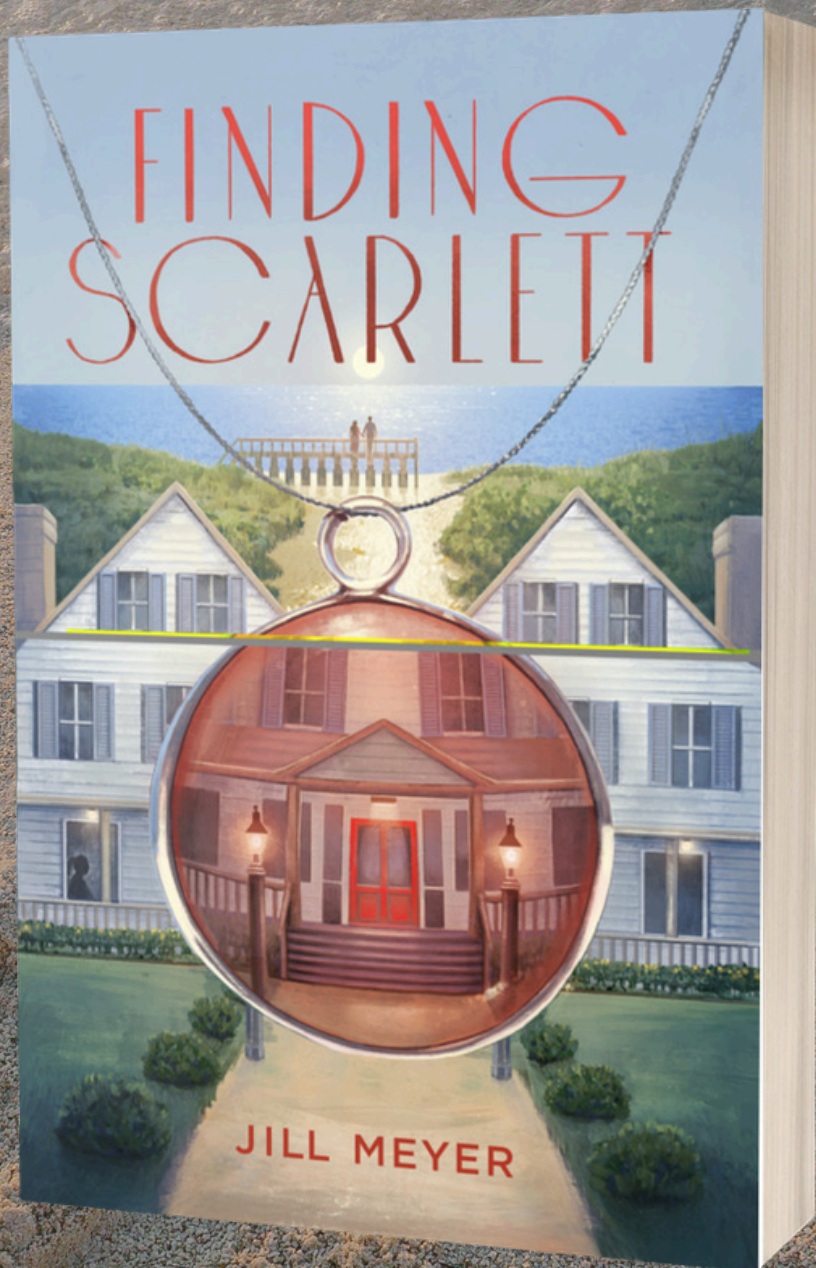


Finding Scarlett

by Jill Meyer



Second chance love, buried secrets, and a Cape Cod inn that holds them all.



About the Book

Lucy Ellis hasn't set foot on Cape Cod since the summer she met Nate, her first love, and the man she's spent nearly two decades trying to forget. When an unexpected encounter draws her back to the place where everything changed, she's forced to confront a past she never truly left behind.

Meanwhile, Anna Hadley has spent eighteen years building the Beacon Inn into the heart of the Cape Cod community while raising Scarlett, the daughter she loves more than anything. But when Nate unexpectedly reenters Lucy's life, long-buried truths begin to surface, intertwining the lives of the two women and forcing them to confront the consequences of the risks they took in the name of love.

Set against the charm of the New England coast, *Finding Scarlett* is an emotional novel about first love, second chances, forgiveness, motherhood, and the families we choose.



