CHAPTER 30

The City of Love

Jasmine opened her eyes and let out a piercing scream. She was ecstatic to see none other than her significant other standing in front of her.

“DAVID!!!” She ran into his arms and kissed him passionately.

“How did you get here? Where is little man?”
“Your client here arranged to have me visit for a few days. I wanted to bring squirt with me but I was afraid of him missing a whole week of school. He’s with my parents.” David said as he shook Michael’s hand and greeted us all.

“Now she can finally get laid.” Marie said under her breath.

“I knew how much you missed him, tea flower.”
“I did. Thank you so much for flying him out here!”

“YO GOLDY! Position time. NOW!” Bill yelled from outside.

“I’ll be right out.”

Everyone wished Michael good luck as they made their way out of his dressing room allowing him to finish getting dressed. As I was leaving, he gently grabbed my arm and pulled me towards him.

“Not you.” He whispered against my ear. “I need you with me.”

“Michael, Karen already put your eyeliner on.”
“I’d like you to do something else for me.”
“Oh? What’s that?”

Karen picked up Michael’s gold leg pads and held them up.

“You want ME to put those on you?”
“Will you?”
“I don’t know how!”
“It’s easy. My team members will show you.”

“Michael, one eye is done. Would you like me to do the other one for you?”
“Yes, please.”

He quickly sat down in his chair and I watched as Karen carefully applied the black liquid to the lower portion of his left eye. I smiled knowing he shared something so personal with me and definitely wanted to do it again.

Karen wished Michael the best of luck and kissed his cheek before leaving the room. Two of his production assistants came in to help him put on all of his accessories and they kindly showed me how to strap them securely to him. There were so many attachments and latches, I couldn’t figure out which one went where.

“Baby, this is confusing!” I said with a puzzled look on my face.

He giggled as the two men placed both legs pads on him fastening them tightly so they did not fall off his legs while dancing.

“Here, you can do this instead.” He said hanging me his gold chest plate.

“It’s very easy, Miss Dean.” One of his crew members said.

As I lifted the beautiful, shiny ensemble, I couldn’t believe how heavy but durable it was. I was surprised to know Michael could maneuver on stage wearing such a large and bulky item across the top of his body.



“Baby, this thing weighs a ton!” I said trying to wrap it around him.

“It has to, Diana. It’s like a protective armor for me.”

“But how can you move around with this thing on?”

“I’m used to it. Besides, I don’t move around that much with it on. I take it off before I start to dance. Don’t you pay attention to me on stage?”

“Of course I do but I have to admit - something else grabs my attention very quickly.”
“Oh? What might that be?”
“I’ll tell you later.”

Michael giggled as I held his waist closely and wrapped his chest plate firmly around him. He put his arms around me and held me close while I fastened his straps and made sure they were all properly snug around his entire frame.

“There. That should do it.” I said trying to pull away from him.

“I like you being this close to me.” He whispered.

“Michael, we’re not alone.”

“Leave, you two!”
“MICHAEL! That’s not nice.”

“We’re used to it.” His other crew member said.

“They know it’s out of love.” Michael replied kissing my forehead.

After letting go of each other, both men checked Michael’s apparatus making sure it was completely safe for him to walk and maneuver in. Once he was ready to go, both men left and wished him a good show.

“Walk me towards the back?”
“Of course. I’d love to.”

He took my hand as we waited for his guards to escort him to the edge of the tent just before he was about to appear on stage.

“Michael, where is your space ship?”
“I won’t be using it here.”
“WHY NOT?”

“It’s a stadium, Diana. There’s no actual stage. We had a standing platform built and installed just for my concerts here.”

“Oh gosh that must’ve cost you and Waleed a fortune.”
“It’s his fault. He didn’t look over the venues before booking them.”
“Neither did I. I feel horrible about that now.”
“It’s ok. I’m here for the fans. We made it work.”
“Yes, we did.”

