



Was it a case of mistaken identity...
or *fate*?

FINDING
Chris Evans

THE FORTUNE TELLER EDITION

A FREE PREQUEL

ELIZABETH BEMIS

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Finding Chris Evans: The Fortune Teller Edition

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*To both Erins, both Jennifers, & the other Lizzie...
Thanks so much for joining me on this adventure!*

The Finding Chris Evans Series

In a small town in northern Minnesota, Ellie Middlestat goes to a psychic where she receives this prediction: if she finds a man named Chris Evans, true love will follow...

Only one problem: Even in the tiny town of Haralson, Minnesota, there are six Chris Evanses!

- A firefighter who's smokin' hot...
- A reality TV star about to get the surprise of his life...
- An EMT with emergency-level sex appeal...
- A bad-boy royal on the run...
- A smoldering rock star ready to drop the mic...
- A doctor with a heart of gold...

What follows are six delightfully romantic tales that start with Ellie meeting each new Chris Evans. But while she doesn't find true love (yet!), her meeting sets off a chain of events that leads the Chris Evans in each story to fall in love with a heroine all his own. Then finally, in the sixth tale, Ellie's psychic prediction comes true in a charmingly perfect and heartwarming way. Because true love never fails!

Now's your chance to fall in love with Chris Evans, too—six different times! Featuring NYT and USA Bestselling authors [Erin Nicholas](#), [Jennifer Bernard](#) and [Erin McCarthy](#), and award-winning authors [Lizzie Shane](#), [Jennifer Chance](#) and [Elizabeth Bemis](#), the Finding Chris Evans series debuts in October, 2016.

Finding Chris Evans: The Fortune Teller Edition

A beam of light pierced the incense-fogged darkness of her colorful tent, and Elizabeth Danforth, also known to the attendees to the attendees of the Haralson Fall Festival as Esmerelda the gypsy fortune teller, adjusted the sheer scarves across her face so that only her eyes showed.

A man stepped in, his features obscured by the bright noon-day sun backlighting his trim form.

“Welcome. I am Esmerelda. Seet. Seet.” She indicated the bench across from the small round table draped in shimmering, multi-colored scarves. “And who might you be?”

A handsome and familiar face appeared before her, and before she could do more than squeal her recognition, he dropped a kiss high on her cheekbone. “Hi, Aunt Izzy.”

“John Christopher Evans! Why didn’t you tell me you were coming to town?”

“Technically, you’re in my town now.” He plopped down on the bench across from her.

“Oh! Your mom said you were moving, but I didn’t catch where.”

“This is what you miss out by not having email or being on Facebook.”

She laughed. “And be tethered to my phone every moment? No thank you. Would you like some tea?”

“Sure.”

Elizabeth poked her head out of the tent to check to see if she had a line. Her assistant sat in front of a TV tray which held a cash box, while she scrolled through something on her phone. “Becky, I’m going to take a break. Let the next person know it’ll be about a half an hour.”

“Sure,” Becky said without ever looking up, and Elizabeth grimaced. That girl was a slave to her technology. She probably hadn’t made eye contact with anyone in a month.

The back portion of Elizabeth’s tent was cordoned off with a curtain, and she ducked behind it to grab two tea cups and a hot pot that was always plugged in and ready to go for those guests who wanted their tea leaves read.

She placed a spoonful of tea leaves directly into each cup and then filled them with hot water. “How are you, Chris?”

“Things are really good.”

Elizabeth studied her nephew closely. She didn’t believe him. Lines bracketed his mouth and creased around his eyes that hadn’t been there a few years before. His aura screamed of loneliness. His wife had been gone for three years, brought down in six short weeks by a cancerous brain tumor.

She took his hands in hers. “Really?” The index finger and thumb on her right hand made contact with the wedding ring he still wore on his left.

She knew what it was like to love deeply, and to take the loss of that love so very hard that it seemed like the world might end. At least she’d had her son, Ben, to help her recover. Having an active toddler had somewhat reduced the temptation of wallowing in her misery—or at least made her too busy to do it for long.

