



ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO INTIMATE GAMES

PLAY
WITH ME

*An Illustrated Guide To
Intimate Games*

© Play With Me Book

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PROLOGUE

LET ME SHOW YOU A DIFFERENT WAY

Connection is one of our deepest human needs. We all want to be seen, heard, and truly understood. But in today's fast-moving, hyper-connected world, many gay men find that real intimacy feels out of reach. We have apps, parties, and open relationships - all offering a constant stream of excitement. And yet, beneath the surface, many of us are left feeling empty.

I know this feeling well.

In my twenties, I chased every thrill, dating apps, hookups, wild nights that blurred into mornings. I thought I was catching up on everything I had missed. I sculpted my body, experimented with drugs, and explored open relationships. There were moments of ecstasy, of feeling wanted. But just as often, there were mornings where I woke up next to someone and still felt completely alone.

But even in those nights of heat and noise and bodies, something in me remained untouched. I could feel the sweat on my skin, the weight of another man beside me, the dull throb of a night lived fast, but underneath it all was silence. A silence that followed me home. A silence that no orgasm could shake.

It was like throwing a feast when you're craving something you can't name. I had attention. I had adventure. But I didn't feel seen.

I was starving.

Connection. That was the hunger I couldn't name at the time. Real connection. The kind that isn't about performance or conquest, but about presence, feeling safe in someone's gaze, having space to show up fully, raw and real. I chased pleasure until it blurred into numbness. And only after I hit the limit of what my body could endure did I finally ask myself the question I'd been avoiding all along:

What am I really searching for?

This book is my answer to that question. It's my offering to you.

Play With Me was born not from expertise, but from experience, from the quiet moments after chaos, from laying in bed alone and realizing I hadn't truly let someone touch me in years, even though hands had been all over me. I know what it's like to give your body away while keeping your heart behind a locked door. I know the high of the hookup and the emptiness of the next morning. I know the allure of chasing "the next one" instead of pausing to be with this one.

And I also know that there's another way.

After I began my healing, I remembered a part of myself that I'd buried: the playful kid, the dreamer who saw the world through games. I began reintroducing simple, intimate activities, playful, sexy, honest games designed not just to entertain, but to open people up. To build real intimacy. To let lovers become explorers again.

This book is the result of that journey. It's filled with games and exercises that helped me move from disconnection to closeness, from endless pursuit to meaningful presence.

Many of us have built brilliant defenses, charm, wit, apps, abs, but we haven't always built the tools to stay in intimacy once we find it. We've been taught how to flirt, how to fuck, even how to open our relationships, but not how to connect. Not how to repair. Not how to soften.

These games are not solutions. They are invitations. They're a way to pause the performance and find each other again.

Whether you're newly dating, long-term partnered, open, closed, kinky, vanilla, or somewhere in between, this book is for you. For the curious. The tender-hearted. The men who crave not just sex, but something more.

You don't need to be broken to need this. You just need to be human.

What if foreplay wasn't just something you rushed through? What if touch could be slow and funny, awkward and sacred? What if truth and dare weren't relics of adolescence but powerful tools for adult connection?

Inside this book, you'll also find illustrations designed to fire up your imagination, to turn you on without tuning out. You don't need porn to get excited. You just need to be present.

We deserve joy. We deserve softness. We deserve touch that goes beyond the skin.

So here's your first invitation: play with me. Let's see what we can discover, together.

CHAPTER 1

DOMINO. FALLING FOR YOU, ONE TILE AT A TIME.

Sometimes, we jump into sex without knowing the person in front of us. The attraction is strong; we feel that spark and leap straight into bed, hoping for the best. There, we share not just our bodies, but little parts of ourselves. Not always do we show our true persona when we are having sex, but sometimes, with some people, you find yourself not only enjoying the sex, but also the post-conversations, and sometimes even the cuddling sessions.

I've been there, swiping through profiles and meeting up the same day, never bothering to break the ice or explore who they are. It's exciting, but it can also leave us feeling empty once the initial thrill wears off. We end up with nights that blur together, not knowing if we shared anything meaningful or just scratched a surface-level itch.

There's a way to slow down and build something deeper, though, a simple game called Domino that can help us pause, share parts of ourselves, and turn that sizzling spark into real intimacy.

I never thought a game could pull me deeper than the act itself. That night in Buenos Aires, I learned that sometimes, the real play starts long before the first touch.

* * *

I had time to kill in La Boca. The kind of time that stretches long and slow, pressing against your skin like the thick Buenos Aires air. It was December, which meant summer on this side of the world. I had planned to visit more places that day, but something about La Boca made me want to stay. To get lost in doing nothing.

I was sitting at a small street café, sipping a gin and tonic that had already warmed too much. The ice had melted, watering down the last few sips. I watched tourists pose in front of the brightly painted buildings, a tango couple spinning for change in the plaza. I wasn't in a hurry. Later, I was meeting a local friend I hadn't seen in years at a jazz club. But until then, the evening was mine.

