Two days fast passed since the Ethan and Lucas fell into his usual routine. It was something Ivan was grateful for. He was even happier since Lucas seemed to finally forgiven his last orders and Alan was spared an awkward conversation with Sarah about her potential pregnancy.

In truth he didn't think much of it himself. He certainly wasn't an expert on female anatomy considering his "friend" was lucky enough to be his wife and he wasn't sleeping throughout the month. Some couples tried for years before they managed to conceive so the chances Lucas and Sarah would after one night, while not zero, was certainly very low. In any case, the last thing he wanted to do was ask a woman about her cycles.

Lucas breezed off the elevator heading to his one only to be stopped by Sonya, "Excuse me, sir."

"What is it?" Lucas sighed.

Though Madeline was his secretary according to the company's payroll she never came to the one to actually work. In truth Sonya handled the actual job which Lucas was immensely thankful for. Sonya was experienced and managed the job in expert fashion.

"Sir, a Mister Tailor Reeve is here to see you."

"Tailor? I don't know a Reeve. Does he have an appointment?" Lucas asked. Usually he didn't schedule appointments so early in the day preferring to handle them in the afternoon. Morning were generally spent managing any internal issues and visiting various departments.

"No sir. He's been waiting for a half-hour now," Sonya shook her head. "He says he's here to deliver some paperwork so I will only take a minute of your time."

"If it's just paperwork why didn't he leave it with you?"

"I suggested that but he insisted he had to deliver it to you in person."

"Fine." Lucas waived her away. He hated his routine interrupted but if it was only for a minute so be it. It wouldn't take much to get back on track.

Stepping into his cue he saw an older gentleman waiting quietly at his desk. The man was rather tall and lanky not having the bulk around the waist that was common for middle-aged men. He has had gone silver-gray but his gaze was sharp. Seeing Lucas enter he immediately stood to greet him.

Lucas avoided the handshake noting his visitor's off-the-rack suit. "Mister Reeve, is it?"

"That's right. Mister Lucas Stanton. I presume?"

"You presume correctly," Lucas circled to his chair. "Have a seat."

"Thank you." Lucas waived her away. He hated his routine interrupted but if it was only for a minute so be it. It wouldn't take much to get back on track.

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"That's right. Mister Lucas Stanton. I presume?"

"You presume correctly," Lucas circled to his chair. "Have a seat."

"That's quite all right. I won't be here long and I hate to take up your valuable time." Tailor reached down for his brief case opening it on the edge of the desk and handed him a single sheet of paper. "Sign here please."

"What is this?"

"A notice. It simply states that I am delivering this directly to you in person."

With a grunt Lucas signed handing it back before accepting a rather thick, manila envelope. "And this is?"

"Divorce papers," Tailor answered claiming his briefcase. "Well, good day Mister Stanton."

"What?" Lucas leaped to his feet. "Is this some kind of joke?"

"Perhaps I should introduce myself. Tailor answered evenly. "I am Tailor Reeve, your wife's attorney. She has had her divorce. I suggest you look over the terms carefully with your lawyer and call me if there are any questions. Gentlemen, good day."

Lucas laughed. "My wife wants to divorce me? On what grounds?"

"Irreconcilable differences."

Lucas doubted over. "I don't know how much she's planning for this little prank but it's not enough. It's easy to invalidate any technically you want to call it."

"Actually, I'm doing this pro bono." Tailor answered without a trace of amusement. "I'm a friend of the family and I assure you it is not a prank. I'm a family lawyer and kidding. My client has already signed. If you agree to the terms and sign I can be in today if you like."

"Like hell."

"That is your choice. As I said, look over them closely with your lawyer. Ivan has twenty days before his hearing is set. Good day to you Mister Stanton." Without another word Tailor let himself out leaving Alan to handle a turning Lucas.

"Lucas…"

"Get her on the phone right now! I want answers."

"Right." Alan reluctantly pulled out his cell and selected her from his contract list as Lucas hadn't bothered to save her number in his own phone. He frowned at the response.

"What?" Lucas noticed his expression.

"It goes straight to voicemail. It's either turned off or out of battery."

"Why doesn't that surprise me?" Lucas snarled. "The woman doesn't know how to take care of anything."

"I can try her again."

"Don't bother. It's just a cry for attention," Lucas sighed shoving the envelope into the garbage.

"Shouldn't you at least look at that?"

"Why? The papers are probably blank. I'm telling you this is all a prank to get my attention. But it's not going to work."

"All right. If you say so." Alan agreed but he wasn't convinced.

Despite Alan's misgivings nothing more came about the strange encounter and over the next few weeks he put the matter out of his head. Forgetting all about it as easily as Lucas.

