“What happens in D.C. stays in D.C.” What an American saying.

A part of me missed the independence and routine of driving around in the rented Fjord truck, but as bittersweet as it felt to turn it back in to the Docklands dealership in Maine, I couldn’t deny the thrill of flying again in first class.

The hotel that I checked into held a secretly infamous reputation. The Hotel Columbia would be best described as the historic hotel that ‘walked so that Watergate could run’, overshadowed by its more famous competitor despite having quite the lurid history behind it. According to legend, Hotel Columbia opened up at the beginning of the 1920s as not only a speakeasy, but a secret bordello too. Not just for the heterosexuals but the homosexual clientele. So much seed stained the inside of the rooms that it required gallons of paint to remove.

At least, that was what the rumors claimed. Otherwise, the hotel’s current management didn’t like bringing up any sordid history. Not even the desk clerk answered my questions when I brought up one of their past presidents who allegedly liked to frequent for a good time, as she booked my suite.

Speaking of presidents, nobody would ever believe my sexual conquest for the evening if I dared to brag about it. They’d likely call me a liar.

I’d been speaking to him on Pred8r for weeks, whenever we had the time. Of course, he had his things to do, and I did as well, but it didn’t prevent us from trading photos and lurid messages in anticipation of me finally making it to D.C. After graciously tipping the bellhop and putting up a ‘Do Not Disturb’ sign outside the suite’s front door, I put my luggage aside and prepared for the big night; A thorough, hot shower, plenty of deodorant, a big bottle of mango-scented lube, as well as my red thong clinging to the Doberdane bulge between my legs. Nothing else obscured my beautiful body.

Next, I patiently waited for him to arrive at the Hotel Columbia. Hopefully, he would’ve escaped from his security detail. If not, I could always see if they were open to the idea of a threesome or maybe a foursome, depending on their sexuality.

*Knock, knock, knock, knock!*

“Who is it?” I asked innocently while peeking through the peephole. “Why, hello there.”

Liam wasn’t an ordinary bald eagle just shy of graduating from one of the country’s capital’s most elite universities. His father happened to not only be a U.S. Senator to boot, it also the younger brother of the most powerful man in the western world: the American President himself. Yep, I was about to host a hookup with the President’s own nephew.

And what a nephew he had! Stepping eagerly inside the suit, Liam shed his jacket to reveal a form-fitting gray polo shirt and blue denim jeans. His underwear partially stuck out from the back him up his pants. His dark brown eyes lit up in widened awe as they stared hungrily at my bulge, and his eagle tail twitched hotly behind him as I approached.

“I’ll take that,” I politely took his jacket for him and placed it with mine on a nearby coatrack, turning to the lad with a friendly smile. “How was the ride here?”

“Uh…um.” Liam managed to break the hypnosis of my crotch, clearing his throat embarrassedly. “It was fine! It…was fine. It got very annoying though one of my Secret Service details insisted he join me upstairs, but I managed to sneak away. For all he knows, I’m meeting a girlfriend in one of the rooms.”

“The Secret Service doesn’t know the President’s nephew is a flaming homo?” I coyly asked. “Real shame.”

“W-Why is that, Mr. Drakos?” He almost stammered when I stepped forward.

“Imagine it,” I explained to the eagle lad, slowly but surely pushing him against the door as I leaned in close, “You are a Secret Service member, and you’re assigned to watch over a handsome relative of your country’s most powerful elected leader. He waltzes around in those tight jeans and shirts all day, with that underwear poking out the back, begging the nearest DILF to pull them down…”

Liam erupted out a blushing, squeak.

“Can you…kiss me, M-Mr. Drakos?” He asked slyly.

“Call me ‘Sebastian’, lad.” I cupped his handsome chin to pull him closer, making him tap his feet giddily on the floor. “And I’m going to do more than just kiss you.”

