



Winston Gieseke (Ed.)

OUT OF UNIFORM

Gay Erotic Stories

BRUNO GMÜNDER

Edited by Winston Gieseke

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INTRODUCTION

Dressed to Impress

Why do we go weak in the knees for a man in uniform? What is it about a simple outfit that can transform an ordinary guy into an object of worship? Regardless of whether he's a police officer, a military man, a firefighter, or one of those guys in sexy brown pants who delivers nice packages (both in a box and in his pants!)—there's something about the uniform makes us stop and stare.

Some say a well-fitting uniform can make a hot guy even hotter, while others posit that it's the uniform itself that's sexy. But why? Is it the fact that many uniforms—especially those representing an accomplished state, such as a military ranking or a level of law enforcement—are worn with pride, making the man stand straighter, more erect?

Does a uniform indicate strength? Does it turn a guy into a badass? Is a uniform indicative of job security? Or is it the simple fact that everyone likes a guy who can dress well? Of course, a sharp-dressed man can be a very subjective thing—I once met an interesting fellow who claimed to be turned on by anything in a *Star Trek* costume—so thankfully there are many types of uniforms for us to drool over.

Whatever your pleasure, I am pleased to present a collection of steamy tales featuring strapping studs decked out in one specialty outfit or another. Some of the stories are romantic in nature—a quest for beer leads to a fling with a soldier on leave which then helps bring an unlikely couple together in Kit Christopher's "Alameda Naval Air Station, October 16, 1969"; and a Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer searches for a wanted man but ends up wanting one in Landon Dixon's "Bear with Me"—while others deal with the uniform as an obsession. This is most glaringly true for young Corin, whose hero, a fireman, is also the object of his desire in Gregory L. Norris's

“Burn”; and the relentless Will, who will do just about anything to get his handsome mailman naked in Rob Rosen’s “Out of the Blue.”

There’s no better proof that the law of attraction works than when one sexy uniformed stud finds himself drawn to another. Such is the case in Russell Clark’s “Uniformly Excited,” a story about a marine going at it with a hotel bellman; and Brett Lockhard’s “Officer, Interrupted,” in which the fatigues of a navy SEAL just home from Afghanistan attract a baseball player fresh—or rather, hot and sweaty—from an exhilarating home game.

And believe it or not, a uniform can even lead to enlightenment. This is the theme in Joe Thompson’s “What the Doctor Ordered,” whose brazen young protagonist finds himself on different sides of an outfit fetish in back-to-back hookups; and in Mike Hicks’s “Special Delivery,” where we learn that even when a UPS guy makes an error, it can be a win-win for all parties.

But things are not always what they seem. Sometimes when the uniform comes off, the persona comes off as well: A writer who wants to blow the lid off a scout groups’ antigay policy ends up blowing something else in Roger Willoughby’s “Kamikaze Journalist Seeks Troop Leader,” while a mistreated chauffeur in 1960s’ New Orleans attempts to establish some boundaries in David Aprys’s “ChrisCross,” and a traveler who hates airport security is surprised to find something he *does* like in Natty Soltesz’s “T&SA.”

Perhaps this collection’s most bizarre uniform worship will be found in Mike Connor’s “Into the Orange” or T. Hitman’s “My Night of Wild Sex with Wilton Parmenter.”

Regardless of the outfit’s specifics, one thing is clear: A uniform transforms an everyday guy into a modern-day Superman, one who—ironically—we can’t wait to get naked. Because the only thing sexier than a man in uniform is a man *out* of uniform.

Happy reading.

Winston Gieseke
Berlin

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Mike Hicks

There was a space right in front of the building just big enough for my car—a small miracle in that neighborhood—and I dutifully thanked the parking gods as I inched my way into the tight space. I double-checked the address before I shut off the engine, then pulled out my cell and punched in his number. He picked up on the first ring. “Yeah?”

“Joe, it’s me—Mike. I’m here. I found it OK.”

“Great,” he said, “You wearing the uniform?”

“Yup, I’ve got everything. You ready for me?”

“Oh, I’m ready, buddy,” he said. “Horny and ready to play.” I like it when they’re eager. “Come on up. It’s the fourth floor, apartment six.” There was the click of him hanging up. I put on the brown cap, grabbed the carton, and climbed the steps to the entrance. He buzzed me in as soon as I pressed his bell.

It was the first time I’d met him, let alone role-played with him, but I’d gotten the idea from our online chat that he’d be good at it. You can sort of tell. I started getting a boner in the elevator.

