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*Tryst*

ANNA LEIGH  
KEATON

**I**NFERNO  
THE GAME

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

**Cobblestone Press**

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The Game [Inferno]  
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## **CONTENTS**

[Author Bio](#)

\* \* \* \*

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

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**The Game**

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The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Nick Casey leaned back in his chair and sipped his bourbon. The club wasn't very busy for a Friday night, and the pickings were rather slim. He sat near a speaker where music thumped its low bass, almost in time to his heartbeat.

His one night off this week, and so far it didn't seem he'd find anyone to spend some quality time with before he headed home. He worked for the city's transportation department, running big machinery, working nights mostly, when the roads under construction weren't so heavily congested.

The alcohol burned a sweet path down his throat as he sipped. He'd worked ten days straight and needed tonight. But his discouragement grew as he watched the comings and goings of Inferno patrons. Some he knew. Most he didn't. But he had one particular type in mind tonight, someone to get a little wild with, but so far he saw no one who fit the bill.

Then *he* walked in.

Nick's mouth went a little dry, and he sat up in his chair, tracking the man's movements across the club. He was at least six foot three and built like a brick house with skin the color of dark chocolate. Nick was as white as they came, but he loved him some chocolate now and then.

The stranger crossed to the bar, his black leather pants looking as soft as butter, hugging the big guy's ass like a loving hand. His red silk shirt shimmered slightly in the club's muted strobe lights.

The man approached the bar and slid onto a stool at one end. He placed his order, and the bartender poured him a

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

shot. He downed it and tapped the bar for a refill before dropping a bill onto the polished wood next to his glass.

*Mmm.* Nick wondered if this beautiful guy was into men or women. Would he be up for a little fun? A little man-on-man action?

Only one way to find out.

Nick shot the rest of his bourbon and left the glass on the table to approach the bar. He chose a stool at the opposite end from his target and ordered another drink when the bartender came by.

Nick sipped his fresh drink and watched the big, beautiful black man. Finally, as if sensing the attention on him, he looked up and then in Nick's direction.

They made eye contact, and a sizzle of arousal slid down Nick's spine. He was the most stunning man Nick had ever laid eyes on. Strong jaw, eyes so dark they looked black, a shaved head that begged to be rubbed. A close-cropped goatee that would abrade skin just the right way. The open collar of the red silk shirt exposed a small expanse of smooth skin.

Nick licked his lips.

The man raised an eyebrow.

Nick lifted his drink in silent salute.

The signal he'd been waiting for. The gorgeous guy gave a slight nod and then tilted his head toward the vacant stool next to him.

Carrying his drink, Nick moved down the bar and sat next to the stranger. "Hey," he said casually. The scent of leather and expensive cologne had him inhaling deeply. He loved a

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

man who smelled good, one who took care of himself as obviously as this guy did.

"Hey." The guy's voice was deep and rich, making Nick's cock jump inside his jeans.

"Buy you a drink?" Nick asked.

"I'm good."

*I bet you are.* Nick kept his mouth shut and took another swallow of his bourbon.

"Meeting someone?" the stranger asked.

"Nope. I'm a free agent. You?"

"Mmm hmm." The big guy took another drink from his own glass. "You interested?"

"Possibly," Nick said, playing it cool when inside his nerves jumped with excitement.

"Top or bottom?"

Nick finally turned his head to meet this man's eyes up close. They were as black as night. "Whatever you want."

A slow, sensual smile tilted up the right side of the stranger's full lips. "Really. Very accommodating of you."

"I aim to please. Name?"

"Leon." He gave Nick a thorough looking over from head to ass, even leaning back a bit on the stool to get a better look at Nick's backside. Then his smile turned into a full-fledged grin that flashed straight, white teeth. "And you are?"

"Ready to play."

The laugh that rolled out of Leon was rich and dark, pure sex, and it made Nick's dick pulse to fullness.

"Well then," Leon said, "maybe we should find a place to let the games begin."

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

"Heaven or hell?" Nick asked, wondering if Leon was into the dungeon scene or the lighter stuff, in order for them to choose the appropriate private room.

"I've been called The Black Devil on more than one occasion."

Nick might have actually stopped breathing for a second or two as all the blood left his brain and shot straight to his cock. When he could find his voice, he said, "Hell it is."

Without another word, Leon stood and motioned for Nick to lead the way down the hall to the private rooms.

Nick entered the first vacant room he found that he knew held enough bondage equipment to take a month of games to explore. He hadn't lied to Leon. He didn't care if he was the Dom or the sub. He loved men, liked them big and hard and dominating, even enjoyed some pain now and then. But he also had a flair for wielding a flogger, tormenting his partner with agony and pleasure until he begged him for release.

Nick walked into the room and scanned the interior. There was no bed. Not in this room. That would be too vanilla. Here there were only devices of torture...and ultimate pleasure. The St. Andrew's Cross on the far wall nearly blended into the flat black paint covering the room. There were steel suspension bars hanging from the black metal rafters, punishment benches in several shapes and sizes, bondage chairs, stocks, cages, and piles of nylon rope placed around the room. On a low, black dresser stood rolls of PVC tape in several colors, along with condoms, lubes, and lotions.

The door clicked shut behind him, and he turned in time to see Leon flicking the Do Not Disturb lock. For safety



The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

measures, the doors never truly locked, but patrons knew not to enter when the sign was set in place. Then Leon reached over and killed the overhead lights, leaving the room dark except for the subdued black lights set into the walls. Leon nearly disappeared into the darkness with his exotic chocolate-colored skin.

"Take your clothes off," Leon said, and his voice, so smooth and sexy moments ago, held command that made Nick nearly come in his jeans.

"Yes, Sir," Nick said, and went to work on the buttons of his dress shirt. He strained his eyes through the odd lighting and saw that Leon, too, had begun disrobing. Nick dropped his shirt to the floor, shoved his jeans down his legs, and kicked off his shoes. He bent to pull off his socks, and when he came back up, Leon was there, in front of him, naked and glorious.

His skin was so black, with the slightest sheen, almost a glow, from the lights. They were of equal height, but Leon had to outweigh Nick by fifty pounds. All solid muscle. His biceps bulged, his stomach rippled with a gorgeous eight-pack, and Nick licked his lips, wanting to get his mouth on Leon's incredible cock. Even only half-erect, it was long and thick. It would be amazing when he was hard.

