

Time to Remember

Inspired by...



Written by
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FREE

The technical bit...

Time to remember

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. By reading any further, you are stating that you are 18 years of age or over.

Dedication

This story wasn't really inspired by an image. It was inspired by a series of e-books I'm in the process of writing, called Perfect Timing. It's being published by Total-e-bound.

The books in the series so far are:

You First

Silent Night

Time To Do

Three Minute Man

Bi Now, Gay Later

The Stroke of Twelve

Before He Cheats

While Under the Influence

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Time to Remember

Calvin Howells studied his master's reflection in the mirror very carefully. Remington's fingers worked deftly as he did up the buttons on his shirt, but the older man's mind seemed to be on other matters.

Standing neatly in his correct place, one pace to his master's left, Calvin watched the little bits of plastic slide through the fabric, just as he did every day. Careful to keep his face as expressionless as possible, he did his best to hide the fact that his love of the familiar little rituals that shaped their mornings was absent that day.

Remington's attention turned from the reflection for a moment while he did up the buttons on his cuffs. Bowing his head a fraction, Calvin closed his eyes as he cursed himself for being an ungrateful little sod.

He opened his eyes again as he felt Remington take one of the ties from the selection Calvin held out for the other man. The dominant knotted it briskly around his neck. A moment later, he walked out of the bedroom without even glancing in Calvin's direction.

Putting away the ties that hadn't found favour with his master that morning, Calvin did his best to pull himself together and stop being a fool.

Remington had remembered their *real* anniversary. His master had taken him out to his favourite restaurant and generally spent the whole day making a big fuss over him. He'd even bought him a new toy and let him come when they tried it out that night.

The older man had done far more to mark their *real* anniversary than any submissive had any right to expect. It wasn't Remington's fault he apparently owned the worst man to ever wear a collar.

Calvin's hand went to his throat at the thought. The leather had lain around his collar for a year now – exactly a year to that day. They'd celebrated their vanilla anniversary in style. Wishing his master had chosen to remember *this* date instead was inexcusable.

Remington deserved far better. Calvin knew he would have to do better if he still wanted to be wearing the collar in another year's time.

Running a critical eye over their bedroom, Calvin checked everything was in its proper place. Everything was exactly as it should be. There was no reason for him to lurk around there when he might be better able to serve his master elsewhere in the house.

By the time Calvin reached the bottom of the stairs, Remington was already in his study, checking his messages before he went into the office. Calvin glanced in on the way past. Remington didn't look up while he hovered in the doorway. He didn't look up a few minutes later when Calvin took a coffee in to him either.

Setting the mug carefully on the desk next to his master, Calvin knelt on the cushion to the left of his chair and waited for an order. Remington drank his coffee, shut down his computer and walked out of the room.

Calvin tagged along behind, knowing he was being silly and clingy when he should have been attending to his usual duties the way he would have any other morning, but unable to stop himself.

In the hallway, Remington placed his briefcase on the cabinet by the front door and checked the contents. Feeling more foolish by the moment, Calvin hung back a little and looked around the room as if he were searching for a task to accomplish rather than just lingering in the other man's presence.

"Second drawer down, left hand side of the dresser in our bedroom."

Calvin turned to his master. "Sir?" When Calvin had looked away, all his master's attention had been on his briefcase. Now it was all on his submissive.

The older man clicked his fingers, calling him closer. "When my car's out of sight, you have permission to go up and open your present."

Calvin stood directly in front of his master, doing a reasonably good impersonation of a complete idiot. He was acutely aware that was exactly what he was doing, but he couldn't quite snap himself out of it. "You..."

"Remembered the date?" Remington smiled down at him, as if rather amused by the idea he would forget. "Yes, I did. So you can stop pouting now."

Calvin opened and closed his mouth several times. "I wasn't—"

Remington ruffled Calvin's hair before sliding his hand down the back of his head and settling it over his collar. "You really think you could wear this for a whole year and still have secrets from your master?"

