

How to Cook a Turkey

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“Oh, yeah. Dig in, big boy. Teach this little turkey a lesson. Gobble gobble.”

Tyson sat up and stared at his lover. “Turk. I don’t know how many times I have to tell you. The turkey foreplay is not sexy.”

“Oh, then why is your wattle so happy to see me?” Turk leered at him.

Tyson couldn’t help bursting into laughter at that. He knew he was only encouraging the sucker, but he couldn’t help it.

Turk definitely did it for Tyson. Shaggy brown hair surrounded a face that was perfectly angelic with pink, cupid’s bow lips and soulful brown eyes. Even after all these years together, Tyson never once regretted not chopping Turk’s head off. Well, that probably deserved an explanation...

A few years back Tyson had been nursing a hangover when he’d been delegated the task of butchering the thanksgiving turkey. What he hadn’t expected was for a wild turkey shapeshifter to have gotten into a mess of trouble. They’d both been surprised, but Ty had fallen hard for Turk that day.

Fast forward a few years and now Tyson was a card carrying vegetarian – who would be much happier if his turkey of a boyfriend would stop eating meat – who looked forward to each thanksgiving and their subsequent anniversary.

Yeah, this was one hell of a way to celebrate.

“Come on, turkey lover. You know you want to slather me in butter, season my breast and stick something up my ass.” Turk pursed his lips and blew a kiss.

“I’ll stick something up your ass, alright.”

“Oooh, Tyson dressing. My favorite!”

Tyson snickered before moving back to what he'd been doing before. The thick, tasty cock in front of him practically begged to be made a meal of. And, he really shouldn't be thinking things like that after Turk's comments, but he couldn't help it.

"Always wash your hands before handling raw meat," Turk whispered.

Call him a sucker, but he really loved the man. Ty looked up and met Turk's gaze before he spit into the palm of his hand and grasped Turk's dick in a slippery grip.

"Stuff the turkey lightly."

With a grin Tyson reached out and grabbed the bottle of lube they'd already put out. He opened the top with one hand and drizzled some down the crack of Turk's ass. Throwing the bottle to the side, he made sure to liberally apply the lube to Turk's most sensitive bits. One finger turned into two before he was fucking Turk with three of his fingers. His little shifter was crying out from the dual attention to his dick and ass, feet drumming on the bed.

Tyson's own dick was about ready to burst. He released Turk before leaning up and kissing Turk soundly. "What's next?"

"Always place the turkey breast up," Turk gasped out.

"Hey, that's already done. Look at me. I'm so good at this."

"Insert an oven-safe meat thermometer."

"Hmmm, where can I find one of those again? Ah, I know..."

Without warning, he pressed his cock against the lovely hole presented so nicely in front of him. With a moan, he pressed insistently until he was balls deep inside his lover. Oh, wow, he felt good. Warm and inviting.

He snapped his hips, driving them both up to the edge and over until stars flashed in front of his eyes and he found his release inside Turk. He belatedly grabbed Turk's cock again and jerked it once, twice, before Turk followed him into orgasm.

Tyson dropped like a stone on top of Turk, panting harshly. "Fuck..."

"You basted the turkey without me even having to tell you. Tyson, I'm so proud."

He snorted out a laugh, before lifting his head and kissing Turk again. "You're incorrigible."

“And you follow instructions so nicely. Happy thanksgiving.”

“Babe, happy thanksgiving.”

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