**CHAPTER THIRTEEN:**  The Last Word

I could feel the muscles in my stomach pulling as I was throwing up. I had never felt so awful in my life. Something just wasn’t right with me. I heard the door to the house open. I didn’t want Michael to know I was feeling sick again so I quickly turned on the shower to drown out the noise of me vomiting. He didn’t knock on the bathroom door so I assumed he would just wait for me to get out.

When I did, he was sitting on the couch. He quickly came over to me and gave me a hug. “Are you ok?” “Yeah, why?” “I had a feeling that you were hurt.” “No, Michael. I’m ok.” He let go of me and noticed something was off. “Are you feeling ok?” “I’m fine.” “You look different.” He touched my face and felt my cheeks were warm. He then put his hand on my forehead. “Diana, I think you’re getting sick.”

“I’m not, Michael. I’m fine. I’m just not used to the weather here. It’s really warm and dry. There’s a lot more humidity in the air back home, that’s all.” That was the only excuse I could think of at that moment. I was hoping it worked. “Why aren’t you rehearsing?” “I had to take care of some business then came back to check on you.” “That’s sweet but I’m really ok.” He held me and whispered in my ear. “Diana, I can’t lose you, girl.” “I’m not going anywhere, baby.” “I don’t mean now, I mean EVER.”

I was trying to keep a straight face. Michael seemed really upset. I knew I had to stay calm so I tried comforting him as much as I could. “You’re not going to lose me, Michael.” He grabbed my hand and walked me to the couch. “I have to tell you something.” He said as we both sat down. “It’s going to startle you.” I didn’t say a word.

“Diana….I have…” my cell phone rang. “It’s ok, I’ll call her back.” “No, answer it.” “It’s ok, I know who it is from the ring tone.” “Answer it, Diana.” “Michael, it’s Jasmine. I’ll call her back.” What Michael didn’t know was I didn’t want to talk to her in front of him for obvious reasons. “She must miss you. Have you talked to her since you got here?” “Yes, I called her and Marie already and they’re both fine. I will call her back later.” “Please, answer it.” “What did you want to tell me?” “Answer it.” “Michael!” “Answer it!” “But—“He kissed my lips so hard, I fell back on the couch and pulled him with me.

“Do you really think that’s going to work?” I asked. “I know this will.” He grabbed my hand and placed it firmly on his crotch. My eyes widened as I lay there in shock. “Michael, what are you doing?” “Answer it and you can have this again.” “And if I don’t?” He started squeezing my hand. Meanwhile, the phone was still ringing. “I won’t let you touch me for two days.” “WHAT? Are you kidding me?” He then pressed my hand against him even harder. I was going insane but didn’t want him to know. “I’m serious. Touch me there all you want now, you won’t get it if you don’t answer it.”

I didn’t know if he was being serious or not. But clearly, there was no way out of this. “Ok, you win. I’ll answer it.” He laughed. “I was only joking. You know I can’t live without your love, girl.” “I know! But you also know that I can’t resist you.” “No one can. I’m Michael.” “Yeah, yeah. I know!” I ran over to the desk where my phone was but by the time I got to it, Jasmine had already hung up. “Michael, she hung up. I will call her back later.” “Is she still house sitting for you?” “Yeah.” “Call her back now then. It might be something important.” He was right. I noticed I had a text message from her too:

**“I couldn’t find anything online but I’ll keep looking. Hope you’re doing ok. Marie and I miss you like crazy. Call me!”**

I felt relieved that Jasmine didn’t find anything about Michael’s problem. I assumed his secret was too new to be out in public just yet. I called Jasmine back. “Hi Ana. Did you get my text?” “I did and I miss you too.” “Is here there?” “Yes. Do you want to say hi?” “HELL YEAH!” I walked over to Michael and gave the phone to him. “It’s Jasmine. She wants to say hi.” They talked for a while and had some laughs.

I suddenly started feeling sick again. “Michael, I’ll be right back.” I ran to the bathroom but nothing happened this time. I was starting to think I had been suffering from extreme stress or maybe there was something in the California water that just wasn’t agreeing with me. I really couldn’t think of anything else. If it didn’t go away by tomorrow, I thought I’d let Michael know and get myself checked out by a doctor.

I went back to the living room. Michael was still talking to Jasmine. “What are you two talking about?” “It’s a secret.” Since Michael was pre occupied, I knew this was the perfect time to ‘play’ with him. I went over to the couch and jumped on top of him. As he continued talking, I lifted his shirt and started kissing him. “Stop!” He whispered as I heard Jasmine talking his ear off on the other end. I could tell he was getting distracted. I removed his bottoms and threw them across the room. “Diana, NO!” I ignored him. I heard Jasmine ask him what I was doing. “Yeah, Michael. What AM I doing?” I winked at him. “She’s tickling me.” He said as his face turned red. “Am I really?” “DIANA, STOP!”

