**CHAPTER NINE:** The Decision

Michael gasped softly. I knew he was lost for words. He bit his bottom lip and looked down as if he were ashamed. “We shouldn’t do this.” He said as he let go of me. He got up from on top of me and started to leave the bed. “NO!” I said grabbing him by his arm as he stood up. “I didn’t tell you that so you’d stop. I wanted you to know because….well….I’m glad that you will be my first.” He smiled and sat down next to me. “Are you sure?” “Would I be here in this gown if I wasn’t?” He laughed. “I don’t want you to think I did all of this just to get you here. I’m not like that at all.” “I know you’re not. I never thought that about you.”

“And, just so you know… I am too.” “You are…” “What you said.” “WHAT?” “It’s true. I really am.” I couldn’t believe what Michael had just said. It seemed impossible to me that he of all people would still be a virgin, especially at his age and with such a successful career. “You’re not kidding?” “I would never joke about something like that. Especially with you.” Shocked, I sat up on the bed and the two of us had a serious talk.

Michael explained to me that he had a fear of intimacy based on his past. He only had one serious relationship and another was more of a crush that he thought would develop into something further but never did. As he told me this, I couldn’t help but cry. I had no idea the man that everyone loved as an entertainer had such heartbreaking secrets. As he was talking, I was praying that he’d never have to suffer like that again.

“Michael, I’m sorry.” I said as I grabbed his hand. “I’d never do anything to hurt you like that.” “Neither would I.” He said. “I knew you’d be different which is why I wanted to meet you so badly.” “I’m glad we did and I’m happy to be here with you.” Just then, we held each other and without saying a word. I could feel Michael’s energy as I was holding him. His heart was beating fast. “Michael, I can hear your heart.” “It beats to your name.” “You are very sweet.” “I love you, Liberian Girl.” I laughed. “I love you too, Moonwalker.” We both laughed to ourselves.

Suddenly, my lust for Michael awakened inside of me again and I realized he was still nude against my body. His skin felt so incredibly soft. Touching him was beyond amazing. I wanted to quickly move things along. “Michael?” I whispered in his ear. “I want you…” “Are you sure?” To show him just how sure I was, I let go of him and stood up. I then quickly lifted my gown up and removed it as it landed on the floor surrounding my feet. Michael quickly put his hands over his eyes and giggled.

I walked over to him, removed his hands and asked “Does this answer your question?” He shook his head yes and put me down on the bed again. As he did, he pulled me towards him and put his left hand on the back of my head. He then took his right hand and started to unfasten my bra. Feeling his long fingers on my back was driving me crazy. I couldn’t help but moan. I could tell he was enjoying what he was doing.

As he unfastened it, he slowly removed my bra from my body. I then took it from him and threw it across the room. Ironically, it landed near the bedroom door. “I won’t forget it if it’s there.” I said. “Can I keep it?” Michael asked. “My BRA?” “Mmm hmm…. please?” “Sure. It’s yours.” I didn’t know why Michael wanted to keep it but I didn’t really care. I wanted him so badly he could have taken my shoes and my dress too.

I didn’t want to seem desperate, but seeing Michael without clothes on in the candlelight was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. I couldn’t help but feel anxious. “Make love to me, Michael….PLEASE!” For the first time, Michael looked at me as I was lying on the bed. He examined me slowly from head to toe and as he did, he ran his hands up and down my entire body. “God, you feel amazing.” He said as he kept touching me. “I love your body.” “I love yours too.” I said as he continued.

“Michael, you’re looking at me…”I said trying to make him feel comfortable. “I know, I LOVE IT.” He said with a big smile. “Take your time. I’m in no hurry.” As he kept touching me, my body was getting more and more heated. Michael’s hands were big and strong. At that moment, I had never been more grateful in my life for having the ability to know the feel of touch. “I don’t want to hurt you.” He said as he pressed his body against mine.

“You won’t.” I said trying to reassure him. We kissed passionately and his hands were traveling around my body again. I did the same to him and within seconds I accidentally touched Michael’s body in a way that made him feel uncomfortable. “Diana, please don’t.” He said. “I’m sorry. What did I do?” “Please don’t touch me so intensely.” “Why?” “I’ve never shown my body to anyone before, but I trust you. Whatever you see on me, whatever you feel, PLEASE don’t say anything about it to anyone. Promise me!” “Michael, what are you talking about?”

He then took my hand and ran it down the entire upper portion of his back. He flinched as always but after a few seconds, I felt something sharp and uneven. “Michael, what is that?” I asked trying not to sound insensitive. “Scars and really deep cuts from when I was a child. They never healed.” I couldn’t believe what I was feeling. How could a man so sweet, gentle, and full of love be abused and scarred in more ways than one?

