If I had a Euro for every historic landmark in Maryland, I could purchase another island in the Aegean Sea. No joke, it was ridiculous how many historic sites existed in the state. By the time that I could visit each interesting monument, statue, or culturally significant building, it would already be my fiftieth birthday.

Speaking of birthdays, it happened to be the lucky day for a certain twink. I found him by chance on Howlr while on the toilet at a gas station after having just crossed Chesapeake Bay. He called himself ‘BirthdayBoi4U’ on his profile, listing himself as a greyhound living in a small town on the Delmarva Peninsula, literally living several feet away from the Maryland/Delaware border. He had just turned thirty years old and desperately needed ‘a sugar daddy to cream inside’ him instantly. Without even much thought, I eagerly sent some salacious photos and some charismatic words to him in DM messages.

We traded flirtatious talk, discussed our likes/dislikes like modest adults, then described to each other what we planned to do. I wanted to fuck the slender lad until he needed a cane to walk around afterward. He wanted to suck me off until my balls shriveled, then get fucked by me until half of the Mid-Atlantic region complained about his mating call. He wrote so eloquently how many ways he wanted to be railed, against a desk, on the floor, on a sling, his bed, or the front porch of his home, that I wondered if he made a living as a writer.

Well, I found out soon enough. After being given the directions to his place, I found myself parking in front of a quaint Victorian-style home in an upscale neighborhood. The kind with vintage architecture, white picket fences, a statue or two in each front yard. Quite the difference from some of the other dwellings I’d visited in my time across the United States.

Still, I couldn’t stop myself from smiling (or adjusting my bulge) as I stepped inside the unlocked home, then followed a trail of clothing into the living room. Everything from the walls to the floor screamed ‘old money’. Or maybe he happened to be a lover of nostalgic vintage?

Even with the blinds drawn shut and only a few small candles lit around the room, it didn’t require much effort to growl in lust at what lay in the middle of the room: a slender, tan-furred greyhound just shy of thirty-one, lying handsomely naked atop a furnished lounge chair in a posed position with his arms raised above his ears. He gazed seductively at me in a scene reminiscent of how Kate Winslet posed for Jake in ‘Titanic’. Only, the greyhound happened to be obviously male and much more beautiful than any sketch drawing.

“I should take a picture,” I lecherously suggested, my tail thrashing behind me.

“What’s stopping you, big guy?” He spoke in a feminine yet low-pitched voice, reaching down to stroke the red tip from his canine sheath, sighing as it hardened in his palm. As he did so, I rapidly pulled my phone out to take several candid pictures. “I’m Langdon, by the way.”

“Sebastian,” I said, pocketing my device and stepping forward. The natural dominance in me slipped into a low growl in my voice as we shared grins. “Happy birthday. I brought you a present to unwrap.”

“Oh, you shouldn’t have!” He played along with wide, innocent eyes. His head swiveled left and right, looking behind me for something. “Where is it?”

I groped my bulging pants, causing Langdon to lick his chops.

“So, are you going to unwrap it,” I asked, “or would you prefer to have me return it to the store?”

“No, no, allow me,” he sat up from the lounge chair to fiddle with my zipper.

Langdon clearly knew his way around unbuttoning trousers. He effortlessly unclasped my belt buckle and freed my swelling bulge from its cotton prison, pulling back in surprise as a beautiful canine member thickened in front of him. Magenta at the thickening base near its knot, tapered at the leaking tip, and originating from a creamy sheath with specks of white hairs around the plump balls, the greyhound started drooling at the sight. I too drooled when a pair of soft lips leaned forward to envelop my member in warm wetness, then snarled once he sucked harder like a vacuum. He did the same for my balls.

Enjoying his oral ministrations didn’t stop me from giving the same to the lad, especially on his own birthday. Reaching down to grasp on his pulsating cock, feeling it shudder in pleasure between heartbeats, I jerked it once, twice, then thrice. Each time led to Langdon eliciting a breathless moan around my scrotum.

“Music to my ears,” I whispered coyly, feeling him pull back and begin kissing the tip as I played with his. Then, to my own astonishment, Langdon flinched mid-lick before crying out, and spurts of greyhound cum stained my own wrist and fingers. “Tch, already? You’re getting old, it seems.”

The younger canine fell backwards onto the lounge chair, whimpering and panting in embarrassment, mixed with potent afterglow lust. He stared up at me, pouting mid-blush.

“So are you,” he teased back, only to whimper his next words, “like…like fine wine.”

“Mmm, I could go for your finest,” I replied once I swiftly pulled down the rest of my pants, then discarded the t-shirt hiding my chest, “right after I punish you for shooting too early.”

“I haven’t cum in ages!” He pouted again, then whimpered in submissive glee as I kneeled atop him on the lounge chair. “N-Not that…Not that I’m complaining, Daddy.”

“Mmmurr, you ready to get your birthday present, son?” I chuckled down to the whining greyhound, feeling my heavy balls weigh down his painfully erect member. “It’s fresh for you.”

“P-Please, Daddy! Fuck me! Do me dry, please!”

Well, not entirely dry. As I fondled downward to probe a finger around his raised hips to that alluring tailhole, I felt/smelled lubrication already applied there. A confused look to the greyhound led me to figuring Langdon wanted to stretch the necessity for foreplay. He winked up at me, then resumed his choreographed whimpers.

“As you wish then. Happy Thirtieth Birthday, sonny.”

A single thrust inside led to the greyhound fulfilling one of his promises to me in our DM exchange. He howled in eager pain and delighted pleasure at my rough entrance, albeit smoothened somewhat by the lube from earlier. His insides clenched tight around my dogcock so hard, I felt almost trapped, only for my leaking pre to loosen him up around me. My hip movements, though slow at first, wouldn’t resist the inviting hole for long, and I pounded into the birthday boy’s hole as it clamped around the shaft like a vice. Langdon didn’t complain, and in fact, his own knot had already grown bulbous and hardened again.

“Unmf! Mmmfh! Ahhh, fuck! Fuck me, harder!”

I didn’t know if he seemed familiar or not, but then I saw a framed photo hanging above his desk. A book cover depicting two Greek warriors midway through making love. The name at the bottom read Langdon Dowers. The underground erotica author. Suddenly, it made sense.

Safe to say, our session ended with me knotted firmly inside the author. To pass the time, we’d trade ideas for future books, some of which I felt had inspired because of that night.