The door slid open to a dim hallway on the fourth floor. I found his door about halfway down on the left. A sound like running water came from inside. I knocked, waited thirty seconds, then pounded it hard a couple more times. The water stopped. There was some shuffling followed by the creak of footsteps coming toward the door. An impatient voice came from behind it: “Yeah?”

“Delivery,” I said. “United Package Systems.”

A moment passed before he spoke again. “What *kind* of package?” I’m not expecting anything.”

“The package is sealed, sir.” I should have said “*concealed*.”

“Just leave it by the door,” he said—as though he had no intention of letting me in. He was good. Little touches like that make it feel real. And hot. This was gonna be fun.

“But I’ll need a signature, sir.”

There was another pause. “OK, just a minute. I gotta put something on.” There was the sound of further shuffling before the door swung open to reveal one of those vast, stylish loft apartments that are called studios but that are bigger than a two-bedroom house. It gave the impression of being well constructed.

So did its occupant: He stood there, a vision of pissed-off masculinity, soaking wet, ringlets of black hair clinging to his neck, naked except for the towel he held closed at the hip. There was an accent of hair on each slab of pectoral, flattened against his skin by the water. Drops ran down the hard flesh of his stomach and disappeared beneath the towel. A trail of drips led from a door at the far end of the space across the hardwood to a puddle at his feet. He hadn’t mentioned his big feet—a turn-on for me—but then he hadn’t mentioned how much he’d bulked up his arms and chest since that pic on the Web site was taken either.

He cleared his throat. I quickly transferred my gaze from the indented navel up to the deep brown eyes. “Um, is *that* the package?” he said.

“Yes ... sorry. Here you go, sir.” I handed him the cardboard cube. He took it with his free hand and examined the return address with a puzzled expression. I handed him the clipboard and pen. “Please sign by the X.”

He reached for it with his other hand and the towel fell to the floor. “Sorry,” he said, doing a good job of feigning embarrassment. His thick, soft dick swung left as he put the package down to pick up the towel. It looked bigger than on the Web, surprisingly bigger even flaccid. His pubes were wet and dripping. There was a trace of soapy lather on the fat head, and some suds ran from the dark meat of his ball bag down his inner thigh. I like good hygiene down there. He threw the white terrycloth back around his waist, this time securing it tightly in order to take pen and clipboard in hand. He signed and handed it back to me. “OK,” he said, “thanks, buddy. Have a good night.” He reached for the knob as though he really was going to shut the door on me. I took it as my cue to creatively invite myself in.

“Excuse me, Mister ...” I looked at his signature and suppressed a snicker “... Mister *Dickwell*. I’ve been making deliveries all day, and I’m thirsty as

hell. I don't suppose I could trouble you for a glass of water."

He frowned and scrutinized me for a second before responding. "Yeah, I guess so. Come on in."

I followed him across the space to the kitchen area. He opened the fridge and rooted around. There was a subtle patch of hair in the small of his back. The towel hung low enough on his ass that I could see the beginning of his crack. "I'm out of bottled water. How about a beer instead?"

"That'd be fine." I said. "I'd like that even better. He grabbed two bottles, twisted off the caps, and handed one to me. He sat down on a barstool at the counter and motioned for me to do the same before he wrapped his lips around the amber glass. We each took an initial chug.

"Thanks a lot," I said. "That really hits the spot." I spread my legs to display the erection strapped to my leg by the tight brown pants.

His eyes traveled down to the bulge, then back up to my face. Slowly a smile dawned on his face, and very slowly it turned into a knowing leer. He let the bottom of the sweating bottle touch his right nipple as he brought it to his lips for another sip. It nudged the left one on its way back down, and he let it rest there, teasing the hardening nub while we talked. "How long you been working for UPS?" he asked.

"Couple years." I took another sip and rested the butt of my own bottle on the head of the erection in my pants. It left a wet spot that made it look like my cock head was leaking. Which it was.

His smirk widened into a smile. He made no effort to hide the boner growing under his towel. He brought his beer down to rest on the tip of it, then flexed his erect cock to move the bottle up and down. "How are the benefits?"

"Oh," I said, "better some days than others—if you know what I mean." I undid the first couple buttons of my shirt. "Getting hot in here. Mind if I take this off?" I untucked it and had it open before he had a chance to answer. It slipped off my shoulders to the floor. I mouthed a silent, coy *oops*.

"Nah"—he was leering now—"can't say I mind at all. As long as you don't mind *this*." He stood and let the towel fall. He crossed his arms on his chest, leaned back, and looked down at his erection.