She squeezed his hands before sitting back and taking a sip of her tea. “Are you settling in?”

He began to speak, and absently, Elizabeth drew a card off the Tarot deck in front of her.

Chris cleared his throat. "I don't need my fortune read."

"Some people crack their knuckles or drum their fingers or bounce their legs. I flip cards. Let an old lady have her quirks."

"You're not old, Aunt Izzy."

"I'm not as young as I used to be either."

She flipped over a card. *Strength*. A card that often came up when she'd done readings about Chris in the past. Not that she would have told him that she regularly consulted the cards regarding him. She also did so for her sister and her son and daughter-in-law. She recognized that it made her feel more in control. Or at least allowed her to know what was coming. The cards were rarely wrong.

He didn't reply to that. Instead he answered her previous question. "The moving company delivered my stuff from Denver last week. For now, I've moved into a small apartment. I'm planning to buy or build a house next spring."

She drew another card and flipped it over. *Five of Cups*. Loss and ignoring the things that you still have.

"I've had a lifetime to come to grip with the mistakes I made," she said. That probably sounded a bit out of the blue, but it was something she'd considered a lot recently.

"What mistakes are those?" he asked as if she hadn't just turned the conversation in an entirely different direction. Of all her nieces and nephews, Chris was the one she felt closest to. He was used to her seemingly random changes of subject and he tolerated her quirks even better than her son, Ben at times.

"Closing myself off after my husband died. If it weren't for Ben, I would probably have curled up in a little ball and waited to die. Of course, having Ben kept me busy, and kept me from being lonely most of the time. So even after I was

through the worst of the heartache, I told myself I didn't have time to date. Or didn't want to date."

"Did you?"

She shrugged then flipped another card. "Opportunities were presented to me. I didn't accept them." His present, *The Fool*. A new journey.

That could refer to love or to his being in a new town in a new job. "Do you like Haralson?"

"I do. I think this was just the change I needed. Even though I no longer lived in the house where Ruth and I started our lives together, there were memories all over town. Our first date. Our first kiss. I could go through town pointing out the landmarks." He gestured to an imaginary spot to his right. "The first fight we ever had was right there." He pointed to his left. "And there's where we made up."

Elizabeth smiled sadly at him. "Believe me, I've been right there in your shoes. Which is why I packed up my toddler and joined the carnival."

"Mom still thinks you were crazy for it."

"I know. She's mentioned it. About a thousand times. But it's turned into a life I love. It's not for everyone. But it now gives me the opportunity to spend winters in Sudden Falls with Ben and Annie." *And the new baby*. She didn't mention that. Elizabeth knew that no matter how nice a person you were, it was hard to be confronted with someone else's blazing happiness when you were dealing with loss.

"How long until you become a grandma?"

Apparently, Chris had already been told. "Only a few weeks now." She pulled another card. That was interesting. *The Empress*. In this deck, The Empress had blonde flowing hair and a peach-colored earth mother dress.

"Tell me about the job. What are you doing? Do you like your new hospital?"

“You’re looking at Haralson General’s newest pediatrician.” He smiled. “My office is at the hospital, so I’ll have regular office hours, but also be the doctor in charge of any pediatric cases coming in through the emergency room.”

“Do you love it?”

“I’ve been here for three days! It’s hard to say. But I think I will.”

“Good. You deserve nothing but good things.” She pulled another card. Speaking of good things: *the Ace of Cups. New Love*. She couldn’t help but smile.

“Aunt Izzy, you’re a nut.”

“That’s the consensus. But why do you mention it?”

“The smile caused by whatever you just saw in the cards.”

She winked. “You got me.”

“So, hit me.” He leaned forward with the good cheer she loved so much about him. “What does my future hold?”

She pulled a fifth card. Typically, the fifth card was the outcome card in a five-card reading. *The three of cups*. “Joy,” she said. “Your future holds so much joy.”

Elizabeth felt tears prick at the back of her eyes. Chris been through so much and he was such a good man. She so wanted his future to be nothing but joy and love. He deserved that.