I put my hands on his beautiful package and started rubbing it. It drove him wild. He was squirming all over the couch from left to right. “Oh my god, girl!” He screamed. Jasmine had NO CLUE what was going on. She actually thought I was still tickling him. I told Michael to say goodbye and I took the phone back from him. “Jas, I’ll call you in a few days.” “Don’t hurt him, Ana.” I laughed. “Believe me, he’ll enjoy it.” We then hung up.

“Diana, I have to rehearse.” “Not until I’m finished with you.” “Diana, I can’t. I’m serious.” “Why can’t you?” “I have to rehearse and this part of the ranch isn’t private. My staff comes in and out of here all the time.” “Michael, I want to come in and out of here too.” I rubbed him harder. I was so turned on I inadvertently licked my lips and moaned out loud. “Girl, you are so sexy.” “You think so?” I stood up and removed my clothes. Seeing me do that excited him. He let out one of the most amazing sounds I had ever heard. He stood up next to me and scooped me up in his arms. “Let’s go to the room. No one will see us there.” He carried me to the bed and lay me down gently on it.

He then ran to the living room, gathered our clothes and came back, turning off the bedroom light and locking the door behind him. He also made sure the windows and curtains were closed. “Michael, are you afraid of getting caught with me in bed?” “No. I just don’t want people knowing what I do in my personal life. It’s not their business.” “I understand that. You want your privacy.” “Yes. It’s important to me.” I gazed at his body from top to bottom. As beautiful as he was, I noticed for the first time that Michael had a very small frame. I didn’t question him about it. After all, he was still unbelievably gorgeous to me.

“Bring me my package, Mr. Jackson.” “How badly do you want it?” “Come here and I’ll show you.” He giggled as he made his way over to the bed. We started kissing and his hands were traveling all over me. “I love the way you touch me, baby.” “Really?” “Yes.” He then put his fingers inside of me. “I remember when I did this at the hotel.” “Me too. It was amazing.” He continued as I gently bit his ear and kissed the side of his face and neck. I loved being intimate with him. Every second felt like a dream.

As Michael pushed deeper, I remembered his conversation outside with the unknown man. As he was touching me, I realized that knowing he could possibly go to jail for doing something similar to a child made me feel hesitant to go any further with him. I heard his words repeatedly in my head:

**“If she finds out I’m being accused of child molestation she will NEVER come near me again. I will lose her and I’ll DIE before I let that girl slip away from me!”**

Hearing those words over and over again in my mind forced me to pull away from him. “What’s wrong?” He asked. “Did I hurt you again?” “No.” “What is it?” I couldn’t say anything. My back was towards him. He tried to turn me around but I resisted. He then wanted to hold me from behind but I didn’t let him. “You won’t even face me. Why?” I was quiet. “What is it, Diana? You can tell me.” I didn’t know what to say. My mind went blank. “Are you afraid to tell me what’s bothering you?” “No, Michael, that’s not it.”

“What happened earlier with me and Joseph is still on your mind?” “Yes, but that’s not it either.” “Then what is it?” I was silent again. He leaned over and turned my head towards him. “You know I love you?” “Yes.” “You know I’d do anything for you?” “Yes.” “You know I only want to be with you?” “Yes.” “Is that not enough for you to tell me what’s bothering you?” My heart was racing. I knew I had to tell him what I heard and also remembered my promise to Katherine about being open and honest. I knew if I was ever going to gain hers and Michael’s trust I’d have to start somewhere.

“Michael, can I ask you something?” “Of course, anything.” “Are you—“the phone rang and the Havenhurst label on the switchboard was flashing. “That’s mother. She’s home. I’ll talk to her in the other room then change and come back ok?” I shook my head yes then he left to answer the phone in the living room. I got up and changed into my nightgown. While Michael was on the phone with Katherine, I felt sick again. It was starting to get very unbearable. I knew I couldn’t keep hiding it so I texted Jasmine and asked her to stay awake since I needed to talk to her about everything that was going on. She responded saying she’d wait for my call.

I went back to bed and lay on top of the covers waiting for Michael to come back. I knew I had to be straightforward about what I heard but I didn’t know how without making it seem like I was accusing him. It definitely wasn’t going to be easy. All I knew was the face that I wasn’t going to start my new and wonderful relationship based on lies and distrust. After a while, Michael came and stood by the door.

“You always look so beautiful.” He said as he smiled. “Thank you, baby. Come here.” “Are you sure it’s ok?” “Of course.” Michael had changed his clothes too. He always looked stunning in everything he wore. I took his hand in mine as he came over and lay on his side facing me. I also noticed his hand had healed from when he hurt himself from the window. “Michael, your hand looks ok now.” “Yeah, it’s fine.” “You don’t scar easily, do you?” “Not physically. But emotionally I do.” I held him. “For what it’s worth, I’m here now to help you with those scars.” “I know and it’s working.” I gently kissed his cheek. “I love when we do this together.” He said as he ran his fingers through my hair. “Me too. How’s Mrs. J?” “She’s fine. She got home safely and said goodnight to you.” “Michael, she’s so sweet.” “Yeah, she is. You’ve never told me about your parents.” “You never asked me.” “You’re right. I’m sorry.” “No, don’t be. We’ve both been so caught up with each other.” “That’s true. So, tell me about your family, please?”

