



NUALA LYONS

Genevieve Creations
(THE THIRD SISTER)



Someone believes that Genevieve, the young fashion designer, must die.

Genevieve Creations

by

Nuala Lyons

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First Edition

For Betty

R.I.P

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1

Genevieve stomped into the Clubhouse, stamped up the carpeted stairs, and banged the door of the members lounge wide open before dropping hard into a chair overlooking the practice green.

She, youngest of the Hanrahan triplets, needed to attack something – anything – to work off the calamity of the wedding gown.

Pamela – the bride to be – had ignored her advice that the soft ivory silk was *not* suitable for the design she'd chosen.

She'd insisted it would be perfect for her magnolia skin, black hair and the off the shoulder, tight bodice, combined with the full skirt should be ideal for her tall figure.

“This,” she'd said, her blue eyes shining, “will be fantastic for my wedding dress. I can see Peadar's face when he sees me walking down the aisle. Thank you Ms. Hanrahan.”

Then, even though her wedding day was in three months, she'd requested a first fitting in the Genevieve's Rathfarnham penthouse rather than in the shop. She didn't want strangers 'poking their noses' at her or passing remarks about her gown.

The Hanrahan triplets, Aggie, Bride and Genevieve had bought the apartment between them with help from their parents when they had started their business, Aggie – the book shop owner, Bride – the insurance broker and Genevieve, the third

sister – the fashion designer. Because her sisters were living with their husbands, Aggie with Ian, and Bride with Cormac, she'd been able to accommodate Pamela.

Genevieve had known the dress was as dreadful as she'd predicted but she hadn't been prepared for Pamela's gasps of horror.

The flimsy silk had fallen flat against her body showing imprints of the undergarments as it flowed over her breasts to her waist. The full skirt had clung to her legs making it impossible to walk because it curled under each foot as it was lifted.

Pamela had taken one look in the full-length mirror in the living room before she moaned in horror. Tears had streamed down her cheeks as she gazed at the ruins of her dream wedding dress hanging like a rag.

It had been an unmitigated disaster.

And she'd laid the catastrophe at Genevieve's feet.

"Ms. Richmond, I advised you not to choose *that* silk. When you fell in love with *that* particular design, I told you the silk –was **not** for *that* wedding dress."

She needed to hit a ball hard.

"You should have been more resolute," Pamela got out between sobs, searching for tissues in her bag. "You just mentioned it wouldn't work."

"I *was* adamant but *you* would *not listen* not even look at the fabrics I'd laid out..."

“I admit I need to choose a different one as any fool would know this is not working but I will not pay for new material,” she interrupted Genevieve, mopping her tears.

She’d proceeded to point out Genevieve’s culpability.

“One,” she stepped out of the failure, kicking it aside, “You should have offered me a different design when I chose the delicate fabric.”

“Two, when you knew the dress was a failure you should not have cut – *don’t interrupt me* – or sewn the dress.

“Three, you should not have belittled me this close to my wedding. My nerves are in shreds.

“Four, you will make my wedding dress. I’ll come again at this time next week to try it on.

“I am an accountant unfamiliar with fabrics or designs so don’t start saying it was my fault. I’m red eyed from crying. I have to go to work where my staff will ask how the fitting went. How can I answer them,” she wrung her paper handkerchief with shaking fingers.

She dressed in her work suit, slammed the penthouse door, and wept her way into the lift.

Genevieve could have murdered a brandy but it was too early for alcohol.

“What can I get you Ms. Hanrahan?” Philip Brown asked, from behind the safety of the bar counter.

“A cup of strong black coffee – no, Philip, give me a pot of coffee,” she answered.

“What time are you teeing off?”

“I’ve put my name down. But nobody’s looking for a partner at the moment.”

“Someone usually calls off at the last minute.”

“I hope their handicap's not in single figure.”

“Yours is low enough to compete with single figures.” He decided it was safe to bring the coffee over to the table.

“Thanks.”

Dammit she needed a game, needed to hit a ball – viciously.

Okay, she might have been more diplomatic in her dealing that arrogant annoying customer. Still she wouldn’t give her a free ride because from the start Pamela, had dismissed her advice with a wave of her hand.

Now she understood, while she may be expert in dealing with numbers and balance sheets, she was ignorant, totally uneducated, when it came to the creation of the perfect wedding dress.

Her eyes glazed over. She stared unseeing into the distance as her unbidden mind slipped into creative mode seeking an original for the bloody weeping bride-to-be.

“Ms. Hanrahan...”

Genevieve, blinked at red haired, blue eyed, Maureen, – the experienced competition organizer – who leaned over the table attracting her attention.

“Sorry?”

“I have three men looking for a player, if you don’t mind being the sole woman in the foursome. They’re waiting on the tenth tee.”

“I’d be delighted to play with them,” Genevieve said, jumping up from the table. “Philip, put the coffee on my tab.”