I opened Grindr.

Not out of boredom. Not even with an agenda. Just to see who was nearby, to let the city decide if something, or someone, would find me. I swiped through faces, half paying attention, until I saw Gabriel.

His profile photo wasn't the usual shirtless pose. Just a close-up of his face, dark eyes watching the camera, lips slightly parted. No forced smile, no desperate bio. Just his name and a location, close.

He replied instantly. The kind of reply that triggers something deep inside, a primal recognition of attraction. A rush of chemicals flooded my body, dopamine, anticipation, something heady and electric. He wasn't overly eager, but his words carried weight, an intent that sparked something deeper. A teasing curiosity laced with

invitation, the kind that makes your mind wander before you even finish typing your response.

"You free now?" he asked.

I hesitated. Not because I wasn't sure, but because anticipation is best when stretched just a little.

"Yeah."

"Come over. I have a rooftop with a great view."

A rooftop. Not what I expected. Not a bed, not a couch, not the usual offer men on Grindr throw out like bait.

My body reacted first, heat pooling, pulse kicking up. This wasn't just about meeting someone. It felt cinematic, charged, like stepping into a scene I wasn't ready to walk away from.

I asked for the address. He sent it, followed by one simple line: "I'll be waiting." I paid my bill, left my melted drink sweating on the table, and started walking.

The deeper I went into the neighborhood, the fewer tourists I saw. My brain was already racing, constructing images of what I hadn't yet seen. Gabriel's body, his movements, the subtle shifts of his expression, would they match what I had imagined? Would the chemistry be as charged as I hoped? My heart pounded, not with fear, but with the charged anticipation of stepping into the unknown, of teetering on the edge of something that could shift the night in ways I hadn't prepared for.

I pressed the buzzer. A pause. Then, a click. "Last floor, I'll be waiting just below the clouds," he said with this rich accent, and the door unlocked.

Each step up felt like peeling back a layer of uncertainty. My mind projected possibilities. My footsteps echoed, a countdown to whatever waited at the top.

When I reached the top, the door was already open.

Gabriel stood there, one shoulder resting against the frame, watching me. He was taller than I expected, lean but solid. Dark hair, slightly messy. A presence that felt both casual and deliberate. He studied me for a moment, his expression unreadable, then smirked.

"Come in."

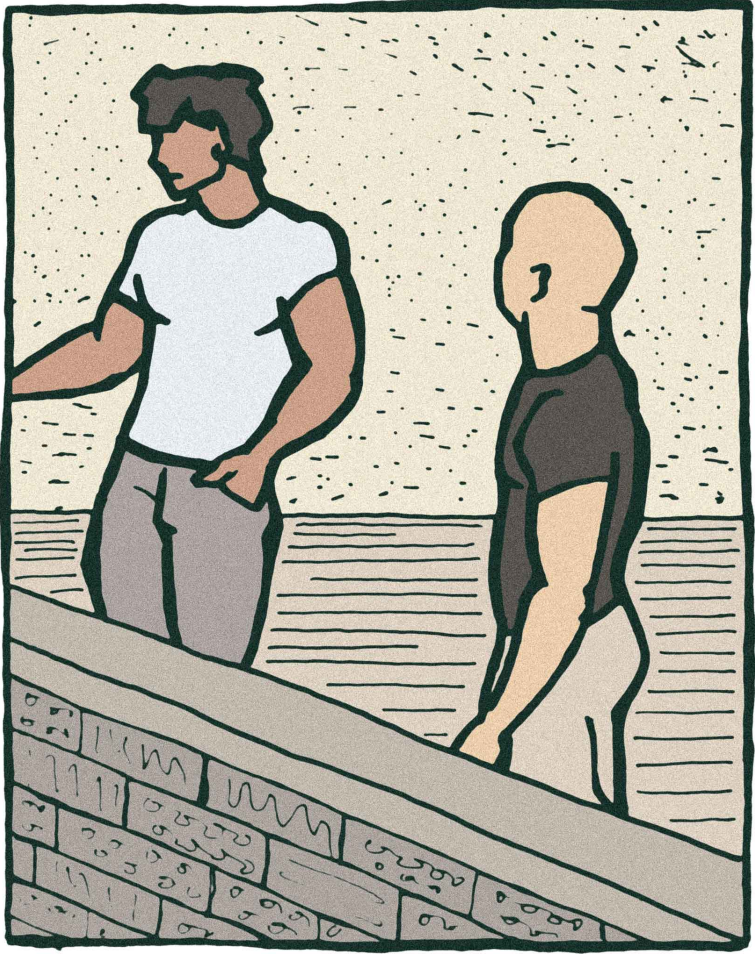
I stepped inside. The apartment was small but not cramped. The air smelled warm, like fabric and faint cologne. Books lay open on a low table, a half-empty bottle of wine beside them. The window was open, letting in the hum of Buenos Aires.