I gulped. It actually looked a *hell* of a lot bigger in person than on the computer screen. The head looked hard enough to burst. He wagged it back

and forth a couple times and then looked up at me from under dark eyebrows. “Got any time before your next delivery, UPS guy?”

“Mike,” I reminded him. I nodded and unbuckled my belt.

“Get comfortable then, Mike.”

I was naked in five seconds. He gave me the all-over eye and seemed pleased. He pulled me toward him and put his hand on the back of my head, drawing my face to his. His tongue entered me in one violent plunge. Our pricks rubbed together and slid around in the drip while I got lost in his aggressive kiss.

I could’ve tongue-wrestled with him a long time, but I remembered he’d said he wanted me to be dominant, so I figured I’d go with the agreed-on plan. I put a hand on each of his plump deltoids to push him to his knees—but he resisted, driving his tongue deeper into my mouth. I pushed harder.

“No!” he growled. He took my shoulders and pushed me down. I resisted for a moment before I gave in and knelt. He was changing the script and the spontaneity of it was getting me hot. I was ready to go with it.

With his erection wagging at my eye level, he took his bottle and poured a few drops on the head. “Go ahead,” he sneered, “have some beer.” I wrapped my lips around the knob and sucked. The taste of beer and sweat combined with something unsurprisingly thick and salty. I popped the head in and out of my mouth in time with his groans. He took me by the hair and pulled me off it for a minute. I looked up at him. “Open wide,” he said. He laid the head on my tongue and let it rest there as he poured more beer into his pubic hair. Some of it ran down his shaft and into my mouth, most of the rest went down his legs to the floor or down my chin onto my chest. I kept up my slurping until the bottle was empty.

When I’d swallowed the last drops, he grabbed the back of my head and shoved in as much of the thick shaft as I could take. I did my best. He rocked in and out of my throat a good five minutes. I was ready to let him go longer. But he stopped me and pulled me up standing.

“Come on,” he said, nodding in the direction of the platform bed in the corner. I followed him to it and flopped down on my back. “Nice dick,” he said.

“Thanks.”

“Now turn over.”

“Wha ...”

“Turn over. On your hands and knees.”

I hesitated. This part of the script change was less interesting to me. He didn't wait for me to comply but grabbed me by the waist and flipped me over himself, then lay down on top of me. His hard prick rested in my crack. His weight on me felt good, but I had to tell him: “Mr. Dickwell ... I'm not really a bottom ...”

He put his mouth next to my ear. His breath was hot. “You're about to become one—Mike, is it?” He rose and pulled my butt up in the air. “Nice,” he said.

“But, really, I haven't had anyone up there in long time ... I—”

“Don't worry. I'll be gentle. Mostly.” He ran the tips of his fingers in circular patterns over the cheeks of my butt, moving them closer and closer to the crack, then slowly spreading it open. I heard him spit, and then felt the warm saliva run down the valley. His finger brushed my pucker and lingered, then entered me exquisitely slowly.

I relaxed into it, surprised that I wanted him to go in further. He finger-fucked me a bit, then lingered on my tight muscle ring, teasing it and playing with it, chuckling when he saw it twitch. “Clench it and relax it for me,” he directed. I tried. I tightened it, then let the muscle release as best I could. Then I felt two fingers enter me. My moan resembled a whimper, but I let him continue. He leaned to my ear and whispered, “Ready for something bigger?” I'm still trying to figure out what made me say yes.

He flipped me back over on my back and stuck a pillow under my ass. His cock was wrapped in a condom he must've applied while he was fingering me. He touched my ball sac with the rubbered tip.

“Use plenty of lube, OK?” I said.

He grabbed a bottle from the nightstand and handed it to me. “You put on as much as you want.” I squirted a handful onto my palm and stroked it onto the latex-sheathed bone. It surged at my touch. He closed his eyes and shuddered. “You better let me stick this in, UPS guy—before we waste a condom.”

I grabbed my haunches and spread myself open. He positioned the tip against my pucker. I gave it a couple butt-kisses and then felt the pressure of him trying to go in.

“Just relax, buddy, try to push it out.” I tried. He pressed. The head popped in. He started rocking before he got all the way into me, then went

deeper with each stroke till he was plunging it in all the way, and pulling almost all the way out on the outstroke. With each thrust of his hips he let out a loud grunt.

My near-virginal hole couldn't take too much of that pounding, but fortunately, he was already close. He made one last brutal thrust. I let out a grunt of discomfort and he pulled out. The jism began squirting the second he ripped off the condom, and kept flowing in rhythmic spurts for thirty seconds. His sperm was steamy hot on my belly and chest. He shook the prick a few times till he was sure he'd given me every drop. I reached to stroke my own dick, but he took over for me, locking his eyes on mine and keeping me captive with them as he pulled on my shaft until I got close to that sweet place of no return. He brought his other hand to my left nipple and pinched.

