CHAPTER 26:

A Temporary Solution

Michael drove like a race car driver down the highway heading towards the airport. He knew Gerwin was paid to do what he did and the first thing he would do once he received his payment would be to flee from the country before getting caught. His guard, holding onto his seat for dear life was praying Michael wouldn’t crash his brand new SUV that he just got detailed.

“Relax. I won’t do anything to your precious car.” Michael said looking up at his guard.
“I wasn’t thinking that at all, sir.”

“I can see it in your eyes, Bill.”

He laughed under his breath as Michael continued to drive erratically.

“Call Waleed. Tell him to set up a press conference for me in Bremen tomorrow evening and get an imposter to leave the venue right now so the media can follow him to the hotel they think I’m staying in.”

“Yes, sir!” Bill said as he reached in his pocket for his phone.

**\*\*\* DIANA’S POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

“Ana, everything is going to be fine.” Jasmine said as she handed me a bottle of water.

“Every time things seem to be going ok, something happens and I’m back to square one of drama again. The press is going to be all over this like white on rice.”
“Diana, did you see Michael’s face? I have a feeling he had no idea this was going to happen. I believed him when he said he didn’t plan this.”
“Maybe not but he’s in full control of what his crew does. How could he not see this coming?”
“The man was in the hospital with you and you both had a lot to deal with. Michael was more concerned about repairing your relationship with him. The tour came after that.”
“This whole thing has been one nightmare after another, Jasmine. I don’t know what other storms are on their way and I can’t help but think Gerwin is behind this one.”

“HE IS!” Marie yelled as she entered the suite. “You girls won’t believe what that asshole did to Michael and to me.”
“Michael and you?” Jasmine and I both asked standing up from the couch.

“Sit down girls. You’ll need to for this one.”

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

He noticed the turn sign for Cologne International airport and continued speeding down the freeway hoping no one would recognize him in the driver seat. Bill’s conversation with Waleed was brief. He knew what Michael would be thinking and already made arrangements for the press conference and took care of his media problem at the decoy hotel.

“I let you get away with so many things.” Michael said to himself. “You’ve caused me enough pain. I will NOT let you trample on me this time.”

“Sir, are you alright?” Bill asked.

“Ten million dollars wasn’t enough to keep that greedy little bitch away from me. Now she wants to go after my heart too.”

“Sir...”
“You wanted to end things with me on good terms only to continue driving me crazy showing up everywhere I go begging me to give you another chance. What did you think? That I was going to let you walk all over me like a door mat? I never get burned twice. I bet your daddy is turning in his grave right now you disgraceful, sorry excuse of a daughter. ”

Michael kept rambling to himself as he continued driving with no sign of slowing down. Bill, not knowing what to say or do turned on the radio hoping to enlighten the mood in the vehicle.

*“Singer Michael Jackson has been hit with another streak of bad luck as his concert in Cologne was interrupted by an unreleased videotape appearing on the live screen—“*

Bill quickly turned off the radio. Michael, hearing every word slammed his foot down and continued speeding reaching over 140 mph on the speedometer.

“I’m going to get you. Even if it kills me, I’m going to get you, Lisa Marie Presley.”

**\*\*\* DIANA’S POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

“I can’t believe this.” I said hearing Marie’s entire story.
“He was planning this from the beginning.” Jasmine said.

As horrible as we felt for Michael, we were equally horrified for Marie. She sat between the two of us and we comforted her saying she was a brave girl for doing what she did.

“I’m sorry it didn’t work out with him, Marie.” Jasmine said. “I know you really liked him.”
“Actually, I didn’t. He wasn’t my type. I was just being friendly. He made it so much easier for me to drop him.”
“I’m glad. You deserve someone who will sweep you off your feet.” I said as I rubbed her shoulder.

“I’m not in a rush to find him. I love being single and fabulous.” She pulled out her camera and took pictures of all of us sitting on the couch making funny faces.

Chris knocked on the suite door. Jasmine stood up to open it for him and he came inside looking incredibly disturbed.

“PLEASE TELL ME HE’S HERE!” He yelled.
“We thought he was with YOU!” I said.
“I haven’t seen him since I brought you girls back here. He left the venue a while ago, no one knows where he is or where he’s going.”
“WHAT?”