He didn't waste time. He led me past the small kitchen and up another set of stairs. And then we were outside.

The rooftop was quiet, high above the noise of the city. The skyline stretched far, the river a dark whisper in the distance. The heat of the day still lingered, rising from the stone beneath us. Gabriel turned, watching me. Now I understood what he meant by just below the clouds; this wasn't that high, but it felt pretty high compared to the buildings around the area.

"Ever played dominoes?"

I raised an eyebrow. "Like... actual dominoes?" His grin widened. "Not exactly. Come, let me show you."



He set a small tin box on the table, flipping the lid open. Inside, a set of old dominoes, smooth from use. He sat down, motioning for me to do the same.

“Here’s the deal,” he said. “Normal rules, except for one twist.”

I leaned in slightly. “And what would that be?”

He looked at me and grinned, holding the double six. “If you can’t play a tile, you have to lose something.”

I exhaled a quiet laugh. “Strip dominoes? I haven’t heard that one before. Classy.”

He shrugged as if the idea were the most natural thing in the world. “Call it what you want.”

I hesitated just long enough for it to matter. Then I sat down. The night stretched before us, full of unspoken possibilities.

“Alright,” I said, reaching for the tiles. “Let’s play.”

“Before we begin, can I bring you a beer or wine? I feel like you’re more of a wine guy, white, rosé, or red?” he asked, standing at the door. I couldn’t look away. His eyes were calling me, like light calls to flies. I was flying in his orbit, well, I was allowed to fly in his orbit.

“Surprise me,” I muttered, swallowing hard.

He returned with two blue cups. “Red wine. Sorry, I offered before checking what I had. Ready then?” he said as he shuffled all the tiles. “Regular rules: pick seven tiles, and we’ll place the rest to the side, in case you need some help. But if you still can’t play a tile, something will have to be let loose.”

“Understood,” I said, taking a sip of the wine. It was stronger than I’d expected for a game of dominoes, like a punch to the stomach, followed by a wave of euphoria in the aftertaste. It was good wine... or maybe just too strong

for me to even tell. Not that I was a wine connoisseur, just a wine drinker.

I picked my seven tiles and placed the double six on the table, then leaned back, tapping one foot against the rooftop's concrete floor.

"Your turn."

Gabriel grinned, sliding his first tile onto the table. "Before we get too competitive, answer this, if you could trade lives with anyone for a week, who would it be?"

I chuckled, tilting my head. "You start with that? Not even a warm-up question?"

"I don't waste time," he smirked.

I placed a tile down. "A bartender in an underground club. One of those places where secrets spill as fast as the drinks."

Gabriel raised an eyebrow. "Watching people unravel?"

"Maybe." I shot him a look. "Or maybe I just like watching what people do when they think no one's paying attention."

Three in a row. He smirked. "Looks like luck isn't on my side tonight." Gabriel leaned back in his lounge chair, running a hand through his dark hair.

His eyes stayed on me, his smirk playful, but I noticed the tension in his shoulders, the slight catch in his breath.

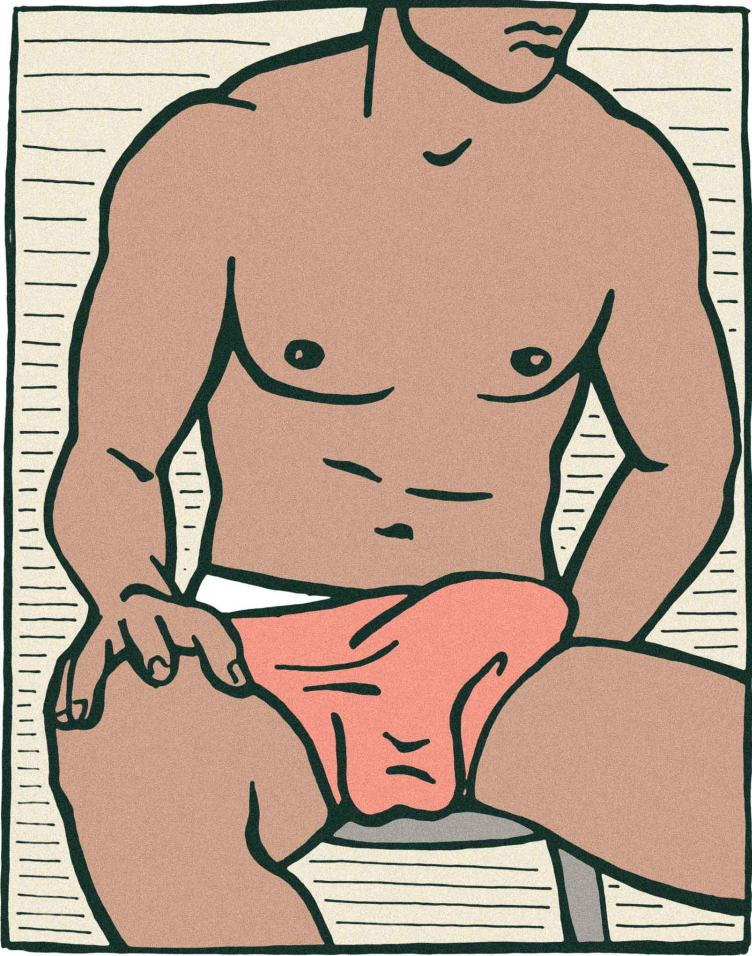
"Guess not," he said, his voice light, but his gaze made my skin tingle.

