

Turk a la Mode

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“Die, fuckers!”

Tyson paused, his beer halfway to his lips, the game on the tube forgotten. With a start, he turned to watch his lover run into the kitchen with a butcher knife. He didn't want to know. He really didn't want to know. Placing his beer on the coffee table, Tyson craned his neck, trying to see into the kitchen.

“Turk?”

“Take that! Take that!” Turk's voice was accompanied by a pounding sound.

Okay, looked like Turk had already cracked under the pressure of Thanksgiving holidays. They were coming up on their one year anniversary tomorrow, and while it should be a joyous event, there were a few bad memories attached to the holiday for Turk. Tyson had been a tiny bit worried about his boyfriend this past week. Apparently, he'd been right to worry since Turk was definitely acting crazy.

“Baby? What are you doing in there?”

Silence greeted him for a count of five. Finally, Turk deigned to answer him.
“Nothing.”

Riiight. Sighing, Tyson stood up, ambling into the other room. Turk was standing dead center in the kitchen, his hands behind his back and a very sheepish expression on his face. Beside him on the counter were the remains of the tofurkey Tyson had picked up that morning.

“That doesn't quite look like nothing, babe.” Tyson stepped closer, ignoring the big knife Turk was still holding in his hand. Seriously, he could see the edge of the dangd thing even behind his lover's back so Turk wasn't fooling anyone.

"I was just..."

"Yeah?"

"Nothing." Turk finally moved, placing the knife in the sink. He grabbed the edge of the counter beside him, vaulting up to sit cross-legged on the surface. Scratching his chin, he studied Tyson.

Tyson bit the inside of his cheek, determined not to laugh and ruin this.

"They're more fun when you have to chase them and cut their heads off."

"Jesus. I'm not eating turkey this weekend. Or ever again." He nearly gagged at the thought. When one was living with an honest to god turkey shape shifter, you became vegetarian in a hurry.

Just last year, Tyson had nearly ended their relationship before it even started. He'd been brandishing an axe, ready to chop the neck of the big wild turkey running around in his backyard when Turk had shifted and turned their little chase scene into a much more pleasurable interlude. Now, if only Turk would stop chowing down on meat, they'd both be happy.

"Well, that's not true. Or, it better not be true. You're looking at one turkey that definitely will be eaten this weekend. If you're really good, I might just let you eat me within the next hour." Grinning from ear to ear, Turk practically bounced on the counter.

Chuckling, Tyson paced forward, stopping in front of Turk and grabbing the other man around his waist. Turk unfolded his legs, kicking them out to either side of Ty. He wound his arms around Ty's neck, drawing him closer until they were pressed chest to chest.

"I might give in. Might. But you have to do something for me," he whispered, nuzzling Turk's neck. The other man always smelled so damn good. He wasn't even sure what it was, but there was just something about Turk that drove Ty crazy.

"What's that?"

"Stop running around in the backyard buck assed naked yelling out 'gobble, gobble' and I will do frickin anything." Tyson couldn't keep the grin off his face, and he

was pretty sure Turk could hear it in his voice even if the other man couldn't see his expression.

"Damn, you're no fun. You liked it, don't even try to lie. I saw you staring at my wattle as it swung back and forth."

"That wasn't your wattle, babe."

"Hmm... are you sure? Sure felt like my wattle. Here, have a closer look." Turk pulled back, placing his hands behind him and arching in one sensuous bend.

Tyson might have whimpered but he'd deny it if anyone ever asked. Turk was such a pretty man. He hated being called that but there was no denying the shaggy brown hair, pink cupid's bow lips, slim chest and big, thick, tasty cock all added up to one fine package.

Tyson licked his lips, reaching out and palming Turk's growing shaft. Yep, his little turkey liked being touched. Ty pulled firmly, rubbing his thumb along the sensitive glans. Turk was nice and hard now, his dick engorged with blood.

A sudden thought interrupted his perusal of Turk's attributes. With a wicked smirk, Tyson backed away, striding to the fridge to the sound of Turk's indignant mutterings.

He opened the freezer, pulling out the tub of vanilla ice cream that he'd bought to go with the pumpkin pie. Without wasting any time, he pulled the top off as he moved back to Turk. Returning his hand to Turk's dick, he pumped once, just making sure the other man was paying attention.

"Oooh, Turk à la mode?" Turk wiggled, nearly shaking Tyson's hand off his cock.

Ty started to laugh, unable to help it. God, he loved this man. There was just no one else like him.

"You're looking a little hot, babe. Thought I'd help cool you off."

"Hmm, I like that idea. Carry on."

Grinning, Tyson slid his fingers into the soft ice cream, grateful it wasn't entirely frozen. It was perfect for what he had in mind. Bringing his hand up to his lips, he licked off the vanilla goodness, letting the cool treat melt inside his mouth. Bending down, he licked the bobbing treat in front of him, letting Turk feel the coolness of the ice cream.

A full body shiver wracked Turk's lean frame. He reached out, grabbing onto the back of Tyson's head. "More..."

Unable to help himself, Ty went to town, licking and sucking Turk's dick until he was moaning himself. God, he loved the taste of the other man, and the vanilla ice cream just pushed everything into Heaven territory.

Pushing his free hand down his own pants, Ty fisted himself, whimpering around Turk's cock. It wasn't going to take him long at all. He lurched forward, off balance, and took Turk's dick just a little too far. Ty gagged, grateful when Turk pushed him back, holding onto his shoulders and keeping him in place. God, that was perfect, the head of Turk's delicious cock rubbed along his tongue with every small thrust of Turk's hips. He licked up, trying to give the other man everything he could. He wanted Turk to come, needed him to break apart. Fisting his dick harder, he felt his balls draw up, pleasure suffusing his body.

Oh shit, too late. Tyson was too far gone, he couldn't wait. He gasped, screaming around Turk's dick, back arching as he reached his orgasm. That was just enough for his lover. Turk was right behind him, crying out and filling his mouth with cum.

Dropping his head in Turk's lap, Ty nuzzled the spent shaft of his little turkey. He felt the other man pet his hair, but he was too sated to move right now.

“Oooh, perfect! Now we have extra cream for the glaze,” Turk crowed.

Sputtering, Tyson shook his head, pulling back enough to mock-glare up at his lover. Turk urged him the rest of the way up, snuggling in and pursing his lips for a kiss. Giving in, Tyson kissed the other man, tongues duelling. They parted, Ty going back to sneak a few kisses before finally drawing away.

“Love you, babe,” Tyson whispered.

“Love you, too. Now, hop to it. We have some tofurkey to kill!”