“Wait…which guard?”
“Javon, one of Michael’s guards said he saw him leaving with Bill, another guard of his. Michael drove out of the parking lot like he was in the middle of a high speed chase.”
“MICHAEL DROVE?” We all yelled.
“Yes. Waleed has an imposter at the decoy hotel distracting the media and fans as we speak. I was hoping he’d come back here and fill you girls in.”
“Oh god. This is getting worse.” I said putting my head between my legs.
“Where could he be?” Jasmine asked.

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

Michael was getting closer to the airport. His heart pounded against his chest as he kept his foot on the pedal and continued driving. He knew he would win the battle but was still far from victory.

“Call Chris, Bill.”
“What should I say to him?”
“Get him on the phone and put it on speaker for me.”

“What? Why?”
“CALL HIM NOW!”

Bill, with trembling hands, remained quiet and did what he was instructed to do. He called Chris’s number trying his best not to misdial in his paranoid state. As soon as Chris answered Bill introduced himself and said Michael was with him and that he needed to speak to him right away. He put him on speaker phone and placed the phone on the dashboard nearest to Michael’s seat.

“Sir?”
“Call the Federal Police at the Cologne Bonn Airport, Chris.”
“Why?”
“Tell them there is a passenger named Gerwin Vogel, age 25, just under six feet tall with a medium build and blonde hair who’s about to blow up the airport.”
“WHAT?! SIR, ARE YOU CRAZY?”

Diana suddenly grabbed the phone from Chris since he was still in the suite with the girls.

“Are you alright baby? Where are you?”
“I’m fine. I’ll be there soon.”
“Are you driving?”
“Yes.”
“What the heck do you know about driving in Germany? This isn’t America!”
“Diana, is Marie there?”
“Yes.”
“Put her on the phone please.”

“Hi, Michael.”
“Are you alright?”
“I’m fine.”
“Thank you again for telling me, Marie. I love you.”
“I love you too.”
“Do you have any last words for Gerwin?”

“WHAT?! HAS HE LOST HIS DAMN MIND?!” I yelled in the background.

“No, I don’t. Just make sure that he and Lisa don’t get away with what they did.”
“They won’t. Put Chris back on the phone please.”
“Be careful.”
“I promise you’ll see me in a few hours.”

“Michael?”

“Yes, Jasmine?”
“I swear I’ll make it look like an accident!! KILL THE BITCH!”

Michael laughed out loud for the first time making us all sigh in relief.

“I’ll see you soon, you psycho tea flower.”

“We love you.”
“I know.”

“Sir?”
“Chris, please call them right now. I’m fifteen minutes away from the airport.”
“Yes, sir.”

“Tell them who you represent if they don’t take you seriously. That will get their attention like nothing else.”

“Yes, sir.”
“Call me back after you are done.”
“Yes, sir.”
“Thank you.”

Michael tossed the phone back to Bill and continued along the highway. Bill nervously tapped his finger against the leather interior of his vehicle and constantly wiped the sweat off his forehead not knowing what was about to happen next.

“I swear on God’s name I won’t rest until I see you behind bars.” Michael said under his breath.

**\*\*\* CHRIS’S POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

After browsing through the hotel phone book for the Federal police department number, Chris got an agent on the phone who only spoke German. Marie happily translated on his behalf telling the officer exactly what Michael wanted him to say. In less than a minute, the officer thanked Marie for the information and said she would remain anonymous and didn’t ask for any of her personal information. Chris then called Bill informing him and Michael that the call was made and was a success.

**\*\*\* DIANA’S POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

“I don’t like where this is going. I need to go to the airport.”
“No way! You will blow his cover!” Jasmine said.
“He’s driving on the roads of Cologne with only one security guard at his side about to burst into one the busiest airports in all of Europe. WHAT COVER DOES HE HAVE?!”
“He knows what he’s doing.” Chris said. “His plan won’t work if we show up. If he needed or wanted any of us there, he would have told me. “

Feeling helpless, I walked towards the bay window overlooking the city view in the living room and stood there crying lightly as I waited for my future husband to arrive completely safe and out of harm’s way.

