to the main surveillance room and destroy this recording after our conversation is over and keep your big mouth shut about it, too. I’m giving you 48 hours to give me the samples.”
“Mr. Jackson, I cannot violate Mr. and Mrs. Jackson’s trust—“
“THAT BITCH IS NOT HIS WIFE!” Joseph spat back angrily. “Until you get me what I need, I can’t stop her from walking down that damn aisle with my son. Don’t waste anymore of my time. Get me a sample. 48 hours.”

Michael’s father then hung up and Kai froze with the cordless phone still in her hand. What will she do? Betray her boss and give his father the samples and risk losing her job? Or destroying the tape with Joseph’s conversation and never tell a soul?

“Who were you talking to Kai?” Diana asked as she made her way into the kitchen to warm a bottle of milk for her daughter.

“No one important, Ms. Dean. Just another reporter begging for photos.”
“Did you tell them to go to hell?”
“Not exactly but I took care of them.”
“Good job.”

She then left the room and Kai tried her hardest to compose herself. She felt awful for lying to her boss’s fiancé but felt conflicted about what to do. She continued blending fresh fruit and yogurt for her boss as thoughts of his father’s evil intention ran constantly through her mind.

“There you are!” I said seeing my future husband walk into the main entrance. “I’ve been waiting for you to come home.”
“I’m sorry I took so long.” Michael said as he came into the living room and kissed my forehead. “Time flies when you’re in the studio.”
“How is it working with Teddy Riley?” Marie asked.

“He’s very talented and we work really well together as a team.”
“I’m glad you had a chance to get your work done.” I said gesturing him to sit down.

“Where’s my little girl?”
“Upstairs with Bev.”
“I’ll go see her then shower and change.”

“Baby, there’s something we need to talk about when you come back.”
“Tonight?”
“Yes. It’s very important.”
“Alright. I won’t be too long.”

Michael left the room and headed straight to the nursery to see his daughter. Marie turned on the TV trying to find a movie to watch while Jasmine and I went to the kitchen to get snacks and Michael’s protein smoothie. Jasmine secretly called David and asked him to come to Neverland right away with little man now that his father had arrived home.

“Ana, are you ok?”
“Yeah, Jas. I’m good.”
“Are you sure? You look really pale.”
“Can you blame me? I’m nervous as hell.”
“Don’t worry…” She said hugging my right shoulder. “He’ll understand.”
“What if he gets really angry, Jasmine? I mean, will he ever forgive me?”
“If he can forgive his father, he can definitely forgive you.”
“But this is different.” I explained. “Joseph treated him badly but he never kept something like this from him and for this long.”
“Diana, you can’t punish yourself forever.” Jasmine said. “Once we tell Michael and Marie the whole story they’ll both see that it was for the best.”

“I really hope so.”

Michael went to check on his daughter then walked across the hall to his room to shower and change into a fresh pair of clothes. His fiancé’s cell phone was on his dresser and it started to vibrate. Not wanting to seem nosy, he ignored it and made a mental note in his mind to tell his future wife about her missed call once he went back downstairs.

After showering and getting dressed, Diana’s phone vibrated again. Thinking it would be important, he saw an unknown number flash across the screen. Concerned that it might be Cameron calling from jail to threaten his future wife or some other stalker or media person trying to harass his significant other, Michael answered wanting to know who the mystery person was and why they were calling.

“Hello?”
“Mr. Jackson?”
“Who is this?”
“I’m sorry if I disturbed you. I am looking for Ms. Dean.”
“Who are you? Why are you calling?”
“My name is Dr. Baler. I’m a pediatrician at LA Children’s Hospital.”

Michael sighed in relief.

“I’m sorry for sounding rude. Did you need to speak to Diana about Paris?”
“No, I am calling to confirm her fax number. I must send the medical questionnaire to her immediately so that we can schedule hers and your test appointments.

Michael was confused.

“Questionnaire? Testing?”
“Yes. We spoke about it earlier today. “
“What is it regarding?”
“Your son.”

Michael’s eyes widened. What son?

“Mr. Jackson? Are you still there?”
“Yes. Please fax the paperwork to me at this number.”

