CHAPTER 27

Sentiments, Silliness & Smiles

June 6, 1997

*Michael and the gang arrived back in Bremen from Cologne in the early afternoon. After fighting off hundreds of media reporters and photographers, they made it safely to Dorint Park hotel where they previously stayed. After settling in, Michael and Diana fulfilled their desire to visit a local children’s hospital for a meet and greet and to hand out gifts, toys and pictures. There is one scenario in this chapter that did not originally happen in Germany or during this specific time in Michael’s life but because it was such an honorable deed I wanted to include it as an experience he and Diana shared together. I hope you enjoy this chapter as much as I did writing it.* ☺



**Gesundheit Nord Klinkikverbund, Bremen, Germany**

(Children’s Hospital and Burn Center)

When Michael and I entered the hospital, our eyes filled as we saw several pictures of children from all ages with so many different ailments on the walls of each hallway. Michael squeezed my hand and closed his eyes as he stood in the main entry way feeling extremely grateful for the many blessings in his life. I too, stood next to him realizing how blessed I was for the many gifts God had given me, especially my future husband.

“Mr. and Mrs. Jackson?”

A young woman with brown curly hair wearing a pink floral scrub and a stethoscope around her neck came over and greeted us.

“I’m Dr. Evans one of the pediatricians here. It’s an honor and privilege to have you both visit us this afternoon.”

Michael and I shook her hand as she took us inside the facility. Michael requested to see the children in the burn unit first since he was most sensitive to their pain. Dr. Evans happily agreed but informed us we could not get too close to them for safety reasons. Of course, dozens of reporters arrived at the hospital wanting to know why he was there. One reporter thought Michael was an actual patient instead of a visitor due to his unfortunate accident while filming a Pepsi commercial in 1984. Michael, being the strong man he is, ignored such ridiculous remarks and stayed focused.

“Baby, this hospital is HUGE!” I whispered as Michael and I held hands and walked behind Dr. Evans. “I think we need to leave a trail behind us just to get back to the main entrance!”

Michael giggled as he squeezed my hand gently.

“Have you ever visited a children’s hospital before?” Michael asked.
“Not really.”
“They’re usually quite large. I’ve been to several in LA and many others around the world. No child deserves to be sick and stuck between these four walls every day which is why these hospitals are so big and grand looking.”
“That makes sense. I hope I don’t come off as uncharitable for never being in one before.”
“Of course not but if you enjoy it, you can join me again.”
“I’d love to.”

He kissed my fingers as we continued walking down a long hallway near four different sets of elevators.

“Whoa. Where do all of these go?” I asked as Dr. Evans stood in front of a set of large, double steel lined doors.

“We have all different types of units in this hospital.” She explained. “A few are restricted while others are open for all visitors.”

“I’m assuming we cannot visit them all?” Michael asked.

“I’m afraid not.” Dr. Evans said. “We deal with a lot of severe cases here. Some are just too gruesome, even for you Mr. Jackson.”

Michael understood and shook his head in agreement. As we made our way inside the elevator, a young boy lying in a bed with an IV in his arm was hauled inside next to us by two nurses. He couldn’t have been more than 5 years old and looked very pale and fragile. Michael touched his head gently and the little boy opened his eyes and smiled.

“Am I dreaming?” The little boy asked.

“Why would you think that?” Michael asked.
“Because my mommy told me good people always visit you in your dreams.”

Michael tried his hardest to hold back tears as the little boy continued to speak.

“No, sweetie you’re not dreaming.” I said as I peered over his shoulder. “What’s your name?”
“Bela Farkas.”



“That’s a beautiful name.” Michael said touching his hand. “Do you know who I am?”

“Yes!”
“You DO?” I asked ticking him gently.
“Who am I?” Michael asked.

“The best singer and dancer in the whole world.”

Michael giggled and gently kissed the top of his head as the elevator doors opened.

“Will you visit me again?” Bela asked as he was being wheeled away.

“Of course. I’ll come see you before I leave.”

Bela waved to Michael as he was being taken away and the elevator doors closed taking us higher up.

“What a sweet little boy.” I said.

“He’s been here almost all of his life.” Dr. Evans said.

“Really? Why?” Michael asked.

“He has numerous medical conditions. I’m not allowed to discuss the details, but he’s been through a lot since birth.”

