

Sal the Super, The Nookie King of the Bronx XIV

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She spit on the ground at the mention of his name and ground it into the tile with her shoe.

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My aunt Gina was back in Italy for some kind of family reunion. I wasn't involved because she was not really my real aunt, just my mama's best friend from the old neighborhood. We had been living together for almost four years now. She invested her dead husband's money in an interest in this huge double building apartment complex with over a 100 units. We were the live-in team that managed the building and kept it shipshape for the residents.

Mr. Shapiro the owner was an absentee landlord who was only interested in the envelope we gave him on the tenth of each and every month. Gina got twenty percent of the receipts for her investment and we each got two yards in cash that we kept off the books and he used as a deduction for his taxes. It was a sweet deal because we could pick up extra for special work for the residents and got the entire basement for our own use. There were at least fourteen rooms in the basement unit but we only used about five of them because of the hassle in cleaning them.

Gina was a good broad. She never hesitated to give me whatever I wanted in the nookie department and even showed me some things I never even heard about before. I hoped my mama didn't know anything about them either.

The five Conte sisters next door in the private house right next to us were always in and out of our basement. I was the father of two of the unmarried sisters' babies born within a month of each other. The father, being a union organizer, was none too happy with my fertile sperm maker and threatened to relieve me of it without delay. It was one of those times I considered myself to be fortunate to have my Uncle Vinnie as a rabbi for the entire east of the concourse Bronx.

Mr. Conte and his goons got the message real fast and I was accepted as the “papa” in residence next door. I made certain that Mrs. Conte got two envelopes each and every last Friday of the month in acknowledge of my paternal responsibility. Thank goodness my aunt Gina thought the whole thing was real funny and she often babysat the kids to help out.

Over the last four years, I had some very enjoyable carnal relations with dozens of the building residents. Sometimes, I even made the circuit of the entire household of mother, daughter and even a cousin or two. I guess I had a reputation for packing an “Eveready” dick and was always willing to stuff a friendly female when requested.

I was up on the roof helping Mrs. Shindler’s daughter Rosie take in the wash when my Uncle Vinnie came up behind me in that silent way he had when he was “on the job”. I looked over my shoulder and like to shit a brick when I saw him standing there. The fact that the pretty Rosie was rolling her naked hips under my buried cock didn’t seem to interest him much at all. I quick pulled out and whispered to Rosie she had to finish the wash by herself and followed him down to the vacant apartment on the fourth floor.

“Got a problem, Sal, hope you can help me out.”

This was a new one for me. It usually was me asking him for a favor not the other way around. I knew he knew Gina was back in the old country or he would have asked me to come to him. There was something not right between them and I suspected it had something to do with the sudden demise of Gina’s departed husband.

“Sure thing, Uncle Vinnie, what can I do to help?”

“You should always ask first before promising. How many times I got to tell you, Sal?”

I laughed because I knew I owed my uncle more than I could ever repay. He was more like a father to me than an uncle.

“Sal, the family has about forty associates and their families that need to be relocated from Staten Island right away. They got plastered by the shitting storm and got no heat or nothing!”

I was all ears now because I was well aware of the problems caused by the storm in Brooklyn, Queens and especially, Staten Island. Long Island, I didn’t want nothing to do with because they were all a bunch of elitist “do-gooders”.

“What do you have in mind, Vinnie?”

“My guys tell me you got several vacant apartments here, Sal. Let me have them for a couple of months. Everybody will be gone before Gina even gets home.”

It was true we had a total of eleven empty apartments right now because Mr. Shapiro had just raised the rents again and people were tempted to move into the more modern apartment buildings over on the West side despite the higher rents.

“I got five one bedrooms, four two bedrooms and two three bedrooms. But they don’t have any furniture.”

“No problem, kiddo. We just get the stuff from the warehouse over on 3rd Avenue; I will send some delivery trucks over tonight with furniture and even TVs and shit from the storage bins next to the College. Some of that shit isn’t even out of the box yet. Make sure the electric is all turned on and send me the bill at the bar. You need anything at all; just call and I will take care of it. Capish?”

It might be a tight squeeze, but I figured we could get forty people into the units without too much difficulty. I just hoped everything would be taken care of before Gina came home from Italy and before Mr. Shapiro made an inspection tour.

That weekend was a major pain in the ass. I made a roster of the “family” temporary residents and tried to assign the rooms according to their specific needs and family unit size. By the time I got to the last available apartment, I had seven people still on the list.

