

*Lucky Day*

By

*Trish Collins*

This book is a work of fiction. All characters, organizations, and incidents portrayed in this novel are either a product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is purely coincidental.

Copyright© 2016 by Trish Collins

Lucky Day by Trish Collins. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without expressed written permission by the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews.

ISBN-13:978-0692681435

By: Trish Collins

~~~~~

Lucky Series

Lucky Day - Book 1

Lucky Charm - Book 2

Lucky Break - Book 3

Lucky Rescue - Book 4

Lucky Shot - Book 5

Lucky Honeymoon - Book 6

Lucky Me - Book 7

Lucky Number - Book 8

Lucky Guy - Book 9

Lucky Couple - Book 10

Lucky Bet - Book 11

Lucky O'Shea's - Book 12

TBA

Jacobs Series

Riptides of Love

Book 1 - Parts 1 & 2

Love's Dangerous

Undercurrents

Book 2 - Parts 1 & 2

Breaking Waves

of Love

Book 3 - Parts 1 & 2

Love's Storm Surge

Book 4 - Parts 1 & 2

Impact of Love

Book 5 - Parts 1 & 2



# {1}

Bryant O'Shea finished making the last of the crown molding for the Victorian house his team was renovating. When he worked on projects like this, there was no running to the home improvement store to buy what he needed. His eye for detail wouldn't allow it, but instead, Bryant matched the style of a house's original fixtures, or he researched what was popular when the house was built. He took pride in his work, and that was one of the reasons why he had clients lined up for months.

At least today, all he'd had to do was run the router, even if leaning over and guiding the machine down the long lengths of wood was rough on his back. His arms felt like noodles, but it wasn't as bad as days when he and his men did demolition. Even though Bryant had a full crew of men, he wasn't the sort of boss who stood by and watched as his men did all the work. Instead, he worked side by side with them, getting his hands dirty. It was his way of ensuring the quality of his work. His presence and involvement on the job site meant nobody cut corners. It was his name on the trucks, and his reputation at stake, each time his crew worked a job.

After spending all day at the old Victorian, Bryant had a few hours to rest before he'd have to work a shift at the pub his parents owned. Thankfully, he only had to fill in at the pub two nights a week, when his older brother Mack had off. Occasionally one of his other family members asked Bryant to cover a shift, but with eight siblings, the family could usually find someone willing to work.

When Bryant walked into the back door of the pub, he saw his sister Raylan standing over the grill cooking steaks and burgers. Raylan was little, but she was mighty. She made everything happen in the kitchen, and she ran a tight ship. Raylan ruled in here. Bryant stepped up behind her, hoping he could get her to cook him a steak.

“Hey, you think you could make me one, too?” He asked, knowing she’d do it for him because she liked him more than any of her other five brothers.

“Make you what? I have a knuckle sandwich I was going to give Paul, but you can have it instead,” Raylan said without missing a beat on the grill.

Bryant laughed, “What did Paul do now?”

Paul was just two years younger than Raylan and was fourth in the O’Shea sibling line-up. Mack was oldest, at thirty, and he ran the bar. Bryant, second oldest at twenty-eight. Raylan was just twenty-six and was in charge of all the food at the bar. Paul, the object of Raylan’s anger just then, was a measly twenty-four years old. Paul was a fireman and first responder. When he wasn’t at the firehouse, he helped at the bar. Paul called himself a “Peacekeeper” instead of a “Bouncer,” but that’s what he did.

Grace was next at twenty-two. She was going to nursing school, and she did a little of everything at the bar, sometimes waitressing, other times tending bar. Then came the twins Gabriel and Patrick and they were twenty years old and attended college. The twins recruited bands as entertainment and took food orders. Ava was the youngest female in the family. At eighteen, Ava also went to school, but she helped Raylan in the kitchen a few days a week. When Ava couldn’t be there, Arlene, their mother, helped. The youngest, bringing up the rear, was Tane. He was still in high school and was only sixteen. Tane worked in the kitchen as the dishwasher. All of the O’Shea children

worked their way up through the ranks at the pub, until they were old enough for the next job.

Raylan turned some burgers on the grill. She repeated Bryant's question to her, "What did Paul do now? Your brother has women calling here for him nonstop, and if he thinks I'm his personal secretary, then he has another thing coming. I came in to prepare the food for tonight, and the phone hasn't stopped ringing. They all want to know if Paul's working here tonight or if he'll be at the fire station. I told them it isn't my turn to babysit and then hang up."