Slowly, he hooked his thumbs under the waistband of his jeans, holding my stare just long enough to make it deliberate. Then, lifting his hips, he slid them off. The denim pooled at his feet, leaving only the thin stretch of fabric between him and the warm Buenos Aires evening. The city's glow played across his skin, accentuating every

muscle, each shift of his body calculated but seemingly effortless.

Now, he was down to nothing but underwear, the fabric stretched taut against his hips, teasing with its shape. My breath caught as I took in the outline pressing against the cloth, undeniable evidence of the thick tension between us. He didn't move to hide it, he just sat there, exuding quiet confidence, daring me to keep looking.

I did. I couldn't stop. I wanted to do so many things to him. There he was, sitting with his legs spread, a smirk playing at his lips, tempting me to stare. To take in every detail, every inch he offered without saying a word.



“Tell me this, If I were to blindfold you right now, what’s the first thing you’d want me to do?”

I swallowed, watching as he sat back, his fingers briefly adjusting the hard line of his cock in his underwear, shifting slightly as if finding the perfect position.

“Kiss me.”

“Soft? Rough?”

I held his gaze. “Unexpected.”

He sat back, eyes dark with something unspoken.

“Noted.”

I was used to jumping straight into the act, no pretense, no games, just heat, hands, mouths. But this was different. This was a game of resistance, and Gabriel was good at it. Too good. I felt like an amateur, like I was trying to play a song on an unfamiliar instrument, each note uncertain. Every move, every slow exhale, every slight shift of his body was a calculated invitation, pulling me in while keeping me just far enough away to make me want to break first.

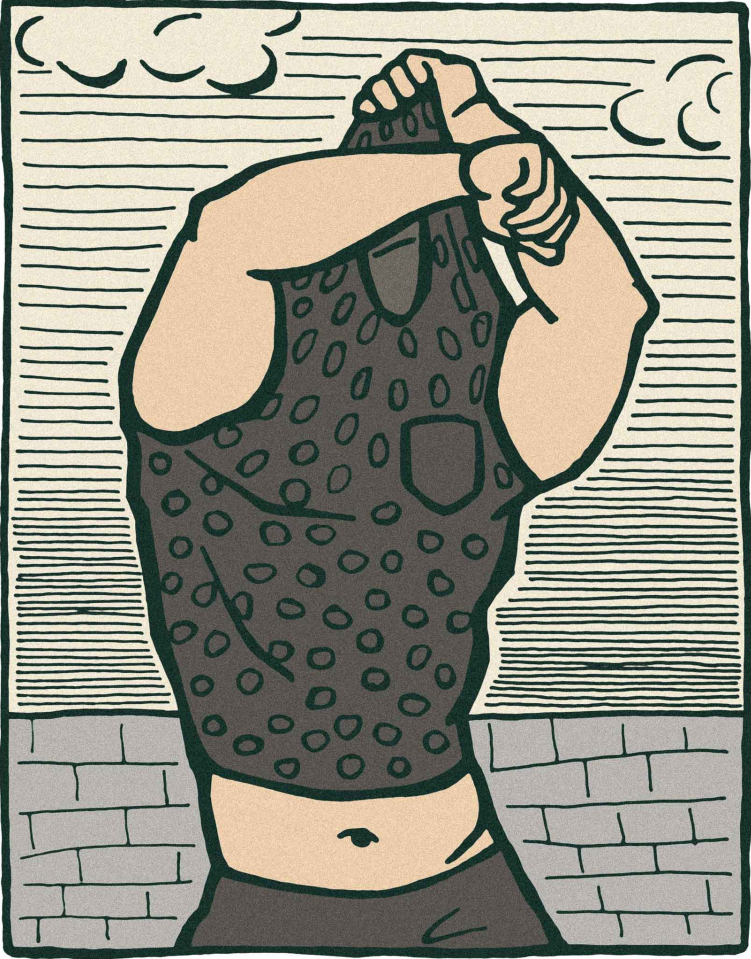
It must have been written all over my face, how much I wanted him. But I couldn’t show it. Not yet. Not when he was leading, testing my patience, seeing how long I could hold out before I folded. The only way to win was to act like I wasn’t already unraveling inside.