"Not bad," Leon said, "but you might be a little overeager." Leon's long, thick fingers closed over Nick's cock in a tight grip that had Nick sucking in his breath. "Come here."

He led Nick by his dick to the dresser, pulled open the top drawer, and rummaged around inside.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Nick gritted his teeth against the slight pain Leon inflicted with his beefy hand, but his cock pulsed within the grip. It had been too long since he'd gotten laid, and this guy, with his dominant air and gorgeous body, was enough to send him over the edge with little effort.

Leon turned back to him and slipped a black leather strap over his cock, then tightened it at the base, cinching it tight with the Velcro strap.

Nick groaned. Leon was a sadistic bastard, for sure. The cock ring was sure to keep him from coming anytime soon.

"You don't like that?" Leon asked, humor lacing his husky voice.

"I like it fine, Sir," Nick answered obediently.

"Sure you do. Did you think I was looking for a quick fuck? I told you they call me The Black Devil. I earned that name."

"I'm sure you did," Nick muttered, which earned him a slap to the tip of his dick, making him wince and quickly apologize.

"Seems you need to be taught a lesson or two." Leon gripped Nick's shoulder and moved him to the center of the room.

*Oh, crap.* Maybe he'd gotten in over his head. The possibility this guy was into some real hard-core shit hadn't crossed his mind. Sure, he liked being dominated, but as Leon reached up and pulled down the suspension bar, Nick had a few reservations pop up.

As Leon lifted first Nick's right hand, then his left, and strapped him to the bar with padded leather cuffs, he took a few deep breaths to calm his nerves. It was okay. He could do this.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Leon pulled the chain that lifted the bar, and Nick had little choice but to raise his hands over his head. Leon clicked the latch into place to hold him. Nick's arms were nearly straight over his head, bent only slightly at the elbows.

But then Leon nudged Nick's feet apart and bent to attach a spreader bar to Nick's ankles with more soft cuffs. With his legs spread wide, he was stretched out. He could still stand flat-footed, but it wasn't exactly comfortable on his shoulders.

"Breathe," Leon commanded.

Nick let out a gust of air he hadn't realized he'd been holding.

"Scared?"

"Yeah."

"Good." Leon flicked his fingertip over Nick's cock, which had lost its erection. "I like my boys a little scared of me. Makes it more fun."

Nick was far from being a "boy", but he kept the thought to himself. At almost forty, he thought he'd done and seen it all. He'd been strapped up to this device before, but never with a stranger holding all the power.

Leon disappeared behind him, and Nick closed his eyes, breathing slow and deep. Excited? Yes. Scared? *Damn straight*. Looking forward to whatever this man had in store? *Oh, yeah!*

The nip of the flogger cut through his thoughts, and he grunted in surprise. It hadn't been that hard, but he'd not been expecting it. His ass heated as the sting wore off. The second time the strike landed, he was more prepared and kept quiet. His cock stirred back to life as heat radiated from

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

the lash marks. The third strike was harder than the previous two, and he fisted his hands around the suspension bar. It was good. Very good. Leon knew exactly how to use the flogger, not striking the same spot twice.

*Slap, slap, slap.* Leon found a rhythm with the strikes. Lower back, ass, thigh. *Slap, slap, slap.* Other thigh, side, ass.

Nick threw his head back and moaned as his cock throbbed, seeking release that wouldn't come because of the tight leather strap.

"More?" Leon asked in that deep baritone.

"Yesss..." Nick hissed.

"No. You're enjoying it a little too much."

*Fuck.* He groaned and pulled himself up slightly with the bar, stretching his shoulders. Nick heard more rummaging through the drawer behind him, and all he could do was wait. He could have turned if he so wished, but now that he knew the big guy wasn't going to permanently injure him, he preferred to wait in anticipation of the next punishment Leon would mete out.

The sound of lubricant splurting reached him. He licked his lips. Would Leon fuck him now? Give him that big black cock? God, he hoped so.

"You seem experienced, so I chose the largest size," Leon said from right behind him. "You think you can handle it?"

Nick's brain didn't register what Leon was talking about until cool, slippery silicone pressed against his ass. A butt plug.

"Answer me, boy."

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

"Yes. Yes, Sir. I can handle it."

The silicone stretched his anus but caused no pain as it smoothly slid into him. He groaned as it pressed against his prostate. His cock jumped, pulsed. If it hadn't been for the cock ring, he'd be coming.

"You do have one fine-looking ass," Leon said. "Hell, all of you is pretty fucking fantastic." Leon's big, long-fingered hand caressed the still heated flesh on Nick's ass, squeezing, petting, rubbing, making the plug move ever so slightly in and out.

Nick dropped his head forward and pressed his butt into Leon's hand for more.

A quick slap made him jerk in surprise, and Leon's husky laugh sent a shiver over Nick's skin.

"Greedy little slut, ain't ya?"

"Yes, Sir. Greedy for you."

"Good answer." Leon reached between Nick's spread legs and fingered his balls. "Mmm. Nice and tight."

*No shit.* He hadn't had sex in what felt like months, though it had only been a couple of weeks. His balls were ready to explode. If Leon let him come, he'd no doubt get it right back up again. He thought about telling Leon that, but then Leon gripped his ball sac and gently tugged it. All thought left Nick's head as the pleasure shot through him.

Nick gasped, then nearly shouted when the plug started vibrating in his ass. It was too much. Too much.

"Take it," Leon said, his voice a mere whisper in Nick's ear. "You know you like it. You need it."

Nick nodded. But what he needed was to come.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Leon still fiddled with Nick's balls, but he reached around Nick with his free hand and splayed those long fingers over Nick's stomach then slid lower, over his pelvis until just Leon's fingertips tangled in his pubic hair right above his dick and lightly tugged.

A sound of primal need rose up in Nick's throat, and he was powerless to stop it from escaping.

"Such intriguing sounds you make," Leon said quietly, then touched soft lips to Nick's shoulder.

The difference in the kiss, compared to the electricity in his ass and the tugging of his balls, made him shiver.

Leon's tongue was warm, damp, and soft as it skimmed over Nick's shoulder, then up his neck to his ear. "The torture makes the release all that much better, don't you think?"

"Uh huh," was all Nick could manage as goose bumps covered his body, caused by Leon's warm breath in his ear.

When Leon pressed his chest against Nick's back, Nick closed his eyes and breathed in deep, taking in the scent of Leon's spicy cologne and reveling in the man's heat, which seemed to brand him.