Calvin felt the heat race to his cheeks. "I didn't mean to ask you for—"

Remington cut him off with a brisk shake of the head. "When the car's out of sight, you may go and unwrap your present. Not before."

There was no arguing when his master spoke in the very quiet, very certain, tone of voice. Calvin nodded his understanding. "Yes, sir."

His master smiled down at him. "Good boy." Dipping his head, he pressed a kiss to Calvin's temple before whispering into his ear. "If you continue to be very good and do exactly as your master commands for the remainder of the day, you'll be allowed to come when I get home."

Calvin swallowed rapidly. It had been a very long two weeks since his master saw fit to grant him his release. His cock hardened at the very possibility of a fortnight's worth of frustrations being brought to an end.

As naked as he was, his enthusiasm was obvious. Remington wasn't the kind of man who failed to notice things like that. He chuckled and encouraged Calvin to tilt his head back for a proper kiss.

"Exactly as your master says," he reminded him.

Before Calvin could work out how he could do everything his master said when the older man wasn't there to issue any orders, Remington had opened the front door, stepped outside and closed it behind him.

Calvin's feet took him to the window looking over the drive without waiting for his brain to click into gear. It was hardly the first time he'd stood there and watched his master leave for the office, but it was the first time his toes curled into the carpet as he fought against the instinct to run up stairs before the other man was out of sight.

Most mornings, Remington's car only remained within view for a few seconds. That morning, it felt like more like a lifetime before it turned the corner at the end of their street and freed Calvin to follow the next part of his master's orders.

Twisting away from the window, he threw himself into the hallway and rushed up the stairs two at a time. Dropping to his knees in front of the dresser he pulled out the third drawer down on the left.

A small box lay on top of his master's favourite, old sweater – the one Calvin loved snuggling up against so much.

Picking up the box, Calvin gently closed the drawer and set the little parcel down on the floor in front of him. The shape gave away nothing. Calvin stared at the package for several long seconds as he nipped at his bottom lip.

He'd remembered. Calvin took a deep breath and let it out very slowly. His master had remembered the date meant something. Calvin wasn't sure he wanted to know anything more than that. In some stupid way, it felt like knowing more might make that one perfect fact less pure. Remington remembered, wanting more than that simple knowledge was unforgivable.

It was several minutes before the order to go upstairs and unwrap his present finally settled the matter. Calvin carefully removed the lid. An i-pod lay inside the box, complete with a little speaker.

Calvin delicately extracted it from its tissue paper. A card lay beneath it.

Press Play.

Calvin pressed play.

"Hello, sweetheart."

He damn near dropped the i-pod.

"It's not polite to ignore your master, Cal. Say hello back."

"Hello, sir." Even though he knew the room was empty, he still found himself looking over his shoulder, vaguely embarrassed at speaking back to the machine.

"Good boy."

They were powerful words. His master sounded pleased with him. If Remington was going to be pleased with him for talking to a piece of random technology, Calvin knew he would do it and never regret a word.

"Up on your feet, darling. You've got a lot of work to do while I'm at the office. Bring the gadget with you."

Calvin got to his feet, i-pod and speaker in hand.

"We're going to get you ready to greet your master properly when he comes home. Understand?"

Calvin swallowed. That teasing tone always went straight to his cock. The fact that his master was on the other side of town and he was listening to a recording didn't make the least bit of difference.

"Answer your master when he asks you a question, Cal."

"Sorry, sir. Yes, sir – I understand."

There was a slight pause, as if his master hadn't been entirely sure how long it would take him to give his answer. Then, Remington spoke again. *"That's better, sweetheart. You promised to be on your best behaviour for your master, didn't you?"*

"Yes, sir."

"Because today's important, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir." Calvin clamped his free hand over his mouth as he realised what he'd just admitted to.

"It is important," Remington repeated over the speaker. There was no room for argument in his tone.

Eyes closed, Calvin couldn't help but nod his agreement. No matter how much he wanted to be the kind of submissive who didn't need a fuss made over him, who didn't care about dates and milestones, who only cared about serving his master to the best of his ability each day the same as every other, it was important to him.