“Poor little Bela.” I said feeling nothing but sadness for the angelic little child.

“Dr. Evans, can we visit him after seeing the other children?” Michael asked.
“He has very specific visiting hours but I’ll make an exception just this once.”

Michael thanked her as the doors opened and Dr. Evans led us towards the burn unit. There were so many children in their rooms asleep or sedated. I noticed the look of heartbreak in Michael’s eyes as he watched each one closely. He closed his eyes and spoke under his breath several times as if he were praying for every patient he saw. He squeezed my hand the entire time not wanting me to leave his side for any reason.

“And behind these doors is where your little bundles of joy are waiting for you.” Dr. Evans said as she stood in front of a huge white door leading to a children’s play area.

“Diana, can you call Waleed and see where he is?”
“He’s coming here?”
“He made all of the arrangements for the toys and books to be delivered.”
“They’ve arrived already.” Dr. Evans said.

“They HAVE?” We both asked.

“Yes. See for yourself.”

Dr. Evans opened the door and children from all ages came rushing to the door to greet Michael. They were surrounded by toys, books, games, candies and stuffed animals. Michael and I made sure we greeted each one individually as they came running towards us.



“Do you all like your gifts?” Michael asked as he sat on a small blue chair intended for children.

“YES!” The beautiful children screamed in unison as they all sat in a circle.

I sat next to Michael and played with so many adorable boys and girls. I suddenly felt emotional thinking about my miscarriage and recent hysterical pregnancy. Not wanting to draw attention to myself, I quietly slipped out of the room and ran inside a nearby bathroom to wipe my tears. Michael noticed immediately and came after me waiting patiently for me in the hallway to come out.

“Are you ok?”
“I’m fine. I just needed to get away for a second.”

He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me close towards him.

“I didn’t mean to make you feel this way.” He whispered as he placed his hand on my stomach making me gasp lightly.

“It’s not your fault. I wanted to come here with you.”
“We won’t stay long if it upsets you.”
“Don’t be silly. We came here to spend time with these children and that’s exactly what we’re going to do.”

“I love you.”
“I love you too.”

He took my hand and led me back to the play area where several of the children hugged us and followed Michael everywhere as he walked around the hallways seeing all of the other children. Dr. Evans stayed nearby at all times just in case one of the children was to fall sick or if we needed anything.

“Looks like you’re quite the star around here.” She said as he sat down with the children.

“I love them all so much.” Michael said as he patted their heads and gave them all hugs.

“They love you too. When they heard you were coming to visit they made you a present.”

“Really?” He asked with so much excitement in his voice.

“Show Mr. Jackson your gift, kids!” Dr. Evans said smiling.

The children ran towards the corner of the room and held up a picture of Michael at Neverland surrounded by children. Feeling extremely flattered and overwhelmed with happiness, Michael held his heart and thanked all of the wonderful children with more hugs and kisses.



“I hate to cut this short but we’re on a fixed schedule.” Dr. Evans said. “The kids will need their medications and rest soon.”
“I understand.” Michael said as he folded his gift and said goodbye to everyone.

Michael and I both promised to visit again as we headed towards the large white door. A stunning little girl with beautiful, light brown hair and green eyes tugged on my dress just as Michael and I were about to leave the room. She had the face of an angel and a smile that could give sight to the blind.

“You are really pretty.” She said with the most precious voice I had ever heard.

“Hey, she’s mine!” Michael said jokingly as he kneeled down and kissed the little girl’s forehead.

“Thank you sweetheart.” I said hugging her. “What’s your name?”
“Angela.”
“That was my mother’s name.”
“Is she in heaven now?”

I looked at Michael amazed.

“Yes, she is.”
“So is mine. They must be having fun there together.”
“I think so too and you know what?”
“What?”
“YOU are prettier than me!”
“No!”
“Yes! You are so pretty that your mom just sent you a gift from heaven.”
“She DID?”

I shook my head yes as I pulled out a compact mirror from my purse and showed Angela the right side of her hair which I placed a gemstone barrette in that I was wearing in my hair.

“Wow!” She said smiling.

“See Angela?” Michael asked. “You ARE prettier!”

“Thank you!” She said as she hugged us both making me cry tears of happiness.

