



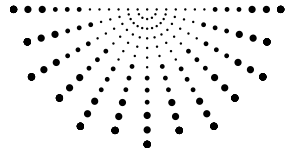
Aloha



LOVE  
GAME

ALANA WINTERS

# LOVE GAME



ALANA WINTERS

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# CONTENTS

## Introduction

1. IWA
2. MAK
3. IWA
4. MAK
5. IWA
6. MAK
7. MAK

## Epilogue

## Afterword

## About the Author

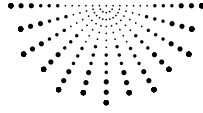
## Also by Alana Winters

# INTRODUCTION

**Iwa Denies Our Intense Chemistry And Claims She Doesn't Want My Hands On Her. It Isn't Fooling Me Because When We Dance, Her Hips Don't Lie.**

Iwalani Kane and Makani Iolana are both heirs to rival resorts in Maui. They've always clashed, competing over everything from guest satisfaction to the best sunset views. When a joint hula festival becomes their latest challenge, neither is thrilled. Forced to team up, they're about to discover that the rhythm of love can be as unpredictable as the tides.

## IWA



Ascend the sandy slope leading to The Grand Kā'anapali Resort's dining terrace. The hum of chattering from the diners suddenly turns to awestruck gasps, catching my attention. As I step onto the terrace, I witness the breathtaking source that's captivating them—the golden Hawaiian sunset is cascading towards the horizon over the turquoise expanse of the Pacific Ocean. It paints the sky in vibrant hues of pink and orange, casting a warm embrace over my family's resort. I can't help but be swept up by the beauty of the moment. Until my eyes are drawn beyond the swaying palm trees to the silhouette of The Royal Lani Resort—the establishment that both beckons and rattles my emotions.

My father, Ezio Kane, is a staunch advocate of tradition. His reverence for our culture and its roots has become the cornerstone of my upbringing. Our family's resort stands as a sanctuary for these cherished beliefs, a haven where the ancient Kumulipo chant echoes as the genesis of hula, a dance that intertwines our lineage with the land.

I adjust the crimson hibiscus flower tucked behind my right ear, a subtle declaration of my availability. The gentle breeze lifts strands of my dark, curly hair, a playful reminder that serenity can shift to a storm in an instant—a fitting metaphor for the impending tempest on the horizon, the joint hula competition that will host our traditions along with our long-standing rivalry.

As if on cue, my thoughts turn to Makani Iolana—my counterpart and arch-nemesis. The source of many sleepless



nights. Every encounter we have ignites sparks of animosity, like a clash of lightning in an electric storm. Mak's family champions a different perspective, one that embraces modernity and innovation. The chasm between our families' beliefs has fostered a feud that has thrived through generations.

The bad blood hangs in the air like an impending thunderstorm, charged with palpable tension. We stand on opposing cliffs, entrenched in loyalty to our respective legacies. Even the enchanting tapestry of Maui—its sun-kissed beaches, lush gardens, and vibrant culture—isn't lifting my spirits in the shadow of this bitterness.

Knowing that Mak is over there, just as focused and competitive as ever, provokes me to want to come up with diabolical ways to strike back. The mental arsenal of strategies and counter-strategies crowds my mind, each devised to counteract his every move. Images of our countless clashes—battles over guests, events, and even prime spots to view the ethereal sunsets—flicker like lightning across my consciousness, stirring the animosity inside of me.

As I wait for my ever-tardy best friend, Naia, a mix of impatience and agitation works at my nerves. *Ugh! Where is dat buggah?* A moment later she rushes in with a burst of energy.

“Good evening. Iwa. Iwa. Hey, hey, hey! Sorry. Sorry. I know I'm late, but you know I stay on Hawaiian time.”

I roll my eyes as I suppress a grin. “Thanks for gracing me with your timely presence. It's so sweet,” I tease as she waves me off and takes a seat across from me.

“OMG! I heard about the kiss!” she shouts, bringing the attention of several patrons to us.

My eyes go wide, unable to believe the news has already spread when it just happened last night. “What? How?”

“Coconut wireless, duh.” A wide smirk fills her face. “You and your dog luck. It's a match made in heaven.”

She rolls her eyes and shakes her head while throwing her hands up in the air dramatically. “Besides we’re both twenty-seven and the options are getting slim. I can’t find a decent guy anywhere. Even most of the FBI’s are taken!” she exclaims as she sinks into her chair.

“That’s too far. You know I’d be crushed if you moved to the Big Island,” I say, pinning her with a serious look to emphasize my point.

“I know. I know. I can’t live without you either,” she tells me comically as her eyes narrow on mine. “Okay...now spill. I want to hear every...single...juicy detail.”