Leon nipped Nick's neck just below his ear, and Nick sighed as a wave of tingling warmth spread through his body. That was quickly replaced by a wash of flames so hot he thought he'd burn alive when Leon once again slapped his dick. Nick grunted and thrust back, into Leon's body, lodging the butt plug even deeper, which made Nick's whole body tense.

Leon chuckled.

Nick tried to catch his breath.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Then Leon reached up and released Nick's right hand. "I'm afraid if I keep you in this position, you're going to pass out on me."

Nick thought Leon might be right. He saw stars.

His left hand was released, but before he could turn in Leon's arms, Leon pressed down on his shoulders, and he had no choice but to go to his knees, the spreader bar still between his ankles.

Nick made a face as his knees popped and the concrete floor bit into him. He was too damn old to do this. But then Leon was in front of him, his cock now fully engorged, and Nick couldn't have cared less about his old knees.

"Suck it," Leon said in that commanding, domineering voice that made Nick willing to do just about anything.

Nick reached up and wrapped a hand around the base of Leon's dick. It was thick and hot and hard as granite. Then he leaned forward and slipped his lips over the tip, swirling his tongue around, tasting the sinfully sweet saltiness of the man.

"I said suck it, not play with it," Leon said, sounding exasperated, which made Nick want to smile, but he didn't want more punishment. Instead, he took Leon's cock deep, all the way to the back of his throat, and swallowed around it.

Leon grunted and laid a hand on Nick's head, grabbing a handful of hair.

Nick sucked him hard, deep, bobbing his head again and again, letting Leon's dick bump the back of his throat repeatedly.

"Fuck, you're good at that," Leon said.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

With his free hand, Nick reached up and cupped Leon's sac, lightly rolling his balls and tugging them. In the dark, bluish light, Nick's skin looked deathly pale next to Leon's flesh. The contrast only added to Nick's arousal, and he grew more aggressive with the blowjob. He skimmed his teeth along the length of Leon's cock, then took him as deep as he could and swallowed several times, knowing how fantastic it felt to be on the receiving end.

"Enough!" Using Nick's hair, Leon dragged Nick's mouth away from him. "Holy fuck, you're good."

Nick grinned. He knew he was. He loved giving oral sex. Relished in his men losing control. But Leon didn't seem like one who would lose control very easily.

"On the chair," Leon said, pointing to the bondage chair a few feet away.

Nick started to stand up, forgot about the spreader bar, and would have face planted into the concrete floor if Leon hadn't caught his shoulders.

Leon laughed. "So eager to please." He bent and uncuffed Nick's ankles. "Now, the chair."

A little mortified, Nick stood and moved to the chair. He sat down and laid his legs over the padded rests. The seat was narrow, so half his ass and his balls hung off with his legs held open and feet off the floor. Leon quickly strapped his ankles and calves to the leg braces, then his wrists and forearms to the armrests.

Leon hit a button on the side of the chair, and it began to rise, which made Nick lift his eyebrows in surprise. Then he stifled yet another grin when Leon kept raising him until



The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Nick's crotch was just about chest level to Leon. Nick seriously hoped the chair was anchored to the floor, because if it tipped backward now, he'd probably sustain a concussion.

"I do love their little toys here," Leon said, his lips tipping into a small grin. "And I do love the way you look in that chair."

Nick's muscles tightened at the heated look Leon gave him. His dick was still hard, still trapped by the blasted cock ring. Leon reached between his legs and nudged up the vibrations on the butt plug. Nick nearly lifted off the chair at the increased sensation. His dick thrummed with each fast, heavy heartbeat, and his breaths grew shallow again.

"Ever pass out from pleasure?" Leon asked.

Nick shook his head.

"You will tonight."

A gusty laugh came out of Nick. He doubted that, but Leon was free to try if that was what he wanted.

"You don't believe me?"

Nick eyed the naked man in front of him. If anyone could do it, it would be Leon. "You can feel free to try."

Leon's sexy grin was the only answer he gave as he moved between Nick's spread legs and leaned over slightly to flick his tongue against one of Nick's nipples.

Nick sucked in his breath as a whole new wave of lust coursed through him. His cock jumped, nudging Leon's chest. Leon's smooth skin felt good.

Leon splayed those big hands over Nick's thighs, kneading the muscles, as he moved to the other nipple and lightly sucked it between his gorgeous lips.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Nick laid his head back against the neck rest and closed his eyes to enjoy the myriad sensations. His pulsing cock, his buzzing ass, Leon's hot flesh touching him.

"Look at me," Leon commanded, making Nick snap his eyes open. "Watch me."

Nick nodded. "Yes, Sir." He watched as Leon's hands worked their way up his thighs, ever closer to his cock that jerked with every hard heartbeat.

Leon bit down on one nipple a little too hard, and Nick hissed. He soothed the bite with the rasp of his tongue then repeated the motions on the other nipple.

Nick strained against the bindings around his forearms, but to no avail. He was bound tight. He wanted to grab Leon's head and shove it down between his legs, force the big man to suck his cock.

Instead, Leon took his time, running his tongue over Nick's nipples, his pecs, his stomach, nipping here and there, raising Nick's temperature to the point he thought he sizzled. Sweat popped out on his forehead. When he tried to lift his hips, to gain Leon's attention where he needed it, Leon pinched his inner thigh hard.

"Hey!" Nick exclaimed before he could stop himself.

Leon raised his head and met Nick's gaze. "Excuse me?"

"Sorry. Sorry. I..." He bit his tongue.

Leon reached between his legs once again and the buzzing in his ass increased.

"Oh, fuck!" Nick shouted. The buzzing actually turned into more of a pulsing, and each thrum tantalized his prostate. He panted. He grunted. He moved his pelvis as much as he

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

could, not sure if he wanted away from the torture or more of it. His balls were pulled up tight. He needed to come.

And then Leon sucked Nick's cock into his mouth, and Nick did something he never knew was possible. He came but without cum, and his dick stayed hard as a rock.

He shouted several times as the orgasm crashed through him, tightening every muscle in his body, but there was very little release. His balls still ached, his cock still pulsed, and God damn the man who took that dick down his throat and swallowed it.

"Leon! Fuck, Leon, I..."

The man wasn't listening. He bobbed his head over Nick's crotch, sucking, licking, torturing him. Another orgasm built on top of the other. This just didn't happen to men. He wasn't sure he'd survive.

Leon squeezed Nick's sac, and as he did, Nick felt the beat of the plug rise yet another notch.