His hand moved to his collar.

"The collar's always looked good on you, Cal."

The words were gentle enough to bring a lump to his throat.

"But it's not quite enough decoration for such an important occasion, is it?"

Calvin's heart stopped. "Sir?"

"Left side of the wardrobe. Black suit jacket. Look in the right pocket."

Opening the wardrobe, Calvin slid his hand into the pocket of the jacket his master had been wearing the first night they met. It came out holding a set of silver nipple clamps.

He looked back to the i-pod.

"They're very pretty," Remington said. *"But there are far more interesting things you could do than stare at them."*

Calvin carefully placed the i-pod on the bed and set about fastening the clamps neatly in place.

"Do they feel good, sweetheart?"

"Yes, sir." Better than good – they had a way of connecting every sensation that went to his nipples straight to his cock. Half hard since his master mentioned the possibility of coming, he stiffened further.

"A little tighter, darling – then they'll feel even better for you."

"Yes, sir." His master was right. They did feel even better. Almost as good as his master's touch had felt when he'd explored his body on the first night they'd spent together. The older man had been fascinated to find him so sensitive.

Calvin gasped as he tightened the second clamp and the memory of that evening came rushing back full force. Remington had promised, right there and then, that he'd make him come without touching any part of him but his nipples one day. A few weeks later he'd followed through on it too.

Staring down his body, past the little silver decorations, Calvin saw a bead of pre-cum gather at the tip of his cock. If his master wanted him to wear the clamps all day, it was going to be a constant fight not to come.

"You're not finished yet, Cal. Check the blanket box under the window."

Calvin took a deep breath before picking up the i-pod and walking across to the big oak chest. Kneeling in front of it, he carefully lifted the lid on it, so he could peek inside.

On the other side of the speaker, his master chuckled. *“There’s nothing in there that will bite you.”*

Calvin felt the heat rush to his cheeks, more from the fact his master knew him so well than his own wariness. Remington knew how he would react to the game his master was playing with him. The dominant paid attention to him – thought he was worthy of bestowing his attention on. Swallowing down both his emotions and his frustration, Calvin opened the lid further.

Inside the chest lay an old blanket. They’d spread it on the ground in the back garden last bonfire night, tucked away out of everyone’s sight. It had been the last time his master had ever let him jack himself off to completion. Calvin only needed to glimpse the checked fabric to be back there in the moonlight, with his master watching him. The rockets and roman candles hadn’t been the only fireworks he’d seen that night.

Calvin pulled his attention away from the blanket. There was a large plug resting on top of it, next to a tube of lube and the remote that would control the plugs vibrations.

He was already more than a little familiar with the remote. Seeing his master toy with the buttons on it all the way through the longest Christmas office party in creation had left a rather indelible impression on his psyche. It had been a hell of a way for Remington to take his new submissive’s mind off his nerves at accompanying his lover to such a party, and very effective when coupled with a jacket long enough to hide his embarrassment.

Calvin’s cock jerked up to full attention, as if welcoming the sight of a much loved friend.

“Take them all across to the bed, sweetheart.”

Snapping out of his memories, Calvin blinked at the i-pod. “Yes, sir.” He couldn’t make the words more than a whisper.

“Fingers first, Cal. Get yourself nice and slick for your master.”

Calvin did as Remington commanded. Lying back on the mattress he began to circle his tightly puckered hole with lubed up fingers.

“You have no idea how stunning you look like that, do you, darling?”

Calvin closed his eyes. His master said the words with such confidence. Remington had to be on the other side of town by now, but he still knew exactly what Calvin would be doing right then.

"Ready for the plug, love?" Remington asked a few minutes later.

Calvin nodded, remembered his orders and quickly corrected himself. "Yes, sir."

"Go ahead – you have your master's permission. Set it on the slowest setting first."

Calvin's hands were shaking as he pressed the button on the remote. The plug sprang to life within his other hand.

"Nice and slow now, there's no rush is there?"

