

Stuffed Turkey Jade Buchanan

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“If you’re going to be sick, please get out of my kitchen.”

Ty groaned, holding his head. Why was his mom so darn loud? He was in pain here. Couldn’t she see that?

“Honestly, Tyson. Get out there and get that turkey before your dad gets back. If I don’t have the turkey started this morning we won’t be eating this weekend.”

He glanced up, blinking in the bright light streaming through the kitchen windows. Ty’s mom came around the table, plopping herself into the chair across from where he was slowly dying.

“You only have yourself to blame, young man. Coming home in the wee hours of the morning. Now, you go grab that ax outside, walk yourself toward the barn and kill that bird and I’ll have a plate of bacon and eggs all ready for you when you come back. You could use some grease. Might make you feel better. Now get.”

Ty reluctantly stood up, his head pounding the entire time.

“Oh, and Tyson, make sure you get your cousin to help you out. Don’t forget what happened last year when you both ruined my white picket fence. Had to repaint the darn thing there was so much blood on it.”

Ty barely made it to the bathroom in time before he was on his knees, praying to the porcelain gods. She did that on purpose. He swore he could almost hear her chuckling.

He figured there was never going to be a good time to do this. He had to catch the damn thing first, and tie it up before he’d call Neal to come help him. Not that Neal was going to be all that happy with him, but if Ty had to suffer Neal was going to do it right

beside him. He was the jerk who'd encouraged Ty to have "just one more" last night. He wouldn't be this hung-over if he'd stopped drinking early.

"Damn Thanksgiving and damn mom for wanting a fresh bird. What the hell is so special about it anyway?"

Stepping outside, he grabbed the ax by the back door, hefting it reluctantly. He hated this job. The closer he got to the pen, the more nauseous he felt. He couldn't figure out why they couldn't just buy a damn turkey at the supermarket like everyone else. This sucked. Especially since his parents couldn't be bothered to raise their usual stock of domesticated turkeys this year. No, they had to go and get a wild turkey, feeding the bird and keeping him pretty much caged so he couldn't escape while they tried to fatten him up.

Wild turkeys were damn cunning. They could fly, unlike their unwieldy domestic counterparts and they were very suspicious creatures. Their male might have been caged for the past few months but he hadn't lost any of his wild habits.

The male eyed him warily. Ty couldn't blame him. He was approaching the bird with an ax. Hell, if it'd been him on the other side of the fence, he'd be nervous too.

"I can't do anything about it. I'm sorry, but mom will seriously turn this ax on me if I don't catch you, buddy. Just think, in another hour you'll be in turkey heaven, with all your other turkey friends. Bet you miss them, don't you?"

The turkey puffed up his feathers, his big tail feathers pushing up and out into a large fan, until he looked about twice the size he was originally. He lowered his head, watching Ty the entire time. Sighing, Ty laid down the ax, stepping inside the pen. The turkey flapped his wings, running to the other side of the pen.

"Look, my head hurts, I'm in a pissy mood and I just want to get back inside and have a big plate of crispy, greasy bacon. If you're real good, we can get this done quickly."

Ty followed the bird, feeling like an idiot. He tip-toed up to him, lunging when it looked like the turkey was going to stay in one place. He missed by inches. Ty sprawled

in the grass, his entire body shuddering with the impact. Oh, that was going to leave a mark. He grabbed his head, making sure it was still attached.

The turkey gobbled, setting up one heck of a racket. It sounded like he was mocking Ty.

Ty closed his eyes, counting to ten. "C'mon! Help me out here!"

"You can do better than that."

"Wha...?"

"C'mon, I'm right here. Big hunter going to kill the helpless birdie in a pen? Gobble gobble, come and get me."

Okay, seriously. What the hell? Ty lifted his head, staring in shock at the man in front of him. Thick brown hair brushed his shoulders, the shaggy cut hanging over his forehead and shading his eyes. Sensual lips lifted in a smirk, a pink tongue peaking out to lightly touch his full bottom lip.

"Tyson want a turkey? Come and get it."

What. The. Hell?

"Ooh, did you hit your head too hard? Bet that hurts. I can smell the booze permeating your skin from here."

Ty rolled to his back, slowly sitting up. He gained his feet, all the while keeping his back to the turkey-who-wasn't-a-man. Nope, there was no man there. None. He was just hallucinating. "You're not real. I'm just suffering from alcohol poisoning or something. Induced hallucinations. When I turn back around there's going to be a nice, big, fat turkey waiting for me."

"Oooh, you want a big, fat one? I can help you out with that. Come over here and play with my wattle."

Ty turned, blinking. He stared dumbly at the man smirking back at him. He was nearly the same size as Ty, but his entire body was lean and fit. Streamlined. Ty swallowed. There was a whole heck of a lot of the guy on display and from the looks of his rising shaft, he definitely wanted his "wattle" played with. Geez.