He smiled and reached out to squeeze her arm. “I’m not going to take up a bunch of your time while you’re working. But I wanted to let you know I was in town and hopefully we can get together some evening when you’re free.”

“The carnival is closed Monday through Thursday.”

“I’ll pick you up for dinner on Monday, then.” He bussed a kiss across her cheek, and before she knew it, the tent flap closed behind his retreating form.

Elizabeth heard approaching chatter, the sign of potential new clients. She began picking the five-card spread off the

table, one card at a time. The curtains parted as she reached for the third card. *The Empress*.

“Hello?”

Elizabeth looked up from the image of the blonde Empress with her flowing hair and off-the-shoulder, peach colored dress tied with a pale sage sash, startled to find a young blonde woman, tall with smiling blue eyes. She wore a gauzy off-the-shoulder bohemian peach-colored dress adorned with a wide, sage-colored sash.

“Welcome.” Elizabeth blinked and cleared her throat, and began her usual patter to get the client comfortable and in the right frame of mind. Years of practice made it almost reflex. “Seet. Seet.” She indicated the bench of across from her. “And who might you be?”

“I’m Ellie,” the blonde woman said as she sat down, smiling shyly.

Elizabeth took both of Ellie’s hands in hers. The woman wore no rings, and she bore no white circle where one had recently been. Her nails were unpolished, short and neat. She had several clumsily braided friendship bracelets which she wore on her right wrist, and a sterling silver bangle charm bracelet on her left. The charms include a graduation cap with the year four years in the past, an oval with the numbers 26.2, a jagged half heart that read “best”, which Elizabeth suspected was half of a “best friends” charm set, an aquamarine inside a fish, a puppy charm, and finally, a charm with a bunch of kids on it.

“You work with or near children, yes?” she said, squeezing her hands before settling back on her stool. Between that charm and the childish friendship bracelets, she’d bet on kindergarten teacher. She seemed a little young to have her own kids. But it was better to guess vaguely and get a client to tell you the details herself.

The young woman smiled. “I’m a social worker.”

“And what question can I help you find the answer to today?”

She narrowed her eyes as if the question required a level of contemplation before answering, so Elizabeth helped her along.

“Do you have questions of money, work, family or love?”

Ellie smiled when Elizabeth said “love.”

“Love it is,” Elizabeth said, before Ellie actually answered.

“How did you know?”

She winked. “I’m psychic.” Not to mention, good at reading people. “Let’s start with a card reading, shall we?” Elizabeth picked up the Ellie-doppelganger Empress card from Chris’ reading and slid it into her deck along with the Ace and Three of Cups. With a flourish, she shuffled the deck several times, before spreading the cards out, face down in an arc in front of Ellie. “Please select one card with your non-dominant hand and place it face up. Then I want you to select five more cards and place them face down in front of you, left to right.”

“Why my left hand?” Ellie asked.

“Your dominant hand is more likely to act with reason. Your non-dominant with intuition.”

“Oh.” She smiled. “Groovy.” She selected the first card.

It was absolutely no surprise to Elizabeth that the card she placed face-up on the table was the Empress.

“This card represents *you*. The Empress says to me that you are a nurturer.”

Ellie nodded. “Wow. She even looks like me.”

“She does,” Elizabeth said.

Ellie drew five cards from the deck and placed them face-down as Elizabeth had instructed.

Elizabeth reached for the first card and turned it over. “The first card represents your past. Eight of Swords. This is the

card of isolation. Of holding people at arm's length." She watched to see if this explanation resonated with the young woman.

Ellie nodded slowly.

"The next is the card of your present." Slowly she turned over the second card. "Four of Swords. You've been through a period of contemplation and healing. Needing rest. You might have suffered a heartbreak, and now you're starting to believe you're ready to love again."

More nodding, and Elizabeth suppressed a smile. This girl should never play poker. Her emotions played across her face in glorious technicolor.