Dr. Evans gathered all of the children and asked a few of the nurses to keep an eye on them as she took Michael and me to the other units. We knew we had to be quick since Michael had to prepare for his press conference and rehearsal. Several hundred people were also starting to gather outside the hospital trying to get inside information as to why Michael and I were there.

**\*\*\* MEANWHILE, AT THE HOTEL \*\*\***

“Marie, will you stop stuffing your face?!” Jasmine said as she sat on the couch watching clips of Michael’s concert on TV.

“I can’t help it!” Marie said as she ate several cookies and chocolates from the mini bar.

“That stuff is expensive! You’re going to rack up Kingdom’s accommodation bills!”
“Who cares? Waleed is rich. He can afford it!”
“Good point!” Jasmine said getting off the couch and helping herself to a jar of $12 almonds and $15 cashews.

“I wonder how the lovebirds are doing.” Marie asked.

“I’m sure they’re having a blast with the kids.”

“I feel bad that we didn’t go with them but at least they get to spend some time together alone in public.”
“Marie, there is no such thing as ‘alone in public’ when it comes to the King of Pop.”

“True, but at least they’re together doing something charitable.”

After almost cleaning out the entire mini bar, Chris knocked on the door. Feeling lazy from all the treats they had eaten, neither one of the girls wanted to get up and answer him. Marie pressed a button on the phone automatically unlocking the door from inside and asked Chris to come inside on his own.

“I wanted to let you girls know I’m leaving to pick up the royal couple from the hospital.”

“No problem!” Marie said sounding incredibly hyper.

“Are you two alright?” Chris said looking at the cookie and candy wrappers scattered all over the floor.

“Oh yeah, we’re good.” Jasmine said.

“ Good. Great. Totally fine. Spectacular! Want a cookie? They’re really really REEEALLY good!” Marie said all in one breath.

“Umm…no thank you.” Chris said looking extremely confused. “I’ll bring them here then we’ll have to leave for the press conference. Do you girls need anything while I’m out?”

“MORE CANDY PLEASE!!” Marie yelled doing somersaults in the living room.
“I think you’ve had enough, Miss Marie.” Chris said trying not to laugh at her ridiculous yet funny behavior.

“I can’t wait to see the look on Michael’s face when he sees her like this.” Jasmine said stuffing cashew nuts and almonds in her mouth.

“I think he’ll let it slide. You girls have a very special place in his heart.”
“Yeah, we know he loves us and we love him TOOOOO!!” Marie yelled sticking her arms out and zooming across the entire suite like an airplane.

“Marie! Will you sit the hell down?! You’re making me dizzy!”
“I’ll see you both later.” Chris said as he left closing the door behind him.

“You’ve had WAY too much sugar for one day!”

“You can NEVER have too much sugar!” Marie said running around again.
“SIT DOWN!”

“No way! Put on Michael’s film!”

“You’ve seen them all a billion times!”

“WHO CARES?! I want to dance!”

“You are NOT dancing around on a sugar high. You will break something.”
“NOOOO! I want to dance! Please! Please! PLEEEEASE!!”

Jasmine rolled her eyes and did what Marie wanted thinking it would keep her quiet and still. She flipped through the music station on the TV’s satellite trying to search for Michael’s short films. To her surprise, the hotel had included his entire videography on a special music channel to promote his tour as a special treat to his fans.

“What song do you want to hear?”
“BILLIE JEAN!”

“Oh Lord.”

“What’s wrong with that song?”
“I don’t want you grabbing your crotch in front of me, Marie!”
“OH MY GOD! I can do it just like him! SEE?”

She performed the signature dance step and placed a lamp shade on her head using it as a fedora. Jasmine couldn’t contain herself as she watched her best friend prance around trying to dance like the greatest entertainer of all time.

“SHE WAS MORE LIKE A BOOBY QUEEN FROM A GEEKY SCENE!”

“BEAUTY QUEEN FROM A MOVIE SCENE, YOU SUGAR JUNKIE! Jasmine yelled.

“That’s what I said!”

“Marie, Diana is going to kill you if you don’t snap out of this. You need to drink A LOT of water and regulate your sugar level.”

“GREAT! Call room service and tell them to bring it up and ask them to put a candy bar in it! Oh man, I gotta pee!” She said running to the bathroom.

Jasmine, not knowing what to do about her friends condition, called the front desk trying not to laugh hearing Marie sing her way towards the bathroom.