“Ugh! He drives me crazy! We ran into each other on the beach last night and began teasing each other about the competition and the next thing I know we are kissing each other. I freaked after and kinda ran away. I don’t know what to do about him. I get chicken skin whenever he is around, and I forget how to use my upstairs brain,” I tell her with a frustrated huff. “And you know beards are my kryptonite.”

“Sounds like a sexy problem to have. How are you feeling about the hula competition?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be, I guess. Although, it’s impossible to be prepared for Mak,” I confess with a long sigh.

“Shut your cakehole! You’ve got this! And who knows, maybe this festival will bring some unexpected surprises,” Naia says, an encouraging smile lighting her features, bringing me some comfort. No matter what happens during the competition, she’s my biggest cheerleader, and her unwavering support means everything to me.

I can’t help but smile at my friend’s optimism. Although, unexpected surprises are exactly what I’m dreading, especially when they come in the form of Makani Iolana.

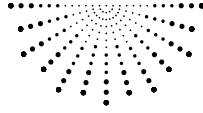
“Eh, deez grindz are giving me a kanak attack,” I exclaim with a yawn.

“Au’rite, pass it ova hea,” she says with a teasing eye roll as she grabs my plate of lili koi pancakes. “Passionfruit? When

did you turn into such a health nut? Shoulda got the chocolate chip,” she jokes with a breathy laugh that is contagious.

The warmth of deep brown eyes focused on me and a smile that lights up the entire world consume my thoughts as I sit back, sipping on my mokka coffee, and I can't help the thrill that courses through me. Mak is strikingly handsome with sun-kissed muscles that have been sculpted from decades of surfing. His rich, wavy jet-black hair is just long enough to tousle in the wind, begging to have fingers combing through it. His rugged charm and relaxed yet confident demeanor make me weak in the knees even though I know better. But most of all, it's the way his strong lips passionately kissed mine. So intoxicating, and I want more. It's all too much to ignore. *I'm so screwed!*

## MAK



One taste and I'm obsessed. I can't get that kiss out of my mind—her plump lips, so soft and inviting drew me in. Even before that night, I was enraptured, watching her whenever she was near. Her smile is radiant, kind, but hinting at mischief and an innocent playfulness that anyone would die to experience. She shines like the sea when her curls catch the sunlight, creating a halo of shimmering strands that frame her gorgeous face. Her curvy body is extraordinary, calling to me, begging me to mold mine to it. She is incredible. One-of-a-kind. With the kind of beauty that goes far beyond how attractive she is to her very essence. She's strength, grace... she's everything.

I've known Iwa Kane since childhood, and our interactions are typically colored with intense hues of animosity through our heated debates. But that night on the beach was different—we both let our guard down.

The memory of that unforgettable kiss remains etched in my mind like an unending refrain, a melody I can't escape. The electric charge I felt when I took her soft, tiny hand in mine. And when our lips met, they shattered the walls I'd meticulously built around my beliefs. That mind-blowing kiss. It was a single, seismic moment that redefined my entire world.

As the Assistant Manager of the resort, I've spent twenty-nine years navigating the competitive waters of the hospitality industry. But the feud between our families is much different—it's fueled by history, tradition, and a clash of ideologies.

My roots trace back to a lineage that embraced modernity, a legacy of locals who saw the resort as a canvas for innovation. It formed the tension that hangs between my family's Royal Iani Resort and the Kane family's Grand Kā'anapali Resort.

The distinctions extend to our luaus, too. We embrace the legend of Laka, goddess of hula, and we celebrate the dance's birth on Moloka'i. The Laka Luau embodies our ethos—melding modernity with our cultural heritage.

Keanu enters with a quirked brow and a knowing gaze. I'm fortunate that my best friend is a wellness guru. His presence offers me a lifeline when I need someone who'll grasp the depths of my predicament, someone who is qualified to guide me through these murky waters.

"I kissed Iwa," I exhale in lieu of a greeting, as though the words themselves carry the weight of revelation. "And for that moment, nothing else existed."

"Kisses don't just happen, Mak," he points out.

"You're right. It's not like some cosmic accident," I say with a frustrated huff.

"Sometimes, the heart moves in ways that logic can't," he informs me with kind eyes and a warm smile.

"She's captured me, Keanu. Every word vanishes from my tongue when she's near. It's like she's stolen my breath while stealing my heart. What's my move here?"

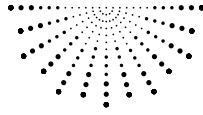
"You've got to fight for her! Persevere! Like wiping out in a wave. You don't just stop surfing, do you?" I shake my head as we share a knowing laugh.

Keanu finishes his thought. "Differences can be set aside if there's willingness. Mak, this might be a chance for unity—to find common ground. Your past doesn't have to dictate your present or future," he tells me wisely.