I briefly told Michael about my parents. As he already knew, my mom is Liberian and my father is German. My father was in the army and my mom was a nurse in the military. That’s how they met. He asked if I had siblings and I told him I was the oldest of three. I had a brother and sister who were twins. He was fascinated. “I think twins are so cool. My brother Marlon had a twin, but he died shortly after mother had him.” “I’m sorry, Michael.” “It’s ok. He’s looking down from heaven on all of us.” “Yes, he is. And he loves you.” “I love him more.” “Hey! What about me?” He giggled cutely. “Why does everything always have to be about you?” “Because I’m Diana.” We both laughed. “You’re so sweet.” He said while rubbing my cheek. “Only with you.” I could tell Michael was trying to ease my mind.

“Do you feel better now?” He asked. “A little.” He then started kissing my lips. As much as I wanted to continue what he started, I pulled away again. “Why do you keep doing that?” “Michael, there’s something I really need to know.” He sat up and gave me his full attention. He seemed anxious and his fingers wouldn’t stop twitching. “What is it?” I took a deep breath. “Michael, are you going to—“

One of his staff members knocked on the main entrance door. “Oh my god. This isn’t happening right now.” He said as he got up to answer it. It was a young lady. Michael introduced me to her and told me she was his personal chef. Her name was Kai and she seemed very nice. She shook my hand and asked if either one of us needed anything to eat or drink before bed. I told her I was ok and so did Michael. He then requested that she and the other staff members not bother us again unless we called them. She understood and left.

Michael walked her back to the door. I realized now wasn’t the time to question him about what was happening in his life. Every time I tried, I was always interrupted. I took it as a sign to keep my mouth shut for now. I knew in my heart that Michael would tell me when the time came. “I’m sorry. That won’t happen again.” He sat on the bed again and held my hand. “What did you want to ask me, Ana?”

“Hey! How did you know that’s my nickname? “Jasmine said it on the phone.” “She did?” “Yes. She said ‘make sure Ana behaves and eats and sleeps on time.’ She sounds like a mother.” “That’s Jas. She gets like that sometimes.” “Do you mind if I call you Ana?” “Not at all, but I love when you call me Diana.” “In that case, I will say both. So, what was your question? About me going somewhere?”

“I wanted to ask if you were really going to Japan.” He giggled. “Is that what you were so nervous about?” “I wasn’t nervous, just sad. I wish I could go with you.” “I know, but that’s still a month from now and yes, I am going there.” “Have you been there before?” “Yes, the Bad tour was also in Japan.” “I remember Marie telling me about that.” “She did?” “Oh god, yeah. She didn’t shut up about it for MONTHS.” “She is beautiful like you. I’m honored that she’s always admired my work.” “She really has. I don’t think you have a more dedicated fan than Marie.” Just then, Michael closed his eyes. “I can see you’re tired, baby. Stay with me tonight?” “I wish I could, but I have to rehearse.” “NOW?” “Yes. It’s important. I missed an entire day. That’s really bad for me.” “You really ARE a workaholic.” “I told you.” “But, Michael, it’s past midnight.” “That’s early for me. I’ll stay with you until you fall asleep then go to the studio.”

“What were you doing earlier?” He paused for a second. “I had to take care of something important.” “Is it serious?” “Yes, but nothing for you to worry about.” “Tell me about it?” “Not yet. But I will, I promise.” I decided to leave it at that. I trusted Michael and didn’t want to force him to tell me anything he wasn’t comfortable with. As long as he knew I was here for him. I felt sleepy but knew I had to stay awake to call Jasmine back. Since Michael wanted to rehearse, I thought he could leave and I’d make my phone call.

“I’m falling asleep now.” I said as he ran his fingers through my hair. Michael then kissed my forehead. “I’m sorry your first day here was so difficult.” “That’s ok. It wasn’t all bad. I enjoyed being with you in the studio.” He giggled adorably. “You can always join me there anytime you want.” “REALLY?” “Yes. There’s a lot more where that came from.” “I’m looking forward to it.” “I love you, girl.” “I love you too, Michael.” He kissed my cheek then got up to leave. “You’ll be ok here?” “Yes.” “Call me if you need anything, ok?” “I will. Goodnight.” “Goodnight, my girl.” I noticed by his reflection in the window that Michael was actually heading to the studio this time. I sighed with relief.

As soon as he was gone from sight I got out of bed, grabbed my cell phone and called Jasmine. We had a long talk about everything that was going on. I didn’t tell her what I found out but I asked her to stop searching for now. She warned me again to be careful and I told her I would. She then filled me in on everything that was happening back home with her and her family. After about an hour, I was starting to doze off. I told her I would keep in touch with her as much as I could and asked her to keep an eye on Marie while I was away.

