

The Pre-nup

Scene 52, Book 3

“Ah, there you are.”

Gavin looked up from the spreadsheet open on his laptop. He and MacGilravie were working in the office at Kensington Winston had loaned him.

“Here, Mr. Evelyn helped me draft this, it is only wanting your signature.” Miranda handed Gavin a document.

Gavin scanned the first page. “Miss MacGilravie, would you excuse us for a while, please.”

“Certainly, sir,” said MacGilravie as she rose and left the office, shutting the door behind her.

“Miranda, what is this?”

“Gavin, it says what it is, right at the top. See, ‘Pre-Nuptial Agreement.’ I am fairly sure the words mean the same thing on both sides of the Atlantic.”

Gavin made a face. “Oh, very funny. Careful, you’ll end up like me. Seriously, though, what is this? Why are you presenting me with this?”

Miranda made her own face. “I told you I worked several years in a solicitor’s office. I saw and heard about all sorts of horrible things happening because people did not think that their feelings today might change in five years. As I said, Mr. Evelyn helped me prepare it. He tried to get it all into one page, but all the legal mumbo-jumbo made it two.”

Gavin read the entire document carefully. He had only signed unread documents once, and that was during the marathon session with Wilcher and Evelyn over a year ago when he had inherited the estate of Robert. The document laid out what was to happen: should the marriage end with no issue, if there was issue, etc. It was actually, for a legal document, fairly simple and straight-forward. He laid it on the desk. “I suppose there is no talking you out of this? No, I thought not. I assume you are worried people might think you are only out for my money, in spite of the fact you originally thought I was some sort of land-rich, money-poor aristocrat. Not to mention this usually comes from the party with money. Oh well, doesn’t change anything. Fine, where’s my good pen? Ah.” Gavin found his fountain pen, signed the document, and blew on it to dry the ink. He handed it back to Miranda.

Miranda took the paper from Gavin and stood. “Thank you very much. You’ve been most cooperative; Mr. Evelyn said he thought it would take days to get you to agree. I’ll get a messenger off to him right away.”

“Yes, well, I’ve learned a *few* things about women over the years,” said Gavin with a wry smile. “Sometimes it’s easier just to let them do what they want. Especially, as I said, when it doesn’t really matter. Now, let’s get started ensuring that clause about ‘no issue’ is moot, heh heh.” He stood and started around the desk.

Miranda squealed and scampered to open the door to exit. “Gavin Ross! You stay back!” She giggled. “You are a beast!” She stuck her tongue out at Gavin and hurried away.

Gavin watched her go with a grin on his face. Now, back to figuring out his tax bill.