“No one knows about them.” Michael explained. “This was one reason why I didn’t want to do this with you. I never wanted you or anyone else to find out.” “Michael, you have a beautiful body. Your physical marks are just marks. I know they represent much more to you, but they don’t change the way I see or feel about you.” Michael was getting teary eyed. I knew this wasn’t easy for him to bring up. I wished I could take all of his insecurities away. To me, Michael was the most beautiful man in the world, inside AND out.

“I’m sorry.” He said as he looked down. “I didn’t want to tell you, but I didn’t want to hide it from you either.” “Michael, turn around.” He did and I put him down gently on the bed. As he lay there, I touched his back from top to bottom and kissed him all over. I also noticed he had patches on his back similar to the ones on his leg that he showed me earlier. I wanted him to know that I noticed them too and still didn’t think any less of him. I pressed my lips against his back in all of his sensitive areas. He was making such beautiful noises of pleasure and I saw him grab onto the bed sheets tightly as if he were enjoying what I was doing.

I put my body against his back and whispered in his ear. “Michael, I love EVERYTHING about you. Even your flaws that you think you have. Your body is irresistible and I promise I won’t say a word to anyone. Thank you for sharing something so personal with me.” I really tried my best to make him feel loved and I was hoping that it worked.

He then tried getting up and I removed myself from on top of him. Without saying a word, Michael kissed me and starting spreading my legs apart. I knew my words made him feel better. I was so happy to know that he trusted me. I made a promise to myself that I would make sure he always stayed this way no matter what.

“I can’t resist you anymore.” He said in between kisses. “I want you…” “Me too.” I said as I put my hands on his beautiful head of hair. Michael kissed my forehead, my nose and then my cheeks and lips. He then worked his way down to my neck, shoulders, chest and my stomach. His lips felt unbelievable. Neither one of us wanted this moment to end.

My body was trembling again. “Are you ok?” He asked. I shook my head yes and asked him to keep going. He then decided to take things one step further. I was nervous but tried not to let it show. I wanted this man more than anything else. A few seconds later, Michael stopped and asked me to lie on the bed with my head on the pillows.

His hands were all over me. It felt so good that my legs went numb. Michael looked up at me and ran his hand down my cheek. “I love you.” He said as I grabbed his body and pulled him towards me. “I love you too, Michael.” He then smiled and briefly closed his eyes. I knew the time had come and he seemed so incredibly shy. “It’s ok.” I said trying to comfort him. “We’re both in this together.” “I know.” He said. “But, I just don’t know if I’ll be good at it.” I didn’t want to laugh at him as I thought that would make him feel more insecure so I decided to turn things around.

“There’s only one way to find out.” I said as I kissed his cheek. He was quiet and placed his hands on my legs. I knew he felt uncomfortable again. I then came up with a brilliant idea to possibly give him more confidence. “Michael, I’m all yours tonight.” He laughed. “You just reminded me of something.” “What’s that?” “One of my songs.” “Really? Which one?” “The one with your name in it.” “I’ve never heard it.” “You HAVEN’T?” “No. What’s it called?” “Dirty Diana.” “Sing it to me.” He looked more confused than ever. “Just the verse that reminded me of you. I’d love to hear it. Please?” I knew Michael would agree. He then started to sing the lyrics:

‘*She said I have to go home ‘cuz I’m real tired you see. Now I hate sleeping alone, why don’t you come with me? I said my baby’s at home she’s probably worried tonight. I didn’t call on the phone to say that I’m alright. Diana walked up to me, she said I’m all yours tonight and then I ran to the phone saying baby I’m alright. I said but unlock the door, ‘cuz I forgot the key, she said he’s not coming back*—“

“Because he’s SLEEPING WITH ME!” I said as I interrupted him and shoved his body all the way into mine. He screamed loudly with intense pleasure as I pressed my lips onto his. Michael then smiled and laughed cutely. “You’ve never heard of it?” I winked at him as he continued pushing his way into me. “You are so smart. Thank you.” He said as he kissed my lips. Regardless of how it happened, it did and I was in blissful heaven for the first time in my life. It felt amazing.

Finally, our love making had begun. I could feel the extensiveness of his body going up and down in all directions. “I didn’t hurt you, did I?” I asked since I was so quick to get him in my body. “No, am I hurting you?” “Not at all. Keep going.” For the next little while, we both didn’t say a word to each other. Our bodies and souls became one. Michael was such an incredible lover. His body was so flexible, it was so sexy to see him move seductively in so many different directions. His lips were all over me, his hands were all over me and the most intimate part of his body was inside of me. I couldn’t have asked for anything else.