I walked him all the way to the edge of the tent where thousands of fans were waiting anxiously to see him perform. Michael peered over the back of the platform and smiled brightly as he saw dozens upon dozens of fans in the stands chanting and screaming his name repeatedly.



“They love you.”
“I love them more.”

“Good luck.”
“Thank you, Diana.”

I kissed his pink stained lips and started to walk away when he grabbed me and breathed deeply into my left ear sending a whirlwind of chills through me.

“I have a surprise for you tomorrow.”
“Do you now?”
“Yes. I know you will love it.”
“I’m looking forward to it.”

He kissed my cheek as several of his crew members came to check on him before he was to take his position. I quickly walked towards the girls while they were keeping themselves busy explaining the basics of Michael’s tour and our job descriptions to David. As happy as I was to see him, I was relieved that he was only with us for a week. Having a person not associated with TSG would definitely cause a breach of security for Kingdom International. As much as I didn’t care for Waleed, I knew his business rules were important and I had to respect that, from one business person to another.

“Are you two lovebirds reacquainted now?” I asked joining the group.

“Absolutely. I missed you three musketeers. Especially my Jazzy pooh.”
“David!”
“Jazzy Pooh?” Marie and I both repeated laughing.

“I like tea flower better.” Jasmine said blushing.

“Is our star ready to shine?” Marie asked.
“He’s taking his position as we speak.”

While the crowd continued to cheer and roar, Michael changed his routine slightly by bursting through the bottom of the platform instead of appearing inside his space ship. I explained to the girls why the need for the sudden change and although they were disappointed, seeing Michael appear through a cloud of gold fireworks and stand perfectly in a frozen stance for several minutes made their hearts melt with joy.

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

Once we all arrived back at the Ritz hotel, Jasmine and David shared the girls’ suite and Michael gave Marie her own private section detached from mine and Michael’s suite. After a long night of performing, Michael was clearly exhausted and definitely needed a good night’s rest. Once he was showered and ready for bed, I showered and slipped on one of his white shirts and joined him in our large, down filled mattress with floral pillows and an extra-large duvet. Michael rested his head against the pillow and immediately closed his eyes exhaling a huge sigh of relief.

“Tired?”
“A bit.”
“I won’t keep you up then.”
“It’s ok. I don’t mind.”
“It was sweet of you to fly David out here.”
“Jasmine needed him.”
“She DID.”

“I hope you like your surprise tomorrow.”

“I’m sure I will.”

“Goodnight, my sweet girl.”
“Goodnight, Michael.”

I gently kissed his lips and observed his peaceful exterior as he breathed deeply in solace and comfort. I brushed his hair gently with the back of my hand and smiled knowing that my husband to be was safe and finally at peace. With David now joining us, I knew Jasmine would be busy sightseeing with him but that also meant Marie would feel like a third wheel. I figured I would try and set up a shopping day with her to make her feel special seeing as she was now the only single one amongst the three of us.

**\*\*\* THE NEXT DAY \*\*\***

“Wake up, sleeping beauty.” Michael said as he pressed his lips to mine. “It’s almost noon and we have a busy day ahead of us.”

“I guess I’m still running on LA time.”
“I know that feeling. Lunch is being brought up and the gang wants to eat together before they all leave to do their afternoon things.”
“Where’s Marie?”
“In the dining room.”
“Michael, I feel bad for her. I mean, we’re together and now David’s here. She must be feeling incredibly left out.”

“I know, which is why I have someone in mind for her.”
“REALLY?”

“Yes, but I don’t know if she will go for him.”
“Who is he? What is he like? How do you know him?”
“I don’t have all the details yet. I’m still checking things out.”

“Tell me about him!”
“Not yet, Diana. When the time comes.”
“You love keeping me in suspense.”
“Yes, I do. It’s a lot of fun.”

Michael changed into his trademark black pants, penny loafers, red shirt with black armband and fedora. I giggled seeing his precious face draped underneath a few curls against the side of him.

“I’ll meet you out there.” He said as he began walking out of the room.