“I HAVE TO PEE!!! I HAVE TO PEE!! I’M A NORMAL PERSON WHO HAS TO PEE!!!”

“Hello, this is Jasmine Averson from the presidential suite. Can you please bring up a dozen bottles of water?”
“Right away, Mrs. Averson.”
“Thank you.”

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

Michael and I had a wonderful time at the hospital. We shook hands with Dr. Amberg, the Chief of Staff, the head nurses and a few other doctors in charge of each unit.

“We are so grateful for your visit and charitable contributions Mr. Jackson.” Dr. Amberg said shaking Michael’s hand. “Your act of kindness will not go unnoticed.”
“It’s our duty as adults to love and take care of all the children in the world.” Michael said proudly. “I wish I had the power to heal each and every one of them who are sick and forced to stay in places like this.”
“But you do, Michael.” I said. “You heal them every day with your music, your dancing and through your Heal the World Foundation.”
“I couldn’t have said it better.” Dr. Amberg said as he gently touched Michael’s shoulder.

Michael smiled and looked down feeling shy and humbled. Seeing his generous nature was more beautiful than anything I had ever witnessed before. His charm and innocence were striking as I stood still admiring the man who always put other’s needs before his own even if it meant losing himself in the process.

“I’ll take you both to see your favorite little patient now.” Dr. Evans said referring to Bela.

We both shook hands with Dr. Amberg one more time. He said Michael and I were more than welcome to come back and visit anytime. As we made our way towards the elevator, little Angela saw Michael and I leaving and ran all the way across the opposite end of hallway towards us. Michael noticed her from the corner of his eye and kneeled down and extended his arms wanting to scoop her up in his embrace.

“Are you leaving?” She asked with her beautiful voice.

“Yes, sweetheart.” Michael said kissing her cheek.
“Will you come back?”
“Of course we will.” I said running my hands through her beautiful blonde hair.

“Michael, we are coming back to Germany a few more times aren’t we?”

“Yes. We promise to come back and see you again.”

“I love you.” She said as she hugged Michael and buried her cherubic face against his shoulder.

“I love you more, Angela.” Michael replied.

“You put the angel in your name.” I said kissing her button nose.

“Angela, it’s time for you to rest now.” Dr. Evans said taking her from Michael’s arms and giving her to one of the other nurses on duty.

“I’ll see you soon, angel.” Michael said as he waved to the little bundle of joy while entering the elevator.

“She is so precious.” I said as Michael held my hand.

“She’s also very sick.” Dr. Evans said. “There was a time when we almost lost her.”

“Really?” Michael asked.

“Yes, Angela is a miracle child with a courageously brave spirit.”

“She’s so beautiful too.” I added.

“It’s just too bad her family doesn’t see it.”
“What do you mean, doctor?”

“This is completely out of protocol but Angela’s parents haven’t visited her in over two years.”
“WHAT? WHY NOT?” Michael asked raising his voice.

“I wish I knew. She’s been fighting for her life alone ever since.”

“That makes me so angry.” Michael said under his breath. “There are so many people in this world who would love to have a child and the ones that have them don’t know how to appreciate them.”

I had a feeling Michael was subtly referring to his own father. Not wanting to argue in front of Dr. Evans, I stayed quiet as the elevator doors opened in front of the cardiology unit.

“Right this way.” She said as she stepped out with us following behind.

“Michael, I don’t mean to rush things but we really can’t stay much longer.” I said looking at my watch. “Your press conference starts across town in two hours.”

“I know. We’ll leave right after this.” He said.

“Chris must be on his way too.”

“Do you want to check on the girls?”
“I’m sure they’re fine. They would have called if something was wrong.”

**\*\*\* AT THE HOTEL \*\*\***



“DANGEROUS! THE GIRL IS SO DANGEROUS!” Marie sang as she danced to Michael’s routine from the MTV Awards.

“MARIE! You need to drink more water!” Jasmine yelled trying to get her to sit down on the couch like a civilized person.

“I don’t need anymore. I can’t stop peeing!” She yelled.

“That’s because your sugar level is through the roof. You need to keep yourself hydrated!”

“I’m fine, Dr. Tea flower!”

“HEY! Only Michael is allowed to call me that.”
“He doesn’t have a nickname for me!”

“Ask him to give you one.”
“I’ll do that! But for now, I need to dance some more!!”