Every time Gabriel leaned back, I felt my insides twisting, one shoulder hanging off the chair, his body low, open toward me. His erection was right there, impossible to ignore, straining against the thin fabric. A dark spot of pre-cum had already formed, teasing with the evidence of his arousal. My breath caught, my pulse hammering as his body became a silent challenge, every inch of him laid out like an invitation. He was still watching. Waiting for me to

act, to break, to show that I had no endurance. I had been doing well, holding my own in the game, but I wasn't ready for it to end just yet. The heat between us was building, and I wanted to stretch it out, make the tension linger. My fingers hovered over the tiles, knowing full well I had a match. But instead, I let the moment pass, pretending to study my options before placing a mismatched tile down, giving myself a reason to lose, to peel away another layer.

"Looks like I lose," I murmured.

I grabbed the hem of my shirt, but before I could pull it over my head, I caught the way his gaze sharpened, already mapping every inch of me. He was speaking through his stare, undressing me before I had even moved. His eyes trailed down, taking in my swimmer's body, lean, built for endurance, every muscle defined by movement rather than bulk. There was something almost predatory in the way he looked at me, like he was memorizing me, like he was savoring the anticipation before making his next move.



I pulled the shirt off slowly, letting the air touch my skin, watching for his reaction. The slight part of his lips, the way his throat bobbed when he swallowed, he wasn't as unaffected as he pretended to be. He was playing the game, but I wasn't the only one feeling its weight.

The game pressed on, each turn tightening the air between us. I lost again. Now, there was nothing left between us but underwear and the pulse of something electric in the air.

Each turn, I waited for him to lose, just for a peek. I was growing impatient, but I was enjoying this, the slow burn of not getting everything right away. Instead, we played, letting the tension stretch like a thread between us. My imagination had already taken over every corner of the terrace. I saw us there, lips brushing the back of a neck, breath warm against skin, gentle bites as bodies pulled closer.

"Would you rather always say exactly what you're thinking or never say another word during sex?"

Gabriel's voice pulled me back, low, teasing, as he leaned forward to play his turn. The clack of the domino hitting the table was sharper than I expected. I blinked, heart still racing, unsure whether the heat in my chest was from the wine, the fantasy... or the way he was looking at me now.

I laughed, shaking my head. "That's brutal." I could feel his gaze on me as I took the glass and sipped the wine, letting it refresh my throat and give me something else to focus on, anything other than the filthy thoughts playing in my head like a drive-in movie.

"Answer it," he muttered, leaning closer across the table. I could smell him, his scent was bold and

intoxicating, warm and steamy. The kind of personal musk that draws you in.

I placed another tile, tilting my head as if considering. "I think you'd like me better silent."

Gabriel smirked. "Or maybe I'd like hearing every dirty thought in your head."

A charged silence stretched between us. I felt a flicker of heat climb my spine, the air between us growing tighter. He leaned back, satisfied. "Your turn."

I placed my next tile. "Tell me something about you that no one else knows."

Gabriel exhaled, tapping his fingers against the table before finally answering. "When I was sixteen, I practiced kissing on my arm so I wouldn't be bad at it."

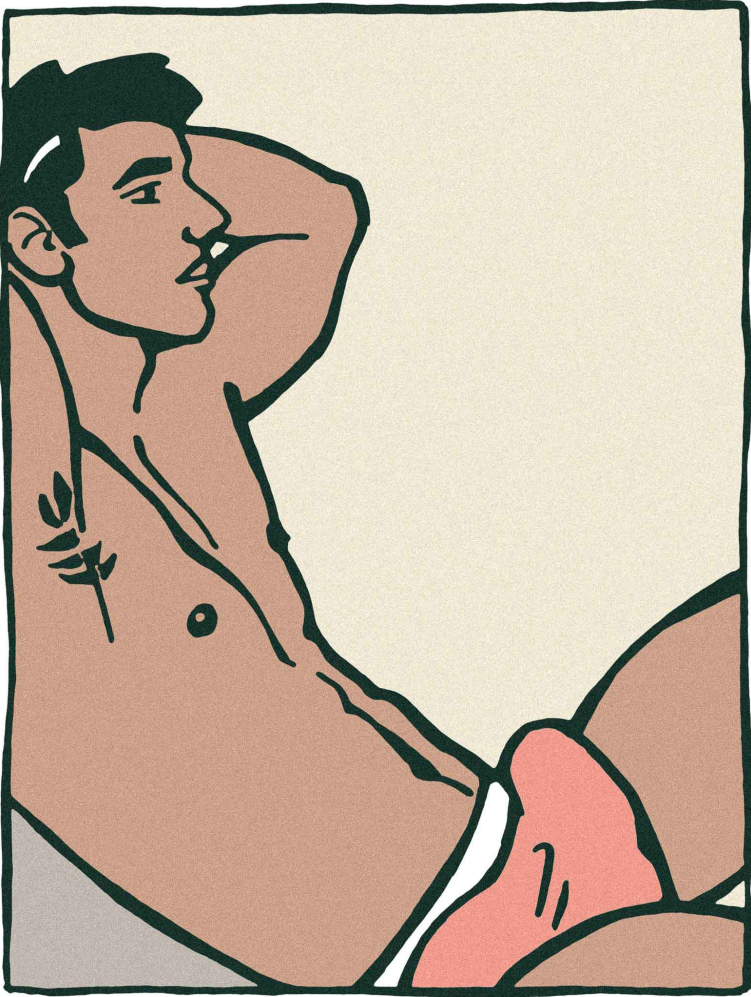
I blinked, then laughed. "Shut up."