I close my eyes, letting Keanu's wisdom wash over me. It's time to dissolve this problem once and for all. The path ahead won't be smooth, but for the chance to be with Iwa, I'm

willing to navigate the unpredictable currents in any way I need to.

## IWA



“*Y*ou can’t spend your entire life on a surfboard,” my mum teases my younger brother, Zisel, as he eyes the waves.

“Yes, I can! What I can’t do is be landlocked like some kind of prisoner. As long as the waves are frothing, it’s surfs up!!” he exclaims excitedly as he grabs his board and gathers his gear.

My mum nibbles on her bottom lip as she peers out the window cautiously. “Just be careful out there! It looks a little sharky today,” she shouts after him as he dashes out the door.

A chuckle escapes me as I adjust the flower tucked behind my left ear while observing Zisel’s theatrics through the rearview mirror. The door slams and the fallen silence drifts my thoughts to the moonlit kiss I shared with Mak last night and my lips curl into a smile. It’s a tender secret that I will always hold close. His touch lingers like an imprint on my skin. Our connection is undeniable, and I have no idea what to do about it.

My footsteps echo through the resort’s quiet hallways as I head toward the Akamai Spa, where I oversee activities. In my mind echoes my sister, Zariyah’s, voice—her wisdom a constant beacon. A professor of Marine Biology and Hawaiian Culture, she’s my anchor, offering insight into the balance between tradition and modernity that I often seek. Her lessons have taught me to embrace our roots and history with pride.

At the spa, Naia's mischievous eyes twinkle as she spots the flower tucked behind my ear. Her camera dangles from her neck, a perpetual companion.

"Flower on the left side? Spill, Iwa!" she gushes out with bubbly laughter as she dashes over. "Has something new happened with you and Mak?"

I chuckle, feeling warmth creeping into my cheeks. "Just a bit of superstition, Naia. That's all."

She leans closer, her voice conspiratorial. "I'm not buying it. There's more to this, isn't there?"

Before I can respond, a guest approaches, redirecting my attention to their needs. Yet, the image of the flower remains in the mirror. It's not just a status symbol, but a beacon of hope in my heart.

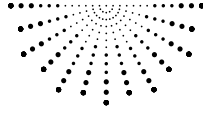
The weight of the hula competition—my father's living embodiment of teachings—hangs over my thoughts, each step toward the festival a reminder of its significance. But this year, it's different. It's not just a tradition; it's an arena for our resorts to prove superiority. And remarkably, Mak and I are tasked with representing our families.

Somehow Mak makes me believe that we can defy our preconceived notions and challenges. And maybe...just maybe I can let down my self-imposed boundaries.

Under the moonlight, we unveiled our unspoken connection. A thrill pulses through me, a sensation of stepping into the unknown and the thrill is lighting up my insides.



## MAK



The weight of my family's legacy has always been a companion—a silent reminder of the expectations I must shoulder. Now, with the impending hula competition, those expectations have transformed into an even heavier load. This is our opportunity, our stage to demonstrate that the Royal Lani Resort isn't just a competitor; it's a superior force—a bastion of modernity that leads to triumph.

My sisters, Emalia and Edena, have immersed themselves in the fusion of our cultures, finding solace in the blend. I'm doing my best to fight the pull of our traditions that tether me to the past like an anchor.

In my mind, Iwa's image emerges—the embodiment of everything I'm not, the woman who waltzed into my life and took over. Our rendezvous is an ever-present shadow in my mind. I hope that the unspoken bond we share can finally dissolve our family's differences.

“Howzit? You look lost in thought with something paining your eyes, ya?” Keanu asks as he leans against the door.

“Yeah, something like that... Or maybe it's allergies.”

“Sure, sure.”

I release a sigh. “Alright, alright... I can't stop thinking about Iwa,” I confess.

“I know the perfect remedy for this, ya?” Keanu claims as his warm nature fills the air. “Surfing!” He energetically exclaims as he nods at our boards with a big grin.

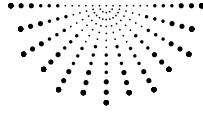
“You might be onto something,” I agree with a nod as we split up to get into our suits. After we get ready, we meet up on the shore ready to wax our boards.

As I gaze at the waves, I huff, wishing I could catch a break. “Yo, dude, these waves are junk,” I remark while shaking my head.

“Totally, D-u-u-u-d-e, and the lineup’s infested with too many kooks,” Keanu observes as we bury the nose of our boards in the sand, dropping down to sit, far enough that the surf doesn’t reach us. “That was a bust, but any time on the water is a good time, right, dude?” he asks, watching me as I stare down at the sand. “Thinkin’ about your girl again?”

I nod, digging my fingers into the wet sand. “I just can’t get her off my mind. When I’m on the beach, I think about the kiss. When I’m on the water, I think about her curves moving under me. Fuck, man.”

