

# Sal the Super, the Nookie King of the Bronx Part VI

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## SAL THE SUPER, THE NOOKIE KING OF THE BRONX PART VI

Sal was working the after dinner dumbwaiters on a real slow Friday night. At least half of the tenants were not even home. They were out getting drunk, watching movies or screwing someone in a car on a dark street somewhere. At least in Sal's mind, that is what they should be doing.

He had already separated out a nice stack of National Geographic's and a neat set of dishes in pretty good condition. He liked to sort the garbage to extract collectables and things of possible value.

The muscular young super was pulling down a load of very smelly leftovers and cat litter when he heard someone clearing their throat to get his attention right behind him. He really hated to have someone sneak up on him like that because he felt he should be so aware of his surroundings that only a ninja or a full-blooded Apache could do it to him.

He swung around to confront his sneaky interloper only to find he was a she. In fact, a she with the most delectable rounded ass sitting atop long sexy nylon clad legs. Those same legs were set in what had to be 6 inch heels that should have made a whole lot of noise sneaking up on him. The face was not bad either. The woman in her mid-thirties had heavy make-up on but the lips were succulent and the eyes were to die for.

Sal licked his lips in SSA (sudden sexual arousal) and stammered,

“Can I help you, Missus?”

The honey blond, and it looked like her natural color, looked up at him. She was like only 5 foot tall or maybe 5 ‘1” at the most. Her skirt was so tight across her ass that Sal was certain he could see her ass gap and the delicate outline of her narrow panties high up on her firmly packed ass cheeks.

“Are you Mr. Sal? Margie on the 5 th floor told me to ask you to help me.”

Sal brought to mind Marge Holland in 506. She was a dame in her mid-fifties who worked a thankless job doing books for the Port Authority downtown. She had told him all her bosses were a “bunch of pricks that couldn’t get laid in a whorehouse”. The still attractive brunette offered him a shot of Irish Mist after he had cleaned out her kitchen sink pipe line. While he was flat on his back, he could see up her short skirt and saw the flimsy red panties covering her bushy snatch. The little vixen was well aware of it and made certain he was entertained by views from all angles while he worked.

“So, Sal, do you want I should give you a nice blow job to pay you back for your helping me out?”

Sal laughed and pulled the shapely MILF onto his lap.

“I would certainly take that over a tip any day, Mrs. Holland.”

Her lips were sweet and willing and she gave him lots of tongue to play with. The temptress slipped down the carpet in front of the sofa and opened Sal’s trousers so she could pull out his rising cock.

Marge certainly knew exactly what she was doing.

Sal could tell right away this one had lots and lots of practice with bringing cocks off with her mouth. He wondered if this was how she kept her job so long when a lot of places were cutting back and laying off the workers. The pretty brunette even did some neat tricks with his balls that he had not experienced before. He watched her in amazement as her skillful tongue worked him over and brought him to a fantastic explosion of creamy cum right into her suctioning mouth. Marge swallowed rapidly to get it all down into her tummy not spilling one drop onto the white shag carpet.

“Wow that was some blow job, Mrs. Holland!”

The older woman giggled and told him,

“Please call me Marge or Margie, Sal. If I call you and tell you it is time get my ashes hauled, you will know exactly what I mean.”

Sal could not resist feeling her ass cheeks up as he took his leave at the end of the long hallway. He gripped and squeezed them roughly as he pushed her up against the wall. Marge whimpered and stroked his still erect cock, but he knew he had to get up to the roof and check the main antenna without any further delay.

Sal remembered “Margie on the 5 th floor” real good!

The young woman with the luscious ass opened her legs a bit to get better balance on the high heels causing her tight skirt to accentuate her ass shelf even more tantalizingly.

“My name is Debbie. Debbie Pokebottom. I am visiting Mrs. McGregor in 504 and her showerhead is falling off. I can’t take a shower without a showerhead.”

Sal looked at the serious faced young woman with her lips turned down at the thought of no shower and he could visualize her standing nude in the shower asking him to pass the soap. He decided this was an emergency situation and the trash collection would have to wait until he attended to it.

He picked up his tool box and followed her beautiful ass up all 5 flights of stairs intently studying every detail of her exquisitely formed posterior at each exciting step. He realized she was wearing some type of garter belt under the tight skirt that held up her nylons. At first, he had thought she was wearing pantyhose, but the presence of the garter belt showed she had nylons and a pair of tightly fitted panties to cover her private parts.

