

THE SUPER



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THE SUPER

BY

GABRIELLA BRADLEY



THE SUPER

“So I’ve got the job?” Sherry asked while fiddling nervously with her purse.

“Yes. It’s a brand new building and only twenty-five suites. I just need someone living on site to keep an eye on things, collect the rents and phone repair men when needed.”

“Is the building full now?”

“No. That will be your first task—interviewing prospective tenants.”

“You do realize I’ve got a daytime job. I believe I made that clear in my application, Mr. Ross.”

Michael Ross let his gaze roam over the young woman. He felt quite satisfied with his choice. Her blond hair was neatly pulled back into a chignon. She wore no make-up and dark rimmed glasses perched on her nose. He knew her age from the application but looking at her, she came across as an old-fashioned woman. Her mode of dress was simple. A skirt below the knees, high-necked blouse and a dark jacket completed the picture. Sherry was a real estate agent but she looked more like a librarian, a woman who’d take no nonsense—prim and proper, and very



business conscious. She was just what he needed for his new building.

“Of course. This building won’t require much maintenance, so part-time supervision is okay. I’m going to Europe for a year so I’ll have to rely entirely on your expertise. The fact that you presently work for a real estate firm helped me to make my decision. You can start immediately.”

“Eh...we haven’t discussed wages?”

“Free rent, and heat and hot water are included. The other utilities will be your own responsibility.”

Sherry thought about the proposition, but only for a moment. The free rent offer was hard to resist although she didn’t relish spending her evenings interviewing prospective tenants. “I’ll do it. I can move in tomorrow.”

“Good. I’ll meet you at the building at noon.”

The builders had left most of the trees intact, nestling the building in an oasis of greenery. The surrounding gardens had been landscaped professionally. Sherry had fallen in love with it from the moment she’d inspected the building. It was just a stone’s throw from the beach, plus it had a pool, a sauna and a hot tub and she could walk to work. What more could she ask for? The free rent would help her to save up. Her job at the real estate office paid enough to make ends meet, but not enough for the extras she craved, like to save up for a cruise.

A man in her life would complete the picture.

“Right on time,” commented Ross as he opened the door to let her into the building.

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"Yes. Punctuality is important," Sherry said. She glanced at the man and noted his casual dress opposed to yesterday when he'd worn a suit. Suddenly, she realized his oozing masculinity that had been hidden beneath the pinstriped suit. Without his glasses, he looked much younger. "I took the day off so I can concentrate on moving in," she added lamely, feeling suddenly inadequate and plain.

"Good. Well, let's go to your apartment and we'll go over the necessary paperwork."

Intent on examining the paperwork involved in leasing the apartments, Sherry didn't notice Michael's roaming eyes on her legs.

"I see. How about children?"

"Preferably not. Not that I have anything against kids, but it's the parents. More than often they don't look after them and a building becomes a mess. I've got other buildings, more family oriented. I'll give you the manager's phone numbers so you can refer prospective families to those buildings."

Sherry bundled the papers into the folder and stood up. "I guess that's about it then, Mr. Ross." When he didn't turn to face her, she tried again. "Mr. Ross? I suppose that finishes our business?"

"Eh, yes," said Michael.

Sherry met his gaze. She'd noticed his brown eyes before but now they were black. He seemed uncomfortable as he ran a hand through short wavy brown hair. She saw the vein in his neck pulsating. It fascinated her and wondered why he looked so uneasy. Holding out her hand, she took a step toward him. "I wish you a pleasant stay in Europe, Mr. Ross."

She let her gaze roam under his penetrating stare and noticed the bulge in his crotch. Heat engulfed her for a moment causing blood to rush to her face. Her pussy felt damp as she allowed wild desires to enter her thoughts, but only for a moment. Quickly she composed herself. The man was obviously already thinking about future adventures. Or perhaps his wife. "Mr. Ross? I hope you and your wife have a pleasant trip."

"Wife? Oh, I'm not married."

She felt her cheeks burn. "I see. Well, I hope you have a pleasant trip," Sherry said again while her blood heated her veins to such an extent that she thought her heart would burst from her chest. The oozing sexuality that radiated from him now caused such wild feelings that she felt like tearing off his clothes, her clothes, and throwing this man on the floor. It had been too long she'd been without sex. A sudden gush soaked her panties and she shifted uncomfortably.

Regretfully she took the keys to her apartment from his fingers and watched him leave. "Another opportunity slipped through my fingers," she said to the empty apartment. "I've got to change my appearance. It's finally time to shed these prissy clothes."