Jasmine, wanting to hear something else, played Scream on the music channel.

“I WANT TO BREAK THINGS LIKE MICHAEL AND JANET DID!” Marie said picking up the floor lamp in front of her.
“ARE YOU NUTS? PUT THAT DOWN! THAT WAS A SEVEN MILLION DOLLAR VIDEO!”

“SHORT FILM, JAS!”
“Whatever. GIVE ME THAT THING!” Jasmine yanked the lamp out of Marie’s hands and placed it gently back in its place.

“Marie, you need to stop! You are out of control!”
“STOP PRESSURING ME!! MAKES ME WANNA SCREAM!”

“Lord help this child.” Jasmine said shaking her head.

“I HAVE TO PEE AGAIN!” She yelled heading for the bathroom.

“Where the heck is Diana when I need her?”

Feeling incredibly stressed out by Marie’s behavior, Jasmine walked towards the bar in the kitchen and opened it seeing several different small bottles filled with alcohol. Wanting to release her tension, she opened a tiny brown glass bottle without reading its label and swallowed its contents in one gulp. Loving the taste, she decided to drink a few more not knowing the effect it would eventually have on her.

**\*\*\* AT THE HOSPITAL \*\*\***

“Did you get a toy, Bela?” I asked not seeing any in his room.

“It’s right here.” He said pulling out a Superman action figure from underneath his pillow.

“You like Superman?” Michael asked.

“Yes, but I chose this one because of you.” Bela said looking directly into Michael’s eyes.

“What do you mean, sweetheart?” I asked.
“You’re my hero.” Bela said as he jumped up from his bed and hugged Michael.

“No, little one.” Michael said. “You are MY hero. You’ve won more battles than me.”
“I have?” The adorable little brunette haired boy asked.

“Yes. You’ve won the battle of the needles, the battle of the tummy aches and the battle of the yucky medicine.”



Little Bela laughed as Michael made funny faces and tickled him forcing his beautiful laugher to echo throughout the entire hospital floor.

“Baby, we really have to get going.” I said looking at my watch again.

“Don’t go!!” Bela whined as he gripped Michael’s arm.

“I promise we’ll come back and see you again.” I said kissing the little boy’s forehead.

Dr. Evans allowed Bela to walk with us to the hospital entrance. He held Michael’s hand as we entered the elevator and headed back down to the main floor. Michael reached into his pocket and gave the little boy a candy bar. Dr. Evans, who usually didn’t allow the little patient to have sweets made another exception for the pop star as he opened it for the sweet child feeding him a small bite.

“What do you say, Bela?” Dr. Evans asked.
“Thank you!” He said chewing on the sweet goodness of chocolate and caramel.

Once we arrived at the main floor, several photographers and paparazzi rushed towards the entrance clicking their cameras and trying to get Michael to speak about his humanitarian efforts. For his safety, Michael let go of Bela’s hand and placed him near Dr. Evans. Chris pushed his way through the crowd and reminded everyone that Michael was less than two hours away from making a public statement about his disrupted concert and other issues that were circulating about him.

“I have to go now.” Michael said to the little boy. “I’ll see you soon.”

We both kissed Bela as baby tears flowed from his tiny eyes. Michael wiped them with his fingers and tried his hardest to let go of his hand but little Bela was so insistent on staying with him no matter what.



“Bela, you have to let him go now.” Dr. Evans said trying to pry him away from the pop star. “Mr. Jackson needs to go home.”
“But I don’t want him to!” He screamed as more tears poured from his weeping face.

“I’m so sorry.” I whispered in his ear as I ran my hands through his soft, brunette shaded hair. “I wish I could take you with me. We’ll be back in a few sleeps and I promise I’ll bring you more treats next time.”

The little boy let go of Michael’s hand then grabbed onto his leg hugging it tightly. Michael touched the top of his head gently and told him he loved him very much. He then ran over to me and did the same thing.

“He’s such a sweet child.” Michael said.

“Sir, we really need to get going.” Chris said as he came over to us. “You must get back to the hotel and get ready for the conference then rehearse before tonight’s concert.”

Michael picked up little Bela in his arms and gave him to Dr. Evans kissing him again for the last time. We both shook her hand and said goodbye to everyone before leaving with Michael’s guards who were pushing their way through the crowd. Michael turned his head and looked at Bela who was waving his cute little hand at him. He then winked and smiled at him making the little boy happy. When he was no longer visible, we entered the vehicle and Chris left the hospital parking lot taking us back to the hotel.