He raised a hand. "Truth."

I shook my head, grinning. "Show me what you learned, then."

His smirk was slow, wicked. "Win the next round, and maybe I will."

He leaned back in his chair, exhaling a slow, deliberate breath through parted lips. His skin glistened faintly, a sheen of sweat highlighting the curve of his collarbone, the ridge of his chest.



He scratched his chest absentmindedly, then moved lower, adjusting himself with the casual boldness of someone who knew I was watching. His fingers lingered over the bulge in his boxers, pressing in just enough to make me blink. When his hand slipped briefly beneath the waistband to scratch at the base, the edge of his pubic hair peeked out, a dark, soft bush that made my stomach twist with need.

I swallowed.

He caught my gaze, and instead of looking away, he dragged his tongue across his bottom lip, slow and deliberate, like he was preparing his mouth for what he wanted next.

It wasn't just a look. It was a silent promise. An invitation.

And when I glanced down at the table, it clicked. He was building up the tension on purpose. He had lost, yes, but only in the game. My heart skipped a beat, then thudded harder, like it was trying to shout out my thoughts, my breath catching on the edge of anticipation.

All night long, between sips of wine, tiles clinking softly onto the board, and flirtations disguised as conversation, he had been playing with me. Toying, teasing, feeding the burn. And for once, I didn't mind being played. I wanted it. Craved it.

Because finally, finally, I was about to get the prize I'd been aching for.

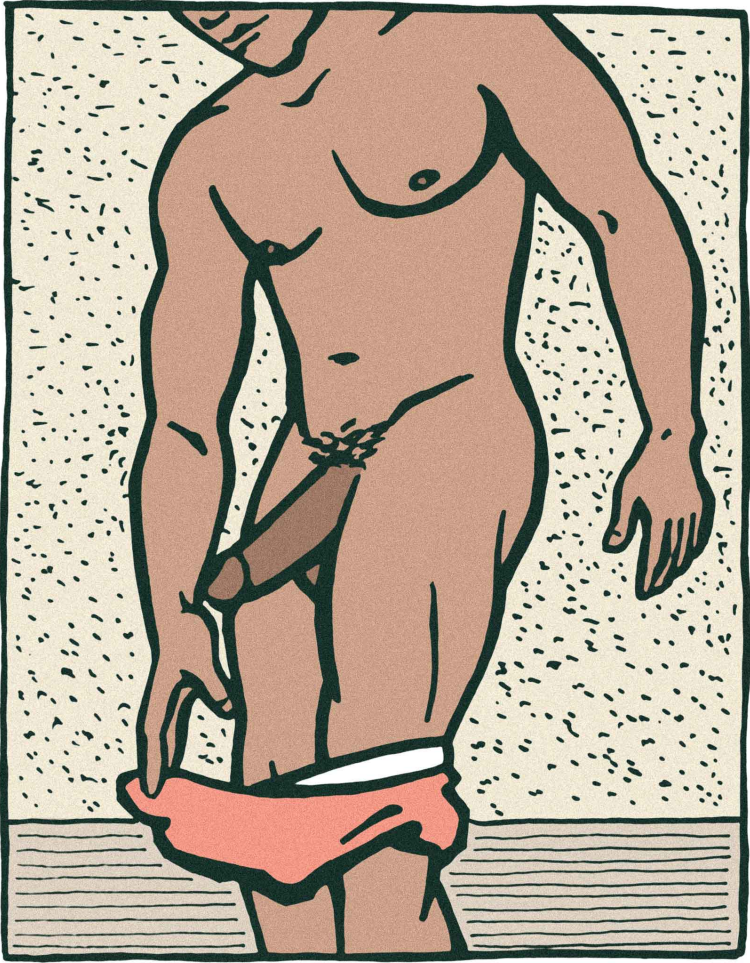
So when he stood up, everything slowed. Time bent around us as if the universe itself wanted me to see every single frame.

