**CHAPTER ELEVEN:** The Unknown Secret

I continued running as I was just steps away from him. I noticed he was about to go through the gate before boarding his plane. “MICHAEL!” Miraculously, he saw me and I sighed in relief. He ran over to me and fans were starting to follow me in hopes to catch a glimpse of him. “What are you doing here?” He asked as he grabbed onto me. “I couldn’t let you leave. I want to go with you. Take me with you, PLEASE?” He started to cry and I wiped his tears. “Michael, this isn’t safe.” One of his bodyguards said as he walked over to us. “We need to get you on board NOW!”

“She’s coming with me.” Michael said as he took my hand. The guard took my bag from me and I smiled and thanked Michael for allowing me to join him. “I love you.” I said as I quickly ran to the plane with him. “Wait here.” He let go of me and waved to his fans once again, throwing his fedora at them. “You are SO sweet.” I said as he walked onto the plane with me. “I love my fans.” “Including me?” He giggled. “OF COURSE!”

Michael’s private jet was amazing. It had his initials with a crown embedded on the tail. Inside, there were three separate floors. One for him, one for his staff and another for the pilot and crew members. “Michael, this is incredible!” I said as I looked around. “You can come with me upstairs, that’s where I sit.” When we reached the top, Michael had a big screen TV, his own bathroom, a bar and seats that looked like recliners. “Michael, do you always travel in this jet?” “No, but I prefer to use my own sometimes. It makes me feel safe and a lot more comfortable.”

After we both settled in we sat down, fastened our seatbelts and the plane took off. I was so excited. I couldn’t believe I was going to California with the king of pop! The duration of the flight was 6 hours. I was hoping I wouldn’t get motion sickness since I had never traveled by airplane before. I figured I should warn Michael about it. “Are you ok?” He asked as he grabbed my hand. “Yes, thank you. I’ve just never flown anywhere before.” “Really?” “Yeah. I’m a little nervous.” “I know how you feel. But don’t worry, I’m here. If you feel sick, let me know ok?” I thanked him and he kissed my lips. He was always so caring.

There was a lot of turbulence in the air as we were flying. I was still feeling ok and Michael was doing his best to keep me entertained. “You can get up from your seat now if you want to.” He said. I unfastened my seatbelt and decided to look around. I noticed Michael had a big screen TV with dozens of movies on a nearby shelf, especially Disney cartoons. “Michael, can we watch one of these?” “Sure. Pick one.” I suddenly remembered Marie once told me that Michael was a huge fan of Peter Pan and created Neverland because of him.

Additionally, I noticed Michael had so many different versions of that particular film as well as the book on his shelf. “How about this?” I asked showing him the front cover. “That’s my favorite.” “I know. Can we watch it together?” “Yeah, of course.” I walked over and gave it to him and he put the DVD in the machine. “Do you want to eat or drink something?” He asked. “Not yet. But thank you for asking.” Michael’s seats were so large they felt like actual couches. He sat next to me and turned on the TV.

“You’re so far away.” I said as I grabbed his arm. He smiled as he came over and lay next to me with his arms on top of his head. “That’s much better.” I said as he put his head on my lap. I immediately sensed he was tired. “You can fall asleep if you want to.” He thanked me as his eyes closed. I stroked the back of his head like I always did. I could feel Michael’s energy was slowly going down. *Poor guy*. I thought to myself. *It must be so difficult to live the way he does*.

As the movie went on, I was enjoying Michael’s company even though he wasn’t awake. I felt relaxed knowing he was relaxed. As I was touching his hair, I felt a small rough patch on the back of his head. I didn’t know if he would notice or if it would hurt him so I stayed away from it. After a few seconds, I felt another rough patch. I didn’t know what it was or why it was there so I started feeling around a bit more but I accidentally pressed too hard. “NO!” Michael yelled as he woke up and sat next to me. “Don’t do that, please!” “I’m sorry. Did I hurt you?” “No, just please don’t touch me there. Please!” “I’m sorry I won’t do that again.”

I noticed Michael was panicking. It seemed like he was keeping a secret. He then stood up and started to walk away from me. “Michael, where are you going?” “I’ll be right back.” I was worried. I got up and followed him. “Don’t leave me alone. I didn’t mean to hurt you, I’m sorry.” “You didn’t. It’s ok, really.” He said as he hugged me. “I’m ok.” “Michael, what was that?” “It’s a really big scar from something that happened to me a few years ago.” “Tell me about it?” “I will. There’s so much I want to share with you when I get home. I’m so glad you came with me. I was so sad when you left my hotel room.” “Me too. That’s why I had to come with you.”

“I felt really lonely.” He said as he held me. “So did I.” He let go of me and said he’d be right back. I went back to my seat and continued watching Peter Pan. A while later, Michael came back and joined me. I noticed he had changed his clothes. “Are you comfortable now?” I asked. “Yes. Are you?” I shook my head. He then lay back down on me. Based on what happened earlier, I wasn’t sure if he’d want me to stroke his hair again.

“Please do that again, I really love it.” He said. “Do what?” He grabbed my arm and put it at the very top of his head. “Michael, I don’t want to hurt you.” “You won’t. It doesn’t bother me now.” I didn’t know what he was referring to but it didn’t matter. I knew when the time was right, Michael would pour his heart out to me and I’d gladly listen. After the movie was over, Michael started watching a music channel. “Do you like today’s music, Michael?” “Yes. But I prefer older songs.”