“Are you ok?” Michael asked putting his arm around me.
“I’m fine. Are YOU ok?”

“I guess so. Seeing children makes me happy but emotional at the same time.”
“I know. Me too.”

He gently kissed the side of my face and placed my hair behind my ear.

“Thank you for coming with me.”
“It was my pleasure. Thanks for asking me to join you.”
“If it wasn’t for this stupid press conference I’d be on my way to the orphanage now.” He said as he looked at the reporters tapping on the window.

“I’m sorry, baby. I know how important that is to you. Maybe we still can when the tour goes to Munich?”

“I’ll see if there’s time. The girls haven’t called?”

“No but I’m sure they are fine.”

“Maybe you should call and find out.”
“No need. I bet they’re having tons of fun without us.”

**\*\*\* AT THE HOTEL \*\*\***

“My stomach hurts!” Marie said as she stepped out of the bathroom. “I am NEVER eating that much junk food again!

“HEY!!! THERE YOU ARE!” Jasmine yelled from across the room as she ran towards Marie giving her a hug.

“HUH? What’s wrong with you? Let go of me!”

“I’m sorry you felt sick before. How are you feeling now?” Jasmine asked as she was falling all over herself.

Marie knew right away something just wasn’t right about her.

“Jasmine, what did you do? Did you eat something weird?”
“No, why?”
“Did you drink something?”
“I went to the bar and drank some stuff. It was GRRRREAT!” She yelled putting her thumb up before falling on the couch.

Marie ran to the kitchen and saw three small empty bottles of tequila and a half empty bottle of rum lying on the counter.

“JAS! YOU’RE DRUNK!”
“COOL!” She yelled as she waved her arms around still lying on the couch.

She ran back to Jasmine and shook her trying to jolt her senses back.

“JASMINE! Diana is going to kill you!”
“Who?” She asked not being in her right state of mind.

“DIANA! Michael’s fiancé?”
“Oh yeah right. How is she anyway?”

Marie scoffed as she stood and began to clean up. She disposed Jasmine’s bottles as well as her own empty water bottles and picked up all of her cookie and candy wrappers from the floor. She looked up at the clock and noticed she was pressed for time since Michael and Diana were due back any minute. Marie called the front desk and asked them to bring a large pot of coffee to try and cure Jasmine’s hang over. She was definitely in no position to attend Michael’s press conference in that state that she was in.

**\*\*\* 30 MINUTES LATER \*\*\***

After being chased by several cars and Chris having to take back roads and alternate routes, Michael and Diana finally arrived safely back at their hotel. Michael’s security and Waleed’s ‘tips’ to the press confused so many reporters and photographers as they all traveled in different directions not knowing which vehicle he and Diana were in. Creating decoys to protect Michael’s privacy with his future wife seemed like a routine. It was just a matter of time before Diana would have to start doing the same thing and she knew it.

“Why can’t you ever go anywhere in peace?” I asked as we waited to get out of the SUV.

“You can’t feel a loss for something you’ve never had, Diana.” Michael said.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it like that.”

He kissed my fingers and held my hand as Chris stepped out the vehicle and took his usual position next to Michael’s guards outside. Once the door swung open, the two of us got out quickly and marched inside as fast as we could. It seemed like no matter how many times Michael’s entourage would create fake diversions, he would always have at least ten people following him around trying to get him to make a statement or take a picture for their filthy tabloid.

Once we made it inside the hotel through the back entrance, Chris went to his suite saying he’d be back to take us all to Michael’s press conference. We thanked him as Michael opened the door to the suite and gasped loudly as we saw Jasmine sprawled out on the chaise lounge and Marie curled into a ball lying on her side on the sectional beside her.

“OH MY GOD! GIRLS! WHAT’S WRONG?” Michael yelled as he and I ran towards them.

“Michael, do you smell that?” I asked sniffing an unfamiliar scent.

“Yeah…what is it?”
“Marie? What happened? Did you hurt yourself?” Michael asked.

“Jas! Wake up!” I yelled nudging her softly against the couch.

“We did some really stupid things, Ana. We’re sorry.” Jasmine said as if she were a child.