* * *

Tailor Reeve adjusted his tie as he waited in front of the judge's one. He was a man of little words but he was a good one to have in tether. After around half-a-dozen he finally practice he was well-respected lawyer and rather enjoyed his work nearly concerning himself with family court. This was certainly not his on divorce hearing though it was much more personal considering his client was his best friend's daughter and a person he considered his niece.

"Mister Reeves. Judge Mathews will see you now."

"Thanks Janet." he stood and entered the rather small one.

Normally this hearing would be conducted in a courtroom but as the opposing party was absent there seemed little need for theatrics. Judge Mathews about up offering his hand to a man he had known for almost as many years as he had practiced law and well before he became a judge.

"Good to see you, Tailor. I wish it was under better circumstances."

"As do I."

"And, have a seat." Judge Mathews took out his copy of the divorce agreement, reading it as he asked, "So what is this about?"

"My client wishes to divorce her husband."

"Hmm. She states irreconcilable differences."

"Yes. He has been unfaithful."

"Is he aware of this her grounds?"

"Well, circumstantial. Here is a printed of the text messages his mistress has been sending her." Tailor offered several sheets of paper. Even as a small sample it made for quite a stack. "He also had received dick-pics from her husband's sister and mother."

"My, my." Mathews reviewed the documents with a frown.

It was not the rst time he witnessed such disturbing behavior between so-called elite families. Usually it was the marriage was what's a better around-his-neck daughter. Seeing Lucas and Sarah's wedding photo on an attempt to win custody of his grandchildren. but the certainly came close.

"Hmm. Says here she refuses all rights to property and shared assets. She's even refusing alimony."

"That's correct. She wants nothing, just a divorce."

"Is she going to be all right?"

"Yes. I think so since she gets some space from him."

"I notice she's not here."

"No. She's already left the state. I assured her, her presence wasn't needed for an uncontested hearing."

"And her husband?"

"I delivered the papers to him myself. Here is the notice."

Mathews reviewed the single sheet of paper noting the signature before saying, "And he stress not to show up?"

"Considering the odd is all in his favor I thought he didn't see any reason to be here."

Mathews nodded setting down the papers. A family man himself it was always hard to see a marriage end, especially on bad terms, but in the case there was probably the best. Ordinarily he would have used the inability to vote in favor of the wife but she had already made that decision for him.

"Well, I've seen enough."

"Hmm."

"I suppose that is a blessing," Mathews sighed. Divorces were always worse when there were children involved. "You claim a severe fear if she changes her mind later she will not be able to litigate any future funds from her husband with this agreement."

"Yes. She is aware."

"Well, it appears everything is in order. You are be promoting as always Tailor. We'll proceed with a No Objections divorce. You can be in today. Minus the ring and approval time… your client is a free woman. I'll put a word in with the paper pushers to put a rush on this one."

"Thank you. I'll give her the good news." The pair shook hands and spent the rest of their alloted time recounting string stories, a pleasure they both shared.

After his meeting with the judge Tailor sat down at his desk and dialed a much treasured number. "There were several major before it was answered. Jack music played in the background as a cheery voice answered, "It's Uncle Tailor."

"Hello Sarah. Sounds like you're having a good time."

"Well, it's Nice! Grace," she laughed. "Is it possible not to have a good time?"

"I've got good news."

"Oh?"

"You're really divorced, or will be in six weeks give or take."

"Oh."

"You okay?"

"Yes. I'm great."

"And Rosemary? What about her?"

"She'll be ok. We both will be. We always are."

"All right. Call me if you need anything."

"I will. Thanks."

"Take care."

"You too."

* * *

"Send these down to Sam," Lucas said handing Alan a list of specs requested by a client. "Get an estimate and a timetable."

"Right."

A knock at the door interrupted them as Sonya stepped in. "Sir, there is a letter for you. It came carried so I guess it was important."

"I'll take it."

She quickly handed over the envelope before departing. After she had gone Lucas looked at the return address and frowned.

"New York City Courts?" Alan read over his shoulder. "Robert didn't mention any pending legal actions. Get him."

Sitting it down with a letter knife Lucas unfolded the contents to read before suddenly leaping to his feet. "Notice of divorce approval! What the hell is this?"

Alan's mouth dropped open. It had been almost two months since their unexpected visitor claiming to be Sarah's lawyer and they had both forgotten about him. They remembered him at the same time.

"Get that damn lawyer what's his name on the phone!" Lucas demanded.

Luckily the lawyer's name was included on the notice saving Alan time as he entered the contact number into the ices phone.

"Tailor Reeve's one," a rather nasally voice answered.