"No..."

Leon was merciless with his ministrations. One hand around the base of Nick's cock, squeezing, stroking. The other tugging and massaging his sac. And his mouth. Dear God, the man had a mouth like a Hoover!

The climax crashed into him, stealing his breath. He ground his teeth, gripped the armrests to which he was bound, and bucked deeper into Leon's mouth.

The vibrator in his ass hit top speed and at the same time Leon released the cock ring and swallowed Nick's cock.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

"Holy fucking mother of..." Nick shouted, stars filling his vision. A loud buzzing set up inside his head, and Leon's face blurred even as Nick watched him swallow his cum.

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Nick slowly opened his eyes, disoriented for a moment until he realized he was still strapped to the bondage chair, which was probably a good thing since he felt as if he'd slither into a pile onto the floor if something wasn't supporting him. The chair, though, had been lowered, and he had no fear of hurting himself if he fell.

"Welcome back."

Leon sat on a stool a couple of feet away.

Nick's head hurt a little, and he frowned.

Leon rolled the stool over, and he removed the cuffs from Nick's right wrist and arm before handing him an ice-cold bottle of water. "Drink this. It'll help the headache."

Nick downed half the bottle in one long gulp.

"Fun to reach the point of unconsciousness, but the waking up isn't always that great."

Nick grunted his agreement. He couldn't believe he'd actually blacked out. "How long?"

"Only about a minute. Nothing to worry about." Leon grinned. "And...I told you so."

Nick smiled and glanced down at himself. "That you did." The butt plug was gone, as was the cock ring, and his dick lay flaccid against his thigh. After all that, he wasn't sure the little guy would ever get up again.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

"Don't worry," Leon said as he stood from the stool and moved between Nick's legs. "I didn't kill it."

Nick laughed, wondering how this stranger knew his thoughts. "You sure?"

"Mm hmm. He'll be ready to play again in a little while."

Nick still wasn't sure, but seeing Leon's semierect cock made his mouth water. He gulped down the rest of his water and tossed the empty onto the floor.

"Feel better?"

Nick nodded.

"Good. Because I'm not done. And neither are you." Leon gripped his own cock and aimed it at Nick's mouth.

Nick didn't hesitate to suck him in and stroke his tongue under the tip until Leon's dick grew hard between his lips.

"That's good," Leon said, stroking himself as Nick worked the head with his tongue and teeth. "That's real good."

With his freed hand, Nick reached up and cupped Leon's balls.

"Mmm. Don't make me come, though."

Nick made a sound of agreement and teased Leon, keeping the stimulation light. He had no idea what the man had in store for him, but now that he had the blasted cock ring off, he didn't care. He wanted more.

As if hearing Nick's thoughts, Leon reached down between Nick's legs and teased his fingertip around Nick's anus.

Nick's sphincter muscles contracted, and his cock stirred, much to his dismay and delight. When Leon slid one of those thick, long fingers into Nick's ass, Nick moaned and took Leon deep into his mouth, careful not to suck too hard.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

"See," Leon said, his breaths deep and not so steady. "Won't be long before you're ready to play again."

"Mm hmm," was all Nick could manage as Leon pumped that long finger in and out of his ass, the lube from the plug easing the way.

Leon released Nick's other hand, then his legs, without ever moving away from Nick's mouth or out of his ass. The man was talented, Nick would give him that. He knew his way around a man's body, too. Even better.

But then Leon removed his finger from Nick's ass and moved back a couple of steps. "Stand up."

Nick obliged. He went a little light-headed, but Leon put a beefy hand on his shoulder to steady him.

"Over here." Leon urged him across the room to a padded sawhorse and pressed his shoulders down, so Nick had little option but to bend over the thing. He gripped vinyl padding and waited.

"What a damn fine ass," Leon said as he gave Nick's butt cheek a hard slap.

Nick's stomach muscles contracted, and his cock stirred.

When Leon slapped the other cheek, Nick sighed with pleasure. Leon was neither hard nor soft with his ministrations. Just right. Just enough to arouse. He gave a few more slaps, then teased his fingers around Nick's anus.

Nick forced himself to relax, but the light touches almost tickled. Then Leon slid his finger in, and thoughts of laughter died. He reached deep into Nick's body and then pressed against his prostate.

"Oh, damn," Nick said on a breath.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

"Told you so," Leon said again. "The little guy coming back to play?"

"Yeah. Yes. Sir." Nick let his upper body relax over the padded bar and dropped his arms so they hung loose. He experienced a very strange combination of languid satiation and needy desire rekindled. He wanted more, needed more, yet would probably be fine for another month even if he didn't come again tonight.

Leon slowly inserted a second finger into his lube-slickened ass, then a third, pumping slow and deep. It was almost soothing.

"Comfortable?" Leon asked.

"Mmm. Yes, Sir."

Leon withdrew his fingers, and then Nick felt the spongy head of Leon's cock pressing in.

Nick closed his eyes and relaxed every muscle of his body, let himself hang there over the sawhorse, wanting this big, beautiful man to fuck him into oblivion yet again.

"Shit, you're tight," Leon said as he pressed into Nick.

Leon's dick stretched his ass, but there was no pain, only sublime pleasure. He withdrew, then slid in a bit deeper, and deeper still on the third stroke. On the next, he felt Leon's balls lightly bounce against his. The man was as deep as he could go. So he squeezed his muscles around that big cock and experienced a surge of delight when Leon sucked in his breath.

So Nick did it again.

Leon slapped Nick's ass.

Nick squeezed his ass so tight it nearly hurt.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Leon grabbed the padded bar on either side of Nick and thrust hard, going even deeper when Nick had thought it impossible.

Nick groaned and thrust back against Leon, grinding his ass against the big man's pelvis.

"You think you can handle this?" Leon asked, a hint of challenge in his tone.

"Give it to me...*Sir*."

Leon placed one hand on the small of Nick's back, withdrew, then plunged in so hard the sawhorse shook.

As Leon withdrew, Nick adjusted himself a little to keep the edge of the bar from digging into his hipbones, and it was a good thing too, since Leon slammed into him again, and again, and again with the force of a bull.

Nick's cock had grown hard, and with each stroke of Leon's dick, he grew even harder. But the satiation from earlier kept the pressure from building to the point of no return, and he relaxed and enjoyed the rough fucking, and Leon's soft grunts that came in hot little puffs against his shoulder blades. The man was a beast, for sure, and Nick loved it.