I went back to bed and closed my eyes. I could hear Michael’s animals in the distance. I started thinking about everything that happened during the day. As difficult as it was, I knew I had to stay positive. I was hopeful that things wouldn’t be so bad during the rest of my stay at Neverland.

**\*\*\* 3 WEEKS LATER \*\*\***

My days with Michael at his beautiful Neverland ranch had come to an end. As I lay on the bed in the guest house bedroom I couldn’t believe that 3 weeks had gone by. Michael has been rehearsing every single day for weeks. His tour dates had to be changed and Michael was scheduled to leave for Japan tomorrow evening. He was gracious enough to let me watch him rehearse a few times and even showed me some of his new surprise dance steps for his fans. He even taught me how to moonwalk. Even though I could never be as good as him, learning it was quite the experience.

He also showed me his bedroom where he sleeps and we both spent a few nights there together. He showed me his giving tree, closets full of beautiful clothes, artwork, drawings, books and introduced me to his dancers, backup singers and team members whom he travels with. As busy as his schedule is, Michael ALWAYS made time for me. He told me he was going to put on a show that the world has never seen before. I was so excited that the anticipation seemed overwhelming.

As the days went on before he had to leave, Michael’s behavior changed significantly. He was still the shy, sweet and charming man we all knew and loved but when it came to preparing for concerts and going on tour, Michael was VERY different and quite hard on himself. His sleeping, eating, drinking and exercise habits were extremely strict. He always made sure everything was no less than perfect and always on time. I was amazed at how disciplined yet loving Michael was when it came to his career and the people he worked with. His perfectionism was truly undeniable.

During my stay at his ranch, I met all of Michael’s family members and several of his close friends including Elizabeth Taylor, Lisa Minnelli and Macaulay Culkin. I never saw or came in contact with his father again after that one time. I wanted to meet him again to see if I could try and gain his affection but I realized if his own children couldn’t do it, there was no way I could. It was hard for me to accept the fact that Joseph was the way he was. I wished there was something I could have said or done to change him for the better but I decided to let it go. I knew that when it came to Joseph, the best decision was to leave him in God’s hands.

Time sure flew by. I wasn’t able to see a doctor about how I was feeling. I was still getting sick but the effects of it slowed down after a few days and wasn’t as bad as it was in the beginning. So I decided to wait until I got home to get checked out. Marie and Jasmine were still calling to check up on me every other day and I spoke to my parents in Arizona last week and told them where I was. They didn’t believe me at first until Michael grabbed the phone from me one day and spoke to them directly.

My father told me my mom was so shocked, she froze with the phone in her hand. Michael has been such a gentleman the entire time I’ve been with him and has taken care of me like no one else. We went out together a few times in secret with him in disguise. He took me to Disneyland, the movies, out to dinner and even to another fancy hotel where we spent the night together just like in New York. My love for him has grown stronger with each passing day and I know he feels the same way.

The two of us will be leaving Neverland tomorrow but not at the same time. My flight home is in the morning and he’ll be leaving for Japan at night. As I lay on the bed thinking about my incredible adventure, it still felt like a complete fairy tale with Michael as my prince charming. I didn’t know what I did to deserve this, but I felt more than blessed to be here and share this experience with him.

“Diana, sweetie? It’s Kate. May I come in?” “Of course.” “I know you’re leaving tomorrow and I won’t get a chance to see you before you go to the airport so I wanted to come over and say thank you for coming and it was a real pleasure having you here.” I got up and hugged her. “Thank you, Mrs. J. I had so much fun and I enjoyed being with you and the rest of the family at Havenhurst. You have such a beautiful home there.” “Thank you.” “Will you come visit me in New York?” “I’d love to.” “I can’t wait for you to meet my mom.” “I bet she’s just as lovely as you are.” I smiled. “I have to go out of town today for a press conference with Janet. I wanted to say goodbye to you and Michael before you both leave. Do you know where he is?”

“I haven’t seen him since last night. You know how he is when it comes to crunch time – he’s been eating, sleeping and breathing in the studio.” “I’ll go see him there. Have you been feeling ok? Michael told me that you were having a hard time adjusting to the weather here.” “I have my days but it’s not that bad anymore. I’m sure I’ll be ok and back to normal when I get home.” Katherine hugged me again as we both said goodbye. She then left to see Michael in his studio.

I got out of bed, showered and got dressed. When I was finished, I looked around the room feeling very emotional. I knew my last day at Neverland was going to be hard, but it didn’t affect me until after Katherine left. I had a feeling my life was never going to be same once I left but I also knew I had to be strong for Michael. I wanted to make the most out of our last day together. A few days ago, Michael’s sisters took me shopping in Beverly Hills and I bought so many new things including lingerie. I knew Michael would love it so I saved it for today as a way of showing him what would be waiting for him in America when he got back from touring.