I quickly jumped off the bed and placed my arm around his waist.

“What’s your hurry?” I mouthed in his ear turning him around to face me.

“Diana, we can’t do this now. The gang will be here soon.”
“They won’t know.”

“Are you missing an earring again, Mrs. Jackson.”
“Oh, no. This time I’m missing something else.”
“And what might that be?”

Smiling cleverly, I took his right hand in mine and placed two of his long, luscious fingers directly on my lace panty. Using his fingers and sliding it aside, I attempted to place his hand inside me causing Michael to slightly twitch against me.

“I love this side of you.” He whispered smiling against my mouth.

“Me too. You bring out the thriller in me.”

“What a coincidence. You ‘bring out’ something in me too.”

Before I could blink, Michael stripped down to nothing and pulled me against him directly in front of the open bay window.

“I’m going to take you right in front of Paris, Diana.”
“MICHAEL! The window shows the entire city!
“Exhilarating, isn’t it?” He asked as he lifted my arms and peeled his white shirt off me.

Without thinking twice, Michael devoured my mouth and gently licked my ear and neck from one side to the other. I moaned loudly as he worked his fingers throughout my entire figure. I lowered my hands and placed them firmly around his ‘gold nugget’ making him screech softly against my ear.

“You like when I do that. I can tell.”
“Girl, I love the way you handle me.”
“This is just the beginning, baby.”

I switched positions and placed Michael’s back against the bay window. His thin frame shivered as his skin pressed up against the cold glass. Realizing how sensitive Michael’s skin was, I felt bad and immediately asked if he wanted to switch back.

“No, I like it.” He whispered as he grabbed my arms. “Don’t worry. I’ll be fine.”

Knowing he was comfortable, I continued pleasing him the best way I possibly could. Our lips stayed pressed together for what seemed like an eternity. Michael’s hands were moving quickly as he stiffly grabbed me from behind and smacked me hard.

“HEY!”
“You know you love it.” He said smiling.

“Do it again.”

He giggled and continued ‘punishing’ me. Wanting to taste him, I bent down and took his entire sizeable phallus into my mouth finally satisfying my craving for the taste of his most beloved body part. He placed both hands on my head and pulled my hair gently before placing his head back against the clear window behind and squealed.

“Shit, that feels amazing.” He whispered. “Oh god, Diana. Please don’t stop.”

Grinning against his massive shaft, I obeyed him and continued with my never ending suction. I cupped my hands against his hips and gently squeezed his behind making him giggle in the cutest way.

“Diana, stop.”

I ignored his request and continued sucking hard.

“DIANA!”

I continued.

“STOP OR I WILL GO IN YOUR MOUTH!”

I looked up and winked at him as he tried his hardest not to release while my tongue circled his shaft multiple times. Once I felt Michael reaching his climax, I immediately removed him from my mouth and scooped his glorious face into my hands.

“Now the fun begins.” I said looking into his deep eyes boosting him inside me quickly and completely. He shrieked loudly as we continued pulsating against each other harder and harder. I wiped his perspired body with my hands and licked the entire left side of his face from the top of his earlobe all the way to his collarbone. Hearing the sounds from his panting mouth drove me to the point of insanity - somewhere he always took me whenever I was in my most pleased state.

“I love you, Michael.” I whispered as he moaned my name effortlessly.

“I love you, more.”

“Fuck me.”
“I am!”
“Harder!”

Michael took me in his arms and lifted me as high as he could against the window. As I felt the smooth glasslike consistency against my skin, I placed my hands against it trying to find something to hold onto. Michael generously gave me his hands to balance myself correctly and continued throwing himself violently into me making my eyes roll and my body fall apart in his arms.

“YES! YES! YES!” He screamed as he continued.

“Don’t stop, baby.”

“I could do this all day with you.” He said making me laugh.

“I’m sure that could be arranged.”

