**THE FLAME THAT STILL BURNS**

*Michael Jackson Fan Fiction 2014*

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***Prologue***

*Definitely my biggest writing challenge. This is a sequel that’s been created due to the positive feedback I received from its predecessor, Struck by Dreams. I look forward to completing this and hope you all enjoy it as it evolves into something wonderful.*

*It is now January of 1997 and five years have passed since Michael and Diana went their separate ways. Similar to the events in his real life, Michael is divorced from Lisa Marie Presley, settled his child abuse trial and is now at the peak of his career during the History era. Feeling disappointed with the turnout of the first leg of his tour, Michael has asked his business partner and concert promoter to contact another production company requesting someone to help design, develop and coordinate the second leg of his tour in Europe. Someone who can live up to his high standards and various demands.*

*Jasmine is Diana’s personal assistant and married with a 5 year old son. Marie is a fine arts graduate and also works for Diana as her receptionist.*

*Diana now lives in Los Angeles and is an honors graduate with a master’s degree in performing arts as well as a minor in event coordination and fashion design. She has been single for the past 5 years and is the CEO at her own company that she launched called “TSG Productions.” Unbeknownst to them both, Michael and Diana have no idea that their paths are about to cross once again…*

**CHAPTER ONE**:When Fate Intervened

“TSG Productions! Marie speaking.” “I’m calling again from Kingdom International. I must speak with Miss Dean immediately.” “One moment, sir. I’ll see if she’s available.” “Ana, you have a phone call from Kingdom International.” “Marie, I’m busy.” “This guy has called over a dozen times today. He wants you to coordinate an event for him and was told by a lot of people that you’re the best in town and he really needs your help. He’s even sent in his request form already with his information on it.”

“Please bring me the form before you put the call through.” “I’ll bring it right now.” As she came into my office, I briefly looked at the paperwork noticing most of the required information was left blank. “Marie, please put him through.” “By the way, is it ok if I take a longer lunch break today?” “What time will he be on TV?” “He’s performing in Hawaii tonight and there’s an interview at 12:30.” “Make sure Jas covers the phones.” “Ana, you know she’ll be watching with me.” I couldn’t help but laugh. “You can forward the calls to my direct line.” “I love you, Ana.” “Yeah, yeah I know.” She ran back to her desk and transferred the call to me:

“TSG Productions, Diana speaking.”

“Miss Dean, my name is Waleed, nephew of Abdul Aziz, the King of Saudi Arabia.”

“It’s an honor to speak with you today, sir. How can I help you?”

“I am in need of your event coordination services. My co-owner is not satisfied with our current provider and I’ve been told by numerous sources that you and your company are the finest in creating the best stage entertainment experience.”

“Thank you for the compliment. We definitely do our best to ensure quality and professional work is crafted by my team of experts. What exactly did you have in mind?”

“We are entering a second leg of my associate’s world tour in a matter of months and he is requiring a whole new set up.”

“In what way?”  
“In EVERY way. He is EXTREMELY high maintenance, demanding and VERY specific.”

“Most famous people are these. The first step is to do a preliminary evaluation if you don’t mind.”  
“Not at all.”

“Who is the artist?”  
“He’s requested not to be revealed.”  
“And why is that?”  
“When people find out who he is, they tend to leak information to the press and he would like to keep this strictly confidential.”

“Is that why you left certain fields on your request form blank?”

“Yes, exactly.”

“Mr. Waleed, we are unable to proceed without knowing who the artist is. It is company policy to have that information. If you are unable to provide that, I’m afraid we cannot assist you at this time.”

“I understand. In order to avoid conflict of interest, would it be fair if I did not disclose your name or company to him either until you both come to a mutual decision to work together?”

“Absolutely. We’ve done that several times in the past. I will require a signed waiver from you accepting those terms in writing before we can proceed.”

“I’ve written my fax number on the request sheet. If you send me the form, I will send it back to you immediately.”  
“I’ll have my assistant fax it to you. Please include a written report as well as a visual presentation of what you require. Once those have been received, I’ll see what I can do for you.”

“I would really appreciate you taking us as one of your clients, Miss Dean.”

“I cannot make any promises at this time since I don’t know what you require specifically. Once I receive your paperwork I will definitely take a look and see if we can be of assistance.”

“I will have them sent to you before the end of the day.”  
“Perfect. I will send you the waiver form immediately as well. Please feel free to call back if you have any questions or concerns. If not, I will contact you once your information is received and reviewed.”  
“I look forward to hearing from you.”  
“Have a great day.”

Just as I hung up the phone, Jasmine barged into my office. “Ana! I have to talk to you!” “Jas, do you EVER knock first?” “I’m your assistant. I don’t have to knock!” “What is it?” “Our clientele is booming through the roof. I just checked our stats online and our website is getting hits by the second.” “Doesn’t surprise me. We are the best in town.” “Oh, Ana. I think your success has made you arrogant.” “It has NOT!” “I’m kidding.” “How’s your little guy?” “Good. Growing like a weed. Driving me crazy.” “I can’t believe he’s 5 now.” “I know. Time flies doesn’t it?” “It sure does.”

“Who were you just talking to?” “Some prince from Saudi Arabia. He wants to be one of my clients.” “A PRINCE?” “I bet it’s just some guy trying to sound fancy.” “Who’s he representing?” “Apparently some diva wannabe. He said he can’t disclose the name because the person doesn’t want their information leaked to the press.” “Like we’d be stupid enough to do that.” “I know. Which reminds me, can you fax him one of our release forms?” “He’s one of THOSE clients, huh?” “Yes and he’ll be sending it back sometime today along with a written report and visual presentation. Please leave it on my desk when it arrives?” “No problem.”