## IWA



As I stand by the vast expanse of the ocean, thoughts of Mak flood my mind and the connection we forged. My concentration breaks when I hear soft steps approaching from behind me. I turn around to find Naia with her camera dangling from her neck. It's rare to see her without it. She doesn't want to miss out on an opportunity to capture something magical.

"Thinking about Mak?" she inquires as her eyes gleam with curiosity.

"Yeah," I confess, cheeks flushing with warmth, "It's hard not to."

She links her arm with mine, and together we stroll along the shore. "Iwa, that glow on your face—it's the kind that love brings."

"I can't deny it," I confess.

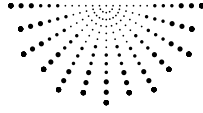
She gives me an encouraging smile. "Perhaps this is an opportunity for both of you to grow, to discover how to coexist." I thoughtfully consider her words as I cross my fingers hoping it's possible.

The competition awaits—a stage where destinies will unfold. With each step we take, waves caress the shore, mirroring the whirl of emotions within me. A war waged between my family's legacy and the desires of my heart.

An intoxicating blend of excitement and trepidation surges within me, anticipation swelling as the waves persistently

whisper secrets to the shore. Among those secrets, there is a murmur of change, a beautiful promise that I hope comes true.

## MAK



As I go looking for Iwa, anticipation thrums within me, in rhythm with the waves that crash upon the shore. I need to talk to Iwa—to lay my feelings down on the table. My heart pounds as I move closer to the rattan where Iwa sits, her contemplative silhouette illuminated by the soft caress of moonlight.

Our eyes lock with an unspoken promise suspended between us. As I approach, I feel the magnetic pull that binds us as my every step becomes an affirmation of my desire for her.

Without a word I sit down and take her face in my hands as I steal her lips in an achingly slow kiss, a union that gradually evolves into a passionate exploration. The tang of salt and the aroma of the ocean envelop us, heightening our senses as our kiss deepens into a fusion of longing and urgency. Our mouths move in a languid dance that brings every fiber of my being to life.

“Iwa...aloha wau iā ‘oe,” I confess the secret I’ve held in my heart for too long.

“You love me?”

“Well, you see, the thing is...love isn’t a strong enough word. I go to my window every morning, and hope I’ll somehow see you there, reading. And before bed I’m always wondering if you had a good day and hoping you did, wishing I could hold you as you tell me all about it in detail so I can just hear your voice. So yeah, I’d say that I love you very

much. I doubt anyone could love another person more than I love you,” I divulge before sealing my words with a deep, sensual kiss.

We race out of our clothes and sprawl our bodies out. I can't help but grunt as I see Iwa looking like every man's wettest dream. “Sweet nectar,” I groan, shaking my head in wonderment.

“You're so sexy!” I growl as my eyes feast on her delectable body that has made me lose my last shred of my control. I take my time dragging my eyes from her big doe eyes to her juicy, pillowed lips. Her voluptuous breasts are mouthwatering and the way the moonlight glistens on her golden pussy is driving me wild.

“I'm going to take good care of you. Starting here,” I vow with a possessive grip on her wet cunt.

Iwa's lips fall open naturally as mine ache for hers.

As my body shadows her I grip my hardened cock and run it back and forth through her slick folds until it's soaked. When I slide into her hot little pussy it feels so pleasurable my teeth grind together. I bring my thumb to her clit, caressing the bundle of sensitive nerves with deep strokes. Iwa's sweet moans cause my erection to jerk as I pump it inside of her warmth. “You like how hard you make me...how crazy you make me?”

Her tight cunt pulses, gripping onto my hard cock causing a growl to erupt deep from my chest. “I need you so badly,” I confess through winded breaths as I continue to thrust into her silky heat.

Our bodies engage in a slow, sensual choreography, limbs moving in fluid synchrony beneath the moon's tender caress. The symphony of the ocean's rhythm serves as an enchanting backdrop, the waves' delicate harmonies weaving into the fabric of our shared passion. My touch is reverent and possessive as I explore the expanse of her skin.

Iwa's breath hitches as I trace the path of her cheek with my fingers. “Mak,” she breathes, her voice heavy with

yearning and unspoken desire.

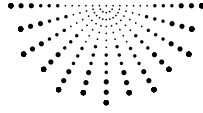
I trace the curve of her spine with my fingers, springing shivers across her skin. With a gentle pull, I draw her closer, our bodies melding in a fervent embrace. The rhythm of Iwa's heart pulses against my chest as the heat between us spirals into an inferno. Our eyes lock, a molten connection that refuses to waver as our lips part. The intensity of our bond reverberates potently.