"The third card represents that which is influencing your future." She flipped the third card. "Strength." Elizabeth felt a chill climb up her neck, which was surprising, because even with the fan going, it had to be over eighty degrees in the tent. "This *may* refer to your own internal strength, but more likely it refers to someone else who has been through a grave trial and has also now begun to heal." Elizabeth couldn't help but think of Chris.

"The next card is the advice the cards have for you." She flipped the fourth card over. "Ace of Cups. That's often a card of new love." Her heart shimmered a little at the look of pure hope that chased across Ellie's face. This was a girl who deserved love too. Everyone did.

"Finally..." She turned over the last card. "Three of cups. *Joy*." The chill trailed down her arms and legs, overtaking her entire body. She wouldn't be surprised to learn that lightning had struck the center pole of her tent.

"Are you okay?" Ellie asked.

Elizabeth quickly pulled it together. "Yes, yes. Of course." She took a deep breath. "I have very good feelings about you and your future." She gathered the cards. "If you would allow me..." She lifted her crystal ball from the left side of the table, and set it down in the middle of her reading space, swiping at

the switch that made the “magic” visible. Clients loved all those swirling colors.

“Place your hands at the base of the globe,” Elizabeth said.

Ellie placed her hands at the bottom of the crystal ball, and Elizabeth saw the swirling colors indicating the “fortune” was being forecast. “You will soon meet your true love,” she said. A vision of Chris as a small boy, his ready laugh, bright blue eyes, and tow-headed curls lighting up any room, formed in her own mind. “I see a tall man. A tragedy has taken away his easy laugh, but it’s still hiding in him—just waiting for the right person to help release it.”

She really felt deep in her semi-psychic bones that this was the woman meant for Chris. How could she make that happen? Sometimes subtlety wasn’t worth the effort. “His name is Chris Evans.”

“Chris Evans,” Ellie murmured.

“Yesss...” Elizabeth pretended to gaze into the crystal ball, but was taken aback when the swirling colors coalesced into the figures of five men, each caught in a torrent whirling colored smoke and chaos as Ellie floated in front of each of them.

She blinked, jerking her gaze up...only to find Ellie staring at her.

“That is...weirdly specific,” the young woman said.

“It is, it is,” Elizabeth nodded, stifling a groan.

What have I done? She was definitely in the “messing with the universe” territory, but now the deed was done. She needed to do something to fix any trouble she’d just caused.

There was a basket on a small shelf at the edge of the tent, and Elizabeth quickly turned to it. In the basket she found what she was looking for, a small jade pendant. Elizabeth hoped that the natural protection and healing qualities of the stone would keep Ellie, Chris, and the men she saw in her vision safe from harm.

“I would like to give you this charm, for your bracelet,” she said, handing Ellie the inexpensive jade orb, with a small hole through the middle attached to a small loop of silver wire.

Ellie smiled, but took the charm. “It’s pretty, but—why?”

This jade charm will bring you, and those you meet, luck, healing and love.” Elizabeth helped her slide it onto the bangle of her bracelet. “Wear it wherever you might meet Chris Evans...” She glanced back at the swirling crystal ball. “And for the next few weeks, wherever you go, true love will follow. You do this, yes? You do this.”

Ellie blinked at Elizabeth’s sudden vehemence, but nodded quickly. “Yes—of course! I will. I promise.” She stood, admiring the jade stone. “Thank you.” She ducked back out of the tent, a smile on her pretty, cheerful face.

Elizabeth blew out a heavy sigh. *That...was close.* She normally didn’t tempt the universe so much.

Then she turned back to her table, to clear the space for the next reading...and stopped, transfixed by her “fake” crystal ball.

The power switch had never been flipped on.

But it was still glowing.

“Oh...dear,” Elizabeth murmured, her gaze shifting to the tent flap again. “What did I just set into motion?”

Get a sneak peak of each of the Finding Chris Evans Stories

The 9-1-1 Edition by Erin Nicholas

Chris Evans, aka Captain America to his co-workers, knows what he wants: to lead the best EMT crew around, save lives...and have everything done his way. He's learned firsthand what can happen when he's not hyper vigilant, so running the show has become his superpower.