“What do you mean? What did you do?”
“I ate all the junk food in the mini bar and now my stomach is killing me.” Marie said holding onto herself as if she were about to burst.

Michael giggled like a little boy and kissed the top of her head knowing she was sick but in a good way.

“Jasmine? JASMINE!” She opened her blood shot eyes and smiled.

“Hey!! I know youuuu...” She sang.

Michael lost himself completely and laughed out loud.

“What is so funny? Can’t you see she’s sick?”
“She’s not sick, Diana. She’s DRUNK!” Michael said still laughing.

“WHAT? JASMINE HAS NEVER TOUCHED ALCOHOL IN HER LIFE!”

“Until now!” Marie said also laughing trying not to cause herself more strain.

“JAS! How could you do something like that? What did you drink? How much did you have?
“She drank tequila and rum.” Marie said.

Michael, who was still laughing went to the kitchen to see how much she had consumed. Marie told him she disposed the bottles and Michael found them sighing in relief.

“She didn’t have that much.” He said walking back towards the couch.

“It was enough to make her plastered though!” I said looking at her worried out of my mind.

“She had some coffee earlier.” Marie said. “I had room service bring it up for her.”

“She can’t go to the conference like this. The press is going to think this is YOUR fault!” I said looking directly at Michael.
“ME? I wasn’t even here! I was at the hospital with you.”

“Tell it to the judge.”

Michael knew in that moment just how serious things could get if anyone were to find out about what Jasmine did. He stayed with Marie as I pulled Jasmine off the couch and walked her towards the bedroom. She flopped down on the bed and massaged her temples repeatedly.

“Ugh, my head!”
“You’re going to feel that way for a while.”

“What did I do?”
“You drank out of the bar, Jasmine. What the hell were you thinking?”
“I wasn’t.” She explained. “Marie was on a sugar high and drove me insane. She was screaming and dancing around everywhere and almost broke the lamp in the living room. I needed something to calm my nerves.”
“So instead of calling me you turned to booze?”
“I didn’t want to bother you two. Michael had his heart set on going to visit the kids. I didn’t want to get in the way of that.”

Michael came in the room after hearing what Jasmine said and hugged her against the bed.

“Promise me you won’t do that again.” He said rubbing her leg.

“I swear I won’t. I don’t like feeling this way. It’s really awful.”

“I think you’ll be ok once you take a hot bath.” Michael suggested.

“Good idea. You can use our bathroom so I can keep an eye on you. I don’t want you drowning your drunken ass in the tub across the hall in your suite.”

She laughed as Michael and I helped her to the bathroom. Once she closed the door, we both went to check on our other patient.

“Marie, you know what all that junk food does to you.” I said trying not to sound like a parent lecturing their child.

“I know, but it looked so good. I couldn’t resist.”
“I know the feeling.” Michael said winking at me.
“STOP. We’re talking about sweets.”
“So am I, cupcake.”
“MICHAEL!”

Marie laughed as she tried to sit up straight.

“Did you take something for your upset stomach?” Michael asked.
“No, I just drank tons and tons of water and went to the—“
“We get it, Marie.” I said not wanting Michael to feel awkward.

“We still have some time before we leave for the conference. Why don’t you lie down on the bed until then?” Michael asked rubbing her back.

While Michael helped Marie to the bed, I knocked on the bathroom door making sure Jasmine was alright and she said she was and would be out shortly.

“I can’t believe those two.” I said as Michael closed the bedroom door halfway. “I leave them alone for one day and this happens.”
“They were just having some fun, Diana.”
“FUN? Jasmine could have seriously harmed herself!”
“But she didn’t. Please don’t get so over worked about it.”
“Michael, those two girls are the only family I have.”
“Thanks, Diana.”
“YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!”

He laughed as he stood against the bay window and pulled me towards him.

“I don’t want to waste time arguing. I’m grateful that they are ok and you should be too.”
“I am but—“
“Shhh!”

He placed his index finger on my mouth and leaned forward wanting to kiss me. As he pressed his lips firmly against mine, he placed my right hand in his favorite spot wanting me to feel his ‘growth’ of affection.

“We can’t, Michael. Our bedroom is being used.”
“Let’s go to their suite down the hall.”
“Jasmine isn’t asleep. I can’t leave her alone.”
“Wait until she’s finished then meet me across the hall.”
“Are you serious?”