“Me too.” Michael seemed amazed when I said that. “Really?” “Oh, for sure! I love the classics. My parents used to play records all the time in the house when I was a kid. Especially this one song done by a bunch of boys and one in particular, he was so sweet and adorable. He was the lead singer of the group. I don’t remember what the song was called though. They performed it on the Ed Sullivan show. What a voice that little boy had!” Michael then got up and looked directly at me. “You’re kidding, right?” He asked.

“About what?” “SERIOUSLY?” He asked with a smile on his face. “Huh?” “You have no idea who they were?” “Who are you talking about?” Michael then started laughing. “Why are you laughing at me?” “Diana, I have to show you something.” He then kept on laughing for about five minutes. Just as he was about to get up, he asked me again. “You REALLY don’t know?” “Don’t know WHAT, Michael?” “The group and the little boy you were just talking about?” “No, I really don’t. I was just a kid, like 10 years old when that song came out. My parents played it all the time. As I got older, I started listening to other songs and eventually forgot about that one.” “Your friend Marie never told you either?” “Why would she? She never cared about old songs. She’s always been overly obsessed with YOU.” He then started to laugh again. “MICHAEL, WHAT IS SO FUNNY?”

“I can’t believe you, girl.” “Why?” “You REALLY have to see this!” He got up and walked over to his movie shelf and kept snickering as he was searching through his DVD’s. “Michael, it’s not nice to laugh at people.” “I’m not laughing at you, Diana. I just find it funny how you don’t remember who that was.” “What does that have to do with you?” “You’re about to find out.” Just then, Michael’s pilot came on the announcer system and told us to remain in our seats as the turbulence was starting to pick up.

Michael quickly ran over to his seat next to me and strapped himself in. “Michael, you’ve flown all over the world ever since you were little. Does flying still scare you?” “Not really, but when the pilot asks you to sit down, you SIT DOWN!” I laughed. He was so cute. Even when he was afraid, Michael would be too shy to admit it. “What were you going to show me?” He started laughing again. “MICHAEL!! PLEASE STOP LAUGHING AT ME!!” “I’m not Diana, really.” “Yes, you are! You won’t even tell me what it is you’re laughing about.”

“You’ll see as soon as I can get up.” He then closed his eyes. I had no idea why but I suddenly felt aroused seeing him buckled up in his seat. I removed my seatbelt and sat directly on top of him. He opened his eyes and smiled at me. “What are you doing?” He asked as he saw me kiss his head. “Just loving you.” He then laughed again. “THAT’S IT. I’m done!” I went back to my seat. “NO! Please don’t stop. I love it.” “Michael, this isn’t funny. You keep laughing at me and I feel so stupid and embarrassed.” “Diana, please don’t feel that way. You’ll see why in just a minute, I promise.”

A while later, the pilot announced it was ok to move around again. Michael immediately got up and went back to the TV. He put a DVD in and sat down next to me. For some reason, the DVD wasn’t working and Michael was starting to get frustrated. He kept pushing buttons and removing the disc and putting it back but it still didn’t do anything. “Michael, I think your disc is damaged.” “It can’t be, it’s brand new.” I asked him to forget about it for now and come back and sit down.

We started having conversations about his family and what songs he would perform on tour. He also mentioned his tour dates and what types of outfits he was going to wear. “I wish I could see you perform live.” “You can if you come with me.” “I wish I could. But my parents would freak out. They don’t even know I left to be with you now.” “They don’t? Why didn’t you tell them?” “They’re out of town. Jasmine is going to take care of things while I’m away.” Michael seemed unhappy that I didn’t tell my family I was leaving. He told me I should call them when I get to Neverland so they don’t worry about me. I agreed.

Michael was very genuine. He didn’t have it in him to be deceiving. I assumed that was probably why he was so misunderstood by people, including myself. I wished everyone would take the time to get to know him the way I did. But then again, not everyone would be as fortunate as I was. “Michael, do you love your family?” “Of course. My mother is wonderful. I can’t wait for you to meet her. She is going to love you.” I suddenly felt nervous. The thought of meeting Michael’s mother, the woman who carried him for 9 months made me feel so awkward. “I’m nervous.” “Why?” Michael asked.

“I wouldn’t know what to say. I mean, what if she doesn’t like me? What if she thinks I’m not good enough for you? What if she—“ “DIANA! STOP. My mother is not like that. You watch too many movies.” “I do not!” “Yes, you do. You always assume the worst about yourself. You need to stop that. You are amazing and beautiful just the way you are.” “Michael, you need to start listening to your own advice.” “I’m an exception to certain rules.” “NO, you are NOT. You are AMAZING too. You just need to believe that.” “I’m trying to.” “That’s all that matters.” I kissed his forehead and he started to blush.