“This is just a dream, right? I hit my head, and I’m lying bleeding on the ground while the turkey pecks my skin. Or, wait. I’m in a coma, and this is all just my mind’s way of reenacting my accident. I’m really in bed somewhere connected to a bunch of tubes, and you’re really in the kitchen, with someone’s hand up your ass putting in the stuffing.”

Turkey boy winced. “Wow, that sounds a bit harsh. I don’t even know you and here you’re insinuating I’m into fisting. Can’t you at least buy me a drink first? I’m easy, I swear. One drink is all it’ll take and I’m on my back with my legs spread.” He placed his hand on his chest, pinching a nipple before leisurely trailing his fingertips down his cobbled belly.

“Guh...” He couldn’t think. How was he supposed to think when Turkey boy was doing that? Oh... lower, lower...

“This what you want?” Turkey boy fisted his shaft, squeezing the flushed head, milking out a creamy drop of precome. “Come and eat it, Ty.”

Ty snickered, overcome with a juvenile sense of humor for a moment. “My mom always told me not to play with my food.”

“Oh, but you want to, don’t you? Come and play with it. Let’s see how you like being basted with a nice, thick sauce.”

“Oh, Jesus Christ. I can’t believe you just said that.”

“Come and get it, farm boy.”

Ty laughed, nearly overcome by the snarky grin on Turkey boy’s face. What the heck. What did he have to lose? This was just a dream, right?

Ty lunged forward once more, only this time Turkey boy didn’t run off. Claspings the other man against his body, Ty groaned at the warm silk beneath his fingers. Turkey boy groaned, slanting his head and claiming Ty’s lips, swallowing his next breath. He thrust his hips, his cock a solid presence at Ty’s hip before he shifted again and suddenly they were flush hip to hip.

Turkey boy pulled away, grasping Ty’s shirt and yanking it off.

“Geez, watch the ears!”

“Get your clothes off, then!”

Ty grinned, quickly toeing off his sneakers and shucking his pants in a quick motion. He plastered himself against Turkey boy again, gratified at the slick feel of skin on skin. Reaching down, he grabbed two handfuls of ass, kneading the flesh.

Turkey boy chuckled. “You looking to stuff the turkey?”

Ty was past jokes. His whole body was tense, his arousal level gone from zero to sixty in the past minute and a half. This was ridiculous but he couldn't stop touching the other man. He needed inside. Whimpering, Ty thrust his hips, his leaking cock marking the other man with his essence. “Please, please please please...”

“Well now. I do like a man who begs. Fuck me, Ty.”

Somehow, they managed to make it to their knees without damaging anything irreparable. He was probably going to have a few bruises tomorrow but he didn't really care. The other man quickly turned, arching his back, shaking his ass while his hands grasped at the grass underneath them.

Ty lowered his head, licking a path down the spine in front of him, tasting the other man. He reached his crease, whimpering as he damn near devoured Turkey boy's ass. He released his treasure long enough to suck one finger into his mouth, getting it nice and slick with saliva. Ty teased the other man, gently stroking the outside of his hole, waiting until the hips in front of him were shaking. He sank the tip inside, bending once more to lick where his finger met the succulent skin of Turkey boy. He loved the way the other man tasted, so sweet.

“Just stuff me already.”

Unable to wait, hoping the man knew whether he was ready, Ty grabbed his cock in one hand, teasing himself by sliding the head up and down Turkey boy's crease. Oh, oh, that felt nice. He lifted his hand, spitting into his palm. Coating his dick in the slick liquid, he couldn't wait any longer. With a squeak betraying his pleasure, Ty pressed against Turkey boy's hole, slowly stretching the other man. It was tight, almost too tight, but hot and slick and so damn good.

He lost track of time, lost to the pounding rhythm they set up, his sweat dripping onto the other man's back. He gasped, shuddered, rolled his hips. Reached down and grasped his lover's cock, fisting it tightly. Turkey boy arched his back, crying out, cock jerking, seed splattering on the grass. It was too much for Ty. He closed his eyes, gasping out his orgasm, hips stuttering, balls tight.

Ty slumped onto the other man's back, before carefully withdrawing, lowering them both to the ground. He gasped for breath, confused at the soft weight in his arms.

"Uh, why are you still here? This was just a dream!"

Turkey boy shifted until they were facing each other. His face was relaxed, sated.

"Calm down, farm boy. This wasn't a dream, and yes, I'm real. Maybe next time your dad will think before he captures a young wild turkey out in the woods. Although, I must admit, I'm kind of glad now. I definitely have no intention of running away. Well, I'm not staying in this damn pen, but I'm sure we could work something out because I'm definitely sticking around you."

"You're real?"

Turkey boy grinned widely. "Want to touch me and make sure?"

"Uh, think I've done enough of that already. But... okay." Ty reached out, running his palms down those sleek sides. "So, I can't call you Turkey boy when I introduce you to my parents as my new boyfriend. You have a name?"

"You could call me Turk, if you want."

"Turk? Lord. Okay, that works for me. So... Turk. Guess we're eating ham this weekend."

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