**\*\*\* GERWIN’S POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

He arrived at the airport with his bags feeling like he was on top of the world. His funds were deposited into a secret bank account and his plan to leave the country was starting to fall into place. As Gerwin made his way to the checkout counter, he noticed a large group of police officers and armed security escorting someone in disguise to an undisclosed area near the customs office. He shuddered at the thought of who the person could be as he walked up to the counter and handed the associate his passport.

Within seconds of scanning it, a large red icon flashed across the associate’s computer screen indicating that the traveller in front of her was a threat to the airport and flagged dangerous. Seeing this, she secretly pressed her red alert panic button underneath her desk alarming the officers surrounding the entire terminal. Not wanting to cause a scene, they prudently formed a circle around Gerwin and waited for him to walk towards the security checkpoint before apprehending and hauling him into a private room.

“You can’t keep me here!” Gerwin yelled as two large men pushed him down into a chair.

“On what grounds am I being held?!” He asked as he stood up. The men in the room opened the door answering his question without saying a word.

Michael and Waleed entered the room making Gerwin feel extremely nervous as he swallowed hard and quickly sat back down. He cleared his throat and looked down in shame as the security guards left him alone with the two men that wanted nothing but answers from him. Waleed, furious at his previous employee, walked across the table and stood directly in front of him. He tried to compose himself but quickly lost his temper the second Gerwin made eye contact with him.

“WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU’VE DONE?”

“Waleed—“Michael whispered as he went over and touched his shoulder.

“BECAUSE OF YOU, WE NOW HAVE TO MAKE A PUBLIC STATEMENT BECAUSE YOU MADE HIS ENGAGEMENT LOOK LIKE A SHAM!”

“Waleed let me talk to him.” Michael said.

“You don’t have any proof.” Gerwin said as he laughed in Waleed’s face. “You are basing this entirely on suspicion.”
“You really ARE clueless.” Waleed said as he tried not to lose his temper again. “Your business partner was caught seconds after she handed you that briefcase in the venue parking lot. You both are being extradited to America as soon as we leave.”

“Waleed let me talk to him!” Michael said.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. I’ll handle him.”

Waleed took one last look at Gerwin and scoffed as he abruptly left the room. Michael, waiting for this moment, sat in the chair across from him wanting an explanation.

“Michael, I know—“
“How much did she give you?”
“Pardon?”
“You heard me. What did she offer you?”
“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”
“Don’t play dumb with me, Gerwin. How much did Lisa Marie pay you to do what you did at my concert tonight?”
“$60 million dollars.”
“Is that all?”
“With a new car and beach front property in New York.”

Michael stood up and turned his back towards him. He shook his head and bit his lip profusely as if he were trying to suppress his anger. Gerwin then stood up and walked across the room heading for the door as if he were trying to leave. Michael’s temper got the best of him in that moment. As soon as Gerwin’s hand touched the door Michael turned around and flung him across the room.

“HOW COULD YOU?!” He yelled. “WHAT DID I DO TO YOU TO DESERVE THIS? IF YOU NEEDED MONEY ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS ASK! I WOULD HAVE GIVEN IT TO YOU WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT!”

“Michael—“
“SHUTUP! I DON’T EVEN WANT TO HEAR YOU BREATHE!”

Gerwin, afraid of what Michael would do or say next sat down again and didn’t utter a single word as Michael told him everything he needed to.

“Did you really think this plan of yours would work? You actually thought I’d let you embarrass me like that and allow you to leave the country?”
“You’re used to being the subject of news.” Gerwin said with no remorse. “I’m sure you can pay your way out of this just like you did at your own trial.”

Michael’s temper was rising by the second. He hated Gerwin for bringing up one of his most painful pastimes but despised Lisa Marie even more. Waleed and a few guards entered the room saying the press was arriving and Michael needed to leave before the wrong people knew he was there. As he headed for the door, he said his final words to Gerwin.

“You will get what’s coming to you. I’ll deal with you both when my tour is over. Enjoy your time behind bars.”

