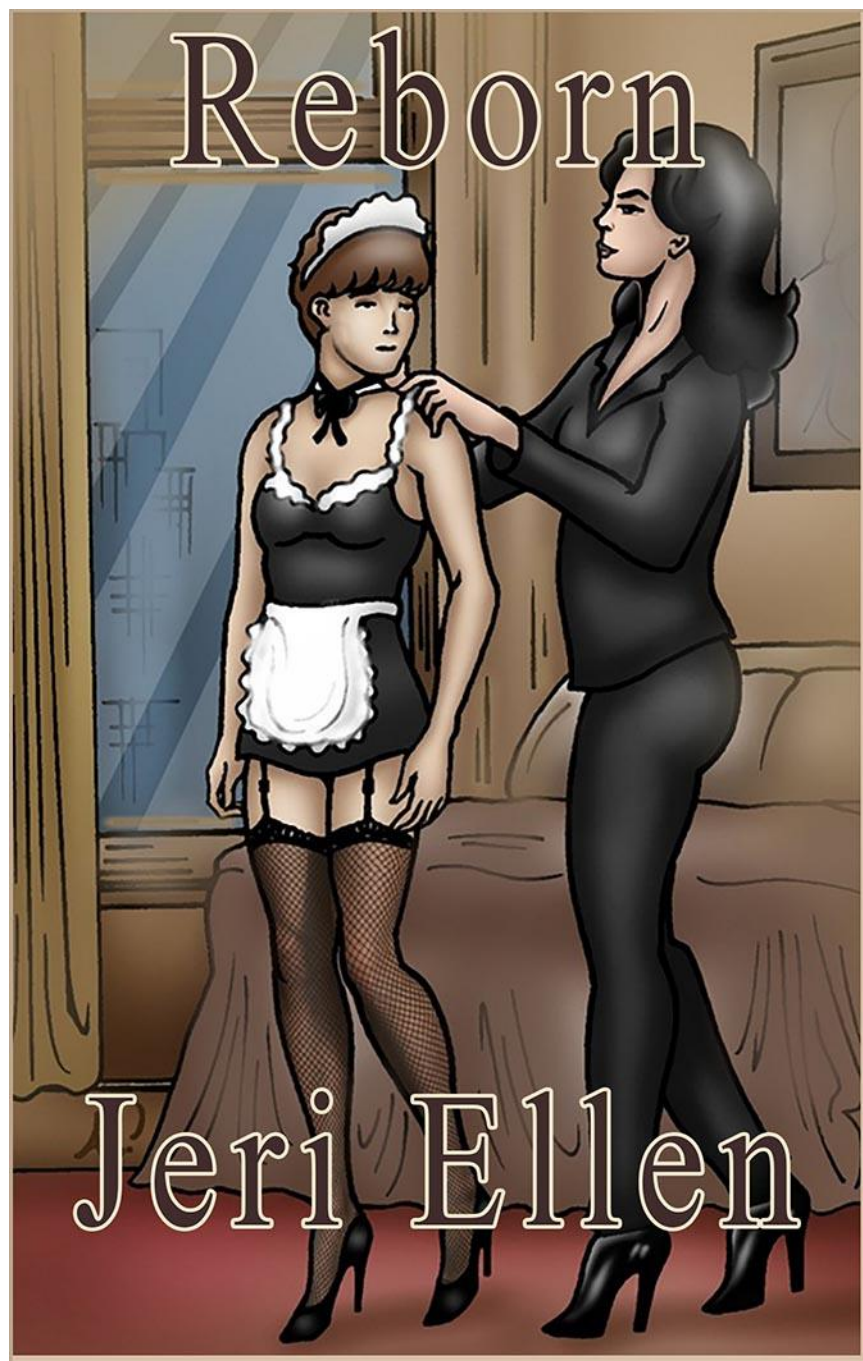


Reborn



Jeri Ellen

Reborn by Jeri Ellen

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By

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I never knew my father as he was killed in a car crash when I was very young.

Later in my life I found out a week after he was laid off from the trucking company he worked for, he lost control of his car on a curve and tumbled into a creek. His death was ruled an accident though there were a lot of questions from the police as well as from the insurance company.

My dad had not been much of a drinker. He enjoyed his beer after work but for him to have an alcohol level of twice the legal limit was hard for me to believe. I heard the expression “auto-cide”, which apparently was someone taking his own life by deliberately crashing their vehicle. That didn’t sound like something my father would do but nothing could be done about it.