After a while, Michael started pushing harder. “I love it.” He said as he kissed me. I couldn’t help but moan loudly as his body kept pleasing me. Michael laid his head on my chest. I lifted him up because I wanted to see his beautiful eyes. He had them closed. “Please open your eyes.” When he did, I noticed Michael was wearing eyeliner. It slowly started to run down the sides of his eyes and I could tell he was feeling shy and exhausted. I wiped the sides of his eyes and kissed them both. “Are you tired?” I asked. “No, I don’t want to stop.”

I kissed him and told him not to stop until he wanted to. I had all the time in the world and this feeling was too intensely magnificent. “You feel so good.” He said as he kept thrusting against me. I could feel Michael’s entire package inside of me. “Oh, my god. You feel AMAZING!” I screamed as he continued going deeper and deeper inside of me. I clutched onto the bed sheets and held them tightly as he continued making love to me.

After a while, Michael’s body started shaking. I was concerned as I didn’t want him to over exert himself. “Baby, you’re shaking.” I said trying to hold him. He laughed. “What is it?” I asked. “I’m almost there.” Hearing him say that made feel tingly all over. “I have a confession to make.” I said feeling nervous again. “I’m already done.” Michael looked at me as if he had just seen a ghost. “ARE YOU SERIOUS?!” “Yes, I went twice.” He then giggled and buried his head in my chest like a little boy. “You felt so good, I couldn’t stop myself. I knew you’d be amazing.” “Why didn’t you tell me?” He asked. “If I had, you would’ve wanted to go faster and I didn’t want this to be over so soon.”

Michael’s face lit up like an angel. I could see the reflection from the candles on the ground flickering against his skin and in his eyes. He kissed me again and told me he’s never loved anyone as much as loves me. “Shhh…” I said putting my finger on his mouth. “Keep doing what you’re doing. I love it.” He then continued with his love making, driving me crazy. I felt so blessed to be the one to show Michael what love was in a physical form. “Diana…I’m….oh my god…I’m....” I laughed at how adorably innocent Michael was. He was too shy to tell me he was about to have an orgasm.

Seconds later, he did and I watched his face in delight as he exhaled and screamed again with pleasure. Seeing him so pleased in the candlelight made me feel proud and happy. I knew he would feel loved this way. “Thank you so much.” He said as he kissed my forehead. I noticed a single tear roll down his cheek. “No, Michael. Don’t.” I said as I wiped it away. “I can’t believe this just happened.” He said. I put his head on my chest and rubbed his shoulders. “It did and I loved it.” I said trying to make him comfortable again. “How do you feel?” I asked. “Incredible. I always wanted to know what this would feel like.”

He then kissed my neck. I could feel a pulling sensation from his mouth. Michael was trying to give me a hickey! “No, Michael! Not there!” I said as I lifted his head. “You don’t want me to?” “I do. But not there. Everyone will see it.” “You’re right.” He said as he examined my body again. He slouched down and gave me one on my left breast instead. “Ohhh, that feels amazing!!” I said as he was doing it. I could feel his lips wrapped around my skin so tight. He kept going, harder and harder making me scream so loud I had to put a pillow over my mouth.

“There.” He said as he made his way back up to me. “Now you have something to remember me by.” “Thank you.” I said kissing his lips. I grabbed him by his arms and placed him on top of me. I wanted to hold him one more time before this moment came to an end. “Diana, spend the night with me.” He said. Without giving it a second thought, I agreed.

He then got up and told me he wanted to freshen up and change his clothes. “I won’t be long.” He said as he walked to a closet nearby. “Michael, should I blow these candles out?” “You don’t have to. They’re not real.” “What do you mean?” “Look,” He said while picking one of them up. “It’s solar powered. There’s no real flame.” “That’s so COOL!” I sounded like a kid who just discovered something. “I couldn’t light this many real candles. The staff here told me it was a fire hazard. So I had to think of something else.”

“You are SO AMAZING.” I said as I kissed him again. “Will they turn off on their own?” “Yes.” He said. “They stay on for 12 hours then the flame will eventually dissolve.” I had never seen or heard of any such thing in my life. Michael really WAS a genius! He walked over to the bed where I was, kissed my lips and told me he’d be right back. “Michael?” He turned around and faced me. “I love you.” “I love you more, Diana.” I then called him back over to the bed with my hand.