The spasming started somewhere deep in my guts, then an odd and welcome clench of pleasure moved from that indistinct spot inside down to my drawn-up nut sac, intensifying till it moved up to the head of my dick. The sensation shot up the front of my body, even after the hot fountain of juice began shooting, and exited me in a low, involuntary shout. It wound down like a siren spending itself till the only sound left was my breathing and his. He decreased the pressure on my nipple but held on to my cock for a long while after I finished, even after it got soft. I reached for his. It was still erect.

He chuckled. "It stays hard for a while after I cum," he said. Some guys are just made that way, I guess. My thumb and forefinger couldn't reach all the way around it. I gave it a couple strokes. He grinned and let go of me, then got up to get the towel from where he'd dropped it, and came back to wipe our mingled semen off my belly. "Thanks," I said.

"No problem. Mama always taught me to clean up my mess." He finished the job and tossed the towel back on the floor, then lay down next to me on the bed. He kissed me, gently this time, just lips touching, tender with the tongue. I could have stayed with that kiss a long time, but reality hit me to keep from doing something I might regret. It was, after all, just an Internet hookup. Fun, but not a good idea to take it too seriously.

I got up and found the elements of my uniform. He played with the head of his boner while he watched me dress. I grabbed the box and clipboard

and paused before heading for the door to get a last look at him. “You know,” I said, “you should really get some new pictures.”

“What do you mean?” He propped himself up on an elbow.

“New pictures—for your Web ad. You look a lot different now. Hotter, frankly.”

He looked genuinely confused. “*Web ad?* I don’t have ...”

We looked at each other for a few seconds of puzzled silence. “You’re not roleplayslut69?”

“Um, *no*, I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Isn’t this 307 Fernandez, apartment six?”

“Well, it’s 307 all right, but ...” He slapped himself on the forehead and rolled his eyes, then grabbed the cum-soaked towel from the floor and wrapped it back around his waist. He went to the door and cracked it, then checked to make sure no one was in the hallway before opening it all the way. “Shit,” he said. He touched the metal number six on the door. It was loose. He rotated it with his finger. It became a nine. “That top nail came out last week. I really did mean to fix it ...”

“So, this isn’t ...?”

He shook his head. “Nope.” Another pause, then: “So, I’m guessing you don’t really work for UPS ...”

I shook mine. “And your last name really *is* Dickwell?”

He nodded. There was a moment of stunned silence before we fell against each other laughing, and a good several minutes before we stopped. When we’d both recovered, we hugged, and he lay back down on the bed. I put on my cap to go.

“Well, thanks for the delivery, in any case.” he said.

“Yeah, and thanks for, um, opening me up to new experiences.”

“No problem. If you care to make this a regular stop on your route, I might open you up a bit more.” He winked.

“I’d like that. I’d better get going now, though. Where is apartment nine anyway? He must be wondering what happened to me.”

“Other end of the hall, but don’t you think he’s probably given up on you by this point?” He locked his hands behind his head, exposing the dark patches of hair in his pits. The scent made it to my nostrils in an instant, making an electrical connection to my nuts. He was, incredibly, still hard.

He wiggled it and grinned. “Why don’tcha make *his* delivery some other time?”

I thought about it for a second, then shrugged and started to unbutton my shirt again.

ALAMEDA NAVAL AIR STATION, OCTOBER 16, 1969

Kit Christopher

I was in my “tough” period at this point. I remember smoking cigarettes to look bad and drinking when I could get a hold of beer. I hung out with my older brother and his friends because they could get in much more glamorous trouble than I could with my friends. It was that awkward summer before college starts, and we were old enough to get in trouble, but not old enough to figure out how to avoid it ...

My brother’s friends liked me because when we went down to Webster Street to see if we could get a sailor to buy us liquor, I always fared better than they did. What they didn’t know was that these gobs wanted to think they were hot stuff, so when I’d get within ten feet of a sailor I was fairly well swooning. And they loved it. Standing outside Lucky’s Liquor in my little bellbottomed jeans, I’d wait till a sailor staggered by and then I’d bat my eyelashes and do my “Please, Mister ...” routine. Sometimes I’d even get a lascivious comment in addition to the booze.

The night I met Buzz we were particularly well off because my brother’s best friend Rick had borrowed his father’s car. Well, not borrowed, exactly. Rick’s father was prone to passing out after dinner. So, there were six of us riding around in the beat-up 1961 Lincoln Continental, looking to get in some big trouble.