“Awww, baby!! You’re sooo cute.” He then put his hands on his face and I slowly removed them. “You are adorable. I love you.” “I love you more, Diana.” We kissed and suddenly the plane starting moving swiftly. “Did you feel that?” I asked. “Yes, but don’t worry. It happens all the time.” He then held my hand and I felt safe. “Michael, you are so therapeutic.” “Really?” “Yes. You always make me feel calm and relaxed.” He then lay on me again and put my hand on his head. “You like when I play with your hair?” “Yes. It’s lovely.” “Just like you.” “Thank you.” Michael told me he felt relaxed. I gently massaged his shoulders. All of a sudden, he started singing:

*“When I had you, I treated you bad and wrong my dear and girl since, since you went away,*

*Don’t you know I, sit around with my head hanging down,*

*And I wonder, who’s loving you,*

*I, I, I, wonder, who’s loving you….”*

I gasped. “MICHAEL!! That’s it!! That’s the song I was talking about!!” He then burst out laughing. “OH MY GOD! Michael were you—“ Just then, the DVD Michael was having trouble with suddenly started working and his performance to that song as an 11 year old boy on the Ed Sullivan show appeared on the screen. I had never felt so embarrassed in my entire life. As I watched him as a child, tears were pouring down my face. I was completely mesmerized. I had NO IDEA Michael was the little boy I had grown up listening to.

He sat up and noticed my tears. He wiped them and smiled as he kissed my cheek. “Michael, I’m sorry.” “Why?” “I didn’t know that little boy was you.” “It’s ok. Why would you feel bad about that?” “Because I should have known. I feel so stupid.” “Don’t. It was a long time ago.” “I’m sorry.” “Don’t apologize to me. I love that you don’t know much about me.” “Really?” “Yes. I’ve been looking for someone like you my entire life. I always wanted to be with someone who didn’t know me as Michael Jackson the famous entertainer. I wanted someone to notice me as Michael Jackson, a HUMAN BEING. That person was you.”

I suddenly remembered my phone conversation with Jasmine from before. When she told me the exact same thing about why Michael fell for me. It was all starting to make sense. “I’m glad I make you happy.” “You really do. I love being with you.” “Me too.” He then kissed me and put his arms around my waist. I did the same while the DVD was still playing in the background. Shortly after, Michael’s ‘Ghosts’ film came on.

“OH MY GOD! THIS IS ONE OF MY FAVORITES!” I said as I let go of him and ran over to the TV. Michael laughed as he saw me run and sit on the floor. “You can sit here next to me and watch it, Diana.” He said as he laughed. “I know, but I want to be as near to the TV as possible so that I can see all of your moves up close.” Michael then came over to where I was sitting and slouched down behind me. “Diana, why watch my moves on TV when I can show them to you in person?” He whispered in my ear.

I smiled as I slowly turned my head and noticed him wink at me. I knew EXACTLY what he had on his mind. His charm was irresistible as always. Once again, I couldn’t stop myself from giving in. “I’d like that. But you have to do one thing for me.” He giggled and put his head down. “Aww, baby. Don’t be shy.” I lifted his head. “I’m not. But I think I know what it is you’d like me to do.” “Which is?” “You want me to take off my clothes don’t you?” Hearing him say those words in that alluring voice of his and the very thought of that man being naked in front of me again made me tingle all over. “Michael, you really ARE a genius!”

He then got up, helped me to my feet and pointed across the room. “Will you join me in there?” He asked pointing to a door at the far end. “Sure.” We both walked to the door and Michael opened it. To my surprise, it was an actual bedroom the size of America. The bed itself took up half of the entire room. “Oh my god. Michael, that is one HUGE bed!” “It’s a water bed.” “REALLY? I love those!” I ran over and plopped myself down. It felt squishy as I was bouncing up and down on it.

“I’m sorry. I should have asked you first.” I said looking at Michael, embarrassed. “No, it’s ok.” “Come lay here with me please.” As Michael was making his way towards the bed, I turned over on my stomach with my arms above my head against the pillows. Michael crept over and placed himself directly on top of me. He lifted up my shirt and began kissing my back. It felt incredible. He ran his hands up and down my back massaging it and then started to pull my pants down. As he did, he kissed my lower back leaving a trail all the way down to my bottom.

As he stood up, I heard clinking noises. I turned over and noticed he was removing his pants. Feeling completely excited, I jumped off the bed and asked if I could do it for him. He agreed and I went back to the bed, pushing him on top of me. As we started kissing, my hands traveled down to his waist and I undid his belt. “Keep going, please. I love it.” He whispered as his pants fell to the floor. “Are you always so polite?” I asked. He laughed and said “I try to be. Can you picture me being aggressive?” “Not really.” “I can be at times.” “I don’t believe that at all.” He then kissed me passionately putting his tongue in my mouth.

At the same time, he lifted my arms and removed my shirt. Without a second in between, Michael ripped open my bra and threw it on the floor. “WHOA!” I yelled not realizing he wasn’t kidding about being aggressive. “I told you.” He said as he lay me down on the bed. He looked down and noticed the hickey he gave me from before. He touched it with his fingers giving me an incredible sensation. He then rubbed my chest and used his tongue in all directions. It drove me completely insane.

He then started to remove my pants and dropped them on the floor next to his. Michael’s hands were so big and so full of pleasure. He spread my legs apart ready to make his entrance. “Michael, why are you going so fast?” “Because I want you NOW.” “You really CAN BE aggressive when you want something.” “Or someONE.” He said as he winked at me. He then slowly made his way inside of me and we were moving in sync with the bed bouncing up and down.

