

A Fowl Fetish

Cretin

I'm a rapist of poultry
Plucked, stuffed, and cooked
My recipe for love
Comes from a cookbook
You might call it sick
But you'd be mistaken
I'm fowly in love
Nude beneath my apron

Lovingly prepping
My prizewinning game hen
Tongue-kiss the neck hole
Fingering her rear end
Massaging in spices
Culinary foreplay
My bumpy-fleshed lover
A finger lickin' good lay

The turkey gobbles
The rooster crows
My glistening meat baster
Swells and grows

Dressing for sex with a twist
Spread her thighs, I grease my fist
I work the stuffing in her hole
Knees buckle when I lose control
I set the oven to cook real quick
And push the button with my dick
Lighting candles sets the mood
As I prepare to fuck my food

A breast or thigh
Neck or wing
My original or crispy
Sex cuisine

The scent of my lover
Hangs thick in the air
Through the oven window
I masturbate and stare
My lust overwhelms me
Throw open the door
Scalding my hands
I mount her on the floor

I plunge my cock into her meat
The steaming juices feel so sweet
Our fevered thrusting shakes the walls
Homemade stuffing burns my balls
She falls apart and cannot last
I shove a drumstick up my ass
Clawing at her tender breasts
I cum and then I eat the rest