Calvin took a deep, shaky breath and repeated that fact several times inside his head. There was no rush. It would be hours before his master came home. As he worked the plug inside him Remington's voice floated through the speaker, praising and coaxing him, slowly granting him permission to increase the vibrations and settle it deeper within himself.

"Does that feel good, sweetheart?"

Calvin shook his head. If there was any chance he would be allowed to come from the teasing, it would have felt wonderful. As things were, it was merely frustrating as hell.

Remington chuckled on the other side of the speaker, as if he knew exactly what his lover was thinking, as if he liked knowing it. *"You're doing great, darling. Now, take the remote over to the dresser. Leave it there when you go back to the bed."*

Each step across the room made it harder to believe he would ever get through his master's teasing without coming. The plug shifted inside him with every movement. By the time Calvin reached the bed, his breaths were coming in shallow little pants. His head spun with the need to come.

"Up onto the mattress now. I want you right in the centre. Move the pillows for me. There's no need for you to rest your head on the gap between them."

He followed each of his master's orders on automatic. His hands were clumsy, but eager to work to please the other man regardless. Something rattled as he rearranged the pillows. Pulling them aside, Calvin saw two pairs of silver handcuffs to the headboard.

"No getting ahead of yourself, sweetheart. I'll tell you when I want you tied up."

"Yes, sir." Calvin's eyes feasted on the bondage, on what they promised for later.

"Lay down."

Turning his back on the shiny bits of metal, he lay back against the pillows, staring up at the ceiling. His master let him rest there against the cool of the sheets for so long, Calvin reached for the i-pod, afraid that the batteries might have run out, or the software done something horrible to the rest of the recording his master made for him.

The display showed no obvious catastrophes. Calvin held it above him, between his eyes on the ceiling as he lay back according to his master's orders and willed Remington to say something, anything.

Inside his head, words swirled around and around, faster and faster – apologies for being so bratty about a little bit of frustration, promises to be a far better submissive after two years' worth of training than he was after one year...

"You can get the other toys out of the drawer now, love."

As relief rushed through him, Calvin blinked at the i-pod, unable to scrape together enough brain cells to follow his master's train of thought.

"You picked them, didn't you, Cal? They're in the bedside drawer."

"The gag and the blindfold, sir," Calvin remembered, as one neuron finally nudged its neighbour into action.

"That's right."

His master had ordered him to pick them out weeks ago. His favourite gag and his favourite blindfold, each of them loaded down with memories of the occasions when his master had introduced Calvin to them, of the time Remington had spent patiently teaching his submissive how to love them.

His master hadn't just remembered what the date meant, he'd remembered weeks ago, he'd planned this weeks ago. Opening the drawer, Calvin stared down at the toys, knowing that whenever he looked at them in future, that was the moment and the knowledge he would remember.

"Take them out of the drawer, Cal. Put them on for your master."

"Yes, sir."

Calvin fumbled around and finally managed to transfer them from the drawer to the bed sheet next to him. He stared down at them for another long moment before he turned his attention to the second half of the order. Put them on.

A glance at the cuffs fastened to the headboard and he knew what order would come next, knew that within a few minutes he was going to be trapped, blind and silent until his master came home. It never even occurred to him to disobey.

Gag first. He slipped the ball into his mouth. His lips stretched wide around the red rubber. If he'd known he might be wearing it for so long, he would have picked a smaller gag to be his favourite. If he'd known it was going to be used to tease him along with so many other frustrations, he would have picked one that inspired less intense memories.

As the ball filled his mouth, his cock grew harder than ever – just as it had back in the club. His master had warned him what would happen if he spoke without his express permission that night, but he hadn't quite been able to resist testing the older man to see if he really meant it. His jaw had been on fire by the time they left the club. The pride in Remington's eyes when he kept his complaints to himself and took his due punishment with good grace had turned the pain into something dangerously close to pleasure.

The blindfold had been a more private moment – a simple expression of trust in the man who asked him to wear it. Calvin put it carefully in place over his eyes. The fastening snapped together behind his head. He took a deep breath and waited for another order.