As I waited for Kai to prepare and bring my fruits and snacks, I remembered the first day I met Michael at the museum opening. I couldn’t fathom how one accident made such an impact on both of our lives. In the past two months, Michael and I created so many wonderful memories and he gave me so many things to take home. I knew I could never repay him no matter how hard I tried. He even bought me a new ring just because I left the other one he gave me at home. He took me to a jewelry store and asked me to choose anything I liked. I didn’t want anything fancy or expensive so I picked a simple white gold ring with a green peridot diamond in the middle - Michael’s birthstone.

I hadn’t seen him since last night when he tucked me in bed. We watched his short films together and he read me some poems that he wrote as I was falling asleep. Michael told me he was going to publish his second book. I knew about his first one, his Moonwalk biography from Marie who, of course, bought a copy when it was released. But Michael showed me some of his work that he said is very personal to him. It was going to be called “Dancing the Dream” and would be released when he returned from Japan and Europe.

Kai brought me my food after a short while. When I finished eating, I went to the phone and called Michael’s studio. During my stay, I had never called him there but I thought since today was my last day, I’d do it just to make him happy. I didn’t want to deliberately interrupt his work so I figured I’d just say hello and let him finish rehearsing. With just one day left, I couldn’t imagine the amount of pressure Michael must have been feeling. I knew that if anyone could help ease his tension, it would be me.

“The sun must be shining now that you’re awake.” He said. “Michael, you are so sweet.” “How are you?” “I’m good, but I miss you.” “Me too. I’ll come over and visit you in about an hour ok?” “No problem. What are you working on?” “It’s a secret.” “Did you do Billie Jean yet?” “About two hours ago. Why?” “I wanted to be there to catch your fedora at the end.” “Diana, you caught my heart. Isn’t that better than any fedora?” “Yes, but I want more.” “Someone is greedy.” “Only when it comes to you, moonwalker.” “I can rehearse it again if you’d like to see it.” “Michael, do you EVER say no?” “Not to you.” “I love you.” “I love you more.”

“Did you rehearse Smooth Criminal yet?” “No, that one takes the longest. I will do it tonight.” “Can I watch?” “Of course.” Just then, Kai walked in the house to take my dishes away. “Michael, have you eaten?” “Yes.” “Kai, did Michael eat?” She laughed. “Yes, he did. He was a good boy too. Ate everything I gave him. He even drank all of his juice.” “What juice?” “I drink fresh blended juice every morning.” “Really?” “Yes. It has carrots, oranges and a few other things.” “It sounds gross.” “It’s not. It’s really good.” “EW!” “You would never try it?” “NO WAY!” “Not even if I asked you to?” “I’d have to think about it.” He and Kai both laughed as she took my dishes and left.

“I won’t keep you, Michael. I just wanted to say hi and let you know that I’m awake.” “It’s ok. I’m going to stop very soon anyway. You didn’t disturb me. I just have to finish a few more things and then I’ll be with you.” “Really?” “Yes. We only have today to be together. As soon as I finish a few more songs and dance steps, I’ll be all caught up. “I can’t wait to see you.” “I just need about an hour or two at the most ok?” “Michael, I’d wait a lifetime for you.” “Aww, that’s very sweet. Thank you.” “I mean it.” “I know, Ana. I’d do the same for you.” “Take your time ok? I’ll either be here in the guest house or with the animals.”

“Diana?” “Yes?” “Do you love me?” “Do I really have to answer that?” “Is that a no?” “ARE YOU CRAZY?” He laughed to himself. “I’m just playing with you, girl.” “You can play with me all you want later.” “I’d like that.” “I’ll see you soon.” “Ok.” “I’m giving you a kiss.” “Where?” “MICHAEL!” “Ok, ok. I’ll see you later.” Just before he hung up, I heard Michael making kissing noises on the phone. He was always such a kid at heart.

I went outside and walked around the ranch for the last time. I saw all of the animals and said goodbye to them. Bubbles was adorable. He followed me around for days, even inside the bathroom. Michael told me he has very strong instincts and always felt safe around me. It’s true what they say – you can grow to love pets just as much as humans, sometimes even more. On my way back to the guest house, I started feeling sick again. I ran to the bathroom and threw up again. Feeling irritated, I decided to try and find out what was wrong with me and how I could stop it from happening.

Even though my mother was a nurse, I felt uncomfortable asking her. I knew if I had told her from the very beginning she would have made me get on the plane and come back home. Also, with her being out of town, I knew it would be difficult to ask. I also knew she’d tell my father and he’d also be worried sick about me. I wanted to call Jasmine since she was the only one I knew I could trust. If I call Marie, she’ll freak out and make me come home early too.