After an unfortunate episode with an older employer and his fervent attempts to get her into bed resulting in an almost rape, she'd acquired the unnecessary glasses and changed her dress mode. She'd won the case of sexual harassment against him but after the judge pointed out that more modest

clothing would help to prevent future problems, she'd agreed. Wearing the glasses and prissy clothes had become a habit, one she only shed in the privacy of her home.

The first item she unpacked was the telephone. No sooner had she plugged it in or it started ringing. Within an hour she'd booked twenty appointments to view the luxurious apartments and two to view the penthouse. While answering the phone, she'd unearthed her answering machine. Quickly, she plugged it in. She'd already prerecorded the new message. The next few hours she spent unpacking and getting settled in, before the steady stream of prospective tenants arrived.

The apartments were easy to rent out. Most of the applicants were single executives between thirty and fifty. Sherry glanced at her watch. The last applicant for the penthouse was late. She'd just decided to quit for the evening when the buzzer rang. With a sigh she let the man in and told him she'd meet him in the lobby. Going to the penthouse required a special key for the elevator as the elevator opened directly into the suite.

"Mr. Van Deusen?" Sherry held her hand out at the same time noting the man's handsome face and muscular build.

"Yes. I'm sorry I'm late but the meeting I had to attend took longer than expected," he drawled lazily.

His voice caused her skin to pucker. It was deep, sexy, and his tousled blond hair hardly looked as if he'd attended a meeting. Neither did his clothes. They were more reminiscent of a cowboy. Skin tight jeans,

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a body shirt that showed off his chest and massive arms and he wore unlaced running shoes. He didn't look as if he could pay the steep rent for the penthouse but she had no choice but to show it to him.

"Please follow me," she told him while trying to curb her feelings.

Vincent Van Deusen took his time in inspecting the penthouse. Sherry shifted uncomfortably on her feet, not so much because they were sore, but because of the sexuality he oozed.

"I'll take it. Can we do the paperwork now? I'd like to move in tomorrow."

"Mr. Van Deusen, I'll have to do a credit check. I can have it done by tomorrow afternoon."

"I forgot to ask, does the place come with services?"

"Services?" asked Sherry with raised eyebrows.

"Yes. Like if there's a dripping tap, a broken toilet and stuff. Will there be a handyman on site?"

"Oh. Some of it I can do myself," she murmured.

"How about catering?"

"Catering?" Did she sound stupid or what? She'd never heard of an apartment building providing catering services. A sudden thought occurred to her. If she provided catering services, she could make a *lot* of extra money. Maybe she could even give up her present job. "Eh...yes. That can be arranged."

"Good. Let's do the paperwork then. I'd like to go home and take a shower. It's been a long day."

"Yes, for me, too," said Sherry while wild thoughts about him naked in the shower flashed through her

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mind. She led him to her apartment and asked the necessary questions but she already knew she'd accept him as a tenant.

After he'd paid the damage deposit and first and last month's rents, he left. Sherry ripped off her clothes, pulled the pins out of her hair, threw the glasses on the bathroom counter and stretched. The woman who gazed back at her from the mirror had turned into a brazen siren. She ran her hands over her ripe breasts, tweaked her nipples that were already hardened from her erotic thoughts about Vincent and imagined his hands on her body, her clit. Her fingers stole down to her bush. She grimaced. Shaving had not been part of her life for a long time now. Perhaps it was time to visit a beauty salon and get her bikini area waxed.

The shower washed the fatigue off her body but not the horny feelings. More than ever she felt the need for someone, for a man's arms around her body, his hands touching her. It had been too long. It was two years since she'd broken up with Doug. During those two years she hadn't dated anyone because no one was interested in the prissy woman she now portrayed. Thoughts of her new boss entered her mind, the bulge in his jeans. "Ooh, what I wouldn't do to get my hands on that," she said aloud and sank to the shower floor while opening her legs wide. The steady stream of water hit her vulva, beat against her clitoris. She squirmed as Michael and Vincent's faces and bodies swam through her mind. Inserting her fingers into her pulsating vagina she rotated them. The juices flowed steadily but she didn't feel satisfied.

What she needed was a man's cock, the real thing, Michael's cock preferably.

All the suites were rented. It had become a game to choose the most masculine, the most handsome and the younger men. They were all single. Two weeks had passed since she'd moved into the building and going to work every day became a drudge she hated.