The Pop star provided his own private fax number to the doctor wanting to find out more about this ‘son’ his future wife had. After providing the information, Dr. Baler said he would be sending the papers right away. Michael thanked the young man and continued getting ready before heading to his study to receive the information.

Kai helped Jasmine and I put an assortment of cookies, crackers, cheese cubes and olives onto a serving tray along with Michael’s smoothie in his favorite Peter Pan glass. As we made our way into the living room, Marie stood in front of the TV frozen like a statue reading the headline that was breaking news on the screen:

*“Diana Dean, fiancé of Michael Jackson and mother of his infant daughter was seen leaving the Los Angeles Children’s Hospital earlier today. Photographs taken by several paparazzi show the beautiful CEO of TSG Productions with a young boy that sources at the hospital have confirmed to be her six year old son secretly adopted by her assistant and personal friend, Jasmine Averson.”*

“MARIE!” Jasmine yelled grabbing the remote from her hand. “TURN THAT OFF!”

Standing in complete shock and taken by surprise, Marie did not say a word as Jasmine and I tried to comfort her and explain ourselves.

“Marie…I was going to tell you…”

“Oh my god.” Jasmine said as she turned her head.

She physically turned me around and the sight before me made me drop the smoothie from my hand smashing the glass onto the floor. Standing at the living room doorway was Michael with several papers in his hand. His facial expression seemed other worldly with nothing but anger, confusion and extreme distress in his tear filled eyes. Kai heard the sound of breaking glass and immediately came into the living room. Michael continued staring at me and all Jasmine could do was try to console Marie who also looked devastated and completely torn.

“He’s YOUR son?” Marie asked without turning her head to look at me.
“I was going to tell you both…”
“Answer her.” Michael said with intense grief dripping from his tone.

“Why don’t we all sit down and talk?” Jasmine said.

“DON’T TOUCH ME!” Marie yelled. “You had him kept it from us for six years?”
“Marie please let me—“

“ANSWER HER.” Michael said still standing at the doorway.

“What are you holding in your hand?” I asked.

“Diana…is he your son or not?”

“No, Michael…” I said trying not to burst into tears. “He’s OUR son.”

After hearing me admit the truth, the King of Pop came over and handed me a large stack of papers he received via fax from Dr. Baler’s office. He also mentioned the phone calls and why he answered before giving Dr. Baler his own fax number instead of my own at TSG. The living room suddenly felt like a battlefield with Jasmine and I in the middle of two people that we loved most who felt betrayed.

Kai quickly cleaned the mess on the floor and left the room without saying a word. Michael stood in front of me and Marie stood in front of the TV not wanting anything but an explanation. Jasmine and I certainly did not plan for our closest friends to find out this way and didn’t even know where to start with clarifying the details.

“Michael, Marie, please sit down.” Jasmine said trying to ease the tension in the room. “Diana and I will explain everything from start to finish.”

The two of them sat next to each other across the room from Jasmine and I on Michael’s chaise lounge. Jasmine and I sat on Michael’s leather couch and tried to stay calm while we both gathered our thoughts and put them into spoken words.

“You want me to go first?” Jasmine whispered.
“No, let me.”

Michael and Marie were not facing us. Both of them had their heads turned in opposite directions and it was obvious that anger had consumed them both.

“As you two know, I got pregnant with Michael’s baby in 1992…”

Silence.

“I suffered a miscarriage because of the accident I had falling down the stairs at home…”

Silence.

“I had short term memory loss but after Michael visited me at the hospital, things started to slowly return but because I was young and stupid I decided to let Michael think I had forgotten about him thinking he would be better off and we’d both move on with our lives never seeing each other again…”

Silence.

My voice suddenly became lost. Jasmine touched my hand gently giving me her support to continue. I took deep breaths and did just that.

“Marie, I never told you I got pregnant because I knew how much you loved Michael and how devastated you were when you found out that he and I were involved with each other. Jasmine was the only one who knew and I was afraid if you did, you would hate me and I’d lose your friendship. In Europe, you told me you found out and I was so relieved that you didn’t hate me because of it. ”

Silence.

“Michael, when you and I went our separate ways you continued with the Dangerous tour and eventually became involved with Lisa Marie…”

Silence.

“Three months after I miscarried and continued on with my life, Jasmine and I went rock climbing in New York one day….”