He laughed as he continued thrusting into me. He let go of my right hand and circled one of my hard, throbbing nipples in between his thumb and index finger. To my surprise, he then put it his mouth and twirled his tongue making me scream his name and beg for more. At the same time, he reached down and placed four fingers into me against his member.

“HOLY SHIT! OH MY GOD!” I yelled as I reached my climax and orgasmed around his fingers allowing my body to writhe in its indescribable sense of satisfaction.

Of course, that didn’t stop my future husband. He fingered me faster and harder making me feel every single crevice on his hand. Within seconds, Michael climaxed and poured himself into me as he convulsed fiercely with each sense of release.

We both slowly slid down and held each other on the hard wood floor beneath us.

“Thank you.” Michael said kissing my forehead.

“You’re welcome.”
“I love you, girl.”
“I love you too.”

I felt Michael’s heart beating rapidly as I lay my sweaty head against his chest. He spun my hair around in circles with his hand and clutched onto my back as if he were holding a newborn baby.

“We really need to be in the living room. The gang will be here any second.” I said.
“Not before round two.” Michael said shocking the hell out of me.
“WHAT?!”

He stood up against me forcing me to stand on my feet and carried me to the bed. He then placed me against the edge and asked me lie down and relax.

“This won’t take long.” He said winking at me.

“Michael, what are you doing?!”
“Just returning the favor, sweetheart.”
“Huh? What favor?”

Without answering, he gently pushed me down on the bed and quickly opened my legs. Before I could even speak, Michael had his entire face buried inside of me.

“OH MY GOD!”

His large and untiring tongue swiveled in circles around me internally. The sensation of him licking me made me scream forcing my body to react in a way I had never experienced before. I removed his fedora and placed my hands on top of his head twirling my fingers in the same direction as his tongue.

“Oh my god, baby.” I moaned.

Michael kept his eyes opened and rubbed the walls of my labia repeatedly with his thumbs. I was suddenly in a new world with him. A world of eroticism and ultimate delight. A world full of oral pleasure. A world I never wanted to leave. EVER.

“Baby, your tongue feels amazing.”

He giggled against my inner walls and continued intensely making sure I knew exactly what he was doing and how pleasurable it was. He lifted my legs bending them at the knees and placed his fingers inside adjacent to his marvelous, overworked tongue.

“OH MY GOD, STOP!” I yelled not wanting him to listen to me.

I squirmed trying to tolerate the incredible sense of arousal he was giving me. It wasn’t until his fingers moved faster and harder into me that I could no longer resist and screamed his name again in harmony as my body tensed and slowly discharged against his tongue making him taste every drop of fluid I had in me.

“You taste delicious.” Michael said as he slowly removed his hands from inside.

“You are so amazing.” I said still recovering from my overwhelming blast of spasms.

He kissed the center part of me and gently put my legs down before going to the bathroom and freshening up again. As soon as I heard him turn the water on, my cell phone rang. I picked it up from the night table beside the bed and noticed it was an unknown number.

“Diana speaking.”
“Miss Dean? It’s me. Erica.”

I had completely forgotten about her.

“Oh my gosh! How are you?”
“I’m good. I hope I’m not catching you at a bad time.”
“Not at all. I’m so glad you called.”
“I don’t want to disturb you.”
“Believe me, you’re not. Where are you sweetie?”
“At home.”
“Do you live near my hotel?”
“About 40 minutes away.”
“Do you drive?”
“Not at the moment.”

I felt horrible for not remembering her wrists being bandaged.

“I’m sorry. I should have realized—“
“No, that’s ok.”
“I’ll have one of Michael’s drivers get you if that’s ok.”
“I don’t want to be a burden.”
“Don’t be silly. Can you text me your address?”
“Sure.”

“Perfect. I’ll have him get you in about an hour?”
“Thank you.”
“You’re so welcome, sweetheart.”
“Does Mr. Jackson know about me?”
“Not yet. But I will tell him in a few minutes.”

Erica giggled like a child making my heart flutter with happiness.