Someone knocked on her door. Sherry frowned as she glanced at the clock. Her tenants knew not to disturb her after hours. When she peeked through the peephole, she saw it was Vincent.

"Sorry to bother you so late but I've got an urgent request."

"And that is?"

"I've got a business meeting happening at my place tomorrow night. There'll be ten of us. Do you think you can arrange catering? You might recall I mentioned it when I rented the penthouse."

Sherry thought about it for a moment. She'd have to take the day off work. "Yes, I can do that. Anything particular you'd like?"

"No, I'll leave that up to you. But there is one special request. I'll need a waitress willing to serve in the nude. I'll pay well." Sherry almost gasped at the figure he quoted.

Sherry closed the door and leaned against it. Her breathing came in short gasps as she masturbated at the thought of what she'd just agreed to. But the man was willing to pay, and pay a *lot*. She wouldn't have to work her regular job for three months.

The next day she called in sick and spent hours preparing a dinner. Now grateful for the cooking

course she'd followed years ago, she finally put the last of the food in the oven to keep it warm and headed for the shower.

"What about the waitress?" asked Vincent when Sherry delivered the food.

"She'll be here in ten minutes."

"Good. I presume you'll bring her upstairs?"

"I'll send her up. I don't think I need to hold her hand. She knows what to do," she mumbled and hurried to the elevator.

Sherry hastened back to her apartment and quickly took off her clothes, her glasses and shook her hair loose until it cascaded down her back. She carefully applied fairly heavy make-up. Unless Vincent had really taken notice of her face, he'd not recognize her. Clad only in a silly little white apron, her robe drawn tightly around her body, she hurried back to the penthouse.

Vincent's eyes widened when he saw her enter. At first she thought she saw recognition enter his eyes, then undisguised interest in the blond siren that entered the suite. She wore the frilly little apron tied with a big bow around her waist. She knew her cleft was visible just below the frill. Her dark bush was neatly trimmed and her she'd shaved her pussy, she'd been sure to do that as she'd showered. Her breasts bounced as she walked toward him and she felt her nipples harden into pebbles. Her long blond hair swayed gently against her buttocks.

"Will this do, sir?" she asked in a sexy voice.

"My God, woman, will you ever do. My guests are waiting," he said and patted her on the bum.



“No touching.”

She smiled over her shoulder as she said it and noticed the vein in his neck pulsing. As she bent to take the food out of the oven, she spread her legs on purpose, opening her cleft for him and exposing her vagina. Glancing casually over her shoulder, she noticed his fly undone and his exposed throbbing cock and smiled. Her own flesh throbbed. The whole experience was such a turn-on, that she wanted nothing more than to rush to a bathroom and satisfy herself.

“I feel like canceling this meeting right now,” he said, his voice husky.

“Oh, I wouldn’t do that, sir. Not good for business,” she murmured, a flush creeping to her face as she tended to the food. “You’d best go and see to your guests.” She had to suppress a giggle as he tucked his hard-on away and had trouble closing the zipper.

“And I have to face my guests like this...”

“I can always rub it with ice cubes for you,” she dared to say.

“Ah, no...preferably not,” he said while glancing into the dining room. “I’ll join my guests and I suppose you can start serving now.”

Sherry served the food, avoiding the eyes of the men around the dining table. Several times she had to avoid their groping hands. She could sense, almost taste the heavy air of sexuality in the room, noticed their bulging pants, their longing expressions. It turned her on like never before. After each serving of



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a course, she had to rush to the bathroom to wash cum from her cleft.

The meeting was conducted during dinner. When it was time to serve dessert, Vincent asked her to remove the apron. She obliged and served dessert wearing nothing but her high heeled shoes. Her clitoris throbbed, her vagina ached, her nipples constant hard pebbles, the skin around them puckering.

One by one the men disappeared into the bathroom. The thought that they were jacking off from watching her, caused another stream of cum to run down her legs. Finally they'd all left and she was alone with Vincent.

"You did very well, *Sherry*." Emphasis on her name. So he'd recognized her... He sidled up to her as she set the dishes in the sink. "Leave the clean-up for the maid. I've got other things on my mind." He undid the buttons of his fly allowing his pulsating cock to spring free. "Woman, you're full of surprises. Never in my wildest dreams would I have thought the super capable of this..."