The speed of Leon's thrusts increased, his sounds of pleasure grew louder, until finally, he thrust in hard and stilled, held his breath, as his dick pulsed inside Nick. Nick squeezed his muscles around him and grinned at Leon's shout.

And then Leon was over him, braced on his elbows, but with his chest pinning Nick to the padding.

"Fuck," Leon said, panting. "Most men can't take it all."  
Nick grinned. "I'm not most men, obviously."



The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Leon laid a tender kiss on Nick's shoulder. "No, you're not." Then he reached around and wrapped his fingers over Nick's hard dick and stroked it a couple of times.

"Mmm. You going to let me show you what I can do with that?" Nick asked.

Leon slowly withdrew his cock from Nick's ass, causing them both to give a little groan. "Show me."

Nick straightened and stretched his back, then turned toward Leon. He wanted to kiss the man, which seemed fitting after what they'd done, but Leon didn't seem the kissing type, so Nick bent down slightly and nipped Leon's right nipple.

Leon buried his fingers in Nick's hair and pressed him against his chest, so Nick laved the hard, beaded tip then sucked it between his lips, giving it a hard tug of pressure.

"Fuck, yeah," Leon said in almost a growl.

Nick moved to the other one while lifting his hand to tweak the first. Leon sucked air through his teeth as Nick inflicted a little pain. When Leon's grip tightened in his hair, he bit down harder and reveled in Leon's groan of approval. Nick moved from the nipples and sank his teeth into Leon's chiseled pectoral muscle, then his biceps, then his neck, all the while torturing Leon's nipples with his fingertips.

"Harder," Leon commanded.

So Nick bit down harder on Leon's shoulder, his other pec and biceps, his side just below his chest.

Leon panted, his fist in Nick's hair tight and a little painful. Nick loved that he could push this man to the edge so easily. He also enjoyed the biting. It gave him pleasure to give pain

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

this way, with his mouth rather than with a whip or flogger or other device.

Then he felt Leon's dick nudge against his thigh as it grew. He wasn't the only one who could get it up twice in a night, he thought with even more satisfaction.

He slowly moved then, nipping and biting his way around Leon's body until Leon was forced to release his hair and Nick stood behind him, taking bites of the dark man's shoulders, his neck, as he wrapped his arms around him and kept torturing his nipples by pinching and tugging at them.

Nick's dick, hard and straight, nudged Leon's ass cheeks as he moved, and Leon thrust back against him.

"Who's impatient now?" Nick asked between bites.

"Fuck me."

Nick chuckled, reveling in the shift of power. "Are you sure that's what you want?"

Leon bent over, bracing his hands against the padded sawhorse. "Fuck me now, damn it."

Nick bent over and bit down hard on one of Leon's perfectly rounded ass cheeks.

Leon gave a little shout.

Nick bit the other, then spread Leon's cheeks and skimmed his tongue over him.

"Oh, God," Leon said on a groan.

Nick repeated the motion, gaining a pained sound from Leon that made Nick grin. Then he stood, lined up, and pressed his cock into Leon's ass.

He slid easily into Leon's tight heat, as if the man had been made just for his pleasure.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

"Yeah," Leon said on a sigh, and Nick couldn't agree more.

He reached around, wound his fingers around Leon's hard cock, and slowly stroked him as he matched the motion with the thrust of his pelvis as he rocked in and out.

Leon spread his legs a bit more, lowered his upper body until he rested his elbows on the bench, and rocked back against Nick with each movement.

The world seemed to cease as Nick took his time. He could tell when Leon was close to coming, when his cock grew rock hard, when his ass muscles tightened, and he'd slow his actions, change his grip on Leon's cock until Leon groaned and cursed under his breath. Then Nick would begin again, stroking and stoking the flames of Leon's desires until finally nothing he did could lower the heat and Leon grunted with each thrust as he jerked against Nick.

Nick released Leon's cock, grabbed the man by the hips, and pounded into him until sweat broke over both of their bodies. Leon shouted and collapsed against the sawhorse. With three more thrusts, Nick found yet another orgasm and buried himself as far into Leon as he could before he came long and hard, seeing stars again.

He collapsed against Leon, his sweat-damp cheek against Leon's sweat-slick back. His legs shook and felt like jelly as he wound his arms around Leon and held on to him.

Leon panted, his back rising and falling under Nick.

"Fuck this shit," Leon said around his harsh breaths. "I need a goddamned bed."

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Nick snickered then burst out laughing. He hugged Leon tight. "You poor baby. You're the one who wanted to get all kinky tonight, what with wearing all that leather and silk."

Leon stood up, and Nick did too, releasing Leon just long enough for his lover to turn and wrap his arms around him.

"That leather and silk had your eyes damn near popping out of your head," Leon said. "Kiss me, you little slut."

A grin tipped Nick's lips as he pressed his mouth against Leon's. Leon delved his tongue into Nick's mouth, exploring, savoring, and Nick sank into the heated kiss as he clung to his longtime lover, partner, and best friend.

When Leon slowly broke the kiss, Nick looked into his dark eyes and sighed. "I love the new look." He ran his hand over Leon's head, then down his cheek and scruffed his fingers in Leon's short goatee. "When did you do it?"

"This morning before I got on the plane. God, I missed you, baby."

Nick smiled. "I missed you, too. This has been the longest two weeks of my life."

"You say that every time I come home." Leon kissed him again, more of a peck than a kiss. "It won't be long until the traveling is over, and I'm home for good." He took Nick's hand and pulled him toward the almost hidden door against one wall—the bathroom.

Leon released his hand to turn on the shower, the multiple heads coming to life. Now that the game was over, Nick couldn't keep his hands off Leon, and stroked his back. The weeks his partner spent away from him were torture. For both of them. They'd been together for nearly five years, but

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

only in the past six months, after accepting a new position with his company, had Leon begun traveling two weeks out of every month.

After the first two weeks away, Leon had caught a plane home and called Nick to meet him at Inferno. They'd had the hottest sex imaginable—well, until tonight.

"Where'd you learn that trick with the cock ring?"

Leon grinned over his shoulder at Nick. "I have a lot of time to read when I'm on the road." He winked. "I didn't think you'd actually pass out, though, you wuss."

Nick laughed. "You told me not to jack off while you were gone. If I hadn't been so fucking desperate..." He shrugged and grinned. "That was damn hot, you know."