"Mak...Mak, I'm so close," she sobs in ecstasy right before her pussy clenches onto me and she chants my name as I come, marking her as my woman by spilling my seed as deeply as I can.

"Mmm, you're amazing, Iwa...so amazing!" I kiss her shoulder blade tenderly as Iwa lets out the most adorable yawn. "Come on baby, let me take you home." She nods through sleepy eyes before we get dressed and head back.

It nearly kills me to leave her, and when I can't see her anymore, I feel a part of me tug away.

## MAK



Descending the stairway that leads me towards the bustling lobby, I'm met with the vibrant tapestry of preparations for the forthcoming hula festival. Every nook and cranny is adorned with resplendent fabrics, a riot of color that harmonizes with the sweet plumeria fragranced air. Laughter and the animated conversations of the guests waft through the open doors, a gentle reminder of the world beyond my responsibilities. It's a pang of envy that pierces through me, a realization of how the weight I carry sets me apart. My commitment to honoring my lineage collides with my undeniable need for Iwa.

All of my familial expectations bear down upon me and it's a constant burden. From the windows in the lobby, I gaze out at the expanse of the neighboring resort as I think about the woman who endlessly fascinates me and vexes me. With a sigh, my fingers rake through the unruly waves in my hair, a silent display of my inner turmoil.

The rivalry etched into the tapestry of The Royal Lani and The Grand Kā'anapali has long held me captive, each thread woven with the weight of tradition and expectation. As the heir to my family's legacy, I am both privileged and shackled by the lineage I carry.

"What's got you down, son?" The concern in my father's voice rouses me from my reverie.

I pivot to find my father, Ori Iolana, approaching. His countenance mirrors a mixture of empathy and understanding, a reflection of the shared yoke we bear.



“I’m alright, Pop,” I respond, summoning a half-hearted smile. “Just mulling over the competition.”

He approaches, his gaze cast toward the shoreline. “Our differences have never been a straightforward path for us. Nevertheless, the hula serves as an opportunity for us to exhibit our heritage and radiate the spirit of aloha.”

I offer a nod, absorbing the wisdom in his words, yet the tendrils of frustration persist. Seeking solace I shut my eyelids and get lost in the euphoric symphony from nature’s song. The tranquility that only Maui can offer. The spread of paradise that I’ve vowed to protect and honor.

A gentle zephyr caresses the shoreline, bearing with it the promise of a fresh dawn. It stirs within me a resolve, a vow to transcend the boundaries that divide our families and revere the island that unites us all.

What Iwa and I have between us defies reason. Its potency is way too powerful to resist. It’s a force of nature that knocks me off my feet.

Today the tension between our respective resorts has reached a crescendo. Our generations-long competition is filled with expectations for Iwa and I to embody the essence of our families’ legacies. The clash between tradition and modernity, rivalry and intimacy, converges as we step onto the hula stage.

In harmonious synchronization, our movements unfold into a choreography that seamlessly interweaves our divergent styles. Our hula—a dance infused with the core of our values—emerges as an embodiment of hope, a testimony to the potential harmonizing of our traditions and ethos. Our hula portrays unity and heralds the possibility that our shared history can coexist with an embracing of transformation.

My eyes can’t help but gravitate towards Iwa, her gaze is laser-focused with determination etched onto her features. Her strength and the authenticity she exudes while embracing our hula with an open heart are a testament to just how deep her beauty runs.

With a twist of fate, the pu—a conch shell—resounds, signaling the commencement of the torch-lighting ceremony. The flames dance in the twilight, casting an ethereal glow upon us all.

As the music swells, the initial jitters disperse, leaving in their wake a sense of oneness that transcends the rivalry we've inherited. For this fleeting moment our history dissipates. Amidst the applause that resonates through the air, our eyes lock into a newfound understanding.

“You're not as terrible as I thought you'd be,” Iwa jests, her laughter an enchanting melody.

A chuckle escapes my lips, and I'm warmed by the sensation. “And you're not half bad yourself.”

Her smile softens as she meets my eyes, a shared sentiment passing between us. “Sometimes, the most unexpected connections can hold the most significance, ya?” A nod of agreement between us hangs in the air, a promise of possibilities waiting to be explored.

With the resumption of the music, the backdrop shifts. The dance itself becomes our focus, the gentle sway of our bodies and the rhythm that brings us together. Through movement, we communicate, share, and release emotions that find voice in the language of motion.

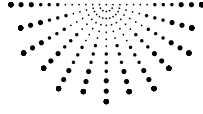
Our bodies become conduits, translating the depth of our values and the essence of our traditions into a captivating display. With each hulu, our movements exude hope, a testament to the intricate interplay between our heritages and principles.