His body moved like it had been choreographed just for me, a series of stills playing in slow motion: him rising

from the chair, his chest lifting with a deep breath, his fingers hooking into the waistband of his boxers. A pause, then the slow, deliberate slide down. And all the while, he never looked away. Never let my eyes go.

Only when he stood there, completely bare, confident, and still, did he finally lower his gaze.

He led mine down, slowly, guiding me to the thing I had been waiting for. There it was. His cock. Thick. Heavy. Hairy.



I leaned back, stretching the moment, holding the tension between us, refusing to break first.

He knew I was looking. He wanted me to.

He didn't move to cover himself, sitting there exposed, radiating confidence and anticipation. The city below faded. Up here, it was just us, just this moment, thick with tension.

Gabriel's lips curled into a wicked smile as he met my eyes, his voice low and teasing. "Disappointed? I'm just getting warmed up."

His words lingered in the air, daring me to act. He stood there, fully exposed, his body pulsing with need, an open invitation, waiting for my next move.

The "good air" of Buenos Aires lived up to its name tonight, thick with tension, each breath between us adding to the electric charge. Gabriel stood before me, shameless, offering himself without hesitation. He was still, silent, his gaze fixed on mine. The challenge in his eyes was unmistakable, and for a moment, I simply watched, transfixed.



I stood motionless, still in my socks and underwear, taking in every detail, the way the city skyline cast soft light over Gabriel's body, the slow rise and fall of his chest, the definition of his stomach. His cock was thick, hard, and unapologetic in its arousal. But it wasn't just his body that pulled me in; it was the way he stood there, confident, unflinching, daring me to act.

A wicked idea slid into my mind, and without breaking eye contact, I sank onto the edge of the chair. The movement was slow, casual, almost too relaxed, and I knew he felt the shift in the air. The game was still playing out, even now.

"I thought the point was to make the other person strip," Gabriel said, his voice dripping with mock seriousness. "But it seems like you're the one still holding all the cards."

I smirked but didn't move. Instead of stepping forward, I leaned in slightly, just enough for him to notice. He was circling something now, something primal, something neither of us could quite name.

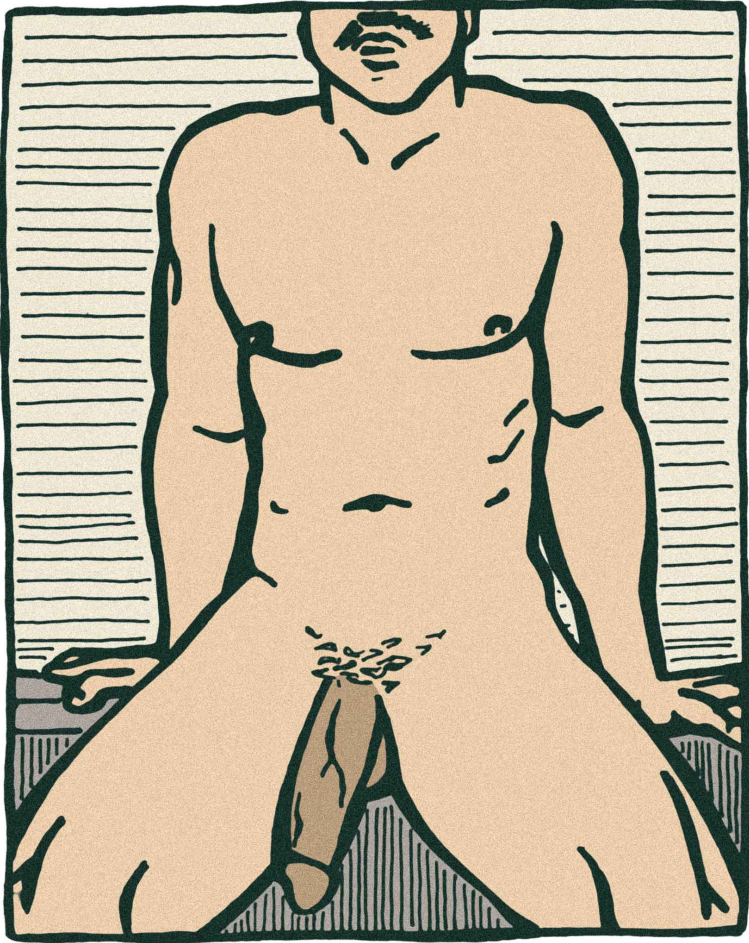
Without another word, I slid my fingers beneath the waistband of my underwear, slow, deliberately slow. I could feel his eyes on me, burning, devouring every inch of exposed skin, and the heat of his gaze stoked something inside me. My breath hitched, just barely, but Gabriel caught it. Of course he did.

He always noticed. And in that moment, I knew, he had me. It didn't even feel like me. Or maybe it did. Maybe it was some hidden part of me that had been waiting for this moment, for him,

for this tension to finally break. I had this ache inside me, something urgent and raw. But I didn't want him to just want it. I wanted him to lose control. To stop playing.