He walked over to me and I pulled him down. “I want to feel you again.” I whispered. We then kissed and started making love again. “I just can’t resist you.” He said as he made his way back into me. “You drive me crazy.” I was too gone for words. All I could do was scream his name and beg him not to stop. My body was tingling again. Michael knew EXACTLY what he was doing and it drove me wild. I finally understood what it meant to physically express love with another person.

This time, Michael asked me to tell him when I would have an orgasm. I told him I would but he ended up finishing before me. We both knew it wouldn’t last as long, but it didn’t matter to either one of us. Michael just felt so good I wanted to have him again and again. The feelings this man had brought out of me made me want him more and more. Feeling shy again, Michael stood up and started making his way towards the bathroom.

“I can’t believe that happened a second time.” He said while laughing. “I can. You feel amazing. I don’t want to stop.” “We don’t have to.” He said as he winked at me. “I like the way you think, Moonwalker.” He giggled and told me he’d be back soon. I figured I should also freshen up that way we’d both be able to enjoy each other’s company without feeling uncomfortable.

As soon as I heard Michael turn on the shower, I felt aroused again. I was imagining his perfect body being touched by beads of water. I was tempted to go inside the bathroom but I didn’t want to invade his privacy. I picked up my clothes from the floor and made my way towards the bedroom door when I noticed the closet light was on. I walked inside and it was full of Michael’s clothes and shoes. I touched all of them, feeling incredibly lucky to be near his personal belongings. His style was so otherworldly and SO organized. He had shirts with matching socks, pants and belts all together on the same hanger.

Assuming he wouldn’t mind, I took one of Michael’s white shirts from the closet. I wanted to wear it and surprise him. As I left the bedroom with all my clothes, I was tempted one more time to see Michael in the shower but I knew it wouldn’t be right. I resisted and left the bedroom closing the door behind me. I walked across the hall and noticed the fountain with fruits was still in the living room completely untouched. I figured Michael and I would enjoy it after we both changed and got comfortable.

I walked to another bathroom across the hall and turned on the water. The shower was absolutely beautiful. It was made entirely of marble and had a beautiful door made from stained glass. It even had two sinks with golden swans as faucets. I had never seen something so exquisite before. I knew I had to take pictures of each and every corner of this place before leaving.

I quickly showered and towel dried my hair. I noticed the bathroom had all kinds of accessories. I put on some lotion and face cream and pinned my hair up. I then slipped on Michael’s shirt and went to put my other clothes away near my shoes. As I walked back towards the living room, I noticed there was another room with a piano. **I wonder if Michael knows how to play.** I thought. As I went back to the living room, I gathered all my things and left them neatly in a pile near the bedroom Michael and I were in earlier. I could hear the water was still on so I knew he was not finished.

I went over to the fountain and ate some fruits and marshmallows. I felt like I was in another world. Michael really made me feel special. I still didn’t know what it was about me that he liked. I knew that was one thing I had to find out though. I went outside on the patio to catch a glimpse of the view and saw the lights were still on with my name in the middle. **How did he do this?** I asked myself. I was completely awestruck.

A few minutes later, I heard noises coming from inside. I went to check it out and saw Michael was seated on the couch talking on the phone. I didn’t want to be rude and eavesdrop so I closed the patio door and stayed outside. From his expressions, I could tell he was having a serious conversation with someone. I kept looking back at him to see if he was ok. After a while, he hung up and started crying with his head down. I quickly ran inside and sat on the floor next to him.

“What’s wrong baby?” I asked. My heart was racing. It cut me like a knife to see him hurt. “I just don’t understand them…” He said. “Who?” “My family.” “What happened?” “I am nothing but a bank to them. All they want from me is money. They never care to ask me about anything else.” I felt horrible. All I could do was sit there helplessly and listen. “Who were you talking to?” “One of my brothers. He called on behalf of Joseph.” “How did he know you were here?” “He has his ways. Joseph has contacts all over the world. I can never escape from him.”

“What did he say to you?” Michael was quiet as he kept weeping to himself. “Michael, I can’t see you cry.” He then started crying harder. “Michael, STOP.” I begged him but he continued. Seeing him cry as hard as he did made me cry. I tried to hold him but he resisted me. “Michael, you won’t even let me hold you.” I had never seen this side of him before. “I don’t know why they treat me this way.” He said. “Some people are so lucky, they don’t have to deal with fame.” I didn’t know what to tell him. I knew he was upset. I felt like leaving him alone.