Amidst the applause that crescendos like a tidal wave, our eyes meet—a shared acknowledgement that breaches the rivalry between our families. The divide we once upheld is now being mended. It's a transformative moment, a turning point that marries our distinct cultural backgrounds and innovative perspectives.

A metamorphosis settles into a collaborative spirit as we find ourselves coming together to celebrate our shared culture

while still paying homage to the past even as we set our sights to the future.

# EPILOGUE



## IWA

*I*t's been weeks since the transformative hula competition, an event that has rewritten the script of our lives. The rivalry that had once been a fierce flame between our families has somehow dissipated. It's been replaced by a new legacy—one of harmony, love, and shared aspirations.

The sun begins to bathe the The Grand Kā'anapali Resort in its golden embrace. As I stand on the balcony of my private suite, my gaze is fixed on the glimmering tides moving up and down the coast of Kā'anapali Beach that has silently witnessed our incredible journey. Beside me, Mak envelops his arms around me, nestling his chin against my shoulder, filling me with warmth and affection.

“Do you remember how this all started?” Mak whispers softly.

I giggle softly, leaning into his embrace as I lace my fingers with his. “How could I ever forget?”

We've come a long way from the initial sparks of tension and animosity. Our relationship has weathered storms of family expectations, challenges of self-discovery, and the unpredictable winds of change. Yet, through every trial and triumph, we've remained steadfast at each other's side, our connection deepening with every shared moment.

With a gentle nudge, Mak turns me to face him, his eyes shimmering with a tenderness that still manages to steal my

breath away. My heart swells as my eyes pour with my love for him.

His voice holds a quiet intensity as he continues, “Iwa, there’s something I’ve been wanting to ask you,” he tells me with a quiet intensity that slightly unnerves me.

“Will you walk this journey with me, hand in hand, for the rest of our lives?” Mak asks bringing a world of emotions to me that rings excitement through my veins.

Tears of joy well up in my eyes, as I smile and nod fervently, unable to find my voice amidst the whirlwind of feelings. “Of course, Mak!”

With a tender smile, Mak pulls me into his embrace, our hearts beating in rhythm as we bask in this cherished moment, and the journey it took for us to get here. The hula practices, beachside conversations and our vulnerable revelations that allowed us to find our way to each other.

Together we stand hand in hand with our hearts entwined as tightly as our fingers. As we look out into the slice of paradise we call home our future gleams with promise. It’s true what the natives say, “Kohu kēhau ho’oma’ema’e ke aloha.”—Love is like a cleansing dew.

# AFTERWORD

**Love, it's what brings us together.**

In early August 2023, a series of wildfires broke out in Hawaii, mainly Maui. The fires prompted evacuations and caused significant human and material losses.

Join us in supporting the residents of Hawaii. Get your fill of bite-sized steamy romances and do a good deed!

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Aloha

The word "Aloha" is written in a teal, cursive font. The letter 'A' is replaced by a vertical rainbow-colored leaf. To the right of the word, there are two overlapping red hearts.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Alana Winter's passion for creating stories and characters has always fueled her active imagination. She graduated from Valencia Film School with a degree in film technology. There she dabbled with screenplays without much success. It took a while to find her niche which ended up being what she loved reading the whole time. Now she spends her time creating witty, suspenseful and sexy characters that go on a wild journey together. The men she writes aren't always heroes but, they're always passionate, provocative and possessive.



## ALSO BY ALANA WINTERS

### MAFIA ROMANCES:

#### *Vanished In Baltimore*

**I've always liked to play with fire. Now it's playing with me. Stella has kindled my dark heart, ignited my desires and set my world ablaze.**

Before my life could even begin, it almost went up in flames.

Smoke alarms saved our lives.

The sound put my mother into labor.

The fire forged a powerful force in me.

I find resolve in its embers.

My enemies find themselves scorched by it.

It has never consumed me...not until I met its infernal match—Stella.

The red-hot firestorm that has me burning for more.

#### *Forbidden Muse*

**I'm singing my biggest hit for the billionth time when my gaze meets a pair of rich hazel eyes that shine brighter than the most precious metal.**

**The romantic lyrics of my song feel truly meaningful for the very first time.**

**My heart and soul begin pouring out of me through every word.**

**This seductress is way too young, too tempting, and too precious to be starring in my filthiest fantasies.**

**It doesn't matter though; she became mine the second she flashed her flirtatious smile at me.**

**That smile is driving me to act on my most basic urges.**

**I refuse to let anyone or anything hold me back.**

**My passionate serenade turns into a heated, seductive performance.**

**It's just the two of us lost in this euphoric trance.**

**Then, within the blink of an eye, she is taken away from me.**

**My soul was soaring in her presence, but in her absence, it is crashing to the ground, shattering into a million pieces.**

**Her father is a ruthless, powerful man who will stop at nothing to keep her from me. But he's in for a rude awakening.**

***He's about to learn that not even a Mafia King can stop a Rock-and-Roll God when he's found his eternal muse.***

#### *Amour Noir*

Chloé:

I'm a long way from home. Thankfully my life in France is behind me. Being a Mafia princess has brought me nothing but misery. The paparazzi in the states don't even care who I am. Unlike Stefano who wants to know everything. I can't let him find out who I really am or about my other secret. It will ruin everything.