“You have such an adorable laugh.”
“Thank you.”
“I’ll see you in a little while, ok?”
“Yes. Thank you, Miss Dean.”
“You’re so welcome.”

We hung up and Michael came out the bathroom wearing nothing but a large, white towel wrapped around his waist.

“What?” He asked looking confused.

“I want to remove that towel and fuck you again.”
“Well, you know what they say…”

“No, Michael. What DO they say?”

“Third time’s a charm!” He replied winking at me.

“And they say romance is dead.” I replied making my way towards him.

“If it is, let’s resurrect it, shall we?”
“I’d love to. But we can’t. There’s someone I want you to meet.”
“Oh?” He looked puzzled.

I told Michael about Erica and her wrists being in the condition they were and he was ecstatic to meet her.

“Thank you baby.” I said kissing his cheek.
“I’ll give her an autographed photo of me.”

“That’s my sweet Moonwalker.”

He smiled and walked me towards the bathroom placing me directly into the black marbled Jacuzzi and turned on the water. As the steamy hot liquid poured from a golden swan faucet, Michael smirked as if he were trying to tell me something without being vocal.

“What are you thinking about?”

“Us in this bathtub.”

“I’m sure that also can be arranged, Mr. Jackson.”

I gently pulled on his black shirt with my wet hand and he resisted immediately.

“Diana, I just changed.”
“So, take your clothes off.”
“We have a busy day planned and people are on their way to see us.”
“We have plenty of time.”

I ran my drenched hand down his face and kissed him slipping my tongue inside his mouth. He responded by doing the same thing and I tried to lure him into the Jacuzzi with me.

“You know I would never refuse you but I have to now.”
“I know. I was only teasing you.”
“I’ll lay an outfit for you on the bed. Get dressed quickly ok? I’ll call David and the girls and meet you in the living room.”

“Ok, thank you.”

He kissed my forehead then headed straight for the walk in closet. I quickly soaped and rinsed myself off allowing the hot water to penetrate through my skin and absorb into each and every pore. I suddenly heard a knock at the door and quickly finished my bath since the rest of the gang had arrived.

I jumped out of the Jacuzzi and drained the water as I dried myself off and rubbed lotion and sparkling body powder all over myself. I noticed Michael had placed a red cocktail dress and black heels on the bed for me with a matching pair of lacy red lingerie. I rolled my eyes knowing he must have bought it or arranged for a personal shopper to get it for him in my size. I slipped the entire ensemble on and glanced at myself in the full length mirror next to the vanity. As I sat down to brush my hair, Michael walked in asking me to be quick.

“You look beautiful.” He said admiring me from the doorway.

“Thank you, baby. The gang has arrived?”
“Yes. And so has the food.”
“Good, I’m starving. I’ll be right there.”

Michael smiled then left to tend to the others. I placed a red jeweled barrette in my hair and remembered little Angela at the children’s hospital. I made myself a mental note to call and check on her and Bela later on in the afternoon or tomorrow sometime.

“Hi everyone!” I said as I made my way towards the grand dining room.

“Well, don’t you look amazing?!” Jasmine said as she and David were sitting at the table holding hands.

“Indeed! You are stunning in red.” Marie said eyeing closely.

“That’s my wife.” Michael said walking towards me kissing my forehead.

“You two are an amazing couple.” David said smiling brightly. “Seeing you two standing together like that is just remarkable.”

We both thanked him and sat down as the hotel staff catered to all of our needs. We had an array of dishes presented to us with everyone’s favorite foods including chicken, potatoes, vegetables, rice and salads.

“Tell me more about yourself, David.” Michael said as he chewed his food.

“I work in military logistics.” He explained. “I help transport goods and materials for the armed forces.”
“That’s amazing.” Marie said looking up from her plate.

“How long have you done that?” I asked sipping my water from a gold rimmed fluted glass.

“About five years now. Jas and I had just met when I started.”
“How did you two meet?” Michael asked.

“It’s a very typical movie story.” Jasmine explained. “We were both at the same grocery store and at the same checkout line. We got to talking and one thing led to another.”