I was hoping the other guys would disappear and Rick and I would end up alone together. I was Rick’s default action. He’d graduated high school and gone to work in his dad’s auto shop, and there had been plenty of nights when Rick was horny and we’d end up using his keys to open the auto shop to “hang out and drink beer.” Rick would sprawl out on the red vinyl sofa in the waiting area and read a *Playboy* magazine while talking about how horny

he was. Soon enough, his big ex-football-star cock would get hauled out of his jeans and, while his face was buried in Miss September's spread, I would quietly kneel on the floor in front of him. I'd stroke his thighs and sometimes pull his pants down around his ankles. He would say nothing. It never occurred to me as I was blowing him in the near dark of the waiting area that he couldn't see anything in that magazine. It was too dark. But the magazine served another purpose. It was a rotogravure wall of denial. Rick could happily let his best friend's little brother slobber his big load down if he had the security blanket of a *Playboy* in between us.

Romance in a small town is pretty scarce for a guy like me. I never even thought to expect it.

At about seven-thirty we headed down to Webster Street to score, and I could feel my pulse rise. I loved doing this for two reasons. First, because the guys made a big deal over my nerve and ability to get the sailors to buy us booze; and second, because of the fleeting and elicited contact I'd have with the sailors. I loved the conspiratorial feeling.

The *Enterprise* had arrived in town the day before. It was Friday night and the streets were swarming. We had no problem finding sailors. There were guys in clean white uniforms and guys in woolen navy blue. Then there were the guys from landlocked states, with roses in their cheeks, standing out like sore thumbs with their nearly shaved heads. It was, after all, 1969. They tried to make up for it wearing "groovy" clothes. Fringed buckskin jackets were big at this point. Tight white jeans and a skintight tie-dyed T-shirts. Maybe even some beads or a headband. I posted myself outside of Lucky's and lit a cigarette while the guys waited in the car in the Safeway parking lot across the street.

A big blue Cadillac pulled up in front of the store and the passenger door opened up. A fairly drunk sailor tumbled out, yelling at the driver, "Hey, ya fuckin' cocksucker ... git yer hands off me!" He landed on his drunk, navy blue butt and the car sped away into the night. I stood and watched as the guy pulled himself together and brushed himself off.

He looked at me and laughed. "Shit, man, ya hitch a ride in this fuckin' place and they think ya owe 'em some meat or somethin'." As he swaggered toward me, I saw that he wasn't so much drunk as out of control. He had an exaggerated macho strut that gave his slim hips quite a roll. His navy blue wool looked glued on, especially around his thighs and shoulders. He wasn't

pretty, but he had a streetwise, seen-it-all look on his late-teenaged face that made my throat close up. And he was a big guy, about fifty pounds more than me and almost a foot taller.

I gathered myself together and began my pitch, “Excuse me, Mister, can I talk to you for a minute?” I told him to come around the side of the building and he seemed intrigued. “We need three six-packs of talls, but we don’t have ID, can you help us out?” He looked at my wadded up dollar bills and smiled.

“Well, buddy, the problem is I’m only twenty and I don’t got an ID either.”

“Oh, don’t worry, they always sell beer to sailors here—I know, ’cause guys get it for me all the time.”

“Is this a regular hustle for you or somethin’?”

“My older brother and his friends make me do it for them,” I whined slightly. I batted my eyelashes and he smiled real big this time and looked at me in a way that made me shiver, even tho’ it was a warm night. He took the money and was back in a flash with the beer and a fresh pack of Marlboros. He offered me a cigarette.

“So, what you gonna do for me now, buster?” I gulped and he laughed. “Don’t worry kid. Can ya git me a ride down to Park Street? I wanna go to the pizza joint there ...”

With four of us jammed into the backseat of the Lincoln the sailor seemed even bigger than before—all thighs and arms. He lifted both arms up and rested them on the back of the seat behind us. I was on the door under his left armpit. He smelled like Old Spice.

Buzz, as he’d introduced himself, was smart to get to the other side of town: less competition. As we bumped along I felt his arm come to rest on my shoulders, then his fingertips on my arm. We were all drinking the beer as fast as we could and Buzz had joined us. I had a hard-on as I pretended I was his girlfriend or something. From time to time he would lean across me to look out the window and his neck would be right in my face, all pink and smooth where it went from his bleachy-smelling white T-shirt to his fresh crew cut. Each time he sat up again his fingers would get closer to my nipple and finally his hand was right on my left pec, the fingers lightly grazing back and forth over the hardened nub.