"Mm hmm, it was." Leon stepped into the oversized shower stall and waited until Nick stepped in to shut the glass door. "You're a piss-poor sub, though."

Nick grabbed the soap after Leon unwrapped the paper from it. "Any Dom who knows what he's doing would have been a little heavier-handed with the punishment." He lathered his hands then held the bar of soap for Leon to take. When Leon took it, Nick spread his hands over Leon's chest, over his abs, then his cock and balls.

"Ahh. You never displease me, babe." Leon leaned back against the black marble-tiled wall and closed his eyes. "It was hard staying in character, though. All I wanted to do was kiss you. Hold you." He opened his eyes. "I love you."

Nick leaned into him and kissed him deep. Leon wrapped his arms around him and held him tight as they ate at one another's mouths. Their bodies slick with water and soap slid

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

against each other, and Nick was shocked to feel the stirring in his groin yet again.

He ran his soapy hands over Leon's newly shaved head, and moaned at the smoothness of his lover's scalp. He'd never seen Leon without hair, never seen him in a beard. Never felt a mustache scrape over his lips and tantalize. He was the one who didn't shave often, not the other way around. He loved it. Hoped Leon kept it.

Leon's hands slid down his back, over his ass, and then pulled him tight against him, groin to groin. Nick wasn't the only one feeling the lust, though. Leon's cock was slowly hardening, and when Nick rubbed his own semierect dick against Leon's, they both moaned.

Nick broke the kiss to trail his teeth over the tendon in Leon's neck. The reaction was as he expected; Leon's cock jumped against Nick's thigh as it grew.

"Insatiable whore," Nick muttered.

Leon stabbed his fingers into Nick's hair and jerked his head back. "Smart-mouthed slut." He bit Nick's shoulder and suckled his skin, making Nick groan and dig his short nails into Leon's shoulders as he ground his pelvis against him.

"Ass licker," Nick said as Leon's finger slipped into his anus.

"Cock tease," Leon ground out through clenched teeth as Nick stuck his finger in Leon's ass.

"I'm not teasing," Nick stated, leaning back enough to look Leon in the eyes.

"Then suck my cock, bitch."

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Nick dropped to his knees and sucked Leon's dick deep into his mouth. He worked the dark flesh with his teeth and tongue just the way Leon liked it, taking him deep, shallow, teasing, then hard.

"Fuck," Leon said on a groan, gripping Nick's hair yet again, guiding him faster and harder.

Nick didn't play with him this time. He took him fast and hard and pushed him over the edge and drank his lover's cum when it spurted into his mouth.

Without warning, Leon shoved him over onto his back, straddled his hips, and came down hard on his cock, taking him deep into his ass.

Nick gasped. "Shit, hon."

Leon's gaze was direct and filled with love as he moved up and down on Nick, riding him hard. Nick reached up and laid his hand against Leon's cheek. Leon turned his head slightly and sucked Nick's thumb into his mouth, scraping his teeth over the pad.

Nick's eyelids fluttered at the erotic sensation, and he rose to meet Leon's movements with his own. It wasn't long until he grunted with each motion and the pressure built at the base of his cock.

"That's it, babe," Leon said. "One more time. Come for me."

Nick groaned as his muscles tightened, his balls drew up tight, and he came yet again.

Leon rolled aside and sprawled, half on top of Nick and half beside him, resting his head on Nick's shoulder. "Too fucking old for this."

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Nick chuckled and ran his hand over Leon's shoulder, loving the difference in their skin color. "You're barely forty. In your prime."

"I spent ten hours in transit. I'm exhausted."

"You're exhausted because of what you did to me."

"Mmm." He sighed and relaxed against Nick. "That, too. I think this is a record. You really didn't masturbate even once since I left?"

Nick laughed at that. "You think I could have gotten it up this many times if I had? I'm only two years younger than you. Haven't had this many orgasms in one night since I was sixteen and discovered *Stroke Magazine*."

Leon laughed. "I remember that magazine. First hard-core male porn I ever saw."

"Uh huh. I hadn't even come out of the closet yet, and my aunt gave me a copy for my birthday."

"Aunt May?" Leon asked, then laughed when Nick nodded. "That woman is somethin' else. Talked to her lately?"

"Last week. She was disappointed you were out of town again. She wanted us to come to her little soiree last weekend." He ran his hand over Leon's smooth head. "You're not going to grow it back, are you?"

Leon tilted his head to look at him. "You like it, huh?"

"Sexy as hell. But now I fear all the boys will be after you."

Leon lightly slugged him in the ribs. "I was sexy before, thank you very much."

Nick laughed. "Why do you think I let you tie me up and put that thing around my dick?"



The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

"I think we need to get us one of those for home. I kind of liked making you pass out." Leon toyed with Nick's nipple until Nick gripped his fingers to stop him. His body had been too sensitized for any more play.

"You buy one, it's going on you first."

Leon grinned. "Promise?"

Nick raised an eyebrow then laughed. "Promise. But I fear you're better with your mouth than I am."

Leon leaned up on his elbow so he was over Nick. "Your mouth is the hottest, nastiest thing I've ever felt." He kissed Nick gently. "So fucking hot." Then he laid his head back down on Nick's shoulder and sighed.

"Hey, hon. We can't sleep here."

"Why not? It would be very easy to sleep."

"Because we might drown."

Leon grunted.

"If you sleep on tile, you will be way more stiff than you are already. Think you feel old now?"

Leon pushed up onto his knees. "You're such an ass."

"But you love me anyway." Nick got up and reached for the bar of soap Leon had set in the dish on the wall. "Turn around."

Leon turned around, giving Nick his back. Nick washed Leon's back, then moved around him and did a quick yet thorough job on his front. The poor man looked dead on his feet now that the excitement was over. "Go dry off and get dressed. I'll buy you a drink and then we'll head home to our own soft bed."

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Leon gave him a quick kiss before he opened the glass door and stepped out of the shower. After quickly washing, Nick stepped out, grabbed a fluffy towel off the rack, and went back into the dungeon room. Leon had turned up the overhead lights and was trying to wiggle his way back into the leather pants.

Nick laughed when Leon cursed. "Need some talcum powder?"

"Am I supposed to air dry before I can get dressed again?"

Nick picked up his jeans and stepped into them. "You can just wrap a towel around you and wear it out of here."

Leon turned a narrow-eyed glare on him, which made Nick laugh again. Nick finished dressing, and eventually Leon wiggled his way into the leather pants with a lot of fucks and shits and hells along the way.