It felt so different yet so wonderful. “Michael, make love to me, my aggressive black panther.” He giggled and buried his head in my chest. “You liked that film?” “Yes. It was sexy. NO ONE dances like you.” “I know. I’m good.” “YES! You are!” He then continued going harder and harder driving me more and more crazy. I begged him to keep going and he was kind enough to keep satisfying me. Being with him made me feel like I could fly. I didn’t have a care in the world. Michael’s hands were traveling all over my body. The feel of touch from his hands was simply beyond words.

“Michael, you feel SO good.” For someone as inexperienced as him, he sure knew what he was doing and how to do it right. As he kept going, I was feeling more and more aroused. Being intimate with Michael made me feel things I never had before. It was more than just having sex, it kind of felt like an educational experience.

He kept moving intensely inside me using different techniques. “I didn’t realize being such an amazing dancer would make you so incredible in bed.” He laughed. “I knew it would come in handy someday.” “I’m honored that I was your first, Michael.” “Me too.” I grabbed onto the bed sheets and held onto them as hard as I could while Michael was finishing inside of me. I wanted to keep going but I knew asking him would make me seem demanding. After all, we were going to be spending a lot of together at Neverland. I knew there would plenty of chances to recapture this moment.

He thanked me as he kissed my lips and got up to change. I told him I would do the same as he went over to his closet to get a fresh pair of clothes. I picked up mine from the floor and left the room to go back to the seating area to get some new clothes out of my bag. I knew I had to be quick as I didn’t want someone to come upstairs and see me. I ran to the lavatory to freshen up and changed into the dress Michael had given me at the hotel. I figured him seeing me in it would make him feel happy.

I sat down again and continued watching Michael’s films as I waited for him to come and sit by me. After a while, I realized he hadn’t come out of the bedroom for quite some time. I thought he was just taking his time and would come out eventually. I started to close my eyes when suddenly, the pilot’s crew members came running up to our floor with first aid kits and medical equipment. They barged into the room Michael and I were in and closed the door behind them.

My heart began to race. I didn’t know what to do. I ran to the door but it was locked. I knocked it on several times but no one let me in. I then started screaming and crying. The thought of Michael being hurt or in danger made me lose my mind. I was going to run down to the second floor hoping to find someone to help me but as soon as I reached the stairs, the bedroom door opened and the crew members were coming out. “He’s ok. There’s no need to worry.” “What happened to him?” “He collapsed. He gets really fatigued sometimes and suffers from extreme exhaustion.” “He never told me about that.”

“It’s not something he talks about. You can see him now. He’s resting comfortably on the bed.” I thanked them as they went down the stairs. I then turned off the TV and went in the room to see him. My body was trembling. Seeing him like that made me feel somewhat responsible. “You scared me to death, baby. I thought something really serious happened to you. When you didn’t come out, I thought you were just taking your time to get changed.”

“I didn’t mean to scare you.” He said as I took his hand in mine. “I’m a workaholic, Diana. I don’t get a lot of sleep but that doesn’t stop me from doing what I do.” “Michael, you need to give yourself a break.” “I can’t. My fans need me. The world needs me.” “True, but not at the cost of your own life.” He then paused for a second and closed his eyes. “Michael, do you remember when I wore your shirt at the hotel?” “Yes.” “What did you say to me when I accidentally ripped it?” He smiled. “What did you say?” “A shirt can always be replaced. It’s you who can’t be.” “EXACTLY!”

He grabbed my arm and pulled me on top of him. “Michael, I don’t want to hurt you.” “You won’t. I’m fine.” “Are you sure?” “Yes. What would I do without you?” “I ask myself that same question all the time.” “I love you.” “I love you too, moonwalker.” We then kissed. Suddenly, Michael wanted to go at it again. “NO!” I yelled as I pushed his hand away from my bottom. “Please? Once more?” “Michael, you’re bad.” He then started singing “Diana, your butt is mine.” I laughed so hard. “You’re hilarious.” He then put me to his side and held me as we faced each other lying down.

“I just need to lie down for a little while.” He said. “Stay here with me, please?” “Sure.” I gently touched his face and he looked away feeling shy. “You are so beautiful.” I said as I ran my hands down his cheeks, eyebrows and nose. “You have the nicest eyes and the most perfect smile. You are so otherworldly.” “Really?” “Yeah. I’m serious. There’s something about you that just makes people go crazy. You have an aura, Michael and it’s VERY strong.”

“I’ve heard that before but never really believed it.” “It’s true! I wouldn’t lie to you. I was NEVER a fan of yours. In fact, people used to think I hated you.” “Did you?” “No. But I wasn’t crazy about you either.” He pulled me closer towards him. “Are you now?” He whispered as he winked his right eye. “I have to admit, I am. You did something to me.” “You think so?” “I KNOW so! I was never like this before. I never imagined falling in love with someone famous, and certainly not you.”

“Do you regret it?” “NO! Why would you think something like that?” “I just want you to be happy, Diana.” “I AM happy, Michael. YOU make me happy. I can’t picture myself without you.” “I feel the same way.” He then kissed my forehead. “Michael?” “Yes?” “Sing to me?” He giggled. “You like my voice?” “No, I LOVE your voice!! Please?” “Sure. What would you like to hear? “Anything. As long as it’s one of your songs. “I have so many, Diana.” “I know. Sing one, please?” “Oh boy. Um, do you have one in mind?” “No. Surprise me. It’s more fun that way.” “I can’t think of one.” “What song of yours reminds you of me?” Michael then looked up at me and smiled as he cleared his throat:

*“The way she came into the place I knew right then and there, there was something different about this girl…”*
“MICHAEL! I remind you of DANGEROUS?!”

