

Chapter 48

Chapter 48 marked a powerful shift in reclaiming autonomy. After over a decade of forced silence and legal control, I finally acknowledged what everyone around me already knew—it was time for a change. Realizing I needed new legal representation was the first true step toward taking back my power. I reached out to Cade and my social media team for guidance, and that's when I found Mathew Rosengart. A respected former federal prosecutor with clients like Keanu Reeves and Steven Spielberg, he immediately brought hope. We spoke several times before meeting in person, and once he was onboard, I felt a shift—like something monumental was about to unfold.

Rosengart was stunned that I had been denied the right to choose my own attorney for so long. He said that even convicted criminals had that basic right. Knowing he viewed my experience as unjust gave me reassurance that I wasn't overreacting—what had happened was wrong. He filed a motion in July to remove my father as conservator, and by late September, the court agreed. When the ruling came down suspending him, the news broke faster than he could even call me. A lifetime of fear and control was lifted in that one decision. I felt light again.

With my father gone from his role, we had momentum. Mathew moved quickly to file for the end of the conservatorship altogether. I was in Tahiti when I got the call. Mathew told me I was officially free. It didn't feel real until I heard him say the words, and even then, it took a while to sink in. After 13 years of being treated like someone incapable of running her own life, I had my independence restored. The tears, the pain, the silence—it had all been for this moment.

He told me something I didn't expect: that the real victory belonged to me. Not to him, not to the court, but to me—because I'd spoken up. He believed my voice, my courage

in testifying publicly, had not only freed me but would inspire others trapped in similar legal arrangements. After years of being told I owed my success to others, hearing that I made the difference felt revolutionary. I wasn't just surviving—I was reclaiming everything that had been taken.

In the months that followed, I tried to live life fully—on my terms. I took time for myself, allowed space for joy, and re-learned how to feel safe in my own choices. On a trip to Cancún, I went jet skiing again—something I hadn't done in years. Instead of riding at high speeds like before, I had someone drive me. It gave me a chance to breathe, to feel the ocean air and the freedom in choosing my own pace. For the first time in a long time, I didn't need to perform or prove anything.

Music became my therapy again. I'd sing around the house just because it made me feel happy. Not for a show. Not for a paycheck. Just for me. That joy reminded me of when I was a little girl, singing because it felt good and right. It was sacred again. Singing, praying, and even moving my body—all of it helped me reconnect with myself. Music and faith became my sanctuary, reminding me that I still had a voice and a purpose beyond the stage.

An unexpected opportunity rekindled my creative fire. Elton John reached out to collaborate on a reimagining of "Tiny Dancer," and I was honored. I'd admired him for years. Recording "Hold Me Closer" with him brought back something I hadn't felt in ages: excitement about music. We recorded the track in a Beverly Hills home studio, and the experience was unlike anything I'd done before—intimate, raw, and on my own terms. The song's success was overwhelming. It hit number one in 40 countries. After six years of not releasing new music, I'd returned with something that felt completely mine.

Even with the musical high, I knew I had more healing to do. These days, I don't feel the need to be on stage. I've found peace in solitude and a deeper connection with God. I still pray every day, often with Hesam, who has been a pillar of strength in my life. His steady presence has helped me build a new life—one where I finally feel safe

and seen. Our marriage was more than a celebration; it was a symbol of starting fresh, no longer defined by restriction.

The end of the conservatorship came with complex emotions—relief, sadness, anger, and joy. I was hurt not just by my father but also by my family. My sister's book felt like a betrayal, twisting personal memories into public spectacle. It's painful when private vulnerability is used against you. I don't think she truly understood the extent of the trauma I endured. But even with that pain, I'm learning to replace bitterness with empathy. I'm not there yet—but I'm trying.



Summarver

Physical symptoms now manifest the weight of those years. Migraines hit hard, leaving me unable to move or speak. I never used to get them, and now they feel like the body's way of expressing what words sometimes can't. I've developed a fear of doctors after so many years of forced appointments. So I manage on my own as best I can. Pain isn't just emotional—it's something I carry physically every day. Yet I try to move forward, little by little.

For over a decade, I wasn't allowed to choose what to eat, what to wear, how to spend my money, or even drink coffee. But today, those choices are mine again. No more waiting for permission. No more silence. No more being told when to speak or what to say. I'm here now—free, flawed, healing, and finally in control of my life.