As I stood up to walk away, he grabbed my hand and pulled me back down. “I’m sorry.” He said as he kissed my hand. “I didn’t mean to do that to you.” “Don’t apologize. You didn’t do anything.” “My family just gets to me. They know how to hurt me and they do it all the time. I wish they were different.” I noticed Michael’s eyes had shifted. It seemed like every time he mentioned his family, his whole aura changed. I sat down next to him on the couch and put my hand on top of his as a way to tell him him I was there for him.

He then looked over at me and started to laugh. “Are you wearing MY shirt?” I smiled and shook my head yes. “I hope you don’t mind.” “No, of course not.” He said. “You look cute.” “Not as cute as the person that it belongs to.” He giggled. I knew I could make him laugh again. “Michael, you really ARE beautiful when you’re happy. I hope you never lose that smile.” He thanked me and kissed my cheek. “Did you have some fruit?” He asked. “Yes! It’s so good.” I ran over to the fountain and put some things on a plate for him.

I dipped some of them in the fountain and went back over to him hoping he’d have some. “Try this!” I said feeding him a marshmallow. “No one has ever fed me before.” He said as I put it in his mouth. “Really?” He shook his head. “You don’t mind if I do it do you?” “Not at all.” “In that case, I’ll always feed you.” “Thank you. But I don’t eat a lot. I’m sensitive to food.” “You are?” “Yes. I’ve always been that way, even as a kid. Mother always had a hard time with me. She’d have to force me to eat sometimes.” “I’m sorry you went through that. Please let me know if I give you too much.” He shook his head as I continued giving him oranges, strawberries, cantaloupe and grapes.

We both took turns feeding each other. I felt so loved being with him. Michael made me forget who I was, where I lived, and what my life was like without him. I prayed to be in this moment forever. I felt like a princess in a fairy tale. I was so happy I wanted to cry but I knew I couldn’t in front of him. After a while, we were both so full from eating all those lovely delicacies.

“I’ll give you a tour.” Michael said as he got up from the couch. I took his hand and he showed me the entire suite from one end to the other. Words just couldn’t describe all of the beauty it had. We then went into the room with the piano. “Michael, do you know how to play?” Without answering, he walked me over to the piano and lifted me up, putting me on top of it. He then sat down on the bench and started playing a song that was so harmonious and started singing:

‘*I've been feeling down and blue and it's cloudy in my head. Instead of going out to some restaurant, I'll stay home instead, but I'll be loving you, that's what I want to do. I'll be loving you, that's what I want to do. Hello, midnight lover, you're the one I adore. And I'll be thinking of you 'til the stars are no more, if it's cloudy or blue, I'll stay here with you. We'll make a wish and then we'll kiss, a love forever true. Instead of going out to some restaurant, I'll stay here with you and I'll be loving you, that's what I want to do. I'll be loving you, that's what I want to do…*’

I didn’t know what to say. His voice left me speechless. “Diana? Diana? DIANA!” He shook my body and I was still lost for words. “Are you alright?” I wrapped my arms around him while still being seated on the piano. “Michael, you are so amazing.” I said trying to hold back tears. “Your talent and character just blow me away. I can’t believe I was so stupid and didn’t notice all these years.” Then, without thinking, I started rambling on and on completely forgetting who I was actually talking to. “I totally misjudged you and now I feel so guilty. I use to think you were over rated and I couldn’t figure out what it was that people saw in you. Now it makes perfect sense and...” Just then, reality came back to me and I knew I had said too much.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to say—“ “It’s ok.” Michael said. “This is ME you’re talking to. I understand.” “How can you be so perfect?” “Believe me, I’m not. I’m human just like everyone else. People misunderstand me because they don’t know me at all. At least, not the way you do.” He then hugged me and lifted me from the piano. “I love you.” I said as I stood back on the ground. “I love you more.”

We then saw the rest of the suite and sat back down on the couch in the living room. “Is there anything else you need?” He asked. “Just you next to me.” He smiled then joined me on the couch. “Michael, I love to hear your voice.” “Really?” “Yes. I don’t know what’s more beautiful about you – the way you talk, sing, dance, smile or walk.” “The way I walk?” He asked. “Yeah! Your walk is sexy!” He then burst out laughing. “And how do you know that?” “I’ve watched you walk. You’ve got swag!” He laughed again. “Girl, you ARE crazy!” “Only for you.” He thanked me as we both snuggled on the couch together.

