

Are you my Turkey?

Jade Buchanan

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“Gobble, gobble.”

Ty froze in place. What the hell?

“Gobble, gobble.”

No, no this wasn't happening to him. He turned his head, spying a large turkey wandering around the parking lot behind him. What was he doing out here in public? Son of a...

“Turk?” he whispered. Ty walked toward the turkey, trying to grab its attention.

The turkey looked at him for a moment, before letting out another loud gobble. It started to waddle away.

Ty cursed and chased after the fucking bird. “Turk? What are you doing? We're here for dinner, for Christ sake. Change back, now!” They were celebrating their anniversary at the Ranch and Turk had gone down the trail to check on something while Ty waited outside the Ranch. His shoes were already pinching so he hadn't wanted to go for a walk.

The turkey squawked sarcastically.

Out of the corner of his eye Ty spotted another park guest. Shit. He chased after the turkey again. The little bugger was fast. “Turk!”

“Yeah?”

Ty straightened suddenly. What the hell? He spun around and stared at Turk standing on the path with a weird look on his face. When his boyfriend started to laugh uproariously Ty realized what that look meant. He glanced at the turkey again.

“I'm guessing that isn't you.”

“You think?” Turk strode forward and immediately engulfed Ty in his arms.
“You’re adorable.”

Ty struggled out of his hold. He couldn’t believe he’d been chasing after a real turkey thinking it was Turk. “Well, how was I supposed to know? We don’t have turkeys here!”

Turk snorted. “Obviously we do.”

“He’s not a…” Ty gestured toward Turk.

“No, he’s a real bird. I didn’t realize you were into that kind of thing. If you wanted to bring a third person into our relationship I’m sure we could—”

“Don’t even think about finishing that thought.”

Turk grinned. “You going to punish me, then?”

“We’re going for dinner first and I’m so eating turkey tonight.” He hadn’t eaten meat since he’d started dating Turk, but he might just make an exception tonight if Turk didn’t stop.

“Baby, you can eat turkey whenever you want. I’ll even let you put your hand up the turkeys ass. Play with the waddle. Stuff the—”

“That’s it.” Ty grabbed hold of Turk and cupped his ass boldly. “We’re going home and I’m going to show you what happens to bad little turkeys.”

“Spank the turkey? Please?”

Ty chuckled. “I should refuse to spank the turkey for the next month and see if that changes your tune.”

Turk gasped. “You wouldn’t do that to me, would you?”

Never. He wouldn’t be able to hold out that long. Turk had his heart, and he knew it.

“I love you,” Turk whispered, leaning forward and pressing a gentle kiss to his lips.

Ty sank into the kiss. He pulled back, to whisper, “I love you, too.”

“Happy anniversary.”

“Happy thanksgiving.”

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