“That’s so cute!” Marie said giggling like a little girl.

“You two are a great couple as well.” I said as I ate a piece of potato.

Once we finished with lunch and dessert which consisted of David’s favorite: apple pie a la mode, the hotel staff cleared our plates and left with all of their equipment. I checked my phone to see if Chris had called me and he hadn’t. I texted him to find out if he and Erica were on their way. Before I could press send, the phone in the suite rang and Marie answered it saying it was the front desk informing us that Erica had arrived and was in the lobby. Since Michael was not allowed to go and meet her, I headed downstairs to get her.

“You look beautiful, sweetie.” I said as I saw Erica standing next to Chris in a beautiful black sundress with white heels. “You’re wearing one of Michael’s favorite colors.”

“I am so nervous.” She said with shaking hands. I noticed her bandages had been removed. It seemed like she had never been injured to begin with.

“Don’t be.” I said reassuring her as we made our way inside the elevator. “He is very excited to meet you.”

Once we got upstairs, one of Michael’s female security officers patted Erica down quickly to make sure she had no weapons or harmful materials in her possession. Once cleared, we made our way towards the suite door and Chris left us alone saying he would be back later on to pick up Michael and me for ‘my big surprise’.

Once inside, Marie, Jasmine and David stood in line to meet the unknown fan and greeted her with open arms.

“Hi, I’m Marie!”
“I’m Jasmine.”
“I’m her husband David.”

“It’s nice to meet you all.” Erica said smiling with a polite tone.

“These are my coworkers and best friends.” I explained.

“We’ll leave you three alone now.” Jasmine said. “We’re all going sightseeing. It was nice to meet you, Erica.” She said as they made their way out the door.

“Please sit down.” I said walking Erica towards the living room. “I’ll go see where he is.”

“Thank you.” She said as she sat cross legged on the black plush couch.

I opened the bedroom door and noticed Michael had changed again. He wore his fedora and a beautiful military inspired jacket with red trimmings and a silver crystal brooch across his chest. His pants were jet black and he had just finished putting on his signature white, sparkly socks and black penny loafers.

“Baby, you are so iconic.”

“Thank you. Is she here?”
“Yes. In the living room.”
“I’ll be right there. I just need to sign her picture.”

I went back to the living room and joined Erica on the couch. After a brief chat, Michael came out and we both stood up as he made his way towards us.

“It’s nice to meet you, sir.” Erica said as she happily shook his hand.
“I think you are the first female fan of mine to not scream in my face.” Michael joked.

“I’ll take that as a compliment.” She replied as Michael hugged her.

“I have something for you.” He said handing her a picture of his feet in his famous toe stand position. He addressed his autograph to her and signed his name in his beautiful trademark cursive script.

“I will cherish this forever.” She said holding it to her heart. “Thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome, Erica. I hope you are feeling better.”
“I am now.”

Seeing Erica made me happy. It felt good doing something for someone less fortunate. In that moment, I understood Michael’s countless humanitarian efforts and felt the same way he always did whenever he would put others before himself.

“Sorry to interrupt.” Bill said as he opened the suite door. “But for security reasons, your guest has to leave now.”

Erica understood and said goodbye to Michael, hugging him once more. She then hugged me and I immediately sensed her crying as she held back sniffles. I held her head gently and told her everything would be ok and that she could contact me anytime if she ever needed anything.

“I really don’t know how to thank you. This is my dream come true.”
“I’m glad to hear that.” Michael said as he and I walked her to the door. “Even though we don’t live in Paris we’ll do our best to keep in touch with you.”

She thanked us again and Bill arrived ready to drive Erica home. As they were leaving, Bill reminded Michael that Chris would be picking us up and taking us to the ‘special place’ Michael had arranged to take me to. Feeling curious, I decided to try and ‘charm’ Michael into telling me what he had planned.

“She seems like a sweet girl.” Michael said as he closed the suite door.