Hand in hand, they walked back out into the club and found seats at a small, round table in one corner, away from the throng of patrons, which had grown considerably from an hour ago. The waiter came by and took their orders then left them alone.

"You know, Nick..." Leon scooted his chair closer to Nick's and took his hand in his, lacing their fingers together.

"What is it? What's wrong?"

Leon shook his head. "Nothing. Not really."

"Something, though. Talk to me."

The waiter dropped off their drinks and quickly left after Nick dropped a bill on his tray and thanked him.

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

"I know your family is here and all," Leon said, leaning in close so he didn't have to speak over the music. "But I was offered a job in Portland...Maine."

Nick's heart fluttered a little wildly. "What job?"

"One of the companies I was sent to last week. A law firm, actually, that needs a good accountant. The pay is three times what I make now."

Nick looked down at their joined hands.

"I won't go if you don't go with me," Leon said softly into his ear. "I won't go anywhere without you."

But it was a fantastic opportunity for Leon. How could he say no? But to leave his family? Aunt May? His mom? He looked up into Leon's eyes and saw the longing there. "Tell me about Portland." Nick hadn't ever been off the West Coast, had barely ever left the Pacific Northwest except for a couple of long weekend trips the two of them had taken to San Francisco and once to San Diego. He was born here, grew up here. It was all he knew. Seattle was his home.

"The winters are colder," Leon said. "Summers are warmer, too, and the humidity can get bad."

"You're not selling me on this."

"Maine is just as beautiful as Washington. Even better in the fall when the trees turn red and orange and every little farm has loads of pumpkins out front. All the lobster you can eat, and it's affordable. I swear, babe, the seafood is just as good as here."

Nick made a face. "I've had Atlantic salmon before."

Leon chuckled, but there was a slight strain behind the sound. "Lobster, clams, oysters. Haddock. Oh, babe, the

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

haddock is better than Pacific halibut. And there's this house I looked at just outside the city, which is tiny compared to Seattle. Portland only has a quarter of a million people in it, and the history is amazing. The cobblestone streets, the—"

Nick held up his hand. "You looked at a house?" Nick loved their house here. It was cozy and nestled in the forest. It was like their own private hideaway.

"I did. The law firm gave me a list of real estate available in the area. I looked at a few, and this one was...breathtaking."

Nick swallowed hard. It sounded as though Leon had already made up his mind. He wanted the job, wanted to move all the way across the country.

"It's on this bluff overlooking the ocean, with a deep expanse of ancient forest separating it from the highway. It's more of a bungalow than a house, just two bedrooms and a den, but it's got this wraparound porch, and a sunroom that faces over the ocean. When you're sitting in that glassed-in room and the sun comes up, it's the most amazing thing I've ever seen."

Nick pulled his hand from Leon's and reached for his drink. His fingers trembled as he grasped the icy glass and lifted it to his mouth.

"Nick, baby."

"Give me a minute," Nick said, then took a deep swallow of his bourbon. He'd been looking forward to Leon's job changing back to the way it had been, when Leon came home by six every night so they could spend their evenings together before Nick left for work. So they could have

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

weekends together again. To do things like attend Aunt May's little parties with her freaky old friends. To have Sunday dinner at Mom's once a month. To spend the afternoon wandering through Pike Place Market buying fresh seafood and veggies to take home and cook over the fire pit they'd built in their backyard.

Leon didn't have any family left, had moved around the country as a kid with a father who'd been in the military. He had no roots anywhere. Nick's were so deep he wasn't sure they could be dug up. Wasn't sure he wanted to dig them up.

But God damn it, he loved Leon with all his heart.

"What's the job market like for someone like me?" he asked. He could run just about every type of heavy machinery made, was certified to work on most of it too. But in this economy, finding a job wouldn't be easy. Giving up the one he had might be close to insane.

"I picked up the job listings for the city. I have it in my briefcase in the car. There are jobs, babe."

Nick frowned.

"There's a second bungalow on the property," Leon said. "It's a one-bedroom with a tiny kitchen, but the bathroom is decked out with a Jacuzzi tub. It needs a little remodeling, but I think Aunt May might—"

"Wait. You want to move Aunt May to *Maine*? She grew up in that old monstrosity she lives in. She's not going to move anywhere. Especially not to some little shack." Nick shook his head.

Leon looked a little sheepish.

"What did you do?"

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Leon pressed his lips together.

Nick closed his eyes a moment. "You talked to her, didn't you? That's why you asked when I'd talked to her last. You wanted to know if she mentioned this to me, didn't you?"

"I e-mailed her some pictures of the place, then called her to see what she thought."

"And...?"

"She wanted me to get information about the local senior centers and...nightlife."

Nick rolled his eyes. "Oh, God."

"She asked if we'd be comfortable there. How conservative the area was."

"How conservative is it?" Nick asked.

Leon shrugged. "They're not lynching any fags lately, if that's what you mean."

That drew a small chuckle from Nick.

"Nick. Maine just legalized gay marriage. I didn't find any strictly gay bars, though I heard about at least one. But there's a lot less stigma to being gay there than there is here. It's a small city, pretty close-knit. When I was offered the job, I came right out and told them I was gay, and they couldn't care less. In fact, one of the partners of the law firm is gay, and he was one of the biggest supporters for gay rights that helped get marriage legalized."

Hate crimes against gays had gone up in Seattle in the past couple of years. Nick had to keep his lifestyle secret at his job because he worked with a bunch of macho fucks who made antigay comments on a regular basis. They had no idea where he lived, or who he lived with. He hated it. But he liked

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

being employed, especially when that was at a premium these days. A union job with benefits was as good as it got.

Nick leaned his elbows on the table and propped his head in his hands. They shouldn't be having this conversation now, not after the amazing sex they'd had. They should be finishing their drinks, heading home, and crawling into the crisp, clean sheets he'd put on the bed that morning, snuggling with each other and Charlie, their ten-year-old half-blind, half-deaf pound mutt.

"What about Mom?" Nick asked.

"She's going to marry Bill."

Nick's head snapped up. "What?"

"That's what Aunt May says."

"How the hell does she know?"

Leon shrugged. "She knows a lot of shit she shouldn't. But she's almost never wrong. You know that."

He did. And if Aunt May said it was so, it most likely was. Bill wasn't a bad guy, but he was ten years younger than his mom, and that creeped Nick out a little.

Leon leaned back in his chair and dug into his pocket—not an easy feat with the skintight leather—and pulled something out he gripped in his hand.