The union benefits took care of most everything including a small amount that was set aside for me when I turned sixteen.

Mom was able to make a good living for us. She worked nights in the local hospital as a nurse. We lived in half of a small duplex and rented from a friend of my dad’s.

She insisted on a healthy diet, and we both made good use of the exercise machines in the basement as well as jogging or walking in the park weather permitting.

I earned money by mowing the neighbors’ lawn, raking their leaves in the fall and shoveling their sidewalks and driveways in the winter.

At home I had chores like most kids. I did dishes, laundry. I also vacuumed, dusted and scrubbed floors.

School came easy for me. I didn't have to spend much time studying. I wasn't real sure what I was going to do with my life but I had plenty of time to decide.

When I turned sixteen I got my drivers' license and the money from my dad's death I bought a used compact car.

I now had more freedom to go places than before, at least I could go when I wanted to, not when it was convenient for my mother.

Making friends was easy for me but I soon learned that girls don't particularly like short boys. For whatever reason I was just a shade over 5' 5" in height and my weight was around 135 pounds. It gave me a good BMI but I was pretty much left out of all sports.

I tried soccer but didn't get much playing time. My coach said I wasn't aggressive enough, so I quit.

Other jocks got a lot of attention, so soccer players weren't very well thought of. As a result, I was sort of left out of a lot of things and was considered by most of the girls as "just one of the other boys."

Near the end of my junior year a friend of mom's got me a job with a night cleaning service. When classes ended for that year, I began to work for Barb Kline of Ajax Cleaning Service.

After hours she cleaned offices in various buildings around the city. It was easy work though of course it didn't pay very well.

Money was no problem at that point since I was living at home. It was a cordial work atmosphere. Barb and the other women I worked with were very nice.

Shortly after I began working for Barb we went to a relatively new office building to clean the office suite for one of Barb's newer clients. Inside we went to the upper floor where Barb cautioned me about the tenant whose offices we were about to clean.

"Gwen Davis is a retired super model. She has diversified interests that she runs from here. She is very fussy about keeping her offices very clean and neat. So be extra careful when you work here."

I nodded and we went inside.

We were about half done with the outer office when the door to the inner office opened.

Gwen Davis stepped out and walked over to me. She was an imposing woman at just over six feet tall. Her black pantsuit and highly polished black high heel boots gave her a very business- like look, as well as an intimidating one for a short man like me. Her shoulder length hair was gorgeous and she wore no makeup.

Walking over to me she stuck out her hand.

“Hi, I am Gwen Davis, and you are?”

I felt quite intimidated as I took a step back and looked up at her.

“I am Vance Bowe,” I said with a slight stammer in my voice as I shook her hand.

“Please to meet you Vance,” she said without smiling as she dropped my hand and breezed past me.

I continued doing my job as she left leaving me with my pulse still racing.

After work that night I laid awake and thought about her.

I hadn’t dated yet and was still a virgin. I could only imagine what it would be like to have sex with her, but of course fat chance of that ever happening.

The next week I got a call from her. I was quite surprised at this. She sounded exasperated.

“Vance I am so sorry to call you at home, but I need your help. My home cleaning service is jammed up and I need someone to come over to my home and clean. Can you come right away and help me out?”

“Yes, I can,” I answered in a shaky dry voice. I was too afraid to say no because it might jeopardize one of Barbs’ new clients. “What is your address?” I asked. I wrote it down.

“Ok, I’ll be there,” I said and hung up the phone.

On a city map I found she lived in a prestigious gated condo community about five miles away. I got in my car and drove to the address.

At the gate I buzzed her condo number and after I identified myself, she let me in. I parked in a visitor parking space and walked inside.

The register said she was on the second floor, so I took the elevator up. When I knocked on her door, she opened it quickly and let me in.

Inside I found that her condo had been beautifully furnished. The furniture was all brown leather matching the plush brown carpeting. The walls were gold with a white ceiling. This surprised me a bit as it seemed to be a more masculine décor for a woman.

"I am so glad you could come," she said. Please follow me."

I followed her to a back hallway. She stopped and opened the door to the utility closet.