He smiled then continued:

*“The way she moved. Her hair, her face, her lines, divinity in motion. As she stalked the room, I could feel the aura of her presence, every head turned feeling passion and lust. The girl was persuasive, the girl I could not trust. The girl was bad, the girl was dangerous…”*

He then sang the lyrics:

*“I never knew but I was walking the line, come go with me I said I have no time and don't you pretend we didn't talk on the phone. My baby cried, she left me standing alone, she's so dangerous, the girl is so dangerous. Take away my money, throw away my time, you can call me honey, but you're no damn good for me…”*

I wanted to play a trick on him. “Thanks for telling me how you really feel!” Michael looked at me stunned. “I didn’t realize I was nothing but trouble for you!” “What are you talking about, Diana? I was just singing to you!” “No, you weren’t! Out of all your songs, you had to pick THAT one?!” Michael’s face changed, I could tell he was starting to feel bad. I got up from the bed and walked away.

He jumped up behind me and held me close to him. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you feel that way.” I was trying so hard to keep a straight face without laughing at him. “Too late. I’m going home as soon as we land.” “Diana! Don’t do this to me.” “Why not? I’m dangerous to you, aren’t I?” I then forcefully let go of him and he jumped in front of me blocking the door. “Do you really think of me that way?” He asked. “This isn’t about YOU, it’s about ME!” I said trying not to laugh again.

He then moved away from the door and told me I could go. I knew he felt sad. I then grabbed him from behind and said “I FOOLED YOU! I was just kidding. I love that song.” It didn’t faze him one bit. It seemed like I had really broke his heart. “That wasn’t funny to me.” He said as he let go of me and sat on the bed. “I’m sorry, baby. I was just teasing you.” He then closed his eyes and said “You really hurt me.” I felt horrible. “I’m sorry. I won’t do that again I promise.” “Diana?” “Yes?” “I FOOLED YOU BACK!”

I then started tickling him. “I can’t believe I fell for that!” I said as I hugged him. “Did you really think I was being serious?” “YES! You almost gave me a heart attack. I’d never hurt you on purpose.” “I know. Me neither.” “I love you.” “I love you more.” He kissed my forehead again and we both left the room to go back to the seating area. The pilot announced we were only an hour away from landing. “That went by fast.” I said as we both sat down.

A few minutes later, Michael’s flight attendants brought us food, juice, coffee, tea and bottled water. I wasn’t hungry but I knew if I didn’t eat something, Michael wouldn’t either. I didn’t want him to feel sick again so I ate some fruit and vegetables. I noticed Michael loved fruit and cheese. I offered to feed him and he was happy that I did. After we both ate, we curled up together and he lay on me again while I stroked his hair.

“I feel so loved when I’m with you.” He said as I massaged his back. I noticed Michael didn’t flinch like he used to. “Michael, do you feel comfortable with me?” “Of course. Why?” “I was just curious. You know I’d never hurt you, right?” “Yes.” Hearing him say that made me feel content. I’d never wanted him to feel scared or uncomfortable around me. At least not the way he was when we first met.

It was finally time for us to land and the time was 3am. “Michael? Are we REALLY in California?” I asked while staring out of the window. “Yes. Please come and sit down.” I quickly went over to my seat and fastened my seatbelt. Michael held my hand as the pilot came on the announcer and told us to stay in our seats until the attendants come up to our floor to get us. I was nervous again but excited at the same time. Once the plane touched down we both sighed in relief.

“We will have to run out from the plane in a few minutes. There will be fans, media and cameras everywhere.” “Ok. I understand.” “Just keep your head down and follow me ok?” “Sure.” A few minutes later, the attendants came up to escort us out of the plane. Michael told me I could carry my purse but my bag would have to be left on the plane. It was a security procedure and our bags would be put in the car for us. I agreed and started getting ready to leave. Michael was right, we DID have to be quick. Within seconds, thousands of people were running over to us, screaming and hollering. Michael asked me to keep my head down that way no one would know who I was and try to put a picture of me in the tabloids.

Within seconds, we ran from the airplane into Michael’s town car. The entire scene flashed before my eyes. I couldn’t imagine Michael living on the run like that ever since he was 5 years old. I was frightened. As we sat in the back of the car together, Michael pulled me towards him and rubbed my shoulders. “Are you ok?” He asked. “Yeah. I’m just a bit shocked.” “About?” “How you’ve been doing this your whole life. I feel like I’ve taken my entire life for granted. I mean, I can go out whenever I want and not get harassed. But you’ve never had that option a day in your life.”

Michael smiled as he said “It comes with the job, Diana. It’s the price you pay for being famous.” “But Michael, you never CHOSE to be famous. It just happened.” He paused for a second then said “My life is very complicated, Diana. No one understands it.” “I do.” “I was hoping you would.” He then kissed my lips and I put my head on his chest. I was so tired that I ended up dozing off in his arms.

Eventually, Michael woke me up when we arrived at Neverland. When I looked out the car window and saw the main entrance gate, I was completely blown away. It was the most beautiful place I had ever seen. As we continued driving through, we reached the main house where Michael lived. “We’re here.” He said. His driver let me out and all I could do was just stand there dead in my tracks completely frozen while staring at the ranch. It felt like I was dreaming.