There were the Roselli’s, both in their 60s and with some bad medical problems. Since we had no elevator, I figured it would be better if I cleaned up some of the spare rooms in the basement so they didn’t have to climb any stairs. I knew just the spot at the end of the long corridor of storage bins. It had a bathroom, a little kitchen and a nice cozy bedroom for the elderly couple. They also had the intercom to my own unit on the other side of the basement.

Then there was the Gentile family with the hot looking middle-aged mom and the two young girls about seventeen or eighteen years old. They told me their father was “down South” looking for work. When I asked Bella, the mom, when he would return, she just smiled and said, “The twelfth of never!” in a low voice, too low to be heard by Diane or Judy.

I knew Gina wanted to expand our living quarters into the West wing because it had a sitting room and two bedrooms, but I figured this was temporary, so why the hell not? When I showed them the accommodations, Bella hugged me so tight her tits were coming out my spine.

All I had left was the Sorrentino sisters. They were an odd pair with their black dresses and hair in buns. Apparently, their father Guido had died recently and they had to stay in mourning for the remainder of a full year. I showed them the only bedroom I had left in the basement and told them that we would have to share the bathroom and the kitchen, but that was not a problem because I was seldom eating home and I had a lot of other places to take showers.

I didn't mention it was in the apartments of friendly females looking for some time with Mr. Big Cock both day and night. The younger sister, Sophie, was really compact and was packing some serious artillery under her loose-fitting blouse. The older sister, Carmela, was really serious looking and had the most hideous glasses I have ever seen. The glasses and the face were enough for me to look no further for compatible feminine assets that might need future attention.

This is why I was astonished when I found out the knock on my bedroom door was none other than the formidable Carmela dressed in an old-fashioned nightshift. She was concerned that the commode was making strange noises and asked if she had done something bad to it. I had to laugh because that commode was one that I had never been able to figure out. I was beginning to think there was some kind of ghost hidden in the pipes. I told the worried Carmela that everything was in order and there was no need for concern.

"Thank you, Sal. I wanted to thank you on behalf of my sister and me. You were so nice to everyone when we were all getting a run-around by the city and the federal jerk-offs. You maybe want I should tuck you in or something to make you sleep nice and tight."

I closed the door and wrapped my arms around the trembling woman. She was really stacked good under the plain white shift. When I lifted it up, I could see her luscious curves and deep valley covered with a lovely black bush of curly pubic hair. She obviously did not believe in shaving anywhere. It reminded me of my aunt Gina who was identical in her preference for natural presentation.

I slid my fingers deep inside her pussy slit and was rewarded with a spurt of female juice that covered my cock with her sweet-smelling scent. Her ass cheeks were magnificent. I mounted them and rubbed my super-hard erection right in her over-heated crack. From the way she was groaning, I figured she had not been getting much cock lately and seemed primed for instant penetration. I lifted her legs and entered her swiftly to assuage her need.

Carmela had to be at least fifteen years older than me but she had at least four orgasms before I was able to get off a volley of creamy cum in her tightly clutching vagina. If she was so good, I wondered what her younger sister was like in bed. That thought stayed with me all night and I looked forward to the next day when I might meet young Sophie in the bathroom or kitchen.

I was really curious to see if she followed her sister's lead in pubic hair display. Before Carmela went back to her room, she confided in me that she had not "done it" for almost three years, ever since her fiancée Luigi had dumped her for some sorority broad at Columbia University. She spit on the ground when she mentioned his name and ground it into the tile with her flip-flop. I sure would hate to be Luigi when she caught up with him.

I called Uncle Vinnie and told him that they were all settled in and that there were no complaints so far. He told me I was a "good boy" and lowered his voice to warn me, "Keep your hands off the Bella dame. She is spoken for by "Big Mo" Morelli. You can't mess with him. He is already made and has a real mean streak."

I took this under advisement because I didn't need any grief in my life right now. Bella was a nice looking broad but I would be sure to make myself scarce whenever she was around.

I spent most of the weekend listening to the gripes about the lack of response to the disaster on Staten Island and started to turn a "deaf ear" to it all just like when aunt Gina started telling me about the "good old days".

I jogged up five flights of stairs to help Rosie Schindler finish "hanging up the wash", giving her a Sal Special deposit of creamy cum in her pussy to take back to her apartment with the empty wash basket. She looked over her shoulder at me at the hatchway door with a big smile and blew me a kiss that said it all.