"What's that?" Nick asked, sitting back in his chair and lifting his drink.

"Something...to think about."

Nick scowled and downed the rest of his drink. "Like you haven't given me enough already? Shit, Lee, you want me to move to the other side of the world."

"Just the country, Nick. Not the world."

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Nick sighed. Like that made any difference. A trip to Oregon was a big deal to him, even though they did it often. Change scared him, and Leon knew it. It'd taken two years of heavy persuasion before Nick had agreed to move in with him. Another year and half before he was ready to buy a house with him. Before Leon, he'd been, well, kind of a slut. He hadn't dated any one guy more than three times until Leon came along and wouldn't leave him alone. And he'd been so free because he didn't want the change that a relationship would bring.

And God, there'd been change. Leon was a neat freak. Don't leave clothes on the bathroom floor. Don't leave dirty dishes in the sink, put them in the dishwasher. Don't drink out of the milk carton....

Nick scrubbed his hands over his face. Even when Leon was out of town now, he picked up after himself and poured the damned milk into a glass, even if he was the only one to drink the fucking milk from that particular carton.

What would be the biggest change, though? Moving to Maine or losing the love of his life? Because he could see it in Leon's eyes. He wanted this job. And if he didn't take the job because Nick refused to go, he might lose Leon anyway.

"Aunt May's really into it?"

Leon grinned. "She already contacted a real estate agent about selling her house."

"Good luck with that," Nick muttered. May's house was a hundred years old. Nick and Leon sank a small fortune into it last year just to get the wiring and plumbing up to code



The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

before she either flooded or caught fire. This fall the goal was to tackle the heating.

"Someone'll want it, even if it's to demolish the house. It's on prime property."

Then why replace the furnace if a wrecking ball would be taken to it?

Leon reached over and took Nick's hand in his again. "Babe. I'm serious. I know how you feel about moving, about leaving Seattle, about..."

"Say it."

"Change."

Nick nodded.

"I won't go without you. You're stuck with me."

"But you want this."

Leon nodded. "It's a beautiful place to live."

"I've heard of nor'easters. Doesn't sound so damned beautiful to me. And last year a hurricane almost hit there."

"Our basement flooded twice last spring, and we're all waiting for another major earthquake," Leon reminded him.

Nick wanted to pout, to stomp his foot. Instead he let out a slow breath. "When do you have to tell them if you're taking the job or not?"

"Next Friday."

One week. Nick clenched his teeth. Not time enough for him to even fly out there and check it out first. Fuck, he hated planes, too.

A slow smile slid over Leon's handsome face. "We'll rent an RV. Drive cross country. You, me, May, and Charlie."

Nick's jaw dropped. "You're fucking kidding, right?"

The Game [Inferno]  
by Anna Leigh Keaton

Leon's grin grew. "No. You've never been anywhere. We can stop at the Grand Canyon, Mount Rushmore, Niagara Falls. May would love it."

Nick jerked his hand from Leon's. "Hold up. First you want me to move across the country, then you want me to do it slowly with my wacky aunt and a half-blind St. Bernard? Are you nuts?"

"Yes, I am. And you'll love it. You have never, in the five years we've been together, taken more than a three-day weekend. You need a vacation. You need to relax. You need three weeks traveling cross country in a big ol' RV with your family."

His family.

He looked into Leon's dark eyes and saw the truth there. He, May, even old Charlie, were his family. His mom had a new life, one that increasingly nudged him away. She didn't need him to come over and unclog her garbage disposal or fix her washer when it went psycho on her. She had another man in her life when Nick had been the only one for nearly three decades.

Aunt May still needed him, though, since he seemed to be the only one able to understand her strangeness. He liked it. She was as sharp as a tack and as odd as a three-dollar bill.

Did Leon need him, though? Would he go on without Nick? Of course, he would. He was a stunningly handsome, college-educated man. Any gay man in his right mind would gladly bend over for him.

The thought ripped a hole in his heart. Leon was his. Only his. And if he was a stubborn jackass, he'd probably figure

out how to lose him. God only knew why he'd stuck around so long. Or even why he came back after the third date when Nick had given him the brush-off.

"It's okay to say no," Leon said softly, but Nick saw the disappointment in his eyes, heard it in his tone.

"I'm not saying no."

Leon's eyes brightened. "You're not?"

Nick licked his lips. "How could I say no to a guy who gives me multiple orgasms?"

"Don't." Leon shook his head. "Be serious."

"Okay. How could I say no to the man I love and don't want to live without? How can I say no to my crazy great-aunt who wants to hang out in nightclubs in Maine? How can I say no to..." He shrugged and pressed his lips together. "To my family?"

Leon wrapped his arms around Nick and pulled him hard against his chest, nearly crushing him. "I love you, babe. I love you so much."

"I love you, too, Lee."

When Leon released him, he took Nick's hand in his and opened it. "As I said earlier, Maine has legalized gay marriage." He set a gold ring in Nick's palm. "I'm hoping once we're out there and you're settled in, you'll be willing to make one more change."

Nick's breath caught for a moment, almost choking him.  
*Marriage?*

Leon laughed and closed Nick's hand around the ring.  
"Don't freak out on me. Breathe, Nick."

Nick sucked in a quick breath.

The Game [Inferno]  
*by Anna Leigh Keaton*

"When you're ready," Leon said around a laugh, "I'll be there, waiting."

"Aunt May's gonna shit," Nick said, because it was the first thing to come to mind.

"Aunt May is going to want to be your maid of honor."

Nick laughed and leaned into Leon, who kissed him through his own grin.

The most amazing sex of his life, a decision to move across the country, and the picture of Aunt May planning their wedding. He was scared shitless, but with Leon by his side, he'd make it through. Leon would see to it.

The End

## **Author Bio**

Anna Leigh has been reading and penning romance for as long as she can remember. After she met and married her very own real-life hero, romance took on a whole new meaning. She now knows married life can sizzle and romance can be erotic—even in her own home. Now her writing has taken on a spicier flavor and, while hubby's off at work, she lets her imagination soar....

Anna loves to hear from her readers. You can email her at [anna@annaleighkeaton.com](mailto:anna@annaleighkeaton.com) or visit her Web site at: [www.annaleighkeaton.com](http://www.annaleighkeaton.com) for all her upcoming and previously published works, and meet her alter ego at [www.leannekarella.com](http://www.leannekarella.com).

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