Stefano:

I'm headed to Amour Noir to get an explanation from my sister, Electra. It better be good, too. I would have rather swam with sharks tonight than gone on that date she just set me up on. I'm all fury when I walk in, wincing my eyes to when I see the sweetest little thing twirling my way. I step into the light, scaring her into spraying the sip of champagne she took in my face. Her fear turns to shock when my tongue cleans the alcohol dragging it slowly as I wonder what my future wife's lips taste like.

MEN IN UNIFORMS:

Homegrown Hero

**Their Fire Is Too Explosive To Be Put Out.**

**KAIMAHINA**

Fighting fires is in my blood.

For four generations, my family has worked at the same fire station.

I live a simple life in a small town where nothing ever changes.

That is, until a movie studio decides to film here.

My Chief gives me the opportunity to work on their set.

The first day completely changed my life.

In one look, I know I found the girl of my dreams.

Her boss is trying to keep us apart, wanting her for himself.

When an electrical fire breaks out, I spring into action.

I'm thrust into the spotlight for saving the crew and the movie star.

The unwanted attention drives a wedge between Micaela and me.

But that just drives me to work even harder to prove that, despite our age gap and differences, I'm the man for her.

No matter what it takes, I will be claiming Micaela as all mine.

*Warning: Kai is an OTT Possessive male who mildly stalks his love to get to know her better.*

Commanding Her Heart

*Cortez saves her when she **needs** it the most. Finding Emmy is what he **needed** the most.*

Emmy's new boss is too perfect.

He's a handsome, older man who enjoys tempting her. She's fighting falling for him.

The temptation is unbearable.

Cortez makes her heart feel it's bursting.

He gives her body goosebumps.

He puts her brain on overload.

He's trying to break down her walls.

She can't let that happen.

Cortez is a Navy Veteran.

He's been raising his son on his own since he was six months old.

When Miles starts going to school, he feels lost.  
That is until he meets a beautiful bombshell who takes his breath away.  
Suddenly, he's making plans to expand his family.  
He wants everything from Emmy.  
Her laughter, her body, and *command* of her heart.  
**They're both wounded. Can they heal each other? Or will, they bring each other down?**

### **CONTEMPORARY ROMANCES:**

#### *Killian*

Finders keepers...sorry bro that's not how things are going to go.

Isabella:

My mother died unexpectedly and without her I feel lost and numb.

I'm an orphan now and I have to move in with my estranged grandmother.

I meet the sweetest guy next door and before I know it we are dating.

He's so good to me and good for me.

So, why is it that I can only think about his gorgeous older brother that somehow makes me feel alive again?

Killian:

I'm a professional boxer or I was until my knee went out on me and it was the last injury my body could handle.

I moved back to the home I grew up in to watch my brother and my fathers company.

My life feels bland and monotonous.

Then I meet Bella.

My dream girl. My obsession. My brother's girlfriend.

I'm powerless under her spell.

She brings color back into my life.

I know we were meant for each other.

She is mine and I'll move heaven and hell to bond her to me forever.

Excerpt:

“My brother is just a boy. You need a man! You need me and you know how much I need you cuore mio, mia Bella.” (My love, my beauty.)

Warning: This insta-love story is a suspenseful romance with a HEA. Some of the dark themes in the story include drug use, abuse, graphic violence and descriptive sexual scenarios that may be triggering. Please read with caution and discretion.

#### *Braxton*

***I found a real Goddess today and I'm going to go the whole nine yards to keep her in my life.***

#### **BRAXTON:**

I've been called Italian stallion, gunslinger, MVP, jock and sidow.

That last one is a combo of sibling and widow.  
It was given to me by the media two years ago, after my brother died.  
Losing Sterling broke me.  
I feel as if I'm only working to stay alive. Not that I feel alive.  
That's until I get blindsided by a precious woman cheering in the stands and  
everything in me cheers back.  
Simone is a game changer, but she thinks I'm a player.  
I'll show her that the only thing I'm playing for is keeps.  
Nothing will stop me from tackling her heart.