“Michael, you LIVE HERE?” “Yes.” He said as he came over to me. “You like it?” “Michael, this place is beyond words. I don’t know what to say.” I could see all of the rides from a distance, the train and the theatre. The entire place was lit up in the most beautiful colored lights I had ever seen. “Would you like to look around?” Michael asked. I shook my head yes. I asked him where my bag was and he said a separate vehicle was carrying his and my stuff and would be there shortly to drop it off.

As exhausted as I was from the flight, seeing Neverland up close and in person gave me a jolt of energy. “I can’t picture the look on Marie’s face when she comes here one day.” Michael said. “I know! Jasmine too. They both will be so overwhelmed.” Michael took my hand and showed me around the ranch. We weren’t able to see the animals as he told me they were sleeping and should not be bothered. He then showed me the waterfalls, swimming pool, fountains, statues, the large iconic clock, the train, all of the rides, the theatre and the concessions stands filled with candy and treats.

“Michael, you have created such a wonderful place.” “Thank you. It’s for the child inside of everyone.” He then walked me to the main house and showed me the guest section of the home where I would be staying. “And you?” I asked. “I have my own place. My own home next to my studio.” “You won’t be staying with me?” I asked winking at him. “I’d like to. But I have to start rehearsing. I don’t want to keep you awake. I know it was a long flight for you.” “Michael, it’s almost 5 in the morning. How early are you planning on waking up?” “I’m not going to sleep.”

“WHAT? ARE YOU CRAZY?” “I told you I’m a workaholic. I have so much to do. I’m leaving for Japan in a month.” “Michael, you JUST got back home. Are you telling me you won’t even rest for a little while?” “I did rest. With you on the plane.” “Michael that ISN’T resting!” “Maybe not to you.” Michael’s mentality about work was starting to get to me. I didn’t want to sound bossy and tell him what to do or how to live his life, but I was afraid he was harming himself on purpose.

“Michael, I really think you should sleep. You can start rehearsing later in the afternoon once you’re fully rested. Please?” “Diana, I can’t do that. Every minute is precious to me. I have to make the most of my time.” “But Michael, you—“ “Why don’t I show you the rest of the house?” He said interrupting me. He took my hand and showed me the kitchen, family room, bedrooms, bathrooms and all the other rooms in the guest house. He also had staff members on call so if he ever needed anything, they would bring it to him. I just couldn’t stop thinking about the fact that Michael refused to sleep.

When I got back to my room my bag was already there. Michael was kind enough to have a night gown, robe and slippers on the bed for me. “You’re very sweet.” I said as I thanked him for his hospitality. “It’s not a big deal. I’ll see you when you wake up ok?” “Michael?” I grabbed his hand. “Please, go to bed.” “I’ll be fine.” “Michael, please?” “Diana, you worry too much about me.” “After what happened to you today, I have every reason to.” He kissed my check and assured me he’d be perfectly fine. I still wasn’t accepting it.

I asked him to wait for me in the living room while I went to change into my sleeping clothes. When I was done, I noticed him sitting on the couch with his head back and his eyes closed. *I know he’s tired. Why won’t he just go to bed?* He then heard my footsteps as I went over to him. “Will you take me to bed?” I asked. He smiled and said yes. As we walked in the bedroom, I saw several pictures of children from all over the world were put in frames all around the house.

“Michael, are these all of the children that have visited you here?” “Yes. I love them all so much.” “I’m sure they love you too.” He also had several pictures of his mother and his siblings. Again, I noticed Michael didn’t have a single picture of his father anywhere. Since I already had an idea why, I didn’t bother to question him about it. He tucked me in the bed and kissed my forehead again. “Goodnight, Liberian girl.” “Goodnight, Michael.”

As he was leaving, I grabbed his arm. He turned around and faced me. “Come here please.” He came over and sat next to me on the bed. “Please go to bed?” “Diana, I can’t—“ “Michael, I know you are just as exhausted as I am. Why do you force yourself to do things you know you can’t handle?” “Because that’s who I am. I don’t like not performing or not rehearsing. I hate it when I don’t keep myself busy.” “Even if you are pushing yourself beyond your limits?” “That’s what I do – I’m Michael. It’s what the world is used to seeing from me and what they will always expect.” “Michael, that's where you’re wrong. It doesn’t matter what it is that you do or say, the world will ALWAYS love you regardless because it’s YOU they care about and love.”

“That’s what you think.” “No, Michael that’s what I KNOW!” “Coming from the girl who was never a fan of mine?” “Michael, this isn’t about me. It’s about YOU!” Suddenly, Michael was being very defensive. “I don’t understand why my life bothers you so much.” “Because I’m the only one who KNOWS the truth about it. If your fans knew as much as I did, they’d be worried sick about you too.” I then realized Michael and I were actually having a heated argument.