My muzzle pecked against his beak and expertly slithered a canine tongue between them. He opened up mid-moan, letting me taste him as well as the slithering tongue I knew most avians possessed. It danced with mine as much as it tried, only to fall numb from cried pleasure as I pulled away, and the only things connecting our breathless lips were Liam’s gasp and a string of saliva.

He squeezed me for support, unintentionally groping my large pecs. “H-Holy shit…!” The eagle squawked, blushing fiercely. “That was—”

“You haven’t tasted the appetizers yet, lad.” My tail wagged behind me as I pulled him into yet another long, passionate kiss.

Something as simple as a kiss could give the horniest of young men an erection. I felt proof of that through the tent in his jeans piercing against my thigh, curving against my own bulge as I deepened our sensual dance. His trembling fingers continue to grope my pecs. He blindly kneaded and explored their firmness while allowing me to take control, wrapping my powerful arms around his lithe frame to grab his feathered buttocks. At first, I fondled them through the denim, then after some swift unbuckling with a free paw, I lowered them enough to appreciate each silky feather along the peach-like curves of his bare ass.

I growled when Liam nipped my lower lip with his beak. It nearly left a tiny bruise. In coy response, I pulled him closer, pressing my clothed boner against his exposed erection, and he couldn’t help but moan. Especially as I felt him smear strands of pre against my red thong. Soon, those came off too with his help, and I kicked it across the floor. Call it fate or sexy convenience, but our slow shuffling as we made out led to me standing in front of the hotel suite’s living room sofa several feet away.

“W-Wait!” Pausing our private act, I looked half-concerned, half-lustfully at the eagle, who huffed before saying, “I’m…interested in doing something. Your pecs.”

I glanced between the muscled, furry mounds and their dark nipples. “What of them?”

“Can I…fuck them?” He shyly scratched the back of his head. “I mean, you’re just so perfect and…I-I’ve always wanted to try it.”

“Getting a…how do you say?” I mulled the word over. “Pecjob?”

“Yeah, that’s it!”

My curious tail curled and uncurled as I said, “Sure. Don’t tire yourself out though.”

Liam giggled like a boy about to open the first Advent present. He stepped forward as I sat down on the couch, leaning forward as the eagle stroked his pulsing dick. Centimeter by centimeter, it throbbed forward until the oak-colored shaft pressed between my impressive pecs. Each shattering breath he made, every heartbeat, I could feel it.

Without any lingering doubts, Liam pushed his hips forward. He shuddered in delight, failing to repress a deep groan at feeling his avian cock get its first pecjob. During which, I had to admit that it was a pleasant sensation, feeling a virile twink’s pecker thrust between my pectorals. I even teased him by blowing on the head each time it gyrated close to my muzzle. Soon enough, the eagle had his fun, and planned to give me mine.

“Phew!” He panted like a dog. He grinned like a cat too. “Thanks, dude.”

“No problem, kiddo.” I wet my lips and pointed down to my half-neglected dogcock. “I think you know what to do with it.”

“You have no idea,” he laughed. “One blowjob, coming up.”

Relaxing on the sofa, I grinned down at the kneeling Liam, and spread my powerful legs as he licked the manhood. He relished it. Tasting it with vigor while I hung my head back in a sigh of sinful, blissful ecstasy.

The lad rested his fingers on my thighs as that beak worked my dogcock. He sucked me like an incubus trying to take my soul. I definitely wasn’t his first, nor would I be his last, based on the way he slowly groaned from leaking tip to revealing knot. He barely scratched me throughout. Whenever he accidentally went too fast and irritated the sensitive skin with how sharp his beak could be, Liam quickly mumbled an apology and went slower. His sensual kisses around the fat tip more than made up for it, not forgetting either how the eagle lad fondled my scrotum while struggling to deep throat me.

Simply put, Liam polished my dick to a spotless shine. My hips flexed at the continuous attention below the belt. I rested one paw atop his feathery head while the other resisted digging its nails into the armrest. I was so close!