Sherry faced him, her back against the sink. She wanted nothing more than to run her fingers through the patch of hair on his chest, to encase his massive cock in her hands, to suck, fondle, play. But, for some reason she hesitated. If she gave in to him now, the erotica of it all would be over and she'd get no more catering business out of him, and if Michael Ross ever found out, she'd get fired. Also, she'd be branded easy, a slut. No way did she want that. Her erotic cravings for Vincent was nothing but primal lust. She

wanted a man in her life, yes, but not casual sex. It wasn't part of her make-up. "No touching," she gasped the words unwillingly leaving her lips.

Vincent's hand fell back to his side. "I *could* take advantage of you. We're alone."

"You promised. I could evict you," she murmured.

"At least let me satisfy myself while I look at you. Will you do that much for me?"

"Yes," she breathed and sat on the counter and drew her legs up so he could see her clit.

"Oh, God..." he murmured while jerking off frantically. "Where have you been all my life. Open your legs more, baby. Yes...that's it..."

Sherry feasted her eyes on his massive cock. She closed them and imagined it inside of her. Without realizing, her fingers entered her vagina. She rotated them fast while listening to his rapid breaths. Only, another image replaced his face. That of Michael Ross.

Before long rumor spread and several of the other male tenants asked for her catering services. Her job was history as money rolled into her meager bank account. Each month, she looked at the growing balance in her account with satisfaction. Not once had her tenants overstepped their boundaries. If she kept this up, she'd be able to start her own business soon. She'd hire girls willing to serve in the nude, cooks, and all she'd have to do was rake in the money.

But her life was still empty.

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Six months later, Vincent asked her to do a special catering. He wanted her to wear black netted stockings, garters, and a black open cupped bra. He'd told her this was a very special business meeting and to prepare for about twenty-five guests.

Sherry cooked for two days. The amount he was paying her would bring her bank balance well over the six-figure mark.

As always, she got ready, put on her make-up, the outfit she'd bought at a sex shop, and put on her robe to deliver the food. The guests had not arrived yet when she took the food upstairs and she quickly hurried back to her own apartment to change.

Sherry took the pins out of her hair and took off the glasses. After touching up her lipstick she pulled her robe around her and went up to the penthouse. She hardly glanced at the men around the table. It had become a routine now and it didn't turn her on anymore to see the men's eyes feasting on her body. Only Vincent was still able to arouse feelings within her, and when alone in bed, Michael Ross's face constantly flashed through her mind. She'd long ago decided she'd fallen in love with him at first sight. Something she'd never believed in. But Michael was a rich playboy, out of reach to an ordinary girl like her.

Carrying the large tray laden with steaming dishes, she walked into the dining room. Automatically she started to set them on the table on purpose brushing against some of the men as Vincent had requested on other occasions.

"My God, was I wrong about her," a voice spoke loudly.

Sherry almost dropped the tray when she heard his deep voice, the sound of which had haunted her night and day. Trying to maintain her composure, she continued to serve but inwardly she was shaking. She could lose her job over this. He could haul her into court. Socializing with the tenants was forbidden as in her job description. But was this socializing? She'd not slept with anyone, not even Vincent. She was merely providing a service. Her catering business was just another job. She waited for more from him, but he remained outwardly calm. She quivered inside, at the same time feeling thrill upon thrill that he could see her like this, that she could brush up against him and tease him just like she did the other men. His face had so haunted her each night, that to see him in real life again after so long, caused that inner yearning to surface. The yearning to have him grab her and take her in his arms, to tell her he loved her and make her dreams of six months come true.

Just before dessert, Michael motioned Vincent to join him in the study. A pang of fear started in her throat and traveled to her stomach. What were they discussing in there? Casually, she walked to the study door pretending to see a speck of dust on a side table. Rubbing the top vigorously with a napkin, she listened.

"How long has this been going on, Vince?"

"What? You mean the catering? You've been to my dinner parties before."

"Not to one where my building supervisor is serving the food."

"Ah, I detect a note of anger. Maybe jealousy?"

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"I hired someone to keep an eye on the building and the tenants. I didn't hire a fuckin' prostitute," Michael growled.

"She's far from a prostitute. She won't let anyone touch her."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"Believe what you want, but I want nothing more than to eat that delicious pussy of hers, and I haven't had a taste."

Sherry heard footsteps towards the door so she quickly hurried to the kitchen to fetch desserts. As she served the chocolate delicacies she hoped the tell-tale blush on her cheeks wouldn't give her away that she'd every word of the conversation in the study.

After everyone had left except Michael, Sherry received her usual payment from Vince and as she started to leave the penthouse, she overheard some of their conversation. Michael did nothing to subdue his voice and she was sure he spoke louder on purpose.