“So, what are you saying? Are you threatening me? You’re going to expose me to the world and tell everyone you know that Michael Jackson is sick and overworks himself on purpose because he’d rather kill himself then see others get hurt?” “That’s not what I meant at all. I’m sorry I said anything. I didn’t mean to start something.” “Go to bed.” He said abruptly. His tone of voice got me really angry. “Don’t talk to me like that. I am NOT your property.” “No, you’re just sleeping in it!” “I’m leaving, Michael.” I got out of bed and started to gather my things when he came over and stopped me.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to say that.” “I don’t care. I’m going home. Jasmine was right. This will NEVER work.” “What do you mean?” “THIS, MICHAEL! Us, me, you this whole thing. It won’t work. I don’t know what I was thinking. You showed me something that just isn’t real and I can’t live in a fantasy world.” “Diana, you can’t say that and be serious. Look around you! Where are you are right now?” “I know and it’s beautiful but I need to get back to reality.”

“Diana, don’t leave.” “Why not? You don’t care about me or what I have to say. All you care about is yourself. “Diana, that’s not true. I have NEVER thought about myself. Ever since I was 5 years old, I’ve been trying to make everyone around me happy. My parents, my brothers, my sisters, my fans, everyone. Diana, look at this place – this is the best example I can show you.” “Michael, you’re a different person. You’re special, you’re kind, you’re generous and I get that. But for some reason, you hate yourself and I can’t figure out why. No matter what anyone says, you ALWAYS do whatever it is you want to do.”

“Diana, that doesn’t make me a bad person.” “No, it doesn’t. It just makes you not the one for me.” He then got angry and walked away. I let him leave and just as he did, I heard a loud breaking noise. I ran outside and saw a smashed window and a trail of blood leading all the way to one of the fountains. “Michael! What did you do?!” I saw him sitting by the fountain with blood dripping from his right hand.

“I hate it when people get mad at me.” I saw his hand and it was obvious he punched the window in an attempt to physically punish himself because of our argument. “I didn’t mean to break the window. I just wanted to hit it but it broke.” “Michael, that’s what happens to glass on impact. It breaks.” I looked at his hand and noticed he was cut very badly. I washed it off with some water from the fountain and ran in the house to see if I could find a bandage for him.

Michael told me he had a first aid kit in the bathroom cupboard inside. I ran to get it and wrapped his hand as quickly and as carefully as I could. He flinched a few times but was thankful that I was there to help him. “Michael, you torture yourself for NOTHING.” “I can’t help it. It’s my escape from life.” “Why are you so unhappy?” “Because I’m lonely.” Hearing him say that made me feel useless. I felt like I could only comfort him so much but no matter what I said or did, it just wouldn’t be enough.

I touched the bandage on his hand gently and told him he would never be alone again. “Diana, don’t leave me.” “I won’t. I’m sorry for what I said to you before. I wasn’t trying to be mean or hurtful. I just wanted you to rest. When you kept resisting, I got frustrated.” “I guess you can say I’m stubborn.” “YOU THINK?” He laughed out loud. It was beautiful to see Michael smile again.

“NOW will you go to bed?” “No, Diana. I can’t.” “OH MY GOD. I’m done!” I stood up and headed towards the house but Michael grabbed me and pulled me towards him. “I was just kidding, girl. Relax.” “Michael, you ARE going to bed!” “Yes, but not alone I hope.” He then winked at me. “Don’t even think about it!” “Why?” “Michael, you’re hurt and it’s 6 in the morning. How can you even think about fooling around now?” “You do this to me, Liberian girl.” “Very funny.” Just then, I noticed a spark appear on Michael’s face. I turned my head and saw the sun was actually starting to rise!

“Oh my god. Michael, look! The sun is coming up!” He quickly took my hand and walked me down a path which was just over the horizon. “You can see it more clearly from here.” I couldn’t believe what I was looking at. The colors were so beautiful and it seemed so romantic. Being there with Michael next to me made it feel even more special. “Wow, this is gorgeous.” “Just like you.” I smiled.

Once the sun was halfway onto the horizon, Michael asked me to stop looking at it as it could damage my eyes. He walked me back to the house and I checked on his hand again. The bleeding had stopped and I wiped the ground where his trail of blood was. He told me repeatedly that I didn’t have to clean it up, but I felt guilty and said I wanted to. After I was done, he tucked me back in bed and kissed me goodnight.

“Michael, come and join me.” “Diana, I can’t.” “Please?” “I really can’t. My staff can walk in here anytime. If they see me in bed next to you it’s going to look really bad.” “At least stay with me until I fall asleep?” “I’d love to.” He came and sat on the opposite site of the bed and rubbed my back trying to get me to fall asleep. “Michael?” He giggled. “Yes, Diana. I’ll sing to you.” “How did you know?” “I’m Michael.” “Is that your answer for everything?” “Yes, because it’s true.” “Since we’re at Neverland, can you sing something that inspires you when you’re here?” Michael laughed. “Now, that’s easy.” I then heard him sing one of his most heartfelt songs:

*“Have you seen my childhood? I'm searching for the world that I come from ‘cause I've been looking around in the lost and found of my heart. No one understands me, they view it as such strange eccentricities, ‘cause I keep kidding around like a child, but pardon me. People say I'm not okay ‘cause I love such elementary things. It's been my fate to compensate, for the childhood I've never known .Have you seen my childhood? I'm searching for that wonder in my youth like pirates in adventurous dreams, of conquest and kings on the throne .Before you judge me, try hard to love me. Look within your heart then ask, have you seen my childhood?”*

I heard Michael sniffling as he finished singing. I turned around and wiped his tears away. “Michael, that was SO beautiful. I have never heard that one before.” “No one has. It hasn’t been released yet.” “What is it called?” “Childhood.” “It’s lovely. Is it about you?” He shook his head yes. “I know it’s going to be a success when you release it. It’s wonderful. Your words are so touching.” “Thank you.” “Do you always write your own songs?” “Most of the time but I get help from some of my producers too. I like to get second and third opinions sometimes. It makes the creative process a lot more interesting.”