Bryant asked, "My brother? Why is it that when you're pissed off at him, he becomes 'my' brother instead of 'our' brother?"

"When he acts like an A-Hole, God's gift to women, then he counts as one of you."

"I'll talk to Paul and straighten him out. I'll make sure he understands this is a place of business, not his personal answering service."

"Thank you," Raylan said, "Now how do you want your steak cooked?" Bryant kissed her cheek and said into her ear, "medium-well." As he turned to walk away, she yelled after him, "Fries or baked potato?" She heard the faint answer of "fries" as he walked into the bar.

Behind the bar, Bryant checked the work schedule. The pub didn't have many employees other than family, and those who did work there had been with the O'Shea's a long time. There was Fred, a retired cop who worked the bar during the day. The old-timers loved to shoot the breeze with him, and he kept track of the checker winners and losers. Then there was Lucile, who came in just for the lunch crowd. Lucile was in her early fifties. She was a widow and had no plans to remarry. The love of her life, her husband, was one of the first responders to go into the World Trade Center.

The nightlife at the pub had an entirely different atmosphere from the day shift. The bar had two different sections. The front section had the bar down the right-side wall, with the kitchen behind it. Some tables lined the center of the room while the booths ran along the left side of the building. The day shift hardly stepped foot in the back half of the pub. The back section was set up for bands. It had a small stage and a dance floor, made up of green and gold-checked tiles, with high round tables and stools that lined the dance floor.

It was impossible to mistake O'Shea's Irish Pub and Grill for anything other than what it was. The walls displayed a decor portraying the luck of the Irish. The most popular one was at the door. It was a big round sign that read, "May This Shamrock Bring You Luck in Your Travels," with a huge green shamrock in the middle. It had become a tradition for customers, and everyone to touch the sign as they left the bar.

As Bryant stood behind the bar, the day crew was getting ready to switch over to the night employees. On Friday and Saturday nights, the pub was busy. Mack, his eldest brother, or Grace the nursing student helped, but Mack was off that night. That was why Bryant was filling in, and he never knew the job he might have to do, he looked to see who was working that night, and who had which duties. His sister Grace was waitressing in the bar area, and Tracy was working in the band area. Tracy was just a weekend employee. She was in her mid-twenties, and she received a lot of attention from the male patrons. They loved her lengthy blonde hair and long legs, accentuated by the short skirts and high heels that she wore. She said that her short skirts were how she made her money—that tips were much better if she showed a little skin. The O'Shea's made all of their employees wear a t-shirt with the pub's logo on it, but they didn't say what size the shirt had to be. Tracy's was at least one, if not two sizes too small, and stretched thin across her impressive breasts.



With the girl's waitressing and the boys on the bar, Bryant was free to fill in wherever needed. Paul was also scheduled, so Bryant went to talk with him before the bar got too busy. Knowing how Paul could sometimes be, Bryant would love to leave this conversation to Mack, but with Mack off for the night, Bryant had to take care of it. Putting the schedule back under the bar, Bryant went in search of his brother.

Paul was in the back room helping that night's band set up, moving the band's heavy equipment into place while they adjusted the sound. The pub had a built-in sound system with speakers throughout the room, with the soundboard set up on a short table at the end of the dance floor. The band that would play that night was punk, one that Gabriel, one of the twins, had picked. The twins may have looked alike, but they had completely different personalities. Between the two of them, Patrick and Gabriel had a diverse taste in music. That was part of what made the pub work—customers never knew who would be playing that night. Walking to the small stage, Bryant cleared his throat to get his brother's attention.

Paul stopped moving equipment and looked at his brother. Bryant asked, "Got a minute?"

"What's up?"