If only he could manage Brittney McNemara as well as he handles everything else. She's the best EMT he knows-and the most exasperating woman on the planet. Where Chris is serious, Britt is scattered. Where Chris is cautious, Britt is carefree. Where Chris is by-the-book, Britt is rebellious. Despite their intense attraction, they'd never work as a couple.

Or could they?



When Britt gets hurt on the job and temporarily loses use of her thumb, she needs someone to be her left-hand man. Chris, ever the hero, volunteers. Little does he know that Britt's passion for fun masks a need to care for others that rivals his own. And that now the woman who's been driving him crazy at work is about to drive him even crazier—in her kitchen, in her bedroom, and on a paint ball field.

Forget the Friend Zone. Chris is about to enter the Fun Zone.

Because sometimes even a superhero can't help but fall in love.

[Read an Excerpt!](#)

[Buy it Now](#)

The Hollywood Edition by Lizzie Shane

Trina Mitchell finally has her life back on track. Fully focused on her first semester of med school, she isn't looking for the love of her life. But a little no-strings fling with hunky contractor Christian Evans? Now that feels like a gift from the gods. Until she learns her humble contractor is actually the star of a popular home improvement show—and completely out of her league.

Chris has been building his brand as a celebrity contractor and he's this close to all that hard work paying off in the form of a big primetime gig, but only if he carefully protects his image as a TV heartthrob—which means absolutely no romantic complications allowed. Not even the one girl he can't seem to get out of his mind.



Love is a distraction neither of them has time for, but when Trina learns their one magical night together is going to have some very real consequences—in around nine months—she needs to find Chris again, stat.

In love and renovations, nothing ever goes as planned. But with a little help from fate, this might just be the perfect time to build their happy ever after.

[Read an Excerpt!](#)

[Buy it Now](#)

The Hotshot Edition by Jennifer Bernard

Jenna Mittelstadt has never forgotten the boy who wrote her a letter every week starting at the age of ten. But it's been years since she stood him up on their first-and-only-attempt to meet face to face. Her world fell apart that day, and she never told him why.

So when her sister Ellie drags Jenna to a pancake breakfast honoring firefighters who've been working the Northern Minnesota wildfires, she doesn't expect to run into a sexy, smoking-hot fireman wearing the friendship bracelet she made all those years ago.

Chris (Kit) Evans spends his summers battling fires, but there's no fighting the instant heat between him and his childhood pen pal. He was crushed when she suddenly disappeared into thin air eight years ago... and finally meeting her seems like a miracle.



Unfortunately, Jenna can't get past the tragedy that took all the adventure out of her, while Chris can't bear to see her drift through life another moment. So now the blaze-fighting expert must do everything he can to make Jenna catch fire...for her hopes, her dreams...and maybe even for him.

The fire season may be almost over, but sparks are about to fly...

[Read an Excerpt!](#)

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The Royal Edition by Jennifer Chance

LeeAnn Werth has done everything she must to keep the Werth Inn running strong, including putting aside her dreams of flying away from her tiny north woods town.

But at least this summer, the world has come to her. A mysterious foreign businessman has checked in for some serious R&R, and while LeeAnn knows Cris Evans can't be the man's real name, she's fiercely dedicated to her guests' privacy. Especially the incredibly gorgeous ones.

For international soccer bad boy Cristopoulis Matretti, Haralson, Minnesota is the perfect hideout. No one here knows he's embarrassed his native Garronia by punching out his coach... and no one suspects his aunt is a queen. But when a local girl's unexpected visit sends his bodyguards into an uproar, Cris realizes he must flee again—just when he's finally getting to know the inn's dreamy-eyed, hard-working owner. Still, maybe he doesn't have to leave immediately...



LeeAnn's not prepared for Cris's sudden attention, and her defenses go up even as her heart begins to dance. Consorting with guests who make her long for adventure is something a responsible innkeeper simply does not do.

...If only Cristopoulis had ever learned to play by the rules.