Silence filled the room. Calvin sat on the edge of the bed and did his best to ignore the vibrations purring away against his prostate, unable to do anything else as he waited on his master's pleasure.

Finally Remington spoke again. *"That's good, sweetheart. Lie back again – just as you were before. Now I want you to take yourself right to the edge for me."*

Calvin whimpered around the gag. Nothing like a recognisable word made it past the obstruction. He lay back. The plug shifted inside him, pressing even more firmly against his prostate. He didn't need to do anything else to be at the edge, he was pretty sure a stiff breeze would be enough to make him come right then, but he also knew what the order meant.

His master wanted to watch him play. He might not be allowed to jack himself off for his own pleasure, but his master did like to watch him take himself to the edge when he was in a teasing mood.

Calvin blindly wrapped his hand around his cock as gently as he could, trying desperately not to come while he attempted to put on a good show for a man who wasn't even there.

Minutes passed. They felt like hours. With no way of judging the passage of time, it was tempting to believe they really were hours, that he really had laid there through the whole day, waiting for his master.

"Stop."

Calvin whimpered his relief, but his master had said stop, not move. He kept his hand where it was, surrounding his cock and tempting him to thrust against his hand with every moment that passed.

"Reach for the cuffs."

Hands trembling, Calvin let go of his cock did as his master ordered.

"Fix them around your wrists."

The first one was easy, the second less so. It took a lot of scrabbling around before he managed to flick his wrist and click the handcuff properly around his wrist.

"Perfect."

The word came just as he dropped his head back on the pillow. Calvin closed his eyes behind the blindfold. He knew the timing had to be a coincidence, but as he lay there, blind and bound that didn't matter. His master wasn't a man who used a word like that lightly, and his master thought he was perfect.

Calvin felt the heat touch his cheeks at the idea. He turned his head this way and that, as if he could hide the blush from Remington, as if his master's voice might see it over the speaker.

"What do you think your master will do with you when he comes home and finds you like this?"

Calvin swallowed rapidly. A little moan escaped from behind his gag as his imagination rushed ahead of him. He wriggled helplessly against the mattress in anticipation

as ideas flashed across his mind. The plug shifted inside him more with every movement, the empty air caressed his cock.

“Answer the question for your master, sweetheart. Close your eyes nice and tight behind that blindfold...”

Calvin did as he was told.

“That’s right. Now you’re going to picture it all for me, aren’t you darling? Every little detail. I want you to remember every single thing your master has ever done with you over the last year. That should keep you occupied for quite a while, shouldn’t it, Cal? How long do you think it will be before your master gets home?”

Calvin shifted on the bed, squirming as much as the bonds will allow. Hours. His master wasn’t due home for hours.

The whispering voice from the speaker fell silent, but that didn’t matter any more. He had his orders. All he could do now was follow them, and remember...

Stunning...

Derek Remington leaned on the door frame leading into their bedroom and admired the view. Every instruction followed to the letter, every detail just right. Calvin whimpered behind the gag. Remington had no doubt that he was still doing exactly what his master said.

He could easily guess at the memories running through his submissive’s head. Even though he wasn’t prepared to leave him to dwell on them unsupervised in his current predicament, there was no reason why he couldn’t stay right where he was and enjoy the very pretty picture his lover presented for a little while.

Calvin looked a damn sight happier right then than he had that morning. Remington smiled slightly as he ran his eyes over the younger man’s skin. He also looked as frustrated as hell, but that was no bad thing. Calvin had always looked very pretty when driven to the edge.

And he had a little frustration due anyway. He couldn’t display his complete lack of faith in his master’s ability to read a calendar and get off scot free. He’d have to pay his penance first. Then, he might be allowed to get off on the memories he’d been guided through that morning.

Remington took a step forward. His shoes made no sound on the thick carpet. He took another, very cautious step. After being so very careful when he let himself back into the house, he wasn't about to spoil all that hard work at the last moment.

He reached the edge of the bed and looked down at his lover. Every muscle in Calvin's body was riddled with tension. As Remington watched, the younger man planted his feet on the sheet and tossed his head back in an increasingly frantic effort to rock his hips far enough and gain some sort of sensation against his cock.