“WAIT, NO!” Gerwin yelled as Michael and Waleed left the room. His paranoia and shrieking voice could clearly be heard in the background as the two business partners walked out of the airport with their armed security and headed towards the parking lot.

“I’ll see you tomorrow in Bremen Michael?”
“Yes, before the conference.”
“Will you and Diana visit the children?”
“Yes. We both plan to go a few hours after we land.”
“I’m sorry about what happened tonight.”
“I’m used to it, Waleed. I just hope this doesn’t scare Diana away from me.”
“Her best friend is your witness. There’s no way she can deny your innocence this time.”
“Goodnight, Waleed.”

They both shook hands and walked their separate ways. Bill, who was waiting in his SUV for Michael quickly jumped out of the driver’s seat and offered his keys to him. Michael laughed thinking about his foolish actions earlier and told him him he could drive him to his hotel. As a safety precaution, Bill made arrangements for additional security guards to drive in front and behind his just in case the paparazzi or reporters were to follow him.

“Everything ok, sir?”
“It will be.”
“Did he confess?”
“He didn’t need to.”
“I’m glad things worked out.”
“Me too. For now anyway.”

**\*\*\* DIANA’S POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

It was past 1am and Michael called saying he was on his way back to the hotel. The girls stayed with me trying their best to keep me calm and came up with countless reasons as to why and how Michael was innocent. As much as I loved them, I hated how they always defended him and could never see him as anything but perfect.

“Why won’t she leave him alone?” I asked.

“Because she’s a desperate little troll who thinks she can manipulate him but she can’t. Her time with him is up.” Marie said casually as if she were talking about a regular woman and not Elvis’s only child.

“She’s knows you’re better than her and she can’t handle it.” Jasmine explained. “Nothing pisses off a woman more than another one who can compete with her. Lisa is beautiful, rich and thinks the world revolves around her. She knows you had Michael first and when you two separated she thought she could pick up the pieces of his life and replace you in the process. When Michael told her that could never happen, she became desperate, possessive and straight up bitchy about it. She also doesn’t like the fact that you’re so successful.”

“Well, thank you Oprah!” Marie said sarcastically laughing in her face.

“Whatever the case may be, I hope she and Gerwin pay for what they did. I can’t imagine how humiliated Michael must be right now.”

A few minutes later, he entered the suite and the girls ran straight to him as usual. He hugged them like always and once they saw he was okay, they left saying they would go to bed so that we could talk privately.

“We’re leaving here at 9am. Try to get some sleep you two.” Marie said.

I shook my head in agreement as she and Jasmine left closing the door behind them. Michael walked towards the bay window where I was standing and wrapped his arms around me.

“Are you ok?” He whispered moving my hair away from the side of my face.

“I’m fine. Did you deal with them?”

He shook his head and smiled as he told me everything that happened including Gerwin and Lisa’s extradition.

“Will they go to jail?”
“It’s a possibility.” Michael explained. “Once they both get to LA, the authorities will take over for me until I get back. Waleed and I will deal with them once the tour ends.”
“Doesn’t Gerwin live in New York though?”

“Yes, but we don’t. They will keep him in LA until I get back.”

“I guess that means we have to postpone the wedding.”
“Nothing is going to keep me from marrying you.”
“What if I say no?”
“You won’t.”
“You don’t think so?”

“DIANA!”

“MICHAEL!”

“This really wasn’t my fault!”
“I know. Marie told me everything.”
“Why would you not tell me that in the beginning?”
“Because I love seeing you sweat.”
“You love seeing me naked too.”
“I DO NOT!”

“Don’t even try to deny it.” He said winking at me. “I see the way you look at me when I’m wearing nothing but a smile.”

“Oh my god. Stop it!”

“I really need a shower Diana and I think you do too.” He said as he picked me up and carried me to the bathroom.

“PUT ME DOWN!”

He laughed as he placed me gently on the bathroom floor and removed his clothes. The thought of seeing Michael undressed excited me to the point where I too started to undress. As his traditional white shirt and black pants landed on the floor, my dress and undergarments immediately followed as we both stood up and walked inside the shower. Michael turned the water on and quickly rinsed himself off getting rid of unwanted dirt and impurities.