She walked swiftly to the changing room, put on her golf shoes, and checked her clubs, etc. were on her trolley. As she left the room the reflected image in the mirror was that of a businesswoman looking forward to a round of golf.

Temper’s sharp edge sliced through her body, lighting her hazel eyes. She felt the heat.

Damn! She needed to hit a ball.

2

Pascal Ward, a successful London businessman, waited on the tee. He hoped his new partner for the day would be a good conversationalist yet if he was the silent type he could handle silence, as easily as chat.

Michael, his friend, had been called away to a sudden unexpected crisis in his business. Pascal wondered if their new venture was doomed before it had even started.

It was a nuisance but he'd had many of those disappointments. It wouldn't spoil a pleasant day in Dublin, so he'd walked to the tenth tee to inform the other players they were one short.

The two men, who were friends, introduced themselves.

"Not to worry," Harry, the taller of the two said, "Maureen, will find a replacement."

His sandy haired friend nodded in agreement.

Pascal, turned in the direction of the clubhouse catching sight of a - lady golfer – when she left the building. He read her body language as she strode – no – marched over the turf. His wide mouth with full firm lips, curved into a grin, knowing she was furious.

"Hello Gen," he stepped forward, willing to be sucked into her whirlwind.

"It's been a while – nearly a year."

She was the sister-in-law of his good friends and fellow rugby players, Ian, the teacher and Cormac; the sculptor who around this time last year had married Bride, in Florence.

Genevieve Hanrahan, the youngest triplet by ten minutes, had always been immaculately groomed wearing fantastic gear yet he'd seen her as just another beautiful blond lightweight in the clothing industry.

"Hi Pascal," she ground out between her teeth.

Pascal's grin deepened.

She might be interesting after all.

The calm superficial conversationalist had a hidden fiery side.

This golf had become entertaining, perhaps more engaging than the business venture he'd missed.

"Harry, Silas, let me introduce Genevieve Hanrahan. Gen, meet Harry, and Silas," Pascal said.

"Morning," she managed politely. She did not offer her hand, as it was busy extracting her golf glove from the bag.

"It's only right I partner Gen, as she's the last minute replacement for Michael," Pascal told Harry and Silas.

They were relieved to let him partner an unknown player with a *ten* handicap. Harry exchanged looks with Silas as they glanced at the well-groomed tall blond, dressed like a model about to start down a catwalk, displaying the latest in 'ladies golf gear'.

Ten had to be a mistake. This would be an impossible round of golf for the men, playing with an empty headed fashion plate.

They'd have a word with Maureen – later.

Pascal smiled, knowing exactly what was going through their minds.

The morning was shaping up to be noteworthy.

Gen, threw a quick glance at his mischievous blue eyes; he saw the flaming anger in hers.

While the men played their shots, Pascal, saw her examine how each of them struck the ball.

They moved onto the Ladies Tee.

Gen, pushed the tee into the ground, placed the ball, took her stance and without bothering to take a practice swing, she hit it – *hard*.

Because Pascal's, eyes were busy tracking her movements he was unaware of the ball's flight until a brief intake of breath from Harry, made him look at the fairway.

‘What the...? Where had it gone? Was it lost? Would she hit a second one in case it couldn't be found?’

Without a word Genevieve, bent down to retrieve the tee before she set off down the fairway.

Pascal, who shortened his stride to walk alongside her, was debating internally if she'd explode before or after they found her ball?

Either way he intended to be at her side when she erupted.

A dart of desire ripped through his body. Stunned, he found he wanted to hold Genevieve Hanrahan, close when it happened?

His smile became predatory exposing his perfect white teeth. *Now* he would help hunt for her ball taking his time doing so. His was in the middle of the fairway nearest the green.

There was a second with it. A third, farther back, edged the rough.

Both Harry, and Silas, went into the thick grass, long before they came to the balls on the fairway. He and Gen, accompanied them looking for the lost ball.

It took a while before Harry found it, but Pascal could not believe his eyes when Silas, took the shot.

‘Gen’s, had to be the one beside the rough,’ he thought.

Harry, hit that one long, straight towards the green.

‘Wow! Wrong again. Hers is in front of mine!’

He didn’t like it when he realised, Genevieve, the woman he’d pegged as a socialite with not much character, could hit a golf ball farther than he.

His ball sailed straight onto the green, but hers edged his to rest nearer the hole. Silas, whose second ball had hooked left, took four shots to reach the green. Harry was unfortunate to chip his past the flag where it rolled off the back. It took him another three to hole out. Silas took four more.

Pascal took his time to roll his close to the flag. Genevieve holed a long putt for a birdie. Pascal tapped his in for par.

When they left the second green, where she’d matched Pascal’s four, the men were beginning to see she might return the lowest score for the round if Pascal, didn’t raise his game.

Simple self-respect in his own ability forced Pascal, to become a competitor.