He was obviously imagining his master's hand just out of his reach and he was just as obviously past the point where he could think clearly enough to remember the hand only existed as part of his fantasy, as part of his memories.

Pre-cum dripped onto his stomach. Calvin whimpered again. The sound rushed straight to Remington's cock. He'd been hard since he left the house, but the sound still managed to coax him to stiffen a little further behind his fly.

The submissive pulled at his cuffs. At first it was no more than the pretty squirming Remington so enjoyed watching. Then Calvin tugged harder at his restraints. The edge of the cuff bit into his wrists.

Remington reached out and put his hand in the centre of the younger man's chest, stopping his lover's movements before he could do himself any real harm.

Calvin jerked away from the unexpected touch. His startled little cry wasn't quite silenced by the gag.

"Hush."

Calvin froze, seeming to recognise his master's voice. His chest shook under Remington's hand as the younger man frantically scabbled for control. Gradually he seemed to be able to pull himself out of his memories and back into reality.

"Hush," Remington repeated.

Calvin dragged another shaky breath into his body. Feet flat on the mattress, his toes curled into the bed sheet as he tried to calm himself further.

"That's better," Remington told him.

Calvin took a slightly steadier breath.

“Do you really think I’d let anyone else come in and find you like this?” Remington asked.

Calvin lay perfectly still.

Lifting his free hand, Remington flicked one of the nipple clamps with his fingertip.

“Answer your master, Cal.”

Calvin shook his head, quick to deny any such thought.

Remington smiled. “That’s good, sweetheart. Have you been good for your master all morning?”

Calvin hesitated for a second before he nodded.

Remington was under no illusions – the hesitation reflected nothing more than the younger man’s persisting difficulty in asking his master for the praise he craved so much. If he truly believed he’d done something wrong, there would have been no hesitation before he tried to make his confession.

The dominant ran his eyes over the younger man’s body once more. “I’m going to have to order you to put yourself in bondage ready for me more often. It’s a very pretty sight to come home to.” As he spoke, he trailed his fingers down his lover’s body and wrapped his fist around the younger man’s cock.

Calvin moaned around the gag.

“Did you enjoy having permission to stroke your cock earlier, darling?”

The submissive shook his head.

“No?” Remington asked, all teasingly shocked concern.

Calvin shook his head again. Whatever words he tried to add to the answer were swallowed by the red rubber ball locked between his lips.

“You prefer your master’s hand?” Remington guessed for him.

Calvin nodded enthusiastically as he thrust against his master’s palm.

Remington grinned down at him. “What about the plug, did you like that?”

Calvin shook his head again. They both knew it was a lie. He’d never been able to hide just how much he loved the vibrations. What he really hadn’t loved was the order not to come while he enjoyed it.

Remington looked across at the dresser. The remote had been placed exactly where his orders specified, far out of the submissive's reach. "I wonder how many times you'd have come if I left you here all day?" He was so close, it was impossible to believe Calvin wouldn't have come if he'd been left alone with the toys for a little while longer. And as soon as he had, the plug and the memories circling through his mind would have started to slowly coax him hard again.

Calvin whimpered, a somewhat different sound compared to his other frustrated little moans.

"No, love, your master wouldn't have been angry with you. I expect obedience, Cal – not miracles."

Calvin blindly nodded his understanding.

"Good boy."

Remington let Calvin rest for a few minutes as he gently played with the submissive's body. Pressing against the blunt end of the plug, he shifted the vibrations inside his lover and thoroughly enjoyed every little moan that the toy elicited from the younger man. Tweaking the nipple clamps brought forth higher pitched little whimpers for more. Still, it was the hand that stayed on Calvin's cock while the other roamed over his body that produced the best results of all.

The submissive managed to stay almost completely still under his master's ministrations for a little while, but when his will power gave out, it vanished without trace. The younger man bucked on the mattress, moving from wriggling to writhing in one fell swoop.