[Read an Excerpt!](#)

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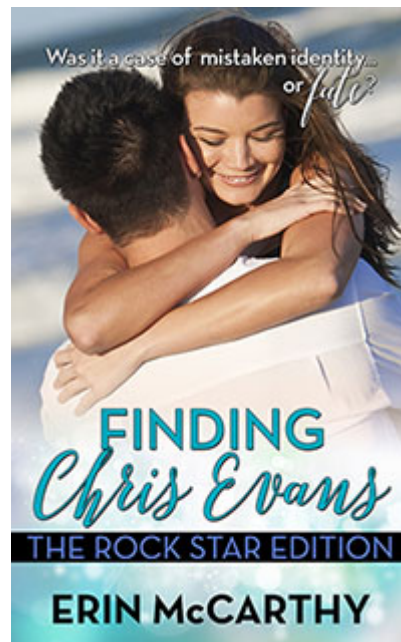
The Rockstar Edition by Erin McCarthy

From her Princess Leia buns to her color-coordinated lightsaber, cosplay-loving Harper Harrison is all about low-stress fun. So when her BFF Ellie invites her to a rock concert she's all in... right up until Ellie unexpectedly rushes the stage and Harper ends up with a broken arm, courtesy of a security guard built like a Tauntaun.

What could be worse? How about the rock god showing up in the ER?

After a woman breaks her arm at his concert, Chris "Stryker" Evans knows it's past time for him to reform his bad boy image. Step one: visit the hospital and apologize to the fan. Only then he meets Harper, the self-proclaimed nerd, and hears her laughter and sees her banging curves. Suddenly, an apology isn't the only thing he wants to give her.

Harper refuses to drop her shields around Stryker, even though he sets her over-active imagination on fire. But when Stryker finds himself falling for this fascinating, funny, down-to-earth woman, he realizes that life beyond the bright lights



could hold a galaxy of possibilities. So he hits on a plan to show Harper how he really feels for her...

Sometimes, when you least expect it, love becomes the most powerful force of all.

[Read an Excerpt!](#)

[Buy it Now](#)

The Ever After Edition by Elizabeth Bemis

Worried by an unexpected increase in her caseload, social worker Ellie Mittelstadt is looking for anything to make her smile. When she stops in a fortune teller's tent at the Haralson Fall Festival, however, she never expects the psychic to predict she'll fall in love—and with a man named “Chris Evans.” What are the odds?

Worse, she quickly discovers five Chris Evanses in Haralson, which means Ellie can only determine her perfect match via bold—and occasionally hysterical—trial and error. Still, she can't help wonder...what if?

Dr. John Christopher Evans is new to Haralson, and it's been a challenging first week. He has a hospital administrator who can't read his handwriting and business cards and ID badge that read Dr. John Enars, and his first patient is a young boy with an illness that defies diagnosis. The only person keeping the child company is his social worker, Ellie—who instantly charms John with her gentle smile and generous heart. If he had any game, he'd ask her out...but after mourning his late wife for the past couple of years then getting



so caught up in his work, he doesn't even know where to begin.

Ellie's campaign for true love is going nowhere fast, but at least she's distracted with her newest charge—and his strong, caring physician “Dr. John”, who'd be perfect except he's not Chris Evans...and he's still wearing a wedding band. How in the world will she ever find romance when she can't stop thinking about Mr. Wrong?

Fortunately for Ellie, fate has things well in hand...

[Read an Excerpt!](#)

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About the Author

Elizabeth Bemis is a six-time Golden Heart® Finalist and 2012 Winner. Her first book, *Love & Oreos* was named a “Must Read” Romance of 2015 by *USA Today*.

When she’s not writing romance, she operates [Bemis Promotions](#), an author services company, and fights for control of her house with her sons and various fur-bearing creatures. When she’s not in front of her computer she can occasionally be found running with her dog, training for local half-marathons and triathlons.

You can find more about Elizabeth and her books at her website: elizabethbemis.com or you can like her on [Facebook](#), follow her on [twitter](#), or sign up for her newsletter.

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... and Coming in November 2016
Cowboys & Cupcakes

The Queen City Justice Series
Truth & Lies