She opened the door with her key and told him that Mrs. McGregor was “attending a play all the way downtown”. They proceeded straight to the bathroom and Sal saw her nylons drying on the line along with some very French looking undies that were definitely not your everyday underwear.

Debbie blushed when she saw the exotic underwear so prominently displayed and made an attempt to hide them only succeeding in making them more attention gathering.

Sal’s cock at that point was so engorged that only an unsighted person would not be aware of it.

He caught Debbie staring at his erection and pretending she didn’t see a thing.

He quickly fixed the showerhead problem and warned Debbie it needed to be tested first.

“Just go ahead and start your shower and I will stand outside and make certain all is good to go. Yell out if you think it may be coming off again and I can adjust it while it is running.”

Of course, this was all bullshit on Sal’s part, but Debbie bought it hook, line, and sinker.

He had left it purposely a little loose to instigate just such a problem and she soon called out to him that there was still a problem.

Sal entered the bathroom and saw the outline of the naked Debbie behind the shower curtain. He assured her he would not peek and started to tighten the showerhead. Of course, it came off and he got drenched and had to get undressed and fix it naked with Debbie helping him by holding his tools.

He managed to check out all of Debbie's pipes and assured her there were not obstructions and no leaks anywhere in her system. In fact, this was his second inspection of her anal pipes and she was moaning her appreciation for the careful analysis of every part of her internal system. She was leaning on the shower stall tile wall getting a deep back door insertion and getting her ass cheeks "tuned up" with some very heavy duty spanking to verify her ability to withstand stress. The sounds of her erotic groans and grunts made Sal shoot a huge load up her poopy hole as her rectal channel clutched his cock with desperate intensity.

At that very moment, the bathroom door opened and Mrs. McGregor stepped inside.

"Are you all right, Debbie dear?"

Alice McGregor looked at the tableau of Debbie impaled against the tile wall by Sal's impressive cock and got the picture immediately.

"My dear, I am so sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt your privacy."

The very red-faced Debbie Pokebottom was still impeded by aftershocks of a satisfactory orgasm.

"I am ever so....Oh, Oh...sorry, Mrs. McGregor. Mr. Sal was fixing the..Oh, Oh...the showerhead"

Alice was dressed impeccably in a perfectly fitting dinner suit. Her trousers were tight on her rear end and Sal could see she was well shaped for a broad of her age. He took her to be about late 50s and still attractive even with very light make-up.

Sal stepped out of the shower and Alice dried him with a large soft white towel. When she came to his equipment, the prim lady lifted his cock and patted his balls with a tender touch. She looked into his smiling eyes with eyes burning with passion and he saw her need searing into his core.

Debbie continued to take a soothing shower and Sal bent Alice over the sink and pulled down her white trousers and hooked his fingers under her flimsy white thong pulling it to one side for his cock to enter her sweet place.

His cock slid up the tender passageway with a buttery sucking noise. She was tight but not overly so. She was wet but not too wet. She whimpered but not too loudly. He touched bottom in her vagina and Alice sighed in sweet surrender. Suddenly, she exploded in a frenzy of humping that brought Debbie's head popping out of the shower stall to see what all the fuss was about. Alice was like a thoroughbred horse that was charging for the finish line with not thought as to leaving any energy in reserve.

Sal felt her pussy clutching him frantically. She wanted his cock so bad that she milked him even when he was just resting and not moving at all. He had never felt such heat from an old broad before. It was so intoxicating to be mounted on this "ball of fire". He knew she was succumbing to her full body orgasm just before he started to feel his juices race up from his balls and filling his shaft with

long forceful spurts of creamy white cum to spray her waiting vagina.

He pulled out of Alice's beautiful pussy with a slurping sound that sent a shiver up his spine. Just then, Debbie came out of the shower stall with a towel wrapped around her hair. She giggled at the sight of Alice's ass sticking out as she bent over the sink. Debbie put a hand towel on the tile floor and knelt behind Alice and pulled her ass cheeks apart. The leaking cream was visible and Debbie smiled up at Sal before she leaned forward and started to suck it all out of her friend's pulsating pussy.

Alice was yelling now.

Her words were a bit garbled but Sal knew she was talking real dirty for a classy old broad. It just seemed to spur Debbie to further effort and soon Alice's pussy was sparkling clean without a trace of Sal's creamy cum.

Debbie patted Alice's ass cheeks with a real tender touch. Alice turned around and patted Debbie's head and told her,

"You were a very good girl, my dear. I forgive you for taking a shower without me."

Sal scratched his head a little puzzled.

It sounded like they were very close. Maybe too close for comfort.