"Put these on first," she said as she handed me a latexruffled apron and a pair of pink latex gloves. I slipped the apron over my head and she tied the straps in the back in a bow. After slipping on the pink latex gloves she handed me a box of cleaning supplies.

"We will start in the bathroom of my bedroom," she said.

I followed her into her bedroom.

It was decorated in blue and white with dark blue carpeting. The king size bed at one end had a dark wood frame. Next to that was a small vanity and next to that was a large dark wood dresser.

The spacious bathroom was also done in blue and white. Once again the décor of blue and white seemed to be more of a masculine nature.

She stood in the doorway with her arms crossed watching me as I scrubbed the tub & faucets, toilet, sink & faucets, and the mirror over the sink.

At the door to the second bedroom, I grabbed the door handle and she stopped me. "That is still being remodeled, go straight to the kitchen please" she instructed.

We went into the kitchen where I cleaned the kitchen sink & faucets, and the counter. "Next, I want you to scrub my kitchen floors. After you pour soap in the bucket take it to the laundry room and fill it with hot water from the deep sink,"

After I finished scrubbing the floors under her watchful eye, I dumped the water in the deep sink of the laundry room and then wheeled the bucket back to the utility closet where I placed the mop upright in the bucket so it could dry better.

When I was finished, she said nothing and we went back to the utility closet and put the cleaning materials back.

I noticed that she had a treadmill and stationary bike in the laundry room opposite the washer-dryer. She obviously kept herself in very good physical condition using those machines.

"Last I want you to vacuum the carpets in the bedroom, hallway, living and dining room, then dust."

I nodded as I took out the vacuum cleaner and followed her back into her bedroom.

I plugged the in vacuum cleaner and began to work.

She stood behind me with her arms crossed again and watched me carefully as I worked.

When I finished the bedroom carpeting, I did the hallway, the dining and living room carpeting.

All the carpeting was quite plush and very well padded.

She said nothing as I took the vacuum cleaner back to the closet. From the top shelf she handed me a feather duster. When I finished the dusting to her satisfaction we went back to the utility closet.

I placed the feather duster back on the shelf as she undid the apron straps behind me.



After taking off my pink latex gloves, I put them on the shelf and then slipped the apron over my head. She folded the apron and put it back on the shelf as well.

Turning to me and smiled.

"You did a very good job Vance. Now I will take you to lunch," and we went out to the parking area and I got into her black Mercedes.

She hadn't asked me if I wanted to go to lunch. She had just assumed I did and took charge.

Inside the burger joint she turned to me. "Have a seat Vance I will order for us."

I took a seat in one of the corner booths and shortly she joined me placing my tray of food in front of me.

"So, what are your plans for the future?" she asked as I bit into my sandwich.

"I'm not sure," I answered truthfully. "I never found anything yet that really interests me,"

"I didn't want to jump into school right away and then find a down job market with student loans to pay."

"Smart choice," she replied. "Take your time before you decide. When you are not working what do you like to do in your spare time?"

"I like solitude. Walking or just sitting in the park. I enjoy the library. I read quite a bit. Not much in TV that interests me."

"Who is your favorite author?"

"I don't have any one favorite, but I like Louis L'Amour westerns, Sue Grafton and other mystery writers as well as Clive Cussler, Alistair MacLean, and other adventure stories."

She nodded and we finished our meal with no further conversation.

Driving us back to her condo I noticed she was an aggressive driver keeping us at the maximum speed and navigating in and out of the slower moving traffic.

After she pulled into her parking place and shut off the ignition she turned to me and smiled. Suddenly she wrapped her right arm around my neck, pulled me close, and kissed me on the mouth.

“Thank you again Vance. Have a good rest of your day.”

“I will, glad to help you out,” I mumbled.

We both got out and I got into my car fairly stunned at what she had just done. Her action had taken me completely by surprise and I was a bit unnerved. She was a big client of Barb’s and I didn’t want to do anything to jeopardize the lucrative contract she had with Barb.

That night I realized I really hadn’t given much thought to having to wear a pink apron and pink latex gloves while I cleaned her condo.

What was hard not to think about was the fact that I had just had a date with a supermodel. Well, it was sort of a date, I guess.

She had driven me to the restaurant. She had ordered for me without asking me what I would like. She had asked me about myself but had not said anything about herself in what was sort of a controlled conversation. It was almost a normal date but in reverse, including that kiss at the end when she had grabbed me and kissed me instead of the other way around.