He squeezed my hand wanting me to know just how serious he was.

“OKAY! OKAY! I get it. I’ll meet you over there.”
“Don’t you dare keep me waiting, girl.”
“And if I do?”
“I’ll have to punish you.”
“You’d enjoy it.”
“So would you.” He said winking at me again.

“YOU ARE EVIL!”

“You love it.”

As soon as he kissed me again, Jasmine came out the room and was so happy that her wish to see Michael and I being intimate came true.

“OH PLEASE! KEEP GOING!” She screamed as she sat on the couch facing us.

“Welcome back, Jasmine!” Michael said as he walked towards her and kissed the top of her head.

“We’ll be back.” He said as he grabbed my hand and dragged me towards the door. “Please keep an eye on Marie for us.”
“Hey! I’m no babysitter!”
“Michael, I can’t leave her with Marie again. It’s not fair.”
“We won’t take long.”
“Michael!”

“Where are you two going now?” Jasmine asked.
“Orbiting into space!”

I shoved Michael playfully as I felt my cheeks turning warm and bright red. Jasmine didn’t catch on to Michael’s response and wanted to know more.

“What are you talking about?”

“NOTHING!” I yelled. “I’ll stay here with you.”

Michael started to whimper like a puppy dog. I dragged him towards the couch and sat him down behind me.

“Do you feel better now?”

“Yeah. So tell me, how was it visiting the children?”

While Jasmine and I were talking, Michael was constantly teasing me pulling my hair and running his hands down my back seductively. I tried stopping him by grabbing his hands but he pulled away and continued annoying me.

The doorbell rang and a young lady who announced herself as the hotel staff on the intercom said that she was delivering more phone messages for Michael. I stood up to open the door but Michael beat me to it. I had a feeling he didn’t want me to know who was leaving him messages again.

He thanked the woman as she gave him a small stack of pink slips and left. Michael noticed his guards were patrolling the hallways making sure he was safe since he had answered the door himself, something he was generally not allowed to do. One of them reminded him about the conference and we realized we had less than 20 minutes to get ready before Chris would come back and take the four of us to the event.

“Marie is still asleep.” Michael said. “I don’t want to wake her.”
“I don’t want to leave her alone.” Jasmine said.
“We won’t. I’ll wake her up in ten minutes.” I said.

“I need to return one of these calls.” Michael said as he carefully reviewed each message. “I’ll be right across the hall.”
“Is everything ok?” I asked not liking the look on his face.

“Of course. I won’t be long.”

“What’s that all about?” Jasmine asked.

“I have no idea. This is the second time he’s received so many messages and hasn’t told me who they’re from.”
“Well, we can definitely rule out one possibility.”
“I know Jasmine but I can’t help but think Michael is hiding something from me again.”

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

He walked across the hall towards the far end of the suite and entered the dining room area closing the door and locking it on his way in. He sat in a wooden chair, picked up the phone receiver and dialed the number that was written on one of the messages. This wasn’t just any phone call. It was one he wanted to return for a very long time.



“Well, it’s about time you called! I missed you!”

“I missed you more. I’m sorry. I’ve been so incredibly busy. I’ve wanted to call you for days. How are you?”
“Much better now that I’ve heard your voice. How are things in Germany?”
“Full of drama. You won’t believe who showed up here.”
“I heard. It’s all over the news Mr. case of the ex.”

“Oh god. Diana has been going crazy.”
“How is she, Michael? And why didn’t you tell me you were planning on proposing to her?”

Michael giggled adorably.

“She’s fine and it was completely spontaneous.”
“I’m happy for you.”
“Thank you.”
“When is the tour coming here?”
“In about six weeks.”
“Don’t think you and your queen of pop can come to my city without visiting me!”
“We will, I promise.”
“How are you doing health wise?”
“I’m surviving. You know me.”
“I do and it scares me, Michael.”
“I’m doing better now that I have Diana by my side.”
“You really love her.”
“I do. She’s my life.”
“I cannot wait to meet her.”
“I know she will be thrilled.”
“You haven’t told her about me?”
“Not one word. I want it to be a surprise.”

“MICHAEL! We have to leave for the press conference!” Diana yelled as she knocked on the locked door.

“I have to run but will call you again soon.”
“Take care of yourself, Michael.”
“I’ll do my best.”
“I love you.”
“I love you more.”