“I agree.” “Are you tired yet?” “I’m getting there. But I don’t want to keep you. If you want to go, you can.” “No, I’d rather wait until you fall asleep. I’ll tell my staff not to bother you when I leave. When you wake up, just press that button right there…” Michael pointed to a switchboard on the wall near the bed. “The one that says ‘STAFF’. They know you’re staying here so if you need something just press that and they will bring you what you need.” “Ok, thank you.”

He then continued massaging my back trying to get me to fall asleep quickly. “Michael, when you leave here, will you go to bed?” “No, Diana.” “MICHAEL!” “I’m kidding. Yes, yes! I will go to bed.” “You promise?” “I promise, Diana I will.” “Ok, good!” He then giggled. “I’m a good boy.” “Yes, you are. But I like it when you’re bad too.” “I’m bad, I’m bad shamone!” I couldn’t help but laugh. “Michael, you’re silly.” “Yes, but you love me anyway.” “Of course. Very much.”

Within seconds my eyes were starting to close. “Michael, I’m falling asleep.” “Really?” “Yeah, you can go now.” “Not until you’re fully asleep.” “Please keep talking to me. I love hearing your voice. ” “Oh god, I hate my voice.” “WHAT? WHY?!” “Because people used to tell me I sound like a girl.” At that moment, I flashed back to the days when I used to say that about him. I didn’t want Michael to know so I panicked and quickly changed the subject. “Well, it doesn’t matter what those people think. They don’t know anything. So, you’re going to start rehearsing tomorrow?”

“Yes. Why did you change the subject so quickly?” “No reason.” “Diana, I’m not stupid.” “I know you’re not.” “I think you have a guilty conscience.” “Yes, Michael. I do. I admit, I used to think that about you too. In fact, there were times when I’d say that to Marie and she would hit the roof.” “Do you still think that about me?” “Not at all.” “That’s all I care about. People will always judge before they know the truth and sometimes even afterwards. But to me, it’s how they feel AFTER they know the truth that matters.”

“You’re right. I love how you are so reasonable.” “I’m not about everything. As you know I’m stubborn too.” “YES! And my goal is to reduce that.” He laughed. “Good luck. My mother has been trying since I was born and hasn’t succeeded yet.” “Well, I got you to agree to go to bed, didn’t I?” “But you have no way of knowing if I will or not.” “MICHAEL! THAT’S NOT FUNNY.” “Ok, ok. I’m sorry. Yes, you made some progress. But that’s because you make me weak. I can’t say no to you.” “Ever?” “No.”

“Michael?” “Yes?” “Sleep next to me.” He laughed. “I can’t say yes to that.” “But you can’t say no either.” “Diana, I love you.” “I love you too, Michael.” “I would if I could. But believe me, it’s not a good idea.” “Will you sleep with me tomorrow?” ”Most likely, yes.” “Really?” “Yes. All you have to do is say ‘Michael, I want to make love’ and I’ll do it.” “MICHAEL! THAT’S NOT WHAT I MEANT!” He laughed so beautifully. “I know. I was just playing with you, girl.”

My eyes were slowly closing. I couldn’t believe I was awake all day and all night. As lovely as it was, I knew the time had come to finally go to bed. “Diana, are you still awake?” I heard him but didn’t want to respond. I knew if I stayed quiet he’d leave and go to bed as well. He gently moved my head over to the pillows and got up from the bed. I heard his footsteps as he walked around the bed and kissed my back. “Goodnight, my love.” He whispered as he quietly left the room.

As soon as Michael left the house, I suddenly heard voices coming from outside. As tired as I was, I got up from the bed to find out what was happening. I didn’t want Michael knowing I wasn’t sleeping so I hid behind the door where I overheard two people talking. One of them was Michael:

*“Why did you bring her here?”*

*“Because I love her.”*

*“Does she know what’s happening with you?”
“No and she doesn’t need to.”
“Michael, you HAVE to tell her!”
“No, I don’t. What she doesn’t know can’t and won’t hurt her.”*

*“You’d rather have her find out the hard way?”
“She won’t find out anything. Nothing is going to happen to me.”*

*“Michael, you could be facing serious jail time. The last thing you need is some girl in your life making things more complicated for you!”*

*“I am NOT going to jail because I didn’t do anything. She doesn’t know a thing about me and it’s going to stay that way.”*

*“Mike, how long are you going to keep this a secret? Does your family know?*

*“No, and even if they do I couldn’t care less. I care about HER. She was never a fan of mine. She barely knows anything about me and THAT’S why I fell for her. She doesn’t care about my fortune or fame. She cares about ME, as a person.”*

I had no idea who Michael was talking to. The other man’s voice was completely unfamiliar to me. But what got to me the most was the ‘jail time’ comment. I didn’t know Michael was having legal troubles. I knew I had to talk to Marie and Jasmine about this. I didn’t even call them when I arrived. As soon as I turned around, my hand accidentally hit a nearby table and the lamp that was on it fell over and broke. Michael and the other man heard the noise and started running towards the house where I was…