After talking to Paul about the situation with the phone calls, Paul asked how he could control the women that called the pub. Bryant didn't want a confrontation, so he just told his brother that was his problem to figure out. "I just wanted to make sure you know that no one in this pub is your personal secretary," he said.

Bryant moved back to the bar. At eight-thirty people started slowly coming into the pub, within the hour the pub would be busy. The band always went on at ten, and most people wanted to get a good seat.



Macy Greene followed her instincts, and so far, they'd hadn't let her down. When she talked to one of her cop friends into letting her sneak a peek at the police reports for the six missing girls, her senses tingled. Macy knew there was something there, even though the cops had called all of the girl's runaways. She thought that there were too many similarities in the cases. After all, six under-aged girls disappearing after sneaking into different clubs couldn't be a coincidence. The police didn't think there was a connection because the disappearances had happened months apart, and in different areas of the city.

As she skimmed over the next-to-nothing files, she couldn't help feeling she was missing something. Taking out her tablet to take some notes, Macy quickly typed the girls' names, the places where they disappeared, the dates of their disappearances, and before leaving, she finally took pictures of each girl in the files. If she took her iPad when she asked questions, she could show the pictures around. She didn't have much to go on, so she decided to start with the clubs. Slipping the files back on her friend's desk, she left the station.

Macy went from one club to the next, and just as she thought, no one claimed to know anything about the missing girls. The bouncers barely glanced when she showed them the pictures on her tablet. The last club on her list was known for its easy access for underage kids. The bouncers didn't look too hard to see if the kid standing in front of them matched the picture on the driver's license—as long as you had the ID, you got in.

This time, instead of talking to the bouncer outside of the club, Macy went in. Once she made it through the door, she realized right away that she didn't fit in. Dressed in her work clothes, a nice dress, and with next-to-no make-up on, she stuck out like a sore thumb. However, she wasn't there to party. She needed to find out what happened to those girls before any more went missing.

Inside the club, Macy started asking everyone who would stop to speak to her whether they'd seen any of the girls. First was her waitress, who was only interested in Macy's drink order. When Macy showed her the pictures the waitress said, "Do you have any idea how many people come through this club? Every night is the same. I don't remember who I served last night, much less six months ago."

Macy asked the bartender, who gave her pretty much the same reaction. The bartender wanted to know why Macy was asking questions, "Are you a cop?" he asked. Macy admitted she was not a cop, and the bartender said he couldn't help her. She asked if the owner was in the building, and the bartender nodded yes. Macy asked if she could speak to him and he put one finger in the air, pointing up. He went to the phone on the back wall, covering his ear as he spoke, and then hung up. The bartender said, "Someone will be out to get you."

Not sure where she would be going, and aware of the fact that no one knew where Macy was, she couldn't help feeling a little unnerved.

Trying to shore up her nerves, Macy found the waitress she spoke to earlier. She said, "If someone comes looking for me, I want you to remember my name and that this is the last place you saw me. I'm Macy Greene, and I work for Metro newspaper." The waitress gave Macy a funny look at her statement. Then a very large man stepped up beside her. The man was dressed in a dark suit and was clean-shaven. His head sat directly on his shoulders, with no neck. Macy took a long look at the man, trying to remember everything about him, in case she would need to describe him later.

The man stood at least a foot taller than Macy's five-nine frame. Putting out his hand to guide her into a back hallway, he pressed numbers into a keypad next to the door and waited for her to go through. There was no backing out once that door behind her closed. All of her instincts were telling her that following the man was a bad idea.

She decided she would make idle chit-chat with the hulk. “Sorry I didn’t catch your name,” she said with as much control as she could muster.

“I didn’t tell you my name,” he said.

“Okay then, what’s your name? I’m Julia,” Macy said. Julia was a name she used when working undercover so that no one could trace her. It was also her best friend’s name, so it rolled off her tongue easily.

“The name’s Daniel.”