“Nnn, stop,” I murmured, and Liam followed my command, withdrawing his lips and tongue from the girth of my throbbing length. “Get on it.”

He happily nodded, and minutes and a large squirt of lube later, I smoothly spread his tailring wide open. The lad gave a loud eagle’s call that vibrated around the suite, and I barked too at the way he squeezed up and down my slick, hard length.

“Yeah! Nngh, that…that’s a good boy,” I snarled between deep, manly grunts. “You like that, mfh, don’t you?”

“I do!” Liam spoke up in a blushing cry, then a quivering squawk. His glutes bounced against my thighs, legs dangling and toes curling around my knees. “Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!!”

We held each other’s shoulders for sweaty support, either quieting our gasps with kisses or hungry bites. For what felt like too many hours to count, I bred the nephew of the President of the United States of America. I bred him like a bitch in heat on the hotel suite’s fancy couch, straight against the decorated wall, then on the carpeted floor, against the window dividing us from the balcony looking out towards the National Mall, and on the king-sized bed in the master bedroom. The latter spot proved to be our favorite location. Mostly because the soft bedding cushioned my much harder thrusts inside Liam.

“F-Faster! P-Please, don’t stop!” He gasped out with his wings clinging to my elbows. “Fuck, fuck, fuck…!”

“Grrrrr, that’s a good lad! Take it! I’m close, close—rrrrrrrrr!”

For the first time in a long while, I didn’t ask for a second round afterwards. Instead, I pulled away from the spent Liam and watched him masturbate to a second climax. I stared and how his feathered fingers stroked is a member back to life and the way he did his beak with closed eyes. My tail wagged at seeing him stuck in another amazing realm of pleasure, fingering himself with the other digits as my warm cum seeped from underneath his tail. Enough gushing quantity to make me a request for fresh sheets from Hotel Columbia staff later. Not that I complained too much.

A part of me couldn’t help but feel envy about Liam’s age. Twenty-two and already deep in his prime. When I was his age, Sex didn’t take as much of a wind out of me as it did. Texas earlier was the rate exception, but still. Maybe I was getting old, or me and the President’s nephew had that good of a fuck. Either way, it didn’t bother me. I got to see a good show as well as enjoy some company in the midst of yet another spectacular afterglow.

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The District of Columbia looked utterly amazing at night. Unlike most of the other American cities, D.C. not only appreciated at skyline but the valued that as well, never building a structure that obscured the stars or Moon from total view.

After our little romp in the Hotel Columbia, I asked Liam if he would be interested in a little lush date. He said yes, of course, and recommended I meet him at a popular café facing the National Mall called ‘Heaven’s Cabana’. They served the tastiest of sandwiches and macadamia nut cookies there, he promised.

Later that same evening, after a nice shower and some change in clothes, we reunited at the restaurant. Safe to say, the eagle lad didn’t lie about the food.

His Secret Service detail stoically stood guard a few yards away, giving us a small level of privacy, unaware of what had transpired between me and his assignment just hours earlier. I wondered how he would react, knowing I fucked the President’s nephew, and that a Senator’s son happened to be gayer than an Irish rainbow.

Oh well. Another time and another place.

“So, Sebastian,” Liam asked with a wry grin, and a sip of his locally brewed beer, “what do you think of the States, seeing how you’ve been to each one?”

“Honestly?” I lifted a glass of whiskey, “I might be back for another round in the future. I’ve had my proper filling of twinks for now, but there’s more lads out there to have fun with.”

“I’ll cheer to that,” he chuckled, raising his own glass as he clinked it with mine. “To the future!”

“To the future!” I proclaimed with the eagle, taking a soft sip.

“May you have a safe journey back to Europe,” Liam raised his beer again, winking to me from across the tiny outdoor table, “and I hope to see you in D.C. again, one day.”

“That is a promise, Liam.” Nodding, my tail wagged happily behind me as I smiled at him, and at life in general. “That is a promise.”