“I want to know all there is to know about you.” I said rubbing his back and arms. I knew he loved it when my hands were on him. “My life is a big puzzle.” He said. “There are so many different parts to it and not all of them fit together.” “Why is that?” “My life is VERY incomplete. But a few parts are finally starting to piece together.” I sensed he was referring to the two of us. Not wanting to probe unnecessarily into his life, I decided to turn the conversation around.

“Michael, are you happy?” He was silent for a while. I stroked his hair gently. I wanted him to know he was loved and me touching his hair was my way of giving him affection while he talked. “I am right now with you.” He said. “Any other time?” “When I’m on stage.” “And when you’re off stage?” “I don’t like to talk about that.” “I understand.” Again, I didn’t want to push him into telling me anything he was uncomfortable with.

“Michael, I LOVE being with you like this. I wish this night didn’t have to end.” “It doesn’t have to.” “Meaning?” He turned around and faced me. “Diana, come with me to California.” “WHAT?” “I’m serious. I leave in two days and I want you to be with me while I do my rehearsals.” “Michael, I can’t. My parents will never let me.” “Will they believe you if you told them you got a job out there?” “I doubt it.” “Would they believe you if you said you were working for me?” “HAHA! Um, NO!”

“What if I met them and told them that?” “You’re serious?” “Do I look like I’m kidding?” I didn’t know what to say. As much as I wanted to go with Michael, I knew it wasn’t logical. “I’d love to go, but it just can’t happen, at least not now.” “I’d never force you to do anything.” He said. “I know. My parents are out of town anyway. I can try talking to them about it when they get back.” “You’d do that for me?” “Michael, I’d do anything for you.” “Anything?” I laughed. “Why does it seem like history is repeating itself?” “Maybe because I want it to.” He then winked at me. “YOU ARE SO BAD!” He then started singing:

‘*Your butt is mine*….’ “I guess it is NOW!” I said laughing. ‘*The say the sky’s the limit and to me that’s really true, but my friend you have seen nothing, just wait till I get through because I’m BAAD*, *I’m BAAAD. You know I’m BAAD! I’m BAAD!*’ He then stood up and starting dancing and grabbing his crotch. I was dying from laughter. Michael knew how to be funny when he wanted to be. “Michael, do the moonwalk!!” “Oh god, not that.” “WHY?” “Because that’s the move EVERYONE asks me to show them.” “But it’s AMAZING and NO ONE does it like you! Pleeease?” “You really want me to?” “YES!”

“If I do it for you, will you come with me to California?” I gasped. “Michael! That’s not fair!!” “It’s just a question.” “If I say no, will you not show me?” “There’s only one way to find out, Diana.” “Are you using my words against me??” “No, baby. Not tonight.” I got up from the couch and starting chasing him. I knew the suite was so big and there were plenty of places for him to run, but I was also determined to catch him.

Michael moonwalked and ran out of the living room. He went into another bedroom which was much smaller than the one we were in before. I tried to catch him but as always, he was TOO quick on his feet. I tried leaving the room hoping he’d follow me. As I was ran out, Michael’s shirt got caught in the door frame causing the sleeve to rip.

“I’m sorry.” I said as he ran over to me. “I didn’t mean for that to happen.” “It’s ok. It’s just a shirt. Did it hurt you?” I shook my head no. He then hugged me and told me not to feel bad. “It was an accident. I have so many shirts like this.” I still felt really bad. “I’m sorry. That shouldn’t have happened. I wasn’t watching where I was going, sometimes I can be so clumsy and—“ “DIANA! Stop. It’s just a SHIRT. It’s YOU that I care about. The shirt can be replaced. But if something happens to you, you CANNOT be replaced.” “Why are you so wonderful?” I asked as he hugged me again. “I’m just Michael.” He then told me he had several other shirts I could wear and we went to the other room to pick one.

“It’s my fault too.” He said as he was showing me his clothes. “If I hadn’t teased you, you never would have started running after me.” “I caught you though.” “No, you didn’t!” “Yes, I did!” “OK! We caught each other. How about that?” “Sounds good.” I chose one of Michael’s black shirts this time. I didn’t want to damage one of his fancier looking shirts so I picked the one that I thought was the least extravagant. “Will you put it on me?” I asked winking at him. He then lifted the one I had on and noticed I had my bra on.

“I’d really love to have this.” He said while taking my shirt off. “It’s beautiful.” “You can have it. I just put it back on so that you’d have to take it off again.” He smiled and walked behind me to unfasten it. As he did, it slipped off and fell into his hands. He then turned me around and looked down at my breast where he gave me the hickey. “It’s darker now.” He said giggling. I ran over to the mirror and sure enough it was! “It’s so cute. I love it, thank you.” He then put his black shirt on me. It felt so soft and comfortable. “Michael, I love this. It feels so nice.” “It’s one of my sleeping shirts.” “REALLY?” “Yes. It’s yours now.” “ARE YOU SERIOUS?” “THANK YOU! I promise I’ll wear this to bed EVERY night. That way, it’ll feel like you’re hugging me.” We both kissed then Michael put his white shirt away in his bag.