**\*\*\* LATER THAT EVENING \*\*\***

“Jas, I need to talk to you about something.” “Ana, don’t tell me you’re not leaving tomorrow?” “No, I am. But something’s been happening to me for the past few weeks and I never told anyone about it. It started when I got here and stopped for a while but now it’s happening again. “Does it have anything to do with his legal troubles?” “No. He still hasn’t brought that up. I don’t know when he will but I’m going to leave that up to him. I can’t force him, Jas. It’ll only push him further away.” “You’re right. So, what’s going on?” “I’ve been feeling really sick. Ever since I got here, my stomach has been turning and I throw up all the time.” “How long has this been going on?” “A few weeks.”

“Does he know?” “No. I haven’t told anyone, you’re the first person.” “Why didn’t you tell him?” “Because he’ll freak out and assume the worst. I wanted to see a doctor but time flew by so quickly I never got the chance. Plus, I was doing ok for the most part.” “Have you been eating and drinking properly?” “Yes.” “Have you been sleeping ok?” “Yes.” “It’s not the water, is it?” “That’s what I thought too at first then I started drinking bottled water and I still get sick.” “Does it happen all the time?” “Yeah, but mostly out of nowhere. I get cramps too.” “When?” “Whenever we…you know...”

“Every time?” “Yeah, but I don’t tell him because I don’t want him to stop and feel bad. I just tolerate it while we’re doing it.” “Diana, you better sit down.” “I AM sitting down.” “I think I know what the problem is.” “Ok, what?” “Stay with me on this. You’ve been getting sick and throwing up for the past few weeks and you’re saying you get cramps every time you two have sex?” “Yeah, exactly. So?” “Ana…” she paused for what seemed like a good 30 seconds. “Jas? Jas? JAS!” “Ana, I think you might be pregnant.”

My eyes widened. I had never even though that could be a possibility until Jasmine mentioned it. “No way. That can’t be.” “Do you two use protection?” I suddenly realized that Michael and I never did. Not even once. “OH MY GOD! JAS! What am I going to do? I can’t be pregnant. There’s NO way! My parents are going to KILL ME!” I started panicking. My head was spinning. “ANA! Calm down. Listen to me, it’s just a possibility, we don’t know for sure yet. You have to get a pregnancy test TODAY and find out.” “Jas, I’m at Neverland. Where am I going to find one of those things?” “Just tell him you need to go to the store to get something.” “He won’t let me go alone.” “Then go with one of his sisters or his mother.”

“Are you NUTS? They can’t know about this, either!” “You mean his family doesn’t know you’ve been sleeping with him?” “I’m sure they know, but he and I have never told anyone except Joseph.” “HIS FATHER KNOWS?” “That’s another story, Jas. I don’t know what to do. I’m going crazy. It’s starting to make sense. I’ve been acting so stupid, Jas. I didn’t even think of protection all this time. On top of that, I’ve been so mesmerized by him I just realized I’m late.” “YOU ARE?” “Yes.” “Ana, you NEED to get tested NOW.”

“Jas, what if I am?” “Then you have to tell him.” “How can I do that? He’s leaving TOMORROW for his tour.” “That’s why you have to find out TODAY and tell him before you leave.” “I’M LEAVING TOMORROW MORNING! Jas, I can’t do this. His mother is going to think I’m a whore. His father already thinks that of me and my parents will never forgive me. They won’t EVER accept this. I can’t keep this baby and there’s no way Michael will let me get rid of it. You have NO idea how much he loves children.”

“Ana, you need to stop over analyzing and find out if you really are first. Is there someone you can send to get the test for you?” “No, Jas. I have to do this myself. There’s no other way.” “Keep me posted, ok?” “I will.” “Good luck.” I hung up with her and sat on the couch trying to think of a way to get to a pharmacy. After wracking my brain for the longest time, I came up with something.

I got up from the couch and noticed Michael was coming to the house from the studio. “There’s my PYT.” He said as he came over and kissed me. “Michael, I need to ask a favor.” “Of course, anything.” “Can one of your drivers take me to a store?” “Yes, which one?” “A pharmacy.” “What for?” “I was just on the phone with Jasmine. She said her mom isn’t feeling well and Jasmine saw online that there’s this amazing herbal treatment sold here in California and she asked me to get it so I can take it home with me tomorrow.” “Of course, I’ll have Chris take you. Do you want to go now?” I shook my head yes. “Ok, I’ll call him now.”

I had never felt so relieved in my life. I was hoping he wouldn’t offer to go with me. Of course, Michael being who he is would never be able to go into a store without being mauled by fans or the paparazzi. I quickly got dressed. Within minutes, Chris was ready with the car outside. “Michael, I won’t be gone long.” “I’m going to check on the animals.” He kissed my lips and gently put his hand on my stomach. “Michael, NO!” I yelled as I jumped back about two feet. “What is it?” “I just ate and feel really full. I didn’t want you to accidentally push on my stomach.”

“Diana, are you sure you’re ok?” “Yeah, I’m fine. I’ll see you later.” As I was leaving, he grabbed my arm and pulled me towards him. “I can’t believe this is our last day together. I’m looking forward to tonight.” I tried so hard not to break. The thought of me carrying Michael Jackson’s baby scared me to death. “Me too, Michael. I’ll be back soon.” I turned around, kissed his cheek and left. When I got in the car, Chris immediately sensed something was wrong. “Diana, are you ok?” “No, Chris. I have a problem.”