It was after 2 and Marie was still watching TV in the office kitchen. “Hey! I don’t pay you to watch TV all day!” “But Ana, he’s still on!” “You get back to that desk as soon as it’s over!” “Yes, ma’am!” “Some things never change.” I said as I left the kitchen. “Ana, you know you still love him.” I smiled as I looked down and left the room. “Maybe.” “Right. That’s why you haven’t been with anyone since him.” “Marie, that’s private and you know it.” “Sorry. No personal talk while at work.” “You just make sure you get back to work when the interview is finished.” As I was leaving the kitchen, I heard his voice on TV. I couldn’t help but turn and walk back to see that beautiful face again after so long.

“He hasn’t changed much.” I said. “Nope, he’s just matured a lot and still unbelievably hot!” “MARIE!” “Well, it’s true!” I shook my head as I left the kitchen. “Where’s Marie?” “In the kitchen watching his interview.” “OH MY GOD! IT’S ON! WHY THE HELL DIDN’T SHE TELL ME??!!” Jasmine rushed right past me and ran towards the kitchen. “You two WILL NEVER GROW UP!!” I said as I went back to my office. “By the way Ana, the proposal from that prince guy is on your desk.”

As I went back to my desk to review the paperwork, I was amazed at the proposal and the visual layout of the event. “Who would want something so elaborate?” I asked myself. The only words written on the visual were ‘HWT EUROPE May-Sept 1997.’ “EUROPE? Jas, get in here!” “Hold on, I’m watching him!” “NOW!” She came immediately. “What is it?” “Look at this. The event is a four month tour starting at the end of May until early September and it’s in EUROPE.” “So? What’s the big deal? You’ve done concerts for famous people overseas before. We all went to Europe last year remember?” “I know. But look at this!” I showed her the visual. She was more stunned than I was.

“Whoa. That’s pretty intense.” “I know and the artist wants it ready by MAY!” “Well, if anyone can do it, it’s you.” “I’m going to have to push a lot of assignments out of the way for this one if I decide to take it.” “I suggest you do. Whoever it is will definitely pay us a bunch of money and it’s great publicity for the company!” “Jas, the money is one thing but the event is another.” “I’m sure you’ll figure it out. I’m going to watch Michael!” “Jas!” She scurried off and sat in the kitchen with Marie drooling over his presence on TV.

\*\*\* A FEW HOURS LATER \*\*\*

“Mr. Waleed?”

“Yes?”  
“I’ve reviewed your proposal and will be more than happy to assist you.”   
“I’m very relieved to hear that, Miss Dean.”  
“I will send you a few more forms to fill out as well as important confidentiality agreements that we need back immediately. I know you cannot reveal the artist’s name but I do have to meet them in order to finalize the deal and start getting things prepared. Are you able to come in to my LA office?”

“I can definitely arrange that. You do know that the tour is in several different European cities?”  
“Yes, I am aware of that. My personal assistant and secretary will also be joining me on this venture and will have everything set up from our end. My only request is that you and the artist meet with me in LA as quickly as possible to finalize the deal. I will also require their signature on our forms in order to proceed.”

“It just so happens he is flying home to LA tomorrow for a personal visit. I’ll be sure to mention to him that you’ve accepted the task and that he and I must meet with you.”

“The artist LIVES in LA?”

“He most certainly does.”   
“Mr. Waleed as a reminder, you are not to reveal our company name or mine until I know who the artist is.”

“I will make sure he doesn’t know until the time is right.”

“My secretary Marie will schedule the meeting. I wish you a great day.”

“Thank you again, Miss Dean. I know you will knock the gold off his pants.”  
“Excuse me?”  
“My apologies. Have a wonderful day.”   
“You as well. I will transfer you to my secretary now.”

“JAS! We have A LOT of work to do. Call the set designers and tell them to book their airline tickets and reserve hotel rooms all across these European cities. Make sure Marie books ours too and be sure to tell David you’ll be gone for 4 months.” “He’s used to it. It’ll be hard staying away from little man though.” “I know. But don’t worry. That’s what phones are for.” “Right. So who’s the artist?” “Don’t know yet. Marie is scheduling a meeting with him and the prince promoter guy as we speak.” “Well, at least we know it’s a guy. We’re going back to Europe baby!!” “We sure are!”

\*\*\* MICHAEL’S POINT OF VIEW \*\*\*

Aloha Stadium, Honolulu, Hawaii in Michael’s dressing room after his final first leg concert.

“Sir, the company has agreed to take us.”  
“Who is it?”  
“I can’t reveal their name to you yet, but they are the BEST in the business.”  
“Have they done something like this before?”  
“Yes, they’ve also promoted and coordinated major artists all over the world.”

“I’m glad to know they have the experience I need and want.”

“Trust me, you won’t be disappointed. But we have to do a meet in greet in LA and sign some legal papers.”

“That works perfectly since I’ll be there tomorrow.”  
“Indeed. I’ve scheduled the meeting in three days so you have time to rest and be fully prepared.”

“Thank you, Waleed.”

He looks over and sees a large framed picture on a nearby table.   
  
“Sir? Who is that?”

Michael smiles as he glances at the picture.

“The only woman I’ve ever loved.”

“Who is she?”  
“My Liberian girl.”