“Can I ask who your boss is, so I know whom I will be speaking to?” Daniel didn’t answer her. So, apparently, Danny boy wasn’t giving anything away. He just kept walking until they reached another set of doors. Stopping, he knocked, and stepped just inside the doorway, and announced her. “Mr. Smith, this is Julia, and she is asking about those missing girls.”

When Macy stepped into the office, the man sitting behind his desk stunned her. He was young and very handsome—movie star handsome, not at all what she’d expected. Macy had pictured the club’s owner as a balding, overweight, older man. Macy had to take a few seconds to catch her breath and remember why she’d come. The gorgeous man stood and stepped around his desk. That was when Macy’s senses returned, and she heard the door click behind her.

He introduced himself with his outreached hand, “Hi Julia, I’m Jim Smith.”

His name made Macy laugh because you couldn’t come up with a more generic name. His brow rose, and Macy covered her mouth. “Sorry, it’s just your name sounds so every day. I bet there are at least a few thousand people with your name in the phone book.”

He smiled at her as he took her in from top to bottom, his eyes roaming slowly over her body. “Julia, please have a seat, and we can

discuss what brought you here tonight.” He walked back behind his desk and sat.

Macy knew she needed to proceed with caution. She didn’t want this man to be able to find her once she left—or if she left. The hairs on her neck stood, but she ignored her response to this man because she had come for answers. “I just have a few questions about six girls that went missing after sneaking into your club and a few others. You must have surveillance cameras and would know if the girls left your club with someone, or…” She stopped before she could suggest that the girls never left his club at all.

“Can I first ask why you’re asking questions about these girls? You don’t look to be a cop or detective, so I have to ask myself, why would this woman be poking around?”

“Sorry, I didn’t state right away that I’m a reporter. I’m looking into the girls’ disappearances. I’ve looked at the police reports, but there wasn’t much there.”

“I’m sorry,” the handsome man said, “but I really can’t help you with any more information other than what I told the police. I already gave them copies of any surveillance tapes,” he finished. He sat back in his chair, watching her every move.

“Could I get copies of those tapes?” she asked, already knowing the answer before he said anything.

“Sorry, but we can’t release them to just anybody. You could be working for the girls’ families, trying to build a case to sue us for something or another.”

“As I told you, I’m a reporter. I’m not working for anyone but the paper, but I do understand. I can get my hands on the recordings on my own. Thank you for your time.” Macy got up, and Jim came around the desk to her side. He shook her hand again, but this time his

other hand rested on her arm. Again, the hair on Macy's neck rose. It was time to get the hell out of there.

He held her hand a little too long as he asked, "What paper did you say you were from?"

Pulling her hand free, she said, "I didn't say. Again, thanks for your time. Do I go out the same way I came in?" Jim Smith nodded, and she turned, trying not to run out of the door. Once she was back in the hall, she couldn't help looking around. She wanted to know if there was a back door, or if there were other rooms off the hallway. Just as she started to snoop around, Daniel showed up and escorted her back out into the club. Well, she thought, at least she was free to leave, but once she was back in the club she didn't feel the need to rush to leave. Macy took a table in a corner. Watching everyone from there, she looked for girls that looked underage. When it was getting late, and she had enough, she decided to leave the club. Getting up at six that morning had done her in.

Walking out of the club, Macy watched her surroundings and noticed she wasn't alone. Two men were walking some distance behind her, but she knew they were following her. Macy began looking for a place to give them the slip. She didn't want to lead them to her doorstep. On the next corner, Macy spotted a door to some pub, where she could go in then leave out the back door. The bar looked crowded enough to lose her new admirers, but once she was inside, she realized there was no back door to sneak out. A band was playing in the back room. Macy took the last booth closest to the room with the music. She pulled out her iPad. If she was going to be stuck here, she might as well get some work done. She sat facing the door, so she knew just when the two goons slipped in. Ordering coffee to keep her awake, she started writing notes on what had happened to her since leaving the police station.