With his one hand still on his cock, Remington reached out to undo the blindfold and the gag with the other. It took Calvin some time before he seemed to realise what his master wanted him to do, then he turned his head to the side, giving him room to work.

A little bit of fumbling allowed Remington to remove them both one handed. Calvin closed his mouth as soon as it was freed of the gag, but he didn't open his eyes when the blindfold was removed.

"I told you to close your eyes, didn't I, darling?"

Calvin nodded.

“No, sweetheart. The gag’s gone for a reason. Answer your master properly.”

“Yes, sir. You told me to close my eyes, sir.”

“You’re very good for remembering,” Remington whispered to him.

Calvin licked his lips as he savoured every bit of praise his master was willing to offer him. Reaching out, Remington traced the same line with his fingertip. His mouth had to be sore from the gag. Dipping his head, Remington replaced his fingertip with his lips.

The younger man gasped into the kiss, even as he parted his lips in welcome. So instinctive, so submissive, and his – so undeniably his. When Remington broke the kiss, he leaned his forehead against Calvin’s temple, relishing that knowledge just as much as his lover ever could.

They lay there on the bed neither of them moving for what felt like a lifetime. Finally Remington pulled back. “You can open your eyes now.”

Calvin took immediate advantage of the permission. He blinked his eyes open and looked up at his master. Remington smiled back down at him. Calvin’s eyes were clouded with lust, but the little game his master had played with him had also taken the younger man even further into his submission than Remington had guessed it might.

Calvin blinked up at him, waiting for an order, waiting for his master to finish what they’d started. On any other day, Remington wouldn’t have hesitated to take control and lead him forward in whatever direction he thought might please them both. But that day wasn’t just about him.

“Tell your master how you want to celebrate our anniversary, Cal.”

Calvin shook his head.

“You don’t want to celebrate?” Remington teased.

Calvin shook his head again. He looked serious. Remington stared down at him for several long seconds. He was serious.

“Speak to your master.”

“You didn’t have to do all this, sir,” Calvin whispered.

Remington smiled down at him. “Who says I thought I had to?”

Calvin hesitated, staring up at him as if trying to read something in his master's eyes. Remington let him look. Calvin blushed as he dropped his gaze.

Remington lowered his gaze too, but not in embarrassment. He ran his eyes down Calvin's body.

"So beautiful," he whispered, just because he knew it would make the younger man's blush deepen. "And mine."

Calvin nodded when Remington looked up and met his gaze. "Yes, sir." He sounded so sure about that, Remington couldn't help but lean down and offer him a kiss in reward.

He instantly parted his lips for his master. As Remington trailed his fingers down the younger man's body, the submissive spread his legs as well, never hesitating to make himself completely accessible to him.

Remington slowly worked the plug out of him. The vibrations teased his hand as he set it aside and slid his fingers into the snug little hole it had so recently occupied.

Calvin had done exactly as his master said. He'd made sure he was well lubed up and the plug had kept him beautifully ready for his lover. There appeared to be no need for further prep. From the way Calvin pushed enthusiastically back against his fingers, the younger man agreed with him.

Remington took the digits away. Calvin whimpered his protest, until he saw his master reach for his fly and free his erection as quickly as he could.

Slow and patient had seen them through the morning. Calvin had to realise his master thought the occasion worthy of special notice. Now, all his master truly wanted was to be buried deep inside his lover. He couldn't believe Calvin wanted anything else, either.

Quickly slicking his shaft with extra lube, he shifted his position on the bed. Moving over Calvin, he caught up the other man's legs, hooking the backs of Calvin's knees with his elbows to take the strain off the younger man's muscles.

Leaning forward, he let the tip of his cock kiss the submissive's hole.

Calvin whimpered, but this time it wasn't about memories of anything that had passed between them in the last year. It was all in that moment.

Remington stared down at him, imprinting his lover's expression on his memory before he finally pushed forward. The tip of his cock slid past the first tight ring of muscle. Calvin stared down between their bodies, apparently completely awestruck as he watching them come together.