To admit he couldn't take it anymore. Because even if I was burning from the inside out, I wasn't going to give in. Not yet. Not until he did.

I pushed my underwear down with smooth, deliberate motion. My dick was pulsing with each beat of my heart. The air around us felt charged, heavier. We were both naked now, exposed beneath the open sky, no layers left between us.



Gabriel stood tall, not rushing, letting me take in every inch of him. His cock stood firm, eager, his balls hanging low and heavy, his entire body a display of raw, unfiltered need.

My eyes flickered over him, drinking him in, the space between us crackling with silent tension. But neither of us moved.

"I'm not in a hurry," Gabriel whispered, his voice low and teasing, a smirk tugging at his lips. "You should make me wait."

My lips parted slightly. For the briefest moment, I hesitated, but only for a second. Then, I pushed myself up from the chair, meeting him at eye level, feeling the weight of his gaze. As if the challenge was too much to resist, I took a step closer, my voice rough with intent.

"You want me to make you wait?"

Gabriel's eyes locked onto mine, a wicked spark of desire flickering between us.

"We're just getting started, remember?"

Both were naked, completely exposed to each other, but neither made the first move. The game had ended, but the real challenge, the real connection, had only just begun.



Strip domino is more than just a game, it's an experiment in vulnerability, tension, and seduction. At its core, it strips away more than just clothing; it peels back layers of restraint, exposing something raw, something deeply human. In a world where we often rush toward the destination, this game slows things down, forcing players to linger in the moment, to marinate in anticipation.

Foreplay, in its best form, isn't about reaching an end goal, it's about stretching out desire, about playing in the space between comfort and urgency. Strip domino does exactly that. Every move and every decision carries weight, adding an unpredictable rhythm to the moment. It introduces competition, teasing, and a subtle power exchange that heightens the entire experience.

This isn't just speculation. Studies on sexual desire and anticipation have shown that prolonged buildup increases arousal and deepens the connection between partners. When pleasure is delayed, when there's a sense of challenge or playful restriction, the body responds more intensely. The nervous system, already primed by excitement, amplifies sensation. A simple brush of fingertips, a stolen glance, a barely-there touch, it all becomes magnified.

In a modern world where instant gratification dominates, a game like this reminds us that pleasure is richer when it's cultivated. Strip domino works because it taps into something primal: the thrill of the unknown, the quiet vulnerability of exposure, the gradual surrender to anticipation. It plays with control and submission, pushing each player to hold back, to play with restraint, until that

tension becomes almost unbearable. And that's the moment when desire peaks, when the air crackles with electricity.

Beyond the physical, the game forces communication. Even without words, partners read each other, picking up on every shift in body language, every flicker of a smirk, every hesitant movement. It's an unspoken conversation, one that builds trust, fuels attraction, and lays the groundwork for deeper intimacy.

Gay men, especially in today's world, navigate a complex relationship with intimacy. Hookup culture often prioritizes speed, getting in, getting off, moving on. Strip domino, in contrast, slows things down. It's a reminder that seduction isn't about how quickly you can get to the main event but about how long you can make someone want it. It challenges partners to engage beyond the purely physical, to let desire simmer, to truly see and be seen.

There's a reason games like these feel timeless. They return us to something essential, the thrill of pursuit, the tension of possibility, the excitement of not knowing exactly what's next. And in a world that often demands certainty, that mystery is intoxicating.

So, for those looking to explore, to deepen their connection, to step into a space where teasing is as powerful as touch, strip domino is a game worth playing. It's not just about undressing. It's about rediscovering the art of seduction, one move at a time.

GAME RULES

Use a standard set of dominoes (28 tiles). If you don't have one, an app or printable set can work, too. Agree beforehand that the goal is playful fun, and either person can pause or stop at any time.

Start with Layers: Both partners wear several layers of clothing (at least 4-5 pieces) to keep the game engaging.

Play Dominoes as usual: Draw 7 dominoes each. The standard rule applies: match numbers to lay tiles. If you can't play a tile, you must draw from the pile until you can.

The Strip Rule: Each time someone cannot play a tile during their turn, they must remove one layer of clothing.

Optional Twist: If you want to add more excitement, the person who plays a double (e.g., 6|6) can also ask a playful question about the other person's likes, fantasies, or favorite experiences.

Keep the mood light. Laugh, tease, and enjoy the suspense as layers come off. Remember, the focus is on creating comfort and shared enjoyment.

The game ends when one player runs out of dominoes or when both partners decide they're ready to explore intimacy. The act of gradually stripping down will naturally heighten anticipation and encourage a shared sense of trust.

This is just one of the many stories inside Play With Me.
The full illustrated book is now live on Kickstarter.

Come support it or just explore what's inside:

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