We then went back to the living room. I turned on the TV and noticed it was 3 in the morning. “Michael, it’s already 3!” “That’s early for me.” “Really?” “When I go on tour I stay up all night, rehearse all day then do a show in front of millions of people.” “It must be very difficult to have that kind of stamina.” “It was, but now I’m used to it. I love being on stage. It’s where I feel alive.”

We both cuddled on the couch again. I wanted to hear more of Michael’s stories so I turned off the TV and he started talking again. “Are you tired?” He asked. “Not really. This is surprising because it’s been such a long and interesting day.” He laughed. “I know. I bet you weren’t expecting all of this.” “NO! But it’s been wonderful. I can’t thank you enough.” “It’s ok.” Michael said while lying on top of me. He put my arm on his head as if he wanted me to stoke his hair again. I did and I could tell he seemed very relaxed.

“Michael, I’m scared.” “Of me?” “No. Of us.” He sat up and faced me. “About what I said to you earlier – how is this going to work?” “It WILL, Diana.” He said. “I promise, it will.” “But how will I see you? How will I talk to you?” “I will come here and see you as much as I can and I’ll call you every night.” “But, you’re going on tour soon.” “I know. But I’ll make it work. I’ll do anything I have to.” Michael seemed optimistic but I was still having doubts. “I’m not going to let you slip away from me.” He said as he took my hand. “I love you.” “I love you too, Michael.”

At that moment, I knew questioning him further would be useless. I just had to have faith like he did. I decided to let things go and told myself whatever is meant to be will find a way. I pulled him towards me and we held each other again as I listened to him tell me more stories about his childhood and his family.

Somehow, during the middle of our conversation, I started drifting asleep. I was having the hardest time paying attention to what Michael was saying as my eyes were slowly starting to close. I tried to stay awake by starting a new conversation. “Michael, will Chris get me from here in the morning?” “Yes. I wish I could be here when you wake up but I have meetings in the morning then I’m going to a few hospitals and orphanages to visit the children and give them toys and autographs.” “That’s SO thoughtful.” “I love children. I am very sensitive to their pain and see so much wonderment in them.”

Marie told me about your love for children and animals. She said you have all kinds of exotic pets at Neverland. “I do. You’ll see them when you come visit me.” “That sounds like fun!” “The lady who came in here with the fruits will bring you something to eat in the morning. You can stay here as long as you want to. Chris isn’t far from here. Just call the front desk when you are ready to leave and they will send him over.”

“Does this mean I won’t see you tomorrow?” “No. But you will before I leave.” “When is that again?” “The day after tomorrow.” “And you’ll be here?” He shook his head yes. “I know I’m so far from you and I’m sorry. If I had known that sooner I would have—“ “Michael! I’d love to come here and see you again.” He smiled and hugged me. “Thank you.” “What time should I be here?” “I leave for the airport at 9pm.” “So, I can see you during the day?” “Yes. I’ll have Frank call you again and tell you the details ok?”

“Michael, you always take such good care of me.” “I just want you to be comfortable and happy when you’re with me.” “You have no idea how much happiness you give me. You are SO special to me.” We then kissed again and I told Michael I was starting to fall asleep. “I should go to the bedroom.” I said. “I’ll take you there.”

Michael lifted me in his arms and carried me all the way to the bedroom that we were in before. He put me down gently on the bed and tucked me in. “I hope you don’t get cold.” He said making sure I was fully covered. “Michael, you are SO sweet.” “Thank you.” He kissed my forehead and started to get up from the bed.

“WAIT!” I yelled grabbing his arm. “Where are you going?” “To change and go to bed.” “You won’t join me?” “I can’t. I have to leave very early and I don’t want to wake you.” “It’s really ok. Please come here next to me.” “I’ll stay with you until you fall asleep ok?” “Sure.” He then went to change and came back a few minutes later wearing red silk pajamas with pictures of Mickey and Minnie mouse on them. He even had a matching hat.