Pushing forward, little by little, Remington sheathed himself inside his lover's body. Calvin dropped his head back against the pillow as Remington stilled, buried to the hilt inside his submissive.

As soon as he broke the moment of stillness and began to rock his hips, Calvin tried to compliment the movement. He usually had no trouble following his master's lead, but that day it seemed to be beyond him. Calvin pulled at his bound wrists as he fought to reach for his master.

"Please," he whispered. "Please." It seemed to be the only word he could remember how to say.

Remington stilled, but Calvin failed to follow his lead. He kept trying to reach for him, to move for his master. His attempts were jerky, uncontrolled. Remington could see the panic start to build inside him.

Looking up to the headboard, he saw the cuffs cutting into the submissive's skin. "Freeze."

Calvin stilled, apparently in response to the suddenly harsh tone of voice more than anything else.

"Your master will see to it that you get everything you need."

"Yes, sir." Calvin reminded frozen in place as he said it, not even venturing to nod.

Very slowly, Remington began to rock his hips once more. One slow controlled thrust after another, he built up a rhythm he knew his lover would like.

Calvin whimpered his appreciation, but he didn't move in response, he didn't even blink as he stared back at his lover.

"That's right," Remington whispered to him. "I'll take care of you, won't I, love?"

“Yes, sir.” A pleasure filled moan cut the answer in half. Calvin still didn’t move, and that had nothing to do with his bondage. He gave everything over to his master, put every inch of his body, every ounce of his trust in his lover.

Remington watched the panic drain out of his eyes as he thrust into his lover again, slow and steady and in control of the whole world.

“Pleas—” Calvin cut himself short. He closed his eyes for a moment, as if striving for the strength not to ask for anything at all from his master right then. Somehow he found the will to give that last little bit of control to his master too.

When he opened his eyes, his gaze was full of more peace, more submission, than Remington had ever remembered seeing. It took his breath away. He needed every bit of self control he could scrape up to keep his rhythm intact.

“Come for your master, darling,” he whispered, half invitation, half order. Calvin had to have been holding onto the last scrap of his control by the skin of his teeth. He tossed his head back on the pillow as he let himself come the moment the permission left his master’s lips.

Remington didn’t even try to ride him through it. He came at the same time as his submissive. Throwing his head back, he yelled his pleasure and, just for a few seconds, he let every memory and every plan he had for their future fade from his mind. He gave himself that moment and lost himself in pure bliss until they both finally fell still together.

When Remington opened his eyes, the younger man blinked up at him, all quiet and serene and sated. With a final kiss, Remington forced himself to pull away, just far enough for Calvin to straighten his legs and find a more comfortable position. Within a few minutes, he’d undone the locks and the toys were all set aside. Calvin lay still and sleepy through it all.

Remington smiled down at him. “Did you have a good morning?”

Calvin looked up at him. “I...” All at once his confidence and his peace seemed to desert him. That was all he managed to say until he glanced at his master and saw the look in his eyes.

The younger man looked down at the bed sheet between them. Remington didn't bother to tell him to finish his sentence. He obviously knew they wouldn't move on until they did.

Calvin reached for his collar as he finally scraped a few words together. "A word would have been more than enough, sir."

"You think so?" Remington asked.

Calvin nodded.

"Then it's a good thing I'm the one making the decisions."

Calvin frowned down at the blanket.

Remington tucked a knuckle under his lover's chin and made him look up. "You were right to think the date important. This, the mark, the submission – it's important. You were right to think your master should care enough about what you offer him to mark the anniversary of your submission properly."

Calvin dipped his head and pressed a kiss to his master's knuckles. Remington smiled down at his bowed head as he felt Calvin's lips twitch into a relieved little smile against the back of his fingers.

A glance at the clock and Remington shuffled them around, settling them more comfortably in the bed. Guiding Calvin to curl against his side and rest his head on his master's shoulder, he pressed a kiss on the younger man's temple.

They still had half the day left. It wouldn't do them any harm to take a little more time to remember, before they turned their attention to making a few new memories.

*** The End ***

To find out more about Kim Dare's work please visit her website: www.kimdare.com