Book Tropes

Second Chance
Romance

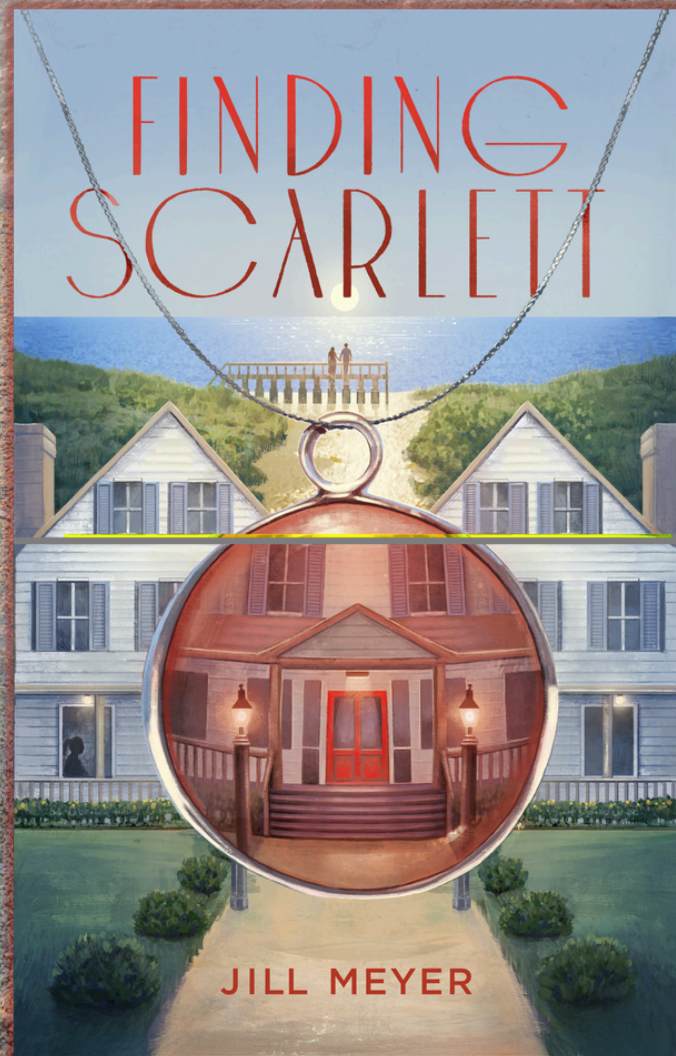
Motherhood

Cape Cod
Setting

Family
Secrets

Found
Family

The One Who
Got Away





A Look Inside

Reluctantly, I retraced my steps along the dock, sneaking a peek over my shoulder at the last sliver of sunlight on the horizon. I felt like Cinderella in reverse. I didn't want to go to the ballroom.

As I made my way to the end of the pier, a fishhook pierced my bare heel. I crouched down to examine the wound, and when I looked up, a guy wearing a chef jacket was standing over me. He couldn't have been much older than me, and with his windswept hair and tan skin, he looked more like he belonged on a surfboard than in a kitchen.

"Damn tourists," he said when our eyes met. His voice was smooth, like melted chocolate, his eyes so intense I had to look away. "They never clean up after themselves."

I wasn't sure what to say to that. Technically, I was one of those tourists.

"Come on, let me help you get that out," he said, leading me to a nearby bench.

He pressed a finger over the incision and the intimacy of it made me gasp as warmth spread through my stomach.

"Sorry, it's in there pretty deep," he said as he gently eased out the hook and applied more pressure with his finger to stop the bleeding. Then he produced a Band-Aid from his pocket and affixed it to my wound.

"Do you always carry Band-Aids with you?" Those were the first words I finally managed.

"I work in the kitchen here," he answered, smiling and giving me my first glimpse of his dimples.

"So, you're responsible for all that pâté and raw fish?" I asked, wrinkling my nose.

"Guilty. Well, I do the prep work anyway. I take it you're not a fan?"

"I'd have pancakes for dinner every night if I had my way."

"Syrup or honey?"

"Is that even a question? Syrup." And then I quickly added, "But none of that imitation crap."

He pretended to be offended. "Is that even a question?"

I laughed, relaxing into the conversation. "How about you? Syrup or honey?"

"Neither." He shifted his body to face me. "I prefer waffles. I like the challenge of getting a little butter in every square."

"I can't believe I let a waffle guy pull a hook out of my foot."

Meet Jill

Jill Meyer spent sixteen years as the owner and manager of two Cape Cod inns, where she devoted countless hours to baking muffins, plunging toilets, and trying not to laugh at outrageous guest behavior. Innkeeping was far from the romantic vision it often inspires, but Jill wouldn't trade the headaches for anything. Because where there are headaches, there are stories.

Jill lives on Cape Cod with the high school sweetheart she married and their five children. When she's not writing or refereeing sibling squabbles, she officiates weddings and writes custom vows, speeches, and ceremonies. Finding Scarlett is her debut novel.



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