**SIMONE:**

I've been called cookie, hot cakes, sugar bomb, cupcake and spice girl.  
You hear it all when you work at a bakery.  
I love baking, but I do not love being looked at like I'm on the menu.  
Although, it's not so bad when it's coming from Braxton.  
The man is a certified stud muffin with the best pound cake I've ever seen.  
I know better, you can't have your cake and eat it too.  
I'd have to be half baked to think that I won't get burned if I give him a chance.  
He won't yield and keeps bringing my body to a rolling boil  
You know what they say, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.  
*Possessive QB is a standalone romance with a HEA, no cheating and no cliffhanger.*

**Steplover**

You're not supposed to fantasize about your stepsister.  
You're not supposed to desire having everything with her.  
Our love is forbidden, where all I can hope for are stolen dark nights.  
When it comes to Skyler, I'm grateful for whatever I can get...for now.  
Nothing will stop me from claiming and loving her for the rest of my life.  
*An erotic romance series with a twist, and an alpha male lead that knows what he wants and won't stop until he gets it.*

**Warning: This story is intended for adult readers. It contains some dark themes that may be triggering for some readers.**

**Forever Lover**

**Jasper:**

My family didn't go into hiding because I married my stepsister as many assume.  
No, we got out of dodge and moved to Nevada after getting one short, life altering  
text from Carver.  
Everything could be paradise in our new lives here, if paranoia didn't haunt us.  
I've done everything in my power to keep my loved ones safe.  
Carver will be making a huge mistake if he comes for us again...because I'll be  
ready this time.

**Carver:**

Last year didn't work out so well for me.

This year, I'm fully prepared to take care of my unfinished business.

I've even taken drastic measures to avoid being recognized while I find myself on an adventurous cross country road trip.

Staying under the radar seems impossible when I meet a sexy, spitfire who can't be ignored.

This enigmatic woman demands attention, and she has all of mine.

*The sequel to Steplover is a dark, spicy romance with voyeurism, anti-heroes, and exhibitionism with a HEA. It's suited for ages 18+*

**Lucky Star**

I'm a realist.

Never believed much in superstitions or luck.

That all changed when I came home to my ranch and met our new hire.

Now, I feel like a lucky son of a gun, wishing for this little Star to be all mine.

**The Baker's Peony**

**Every Woman In The World Wants Iverson Vogel.**

**Iverson:**

The cover of a magazine labeled me the hottest man alive.

It ruined dating for me.

I don't have time for it anyway.

I'm a celebrity chef that has been running several bakeries.

I've recently sold them, ready for a new start.

I'll be signing the papers to make it official at a home-cooked meal with the new owner.

When I meet his daughter, all I can think about is owning her. Then taking her straight to the courthouse to make it official.

**Peony:**

I've never wanted someone more than I want Iverson Vogel.

His passion for baking inspires me to create and try new recipes.

He's also extremely famous, ridiculously good-looking, and spectacularly talented.

I know he is way out of my league.

Too bad my heart isn't getting the message.

I'm sure meeting him in person will simmer my silly infatuation.

Or will it boil out of control?

*A Possessive Daddy Insta-Obsessed Romance so hot it could fry an egg. No cheating and a swoony HEA.*

**Yule Be Mine**

**My Best Friend Already Feels Like My Brother...I Think This Christmas, I'll Make It Official.**

I'm a Marine on a new mission.  
One that will require me to use everything I've got in my arsenal.  
My best friend is taking me back home with him for the holidays.  
This seems like a bad idea right away.  
I'm a workaholic who is more comfortable being alone.  
I thought I was settled and happy enough.  
Meeting Eric's sister changed everything and my everything just became about her.  
Now all I want for Christmas is to find a way to earn Natasha's heart.  
*This holiday insta-love story is safe and it ends with a sweet HEA.*

*FANTASY STORIES:*

*A Touch Of Envy*

**Truly. Madly. Deeply—Obsessed.**

*Once Upon A Time...*

Princess Aiya was tired of playing the role of the perfect princess.  
She was always sure to say and do all the right things.  
Her new life with Prince Adirion would surely be the same.  
The only choice she had was to accept her future.  
Until a man shrouded in mystery and temptation gave her a way out.  
King Slaine ruled the most feared kingdom.  
A conqueror fixated on taking Prince Adirion's bride-to-be.  
Driven by a love so pure...so timeless—it's fantastical.  
Fueled by *envy*, King Slaine spurred a brutal rebellion that had devastating consequences.  
*Will capturing the princess ruin his chances of getting her to fall for him?*  
A Royal Captive Romance with a possessive anti-hero who is insta-obsessed with the object of his affection.

*Silent Night Stalkers*

**The Future's Fate Lies In Three Mates.**

On a nightly stroll, I rest upon a tree only to find myself in a strange place and time.  
A dark mysterious man, finds me.  
I think I'm saved until I realize I'm being held captive by three wildly possessive men.  
They won't let me go until I've completed a strange ritual meant to save the world.  
Is it destiny? Or is it a trap?  
*A dark captive romantic comedy with a HEA.*