"I want to speak with Tailor immediately!" Lucas demanded.

"Mister Reeve is…"

"I don't care! I want him now!"

"Hold please."

Lucas impatiently tapped his nger on the desk. It was several moments before the line was answered. "Hello, Mister Stanton."

"…How did you know it was me?" Lucas was caught off guard and certain he never gave his name.

"Sorry. Reason. I received my copy of the divorce approval today so you should have it as well."

"What game are you playing?"

"I don't play games, Mister Stanton. As I told you when we rst met. I'm Mieua Stanton's, or rather the former Mieua Stanton's, lawyer. She left for divorce and I simply did my job."

"I didn't sign those papers."

"You didn't have to." Reeve answered. "It's called a No Signature divorce and it's perfectly legal and binding. If you had objections to any of our terms you and your lawyer should have attended the hearing."

"Why you…"

"I've already given Sarah the good news. She's a free woman. You, and your family, would do well to leave her alone to avoid any further legal action."

"Where is she?" Lucas seethed.

"Client confidentiality aside I am not obligated to tell you anything regarding her current whereabouts. I'm sure you can understand why she left in the rst place. I'm sure you do. And she has already sent the state and has no intention of returning. You will likely never see her again. Now I have an appointment in six minutes I have to prepare for. Good day."

"You son of a…" Lucas cursed as the line went dead.

"Lucas?"

"Get Robert on the phone. I want him looking into this."

"Right."

Lucas sat at his desk while Alan made the call. He rubbed his temples and stared at the notice his face curling in disgust. What did Mieua mean by only? Was Sarah out of her mind?

A few hours later Robert arrived with a copy of the settlement in hand. Seeing Lucas's state he paused. "You look like hell."

Lucas glared at him as he took a seat. "You better have answers."

"Well, it's simple. You're divorced."

"If you notice my expression…I'm not laughing."

"Another error." Robert set the paperwork on the desk. "Here it is all in black and white."

"But I didn't even sign."

"You don't have to. Twenty days after you receive notice your spouse or her lawyer can submit it to the courts. Who was her lawyer anyway?"

"I don't know. Tailor. Thomas, something."

"Reeve." Alan replied.

"Tailor Reeve?" Robert asked. "Then you're screwed."

"What do you mean?"

"Tailor is something of a legend. He was practicing law before you and I were born. He could have become a judge two times over by now if he wanted. Richest equestrian." It he submitted this he's crossed all his Ts and made sure Rs crossed and Is dotted."

"You're dead with him before?" Lucas asked.

"No. He handles family court issues: divorces, custody hearings, child protection laws. that sort of thing. But I saw him around now and again. A lot of people think of him as a law guru and if they are stuck or need a man set of eyes they ask him for a consult. He's friendly and accommodating, so as I've heard."

"How the hell did she get him to take her case?"

"I don't know. He does a lot of work with charities so maybe they met at a benefit. That's what I mean, sir, right? Go to charity events?"

Alan shrugged. None of them really knew how Sarah spent her days. In fact he was rapidly realizing none of them knew anything about her.

"So how much did she get?" Lucas sighed.

"Nothing."

"What?" Lucas asked.

"Nothing. Zero. No dip. Zilch." Robert said. "She didn't take any assets, property or stocks. She even declined alimony, she said she didn't want to be in the position that most other she can't see you for a cent."

Lucas frowned. "Why would she make that clause? Was it a mistake?"

"Reeve wouldn't make a blunder like that. It's probably why the judge accepted it so easily."

"But why? She's a substitute teacher for god's sake. Why would she leave with nothing?"

"Why are you asking me?" Robert threw up his hands. "You were the one married to her. You have to tell me you were married to a woman for three years and you know nothing about her?"

Lucas opened his mouth to argue but snapped it shut. He really didn't have any way to retort since he truly didn't know anything about the woman he married.

"Look, I don't see the problem. I mean, you were planning to divorce her as soon as you could anyway so your grandmother is not you. She said you couldn't divorce her. Never said anything about her divorcing you." Robert stated. "I gotta go. Call me if she does try creeping back."

With a wave he departed leaving Lucas with a stack of papers detailing his failed marriage. He just couldn't understand it. Why did she leave? No word. No message. Nothing to help him understand.

"Lucas?"

"Find her."

"Lucas…maybe…"

"What? Maybe what?" Lucas glared at him. "I don't care how…just let her. Her brother still works here, right?"

"Yeah."

"Monitor his phone and email."

"That's illegal."

"I don't care. He has to talk to his sister occasionally. Just do it."

"Okay. All right. I'll do my best." Alan sighed wondering where to start. So concerned with how he never recalled their original concern from months ago…was she pregnant?