

# Chapter 24

Chapter 24 captures a moment in my life when I was struggling emotionally and socially, and someone unexpected showed up with genuine kindness—Paris Hilton. While many people dismissed her as just another rich socialite, I saw something entirely different. There was a grace to the way she carried herself, even when people were being unkind. Her ability to maintain poise under judgment was something I admired. At a time when my life felt like it was unraveling, she showed compassion. Paris recognized the sadness I was carrying from my breakup and my efforts to keep things together for my children. When she came over to visit, it was more than a social call—it was a moment of support I hadn't received in far too long. We began spending time together, and for the first time in what felt like forever, I was reminded of what fun could feel like when it wasn't shadowed by pressure or performance.

Spending time with Paris brought me into what some would call my “party phase,” but it wasn't what people made it out to be. The media exaggerated everything—I wasn't out every night, and I certainly wasn't reckless. After being cooped up and judged for even the smallest decision, finally going out to unwind felt liberating. I made sure my children were safely cared for at home before stepping out. Still, the tabloids wasted no time portraying me as an irresponsible mother. The backlash was brutal—words like “unfit,” “wild,” and “unhinged” dominated headlines. Yet what I was doing wasn't any different than what other young women in their twenties did: enjoying a night out, dancing, maybe having a few drinks. It wasn't fair. My reputation was being tarnished by double standards. Meanwhile, other public figures could behave far worse and face far less criticism. The scrutiny was relentless and exhausting.

There's always been speculation about my relationship with substances. The truth is, I didn't have a drinking problem. I enjoyed social drinking, yes—but it never controlled me. My real connection, if you could even call it that, was with Adderall. It wasn't

something I abused to party—it was something I used to feel less numb. Adderall gave me clarity, focus, and temporary relief from the sadness that weighed heavily on me. Unlike alcohol or other drugs that dull, Adderall sharpened me when my emotions felt blurred. For me, it acted like an antidepressant, something I desperately needed but was never formally given. In the entertainment industry, it was common to see people use all sorts of hard substances, but I never found that appealing. I didn't want to feel out of control. I just wanted to feel a little better.

Growing up in a small town, drugs weren't glamorized—they were cautionary tales. The people I knew who got into hard drugs didn't have happy endings, and I never wanted that path. I may have partied, but I wasn't reckless with my life. In fact, I was trying to navigate an impossibly high-stakes world with very few people I could trust. My mental health was strained, and instead of support, I was met with judgment and exploitation. The double standards I faced compared to the men in my life were glaring. They could drink, party, even neglect responsibilities—and somehow still be seen as fun, rebellious, or cool. But for me, motherhood was held against me like a weapon. If I enjoyed a night out, I was suddenly labeled unfit. If I expressed frustration, I was unstable. And if I tried to reclaim my identity, I was "acting out." It wasn't just unfair—it was dehumanizing. And through it all, I just kept going, doing my best to stay afloat in a world that rarely showed me grace.

What the world didn't see was that I was still grieving, still adjusting to a completely different life, and still trying to find balance in motherhood, fame, and personal happiness. I was battling postpartum depression while trying to be present for my children and still remain composed for the world. Even during my "partying phase," I always came home to responsibilities. There was never a time I didn't want to be a good mother—I just didn't have the emotional resources or freedom to be one in the way I hoped. That's what so many people missed. It wasn't about wanting to escape—it was about needing to feel like myself again, even if just for a few hours. Paris gave me a small glimpse of that, and for that, I will always be grateful.