But, Genevieve, on fire from the morning’s fiasco – which went round in her head like a u tube video on heat - hit the ball as if her life depended on each shot.

At the eighteenth, Pascal won the game by one from Genevieve, when her ball curled around the hole to rest on the lip.

She wasn’t happy with her putt but it was golf. She willingly congratulated him on his score.

Harry and Silas were out of the competition even with their high handicaps.

They shook hands, checked and signed their cards.

3

“Thank you for a most enjoyable game,” Harry said, as they walked back to the clubhouse.

“Yes indeed,” Silas agreed, adding to Genevieve, “I didn’t believe you could play so well even though I read you had a ten handicap.”

“Thanks for letting me fill in,” she replied, somewhat calmer now she’d walked for four hours hitting *that* damn ball hard, making it suffer for every insulting word she’d endured at the hands of *that* arrogant customer.

“If you could spare an hour or so to have lunch here I’d appreciate it Gen, I’ve a table booked for two,” Pascal said, as he stood between her and the ladies changing room.

She had to look up at the tall, well-built rugby player with a strong face. This dark haired, brilliantly dressed, wealthy businessman who flew in from London to play on the team with Ian, and Cormac, changed girlfriends as easily as the weather changed in Ireland.

Genevieve would have bet a year’s income he’d positioned himself so she’d have to engage with him. He was asking her to lunch because his friend had been called away and *she* would ‘do’ when no one else was available.

No way was she agreeing to have lunch with him as second or third or fourth or twentieth choice.

She had more dignity than to allow him to use her like this.

“It’s a pain having to eat alone – don’t you find it such a bore? Let’s meet in the dining room in say about fifteen minutes or do you need longer to change?” he asked, the instant he saw she was about to regretfully refuse.

“I can change in ten minutes if need be,” she retorted, stung by the implied insult, a woman required longer to change than a man did.

“Right in ten minutes then. In the dining room upstairs,” he said. His long legs moved fast, leaving her with her mouth open, as she was about to tell him, she was sorry but she had to refuse his request, due to work pressure.

Well, let him stew, she’d go to her business premises in Rathfarnham Village.

She’d...

On second thoughts she could badger Pascal, with her problem to see if talking it over with him, could help her out of her dilemma with the wedding dress.

She’d handle him, in the exact same way as he’d intended to treat her.

He’d pay for her company, listening to her. After all she’d probably never see him again now Aggie, was pregnant and Bride, had gone to live in Blessington with Cormac.

Somehow the ‘after rugby’ meetings in Mulligans with the six of them had faded. Pascal, and Genevieve, had agreed they’d settle on another day but it never happened.

Ten minutes to the second, she walked over to his table in the dining room.

He rose, dressed in the latest male smart casual. Her eyes wandered over his superb figure, taking in not only the material, but also every cut in his clothes. She was impressed with what she saw. A handsome man who knew how to dress. Glancing at his face she could see he was aware of her professional approval.

Pulling out the chair he held it for her.

Pascal sat next to her, not opposite as the table have been arranged, and passed her the menu.

Philip, the waiter, immediately set the place in front of Pascal, who proceeded to charm her as he talked about golf, complementing her on her morning score.

Within minutes he had her laughing at the Silas' antics, who'd kept muttering expletives under his breath when the ball veered left or right into the rough or hit the trees, constantly saying he must have been jinxed as he'd had never had such a dreadful game, yet he'd played just outside his handicap.

"Pascal, would you mind if I ran a problem past you while we finish our coffee?"

"Not at all."

"I have this client who's not satisfied with her wedding dress. Well - not satisfied - is a mild way of saying how annoyed she is, but she'd chosen, not only the wrong design but the wrong material also, for her figure. Yet, she now demands I pay for her mistake. How am I going to deal with such nonsense? I could kill her of course, but I'd spend years in jail."

"Tell her you won't have her as a client and pass her onto someone who will."

"I'd be admitting the fault was mine, not hers."

"Up to a point but the plus side is you'd be rid of her."

"Hmm... yes but I've never been defeated making wedding clothes for the happy occasion. I don't want to start now."

"Then give her what she wants."

"I can't because she makes bad choices, while insisting they're right."

"Get her sister or mother or perhaps her best friend to come with her next time she keeps an appointment."

Genevieve pursed her lips.

“That’s a possibility.”

She looked at her watch. It was three fifteen pm

“Thanks for lunch. It’s been good meeting you again. We should keep in touch.”

She held her hand out to say goodbye.

He enclosed it between his.

“I hate to do this Gen, as you’ve been generous with your time when I know you’re busy, but I’m afraid Michael left me in a bit of a predicament. He collected me this morning from my apartment and was called away.

“He took the car, left his clubs and trolley expecting he’d be back in time for lunch. He rang while I was changing saying he’d be held up for hours.

“Could you possibly give me a lift?”



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