“Anything I can do to help?” “Yes, take me to the nearest pharmacy.” “Are you not feeling well?” “It’s not for me. Can we go now please?” “Is Michael feeling sick?” “Thankfully, no. It’s for someone back home.” He then started to drive. The nearest pharmacy was about 30 minutes away. Luckily, they had a whole section of pregnancy tests. I grabbed the best ones I could find and made sure Chris couldn’t see me buying them from the car. As a cover up, I bought a few herbal vitamins to show Michael just in case he asked me when I got back.

I knew I had to buy more than one just in case I needed a second or third opinion. I grabbed three different brands and went to the checkout lane to buy them. I made sure they were in paper bags so no one could see them as I quickly stuffed them in my purse and left the store. “Sorry, I took so long.” “You didn’t. Did you find what you needed?” “Yes, thank god. Thank you, Chris. We can go home now.” As he drove me home, I was starting to sweat. I knew I had to relax but the pressure was getting to me. Every second in that car made me more and more nervous. I knew I needed to get back and get tested.

When we got back to Neverland, I noticed Michael was waiting for me outside the guest house. I was hoping he wouldn’t see what I had in my purse. I kept it closed firmly, thanked Chris and walked towards him. “Did you find what you were looking for?” “I did. Thank you for getting Chris to take me. I know that was very last minute.” “It’s ok. That’s what they’re here for.” “Are you finished with rehearsals?” “Yes, I’m all yours now.” Michael looked at me and noticed my entire body was shaking. “Diana, what’s wrong?” “Nothing, why?” “You can’t even stand still.” “I’m just trying to keep my energy up. I don’t want to feel down or depressed about leaving tomorrow.”

We went inside the house and again, I felt sick. I knew I had to take the tests now. “I’ll be right back. I’m just going to the bathroom.” “I’ll be here.” Michael said as he sat on the couch.” I ran inside with my purse and locked the door. I threw up again. Never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined that what I was going through was morning sickness. I wasn’t even getting sick in the morning. Ironically, it was happening at every other time of the day. I was terrified. I took all three tests out of my purse.

I couldn’t wait any longer. I removed each one from their packages and read all of the instructions carefully. I knew I couldn’t throw anything in the bathroom afterwards so I decided to keep everything in the paper bag in my purse and throw it out at the airport in the morning. I took one test and waited for the results. My heart was pounding. I had sweat pouring down my face. The instructions said the test results could take up to ten minutes. I was hoping it wouldn’t take that long.

Every second that went by seemed like an hour. I was afraid Michael would start wondering why I was taking so long. I walked over to the sink where the test was and grabbed the instructions. It was positive. My hands were shaking so hard, I dropped the test on the floor. My throat was starting to hurt and I felt dizzy. I knew I had to pull myself together and take the other two tests. I took the second one which also said positive. It came down to the final test. My brain already knew the answer but to give myself the benefit of the doubt, I took it anyway. As I waited for the result, Michael was calling me from the living room. I opened the door and told him I’d join in him a few minutes. I told him I was trying on some new makeup that I had recently bought. I had no idea where my excuses were coming from. I felt horrible lying to him but I didn’t have any other choice.

The third and final test was also positive. I crouched down on the bathroom floor and silently started crying. I felt like screaming but I knew I couldn’t. I had no idea what I was going to do. There was a child growing inside of me and there was no way I could keep it. At the same time, there was no way I could lose it either. My brain was working so hard, I could feel my nerves rattling around in my head.

I put everything inside the paper bag, stuffed it in my purse and left the bathroom. I quickly ran into the bedroom and put my purse at the very bottom of my bag with my clothes. I knew that would be the safest place to keep it. I hurried over to the mirror, put on some makeup and went to the living room where Michael was. “I’m sorry I took so long. I just wanted to look pretty for you.” “You don’t have to. You always look beautiful to me.” “You look better, Michael.” “I wish I could believe that.” “YOU DO. You drive me crazy with your gorgeousness.” He giggled cutely as I sat down next to him.

“I can’t believe you’re leaving me in the morning.” He said as he lay against me. “I won’t see you, I won’t touch you and I won’t feel your soft hands in my hair.” I knew that was my cue to start stroking his hair. It always made him so happy. Michael suddenly bent down and put his head on my stomach. As nervous as I was, I knew I couldn’t ask him to move. “Michael, it’s been an amazing three weeks but you have to start your tour and I have to go home and get back to my usual routines.”