As the warm, steamy water pulsated through the antique silver pipe, Michael caressed my exterior with his strong, masculine arms kissing me with his drenched lips from head to toe and slouched to his knees trying his best not to miss a single crevice or patch of skin on my body. I moaned his name as he eyed and kissed my most sensitive areas before spreading my central point open for his grand entrance.

As he made his way into me, every sense of my being fell apart in a flash. I surrendered to him as he continued to please me over and over again. I begged him to keep going as he impulsively wrapped my legs around his waist and pushed me higher against the shower wall.

“You feel so good inside me.” I whispered as he pushed himself deeper inside.

He devotedly kissed my mouth and I wrapped my arms around the back of his head. His hands were moving in a fast paced motion as he enjoyed exploring while trinkets of water spiraled their way down our bodies enhancing the lust and extreme desire we had for each other. Michael blared softly in my ear making it known that his climax was fast approaching. My body convulsed against his and he gasped as we both exhaled and released our highest peaks of sensual pleasure.

“Thank you.” He whispered as he gently put me down placing my feet directly on the shower floor. I lovingly kissed his soft, creased lips as he giggled and told me he loved me more than anything in the world. I rinsed myself off and washed my hair then left Michael to finish and wrapped myself in a thick white robe given to us by the hotel staff and towel dried my hair.

I went to the bedroom and slipped into one of Michael’s black cotton shirts. I ran my hand down the garment and felt happy knowing he was mine and I was his. Wearing his belongings made me feel loved and appreciated. As soon as he came to the bedroom, I threw myself in Michael’s arms forcing him to fall onto the bed with me on top of him.

“What was that for?” He asked smiling.
“I love you, Michael.”
“I love you more, cupcake.”

I kissed his nose and both eyes before standing up and telling him about the phone messages that were locked in the drawer. I took the key from my purse and opened the drawer handing him a small stack of pink message slips.

“Who are they from?” He asked taking the handful from me.

“I’m not sure, I didn’t look at them.”
“If they are from her I will throw them in the fireplace.”

Michael’s face suddenly lit up and he grinned happily as he read each message.

“Well, don’t you look happy? Who are they from?”

He giggled under his breath but didn’t respond then folded each piece of paper neatly and kissed the pile in his hands before placing them in a zipped compartment of his suitcase.

“It’s a surprise.” He said as he took my hand and laid me down on the bed. “You DO trust me, right?”
“I think you should know the answer to that by now.”
“Then don’t worry. I’m glad you didn’t read them. It would have spoiled everything.”
“What do you mean?”
“You’ll find out in a month.”
“A MONTH?”
“Believe me, Diana. It’s worth the wait.”

We snuggled in bed and it dawned on me that Michael neglected something important again that he was not supposed to miss.

“You didn’t eat.”
“I know. I can’t now.”
“I wish you would stop doing that.”
“You know I don’t do it on purpose. We’ll eat together in Bremen tomorrow.”
“Promise?”
“Yes.”

“Yaay!”

He laughed as he kissed my forehead and held my waist with both hands pulling me closer towards him. As his eyes slowly came to a close, I watched him drift peacefully away into the abyss of his perfect, wonder filled dreams. I kissed his forehead and tickled his nose with mine as he smiled lightly and began to breathe steadily. I prayed in that moment for Michael to find a sense of peace in his life now that one of his biggest problems was finally going to be taken care of permanently.

As I rested next to his delicate yet admirable frame, I observed Michael in his radiant and beautiful sleeping manner. While his pure, delectable face lay still against the satin pillow beneath him, I wondered what it would be like to live a day in his life. To have his fame, his sense of power, his incredible talent and brave warrior like mentality. I also thought about his day to day endeavors, his insecurities regarding his appearance and his somewhat tainted reputation.

In that moment, I could suddenly feel the weight he carried on his shoulders, the burdens he kept buried within the depths of his soul and the solitude behind his every smile. While thinking this, I wiped the tears that were clouding my eyes and gently brushed my hand against his cheek. I pressed my lips against his wishing that one day Michael would be willing and able to share his entire world with me. A world that I knew was filled with complication and mystery. A world that only he could unlock the secrets to. A world that would inevitably become OUR world.