“Michael, you look SO adorable.” “You like it?” “Yes! You are SO cute.” He sat down on the bed next to me and put my head on his lap. “Michael, if I asked you to do something for me, would you do it?” “Of course. Anything.” “Will you please sing to me?” “What would my Liberian girl like to hear?” “That’s it. Please sing that one.” Michael cleared his throat and sang the lyrics:

*‘Liberian girl, you came and you changed my world, a love so brand new. Liberian girl, you came and you changed me girl, a feeling so true. Liberian girl, you know that you came and you changed my world. Just like in the movies, with two lovers in a scene and she says ‘do you love me’ and he says ‘so endlessly’ I love you, Liberian girl.’*

“I love that song. Please continue.”

*‘Liberian girl, more precious than any pearl, your love so complete. Liberian girl, you kiss me then ooh the world, you do this to me. Liberian girl, you know that you came and you changed my world. Just like in the movies, with two lovers in a scene and she says ‘do you love me’ and he says ‘so endlessly’ I love you, Liberian girl.’*

I was so swept away by the sound of his voice, I was starting to fall asleep. “Diana, will you be mine?” “Yes, Michael.” Suddenly, I felt an awkward sensation on my arm but since I was dozing off, I didn’t think anything of it. “Goodnight.” He said as he kissed my head and placed it on the pillow. “Goodnight, Michael. I love you.” “I love you more.” He said as he left the room, closing the door.

**\*\*\*\*\* THE NEXT MORNING \*\*\*\*\***

I woke up and had no idea where I was. **This isn’t my room**. I thought. After a few seconds, I suddenly remembered where I was and what happened last night. I looked to the side of the bed and saw the clock. It was already 12 in the afternoon. “OH MY GOD! I have to get out of here!” I got out of bed and went to the bathroom to wash my face. As I was leaving the room, I noticed there was a note with my name placed on the table near the bed.

‘*Good morning Liberian girl. I’m sorry I had to leave but I’ll be thinking of you all day. Thank you for last night. You’ve given me a lifetime’s worth of beautiful memories. I left your shoes and a new dress in the living room for when you leave. Have a great day. PS – You have beautiful hands. I love you. MJ*.’

**My hands?** I looked at them and couldn’t help but scream. Michael had somehow put a ring on my finger. “It’s beautiful!” I kept staring at it. It was a heart shaped pink diamond with white stones around it. I then realized he must have snuck it onto my finger at the exact moment when I was falling asleep. **He is SO** **romantic**. I felt like a princess all over again.

I then went in the living room and saw a beautiful blue summer dress next to my shoes. Michael even had a new bra for me. I couldn’t help but laugh. I took off his shirt and put it in bag to take home. I quickly changed and called the front desk to let them know I was ready to leave. I noticed the fountain and fruits had been removed. As much as I wanted to stay in the suite, I knew I had to go home and find out if Jasmine and Marie had called or even my parents.

I quickly got dressed, threw my hair up in a ponytail and waited for Chris to arrive. As I did, I couldn’t help but look at the ring again. It looked stunning. I knew I couldn’t keep it on but I didn’t have the heart to remove it. **I’ll wear it until I get home**. I said to myself. A few minutes later, the phone rang and the desk person told me Chris was downstairs.

I knew I was going to come back to the suite again but I wanted to take a quick glance at everything one more time before I left. I went on the patio, to the other rooms, saw the piano again then went to the front door. There was just one guard at the door. “Are you ready, Ms. Dean?” “Yes.” He then walked me to the elevator and swiped his access card inside. I went all the way back down to the lobby.

When the doors opened, I saw Chris waiting for me. “Well, someone looks beautiful!” He said as I was approaching him. “Thank you but I just woke up.” “Really?” “Yes.” He was kind enough to take my things as we both walked to the car. “I was up until 3.” “I won’t ask.” I laughed. “It wasn’t like that. We stayed up and talked.” “I see you got the ring.” “I did. And he was so sneaky about it too!” Chris laughed.

“That’s what I was going to warn you about yesterday.” “REALLY?” “Yes. He told me he was going to wait until you fell asleep and then slip it on your finger.” “That’s exactly what he did!!” “That’s Michael.” “Did you see him this morning?” “No, I didn’t. I had instructions to wait for you. He left with another driver.” “Will you see him today?” “I’m taking him to a few hospitals later to visit the children. Why do you ask?” “Please tell him I said thank you?” “Of course.”

Chris then escorted me into the same car as last night and we were off. Again, Michael’s films where in the DVD player. I put them on and started watching him while drifting away into a world of amazement. “You seem so happy.” Chris said while looking at me from the rearview mirror. “I am. He is such an incredible person. I love him.” “Will you to visit him in California before he goes on tour?” “I won’t just visit him. I’m going to move there.”