The next several weeks went by as usual without me having any contact with her.

While I did not see Gwen at work it was hard not to think about the date with her.

It was a Saturday night when Gwen called me. Once again, she sounded quite exasperated on the phone. I couldn’t imagine what was so important.

“Can you come over right away please, I need your help.”

“Yes, I can,” I replied without asking her what she wanted me to do.

Driving over to her condo I wondered just exactly what she would need me for on a Saturday night.

When I arrived at her condo I was surprised to see her in a chiffon robe and high heel slippers.

“Come into the kitchen please,” she said.

I followed her and found a chair on top of the kitchen table.

To the left of the chair was a blow dryer, a bottle of nail polish, a bag of cotton balls, some spacers, and a bottle of nail polish remover.

“Have a seat,” she said as she kicked off her slippers and got up on the table.

She sat down in the chair on the table placing her feet close to where I had taken my seat in the chair facing her. She looked down at me and smiled that beautiful smile that had graced the covers of many magazines.

“My manicurist was in a minor car accident and can’t come tonight. Please be a dear and do my nails.”

I was flabbergasted to say the least. I had never done anything like this before but of course I wanted to please her. After placing the spacers between her toes I shook the bottle of nail polish and unscrewed the cap.

“Be very careful not to spill any of the polish as it is very expensive. Make sure you don’t smudge the polish too, but if you do, wipe the nail clean with a cotton ball and remover, then start over.”

Taking my time I very carefully applied the polish to all ten toenails. Aside from being very careful I was feeling a bit foolish at performing a task usually only a woman would do. When I finished I capped the bottle of polish.

Picking up the blow dryer I turned it on and blew warm air over her toe nails, then removed the spacers between her toes as she smiled down at me.

“Perfect,” she said as she got up and stepped down to the floor.

She placed the chair on the floor and walked around to the wide side of the table. Taking her seat, she extended her arms across the table. "Sit across from me and do my fingernails."

I changed seats and one hand at a time I painted her fingernails, then blew warm air over them.

When I finished, she got up and inspected her fingernails carefully.

Somehow, I had managed to do both her toe and fingernails without smudging any of them. I was quite proud of myself even though this was something I felt only another woman should have done.

"Beautiful job Vance, I'm so glad you could come over."

I was very happy that she was pleased with the job I had done. She walked behind me to the front door.

As I reached for the knob she grabbed my left shoulder and spun me around, then kissed me hard on the mouth."

"I'm so glad I can count on you," she said with a grin.

"Happy to help," I managed to squeak out as I opened the door and left.

That night as I did my cleaning for Barb I couldn't help but think about what I had done and of course that kiss afterwards. It almost made me dizzy.

Another two weeks passed without seeing Gwen or hearing from her. It wasn't hard to wonder what might be next. Of course, I would probably agree to her request as I wanted to please her as well as keep Barb's contract in good graces with her.

I didn't have long to wait.

The next weekend I was off so when she called me Friday night, I knew something was up. I took a deep breath and answered my phone.

“My new salon at the mall got a delivery on Friday that wasn’t supposed to come until later in the week. I need your help to set things up. Are you free the weekend?”

I had a hunch she already knew I was free and of course when your boss’s main customer calls and asks for your help it would be a good idea to say yes.

“Of course,” I replied. “What time do you need me there?”

“Knock on the rear door about eight please,” She hung up before I could say “ok”.

Saturday morning I knocked on the back door to her salon. She opened it right away and I went inside.

I was surprised to see her in jeans, a sport shirt, and sneakers.

There were many boxes in the hallway and some in the front of the salon. Brandishing a box cutter she began opening the boxes near the front.

“We’ll start with the wigs,” she said. “Put the foam heads on the counter,” she instructed me.

From the large, opened box I removed eight foam heads and set them on the counter.

“Do the lips,” she said as she handed me a lipstick.

I remove the cover and turned up the base. Carefully I applied the bright red lipstick to the lips of each of the eight foam heads.

When I finished, I turned the base down and then replaced the cap on the lipstick. I put it on the counter and waited for further instructions.

I felt a little silly doing this. Just like I did when doing her nails or cleaning her condo wearing a pink apron and gloves. These were the things that only a woman usually did, but of course I wanted to please her. I didn’t want to displease her and have any complaints getting back to Barb.