Silence.

“Are either of you going to say anything?” I asked wanting to break the awkwardness in the room between everyone.

Silence again.

“Diana, just keep talking.” Jasmine said as she texted David filling him in on what was going on and wanting to know how far he was from the property.

“Jasmine and I went rock climbing and I slipped and took another really bad fall and sprained my right leg. After the doctor drew my blood and ran a few tests, I discovered that I was actually pregnant with twins which you both know runs in my family and only one was miscarried…”

Michael gasped but still didn’t turn his head.

“The doctor told me I was too far along to abort the second child but I wouldn’t have done that anyway. Jasmine took me to my gynecologist appointments and after having an ultrasound done I found out that I was having a boy. I knew my parents would never accept it or forgive me and again, Jasmine was the only one who knew about any of this. At the same time, the news of Michael and Lisa Marie’s marriage was announced and made headlines all over the world...”

“The timing was perfect because right after you two separated, Diana applied and got accepted into UCLA a few weeks after she found out she was still pregnant.” Jasmine explained. “That was also the same time David and I met and started seeing each other.”

No words were spoken from the two sitting across from us.

“David, being in the military field, ended up stationed here in LA and he and I were getting really serious. Diana had to hide her pregnancy from her family because she knew they would never understand but also didn’t want to move to California and raise a baby on her own. Since David was planning to move here anyway, Diana and I packed up our things and did the same telling Mr. and Mrs. Dean that she got accepted into university and was going away to school to earn her double degree…”

“When the three of us moved here, Jasmine soon discovered that she too had a miscarriage…”

Still no words.

“That was when Jasmine and David decided to get married and try again for a child of their own but wanted to wait until my baby was born so that Marie and my parents could attend their wedding and not see me pregnant. Until now, we let Marie and my parents believe that I moved here just to attend school and that Jasmine moved here to be close to me and be with her husband…”

Marie scoffed under her breath but still made no eye contact with either one of us.

“They were both really broken about their loss. It was then that we all agreed Jasmine and David would adopt my little boy and raise him as their own…”

Silence.

“We did our very best to keep all of this from everyone.” Jasmine explained. “Diana hid her pregnancy, moved here, went to school, earned her degrees and never wanted your son to affect your future, Michael. The three of us did say we would tell you but also thought since you didn’t know about Diana regaining her memory that you would think she moved on and eventually had a son with another man. We really had no idea that fate would make you two cross paths and be together again like this years later…”

“After he was born, Jasmine and David filed for adoption right away and once everything was official, we had the papers signed and registered under classified government files paying an arm and a leg to make sure NO ONE ever found out about any of this without our consent. David and Jasmine have been raising him ever since. During my entire pregnancy, Jasmine and I always told Marie and my parents that it was Jasmine who was having the baby. The photos we sent were fake. Jasmine was either wearing a pregnancy pad in the photos or her face was morphed onto my body making it seem like she was me.”

Marie’s face turned bright red. Tears were rolling down hers and Michael’s face and neither Jasmine nor I knew what to do but to keep on explaining ourselves.

“When Diana was in her second year of school, she lost both parents in a matter of months.” Jasmine explained. “In addition to being pregnant and going to school, she also had to deal with the pain of being an orphan and couldn’t attend either of her parent’s funerals because she was already starting to show.”

“Jasmine and David attended both funerals on my behalf and even told Brad and Ashley I couldn’t go because of important final exams that I couldn’t miss. My brother and sister don’t even know about our son. So, to sum it all up: we broke up, I found out I was still pregnant with your baby, hid it from my family and Marie, moved to California with Jasmine and David, they lost a baby, then got married, I gave birth, gave our son to them, my parents died, I got my inheritance, finished school, started TSG, bought a house, asked Marie to move here with us and the rest is history.”

“You two are something else…” Marie said wiping her tears. “I can’t believe you would go through all of that just to avoid telling us the truth and go so far as to hide it for THIS long.”

“Marie, have you seen him?” Michael asked.

Marie shook her head yes feeling incredibly guilty for meeting her idol’s son not knowing it was actually his.

“Where is he now?” Michael asked.

Jasmine and I looked at each other and breathed deeply before answering.

“He’s on his way here with David.”