“Will you be going to school?” “Not yet. But Marie will be. She’s an art major. That’s why we went to the museum in the first place.” “I thank God every day that I was there.” He said as he gently rubbed my stomach. “If I hadn’t been, I never would’ve seen you.” “I know, Michael. Me too.” “What will you take in school?” “I haven’t decided yet. Maybe performing arts.” “You don’t need to go to school for that, Diana. I can teach you all you need to know.” “So I can be your naughty school girl?” He laughed uncontrollably. “If you took my class, what type of uniform would you wear for me?” “The only uniform I’d ever wear for you is my smile, Mr. Jackson.” He suddenly felt excited. I didn’t realize my flirting was getting so out of control until it was too late. “Can I see you smile in the bedroom?” He asked as he winked at me. As much as I wanted him, I knew we could no longer have sex. But refusing him wasn’t going to work either.

Since it was our last night together, I knew I had to give in. I thought it would be harmless if it happened just one more time. I prayed that it wouldn’t be too painful for me. “I’ll meet you in the room.” I said as I pulled him towards me and kissed his lips. Suddenly, there was a large, dark figure that moved across the lawn. Michael quickly rose to his feet and accidentally hit me in the stomach as he did. I started getting cramps. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to do that. Are you ok?” I didn’t want him to know I was hurt so I acted like I was fine. “It’s ok. I’m alright.” “Are you sure?” He held me by my waist apologizing repeatedly. “It’s ok, baby. It doesn’t hurt.” “Then why are you holding onto your stomach?” I took a deep breath. I knew I had to tell him the truth.

“Michael, there’s something you need to know. You better sit down.” He did and then another shadowy figure went past us. “Did you see that?” I asked. “Yeah. Stay here. I’ll be back.” “What is it?” “It might be one of the animals. They’re supposed to be caged up by now but sometimes the staff members accidentally forget about one or two of them. I’ll go check it out.” “Be careful, please.” “Don’t worry, I’ll be right back.” He left and I sat on the couch trying to come up with a way to break the news to him.

**\*\*\* MICHAEL’S POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

He ran to a far corner across the lawn where a large shadow of a man suddenly appeared.

*“What are you doing here?”  
“Look what I found.”*

*“Where did you find this newspaper?”*

*“I have my sources. It’s going to be on every newsstand and bookshelf tomorrow morning.”*

*“How did the press find out about this?”*

*“Someone from the inside must have tipped them off.”  
“It wasn’t her.”  
“It must have been.”  
“She still doesn’t know about it and even if she did, she’d never do that to me.”*

*“Have you been with her every day since she came here?’*

*“Yes.”  
“She’s never left this place without you?”  
“No….except earlier today.”  
“Mike….I think she found out.”*

*“No, it can’t be her. She would never betray me like that.”*

*“Mike, get rid of her NOW. I told you having her here would be bad for you.”*

*“She’ll be gone in the morning and then I leave for Japan at night.”*

*“Mike, you’re not going anywhere.”  
“What are you talking about?”  
“When the public sees this, there’s no way in hell the government is going to let you leave the country!”*

*“What am I supposed to do?”  
“Leave TONIGHT.”*

*“What about her?”*

*“Tell her something came up and you have to leave now.”*

*“I can’t do that. It will look way too suspicious.”*

*“Michael, this is YOUR LIFE. The entire world is going to know about this tomorrow and you’re worrying about HER?”*

*“You were supposed to take care of this for me. Why didn’t you?”  
“I was working on it! I wasn’t expecting it to be leaked.”*

*“It wasn’t her. I KNOW it wasn’t her.”*

*“We’ll find out sooner or later. In the meantime, get your crew, get your stuff, and get out of town TONIGHT. I’ll do my best to snatch these papers off the shelves. Chances are, it’s going to be on the news too.”*

*“God, why me?” I was hoping this would all be over by the time I left for Japan.”*

*“Mike, things like this don’t just go away.”*

*“I’m going to lose her. There’s no way I can stop this from happening now.”*

*“Leave, Michael. Make sure her arrangements are confirmed for tomorrow morning and get the hell out of here NOW.”*

*“I’ll take care of it. You do what you have to. I’ll get in touch with you when I land in Japan.”*

**\*\*\* MY POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

*He’s been gone for a long time.* I thought. I got up to see if I could find him outside then I saw him walking back to the house. “Where were you, baby?” “I went to see what that shadow was.” “Well, what was it?” “Diana, I have to tell you something.” “So do I.” “You can go first.” “No, you go ahead.” “Are you sure?” “Yes. What I have to say can wait for now.” We both sat on the couch. Michael held my hand. He seemed VERY worried. “Michael, your hands are trembling.” “What I’m about to tell you is really serious.” “Same here.” “Diana, you know how I feel about you, right?” “Of course I do.” “And you know I’d never do anything to hurt anyone on purpose, right?” “Yes, Michael.”

I could tell he was having a difficult time. I tried comforting him. “Michael, whatever it is, I’ll understand. Don’t be so afraid.” “Oh god, this is so hard.” He then started to cry. “Michael, what’s wrong?” “Diana, I have a problem…” I then felt sick again. I stood up to excuse myself but then collapsed and completely blacked out…..