

## *Turkey Treats*

### Jade Buchanan

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Tyson rounded the corner, narrowly avoiding a collision with a spice rack, and looked around. Where the hell was Turk? Maybe this wasn't the best idea but his boyfriend absolutely loved the grocery store and Ty hadn't been able to deny him anything. They were celebrating their second anniversary after all. Or at least, the anniversary of when they'd met and Ty had just narrowly avoided killing Turk with a butcher knife.

It was the small things that counted.

Biting his lip, Ty started toward the back of the store. Maybe Turk had gone to snicker at the sausages again. Uh oh. Oh crap, this wasn't good. Ty picked up his pace.

Turk was standing in front of the bin of turkeys, currently in a tug of war with an older lady over a big, fat, frozen turkey.

"You don't want this one. Trust me. It'll be dry. Ham, now ham is a nice meat for Thanksgiving."

"I'm having turkey and that's final. Get your mitts off this!"

Ty quickly slid in between them, bumping Turk back until he let go of the turkey. "Sorry! He's had too much caffeine. Happy Thanksgiving!"

The lady walked off with a hmph, her twenty pound turkey firmly under her arm.

"What the hell, Ty?" Turk frowned with both hands on his hips.

Shit, they should get out of here before the lady decided to call the store Manager over. "Turk, you said you wouldn't do this. The only reason I brought you with me today was because you said you weren't going to go all nuts about the frozen turkeys."

“Look at them! They’re just lying there waiting for someone to eat them. Bastards. Murderers.” Turk quickly grinned, cozying up to Ty. “If they want to eat some turkey, they should just go vegetarian like you and find a nice little turkey shapeshifter to bring home.”

“Shh! Jeez, Turk. Lower your voice.” Ty tried to hold back his blush. He’d like to dare anyone to keep eating meat after finding out their boyfriend was a turkey. Literally.

Turk fluttered his lashes. “Come on, big boy. Let’s go home and play stuff the turkey. Gobble gobble.”

As the blood drained out of his head and centered in a much lower spot on his body, Ty grabbed Turk’s hand and started to pull him out of the store. He should have known better. He really should have know better than to bring Turk here of all days. But, man... His boyfriend did have the best ideas some days. Stuff the turkey, indeed. He might just break his land speed record getting home and getting undressed.

“Happy Turk day, big boy.”

Ty grinned down at Turk. “Happy Thanksgiving, babe.”

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