“I know. I’m glad her injuries healed.”
“I didn’t even notice.”
“Me neither. But it’s her private business.”

I sat on the couch and Michael joined me placing himself directly on top of me.

“So, where are you taking me?”
“It’s a surprise.”
“Give me a hint?”
“It’s a place.”
“Well, DUH”
“A nice place.”
“And?”
“That’s all I’m telling you.”

I smirked cleverly as I touched Michael’s ‘friend’ making his gasp under his breath.

“Please, Michael?”
“No, Diana.”
“Pleeeeease?”
“NO!”

He pulled my hand away, resisting the urge to give into me. Still desperate for answers, I decided to do the one thing I knew he couldn’t oppose. I pulled one of my dress straps down and exposed my bra to him. Feeling helpless, Michael quickly covered his eyes. I took his hands and placed them in my most sensitive area driving him absolutely insane.

“Diana, I really want to surprise you. Please don’t make me weak.”
“You don’t have to tell me. I just want you.”
“Really?”
“Third time’s a charm, Mr. Jackson.”
“That it is.” He said as he pushed me against the couch tearing my dress off.

**\*\*\* TWO HOURS LATER \*\*\***

After our third session of lovemaking, Michael and I showered again and got dressed for my surprise day with him. Chris arrived just as I was putting on my stiletto heels and musical note earrings that ‘meant so much to me.’

“You look gorgeous like always.” Michael said as he eyed me from top to bottom. He bought me a black formal evening dress made by the one and only Oscar De La Renta and had it delivered an hour ago making sure it was the perfect fit.

“You look stunning too of course.” I replied to my future husband as I glared at his perfect frame enrobed in black and white.

He blushed and kissed me deeply as we both made our way towards Chris in the living room and out the door.

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

“Michael, what are you doing?” I asked as he blindfolded me in the limousine.

“You can’t see where we’re going. Chris, are we almost there?”
“Ten more minutes, sir. But we will be pressed for time due to the concert.”
“I know. We won’t take long.”

“What are you up to, boy?”

“You’ll see.”

Chris stopped the limousine suddenly and opened the door for Michael and me to step out. Once we did, I heard Bill’s voice and another male speaking faintly in the distance. I also heard various noises and unfamiliar traffic sounds as Michael thanked Chris and walked me towards what seemed like a cemented pavement.

“Don’t let go of my hand.” He said as he held me while I walked next to him.

“Michael, I’m scared. I can’t see!”
“Don’t worry. You’re with me.”
“Don’t let go of me.”
“I won’t. I promise.”

After about twenty steps, Michael finally stopped walking.

“We’re here.” He said as he giggled to himself.

“Can I take this off now?”
“I’ll do it. Keep your eyes closed!”

“Yes, sir.”

Michael placed his right hand directly in front of my eyes as he slowly removed the blindfold from my face. I heard footsteps in front of me and Michael gave the blindfold to another person. His hand was firmly against my eyes making sure I still couldn’t see anything.

“Diana?”
“Yes?”
“You know I love you, right?”
“Of course!”

“Do you love me?”
“You know I do.”

“I know I’ve already done this but I wanted it to be special to you and with us being in Paris, I could not pass up this opportunity.”
“What are you talking about, baby?”

Michael gently kissed my cheek and smiled against my skin. He then lifted his hand slowly and whispered in my ear.

“Marry me, Diana.”

Before I could answer, my eyes opened and there I was standing in front of one of the most immaculate, historical monuments in the world.

EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS, FRANCE



“OH MY GOD MICHAEL! IT’S BEAUIFUL! ”

“Will you?”
“YES! YES! OF COURSE I WILL!”

I threw myself into his arms and heard violins playing in the distance. Their tune sounded awfully familiar. I leaned my ear to one side and paid close attention as tears of joy were suddenly streaming down my face.

“LIBERIAN GIRL!”
“The song we talked about when I first met you.”

“You are the sweetest man in the world. I love you, Michael Jackson.”
“I love you more, my wife.”