"Good God, Vince, why didn't you tell me? I'll have to fire her now."

"Why? She's keeping all your tenants more than satisfied."

"I noticed. I'm going downstairs now. She'll get her walking papers."

"Look, she hasn't done anything wrong. Not one person has touched her."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"That was the agreement. She'd cater and provide the waitress, but no touching. What's with you, man? I thought to give you a treat."

"And a treat is was. I'll see you later."

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Sherry hurried to the elevator. When it didn't come immediately, she took the stairs and raced down them, two steps at a time. She had to beat him to her apartment.

Sherry paced the floor waiting for the inevitable knock on the door, her heart beating a mile a minute. When the knock came, she rushed to open it. "Mr. Ross, I..."

Michael glanced at the robe that had fallen open when she opened the door. His cock throbbed; his balls ached. Never had he wanted a woman more. "There's no excuse for this," he growled while walking into her apartment.

"I'm sorry. You'll find everything in order, Mr. Ross."

"Did you even have time to do the books? I hear you've kept yourself busy."

Sherry drew the robe tightly around her body. She trembled all over, her skin puckering as she saw the bulge in his shorts. He wanted her, she knew for sure, but he was also very angry.

"I started a catering service," she said lamely. "The books are all in perfect order."

"And what a catering service. Well, if it's a whore you want to be, then be one. Take off your robe."

This wasn't how she'd imagined it. "No."

"No? You didn't mind exposing yourself to all those men."

"That was different."

Sherry stepped back as he took a stride forward. She noticed his fingers fumbling with the button and zipper and held her breath. His cock jumped free. It

pulsated steadily back and forth, beckoning, reaching for her. She resisted the temptation to throw herself into his arms. After all, she was no whore.

“Why was that different? Can’t I look now? You didn’t care before.”

“You’re different.”

“If I’d wanted a prostitute for the job I would have hired one,” Michael grunted while reaching for her but she eluded his hand.

“I’m not a prostitute.”

“You could have fooled me.”

“I haven’t had sex since I broke up with my fiancé two years ago. You can ask Vincent. The catering business is a job. Nothing more.” Why was she defending herself? Because she wanted this man more than life itself.

Michael hesitated and searched her blue eyes as if seeking the truth there. “Sherry, why expose yourself like that to a bunch of strange men?” he asked softly. “And didn’t you ever consider the danger of rape?”

“Vincent said he’d protect me. The catering pays the bills and enables me to fatten a bank account so I can go on the holiday I’ve always dreamed of,” she smiled now taking off her robe. It slid silently to the floor.

Holding her breath, she waited. She felt sure he could hear the staccato rhythm of her heart, but as she searched his eyes, glanced at his body, she knew she’d won—he couldn’t contain himself any longer and lunged for her. Crushing her in his arms his lips crashed down on hers and he tasted the sweet nectar of her tongue. His hands were urgent as they fondled

her breasts; her nipples then stole down toward her clit.

Sherry lifted a leg and wrapped it around his waist. A deep sigh left her, as if it came straight from her soul, as his fingers prodded, felt, tweaked her clitoris and finally entered her. She felt his strong arms lift her, the tip of his cock pulsing against her vagina. With a grunt she lowered her buttocks welcoming the pain of his entry.

"You're tight," he whispered in her neck. "You were telling the truth all along."

"Of course," she sighed. "Michael, I..."

Taking her by the waist he pushed her down until his cock was fully encased within her velvet warmth, but his need was too urgent. He exploded within her in seconds.

Sherry screamed her release. "Yes...oh yes. Michael...I love you..."

Slowly he lowered her to the ground. Gazing deeply into her eyes he searched her soul. "What did you say?"

"I love you," she said softly.

"I love you, too, you brazen hussy. You were never out of my mind all the time I was away and I couldn't understand why I couldn't stop thinking about a librarian. I suppose I finally believe in love at first sight."

His sweet smile belied his words about her being or coming across as a librarian. When he scooped her into his arms and carried her to the bedroom, his lips found her nipples, biting them, teasing them until she squirmed for his cock.

Slowly, he lowered her to the bed. His lips left her nipples and he gazed into her eyes as her head hit the pillows. "You're fired," he said softly.

"Yes, I know."

"I have another job in mind for you," he mumbled as he buried his head between her thighs and sucked the juices from her pussy. "It involves personal catering on a daily basis to your new employer, namely, *me!*"