

J O E S I X P A C K

***HE'S THE
GIRL THEY
WANT***

**“Rallies” by Joe Six-Pack
A Tales of Transformation Story**



2010 Paperback Edition

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j6p@sixpacksite.com
www.sixpacksite.com

RALLIES'

Spencer Bateman stood next to his assigned locker, staring at the cheerleader skirt and top he had in his hands, and sighed. How in the world had he let himself get talked into this?

No, he knew how it happened. He was here willingly and even enthusiastically. He just wished he didn't have to do this dumb thing.

Six months out of college, Spencer was about to get his first job. Not just any job, either. He was going to be the director of logistics for Rallies' Family-Style Grill, a chain of restaurants with 92 locations nationwide and opening 20 more in the new year. It was just what he hoped for. An executive position with a growing organization that had nothing but upside.

Most of the students he had graduated with were still scrounging for jobs. If you could call what they were getting 'jobs.' From how they described them, they were just little more than flipping burgers and waiting on tables. So much for the \$250,000 they spent for their MBA's.

But Spencer was in luck. He, too, was finding nothing out there for his talents until he tripped across a craigslist posting for interviews. Little information was given, but there didn't need to be much to get him to show up in these tough times. An ad that merely read "jobs" would have done the trick.

In a small meeting room at a hotel, he and about fifty others gathered. Half were dismissed on sight, before the interviews even began. When Spencer's name was called, he was led to a small room where they spoke to him just for a few minutes – and offered him a position. They barely even looked at his resume.

After a quick physical and some details about his family and friends – for health insurance and emergency contact purposes, they said – he signed the stacks and stacks of forms necessary, and Spencer had his first job.

Well, almost. It was *virtually* a done deal. All he had to do was make it through the orientation period, and he was hired on with all the benefits and perks of an executive.

Since logistics was really his true interest in the job, he didn't like having an orientation period. Essentially, it was a "probation" like many job have, You work your butt off for 90 day and only then did they decide if they like you or not. Only then did they formally give you the job and the benefits.

Orientation seemed a waste of time. He didn't need any training. It really didn't matter to him if the company sold grilled food or made bicycle parts. Logistics was logistics.

Spencer soon learned what the company meant by 'orientation.' It meant two months at the company's training facilities in Missouri, at a place called "Ral-

lies' University," where all the restaurant management trainees were sent.

That was one of the strange little requirements of this job. Every company has them, Spencer reasoned, so he wasn't about to complain. The odd part of this particular job was that at Rallies', the founder and Chairman of the company insisted that all new executive hires spend time working in a restaurant for the sake of experience.

Spencer had no desire to work in a restaurant. After all, he didn't care about the worker grunts. He had half a mind to walk away from the whole thing. Six weeks bus-ing tables? No thank you. So, he considered himself fortunate that he was given an option. They called it the "fast track" option, for "featuring" executives. On this fast track, he could spend his orientation time at the demonstration restaurant at Rallies' University rather than an actual, functioning restaurant.

So here he was, in the demo restaurant, ready to go through a simulated day as a server. That's why he had the cheerleading uniform.

For Rallies' wasn't just a *regular* restaurant – they had a hook. Like a lot of places, they called themselves



"Family Style," but really, Rallies' was a sports bar. They had walls made of fifty-inch TVs tuned to sports channels, and sold mostly wings, steaks, burgers and beer. Hidden in the menu were a few token salads for the wives and macaroni and cheese for the kids.

So what was Rallies' big hook? They had cheerleaders for waitresses.

Hooters had paved the way for them, and Rallies' followed the same template. They hired young women as wait staff, dressed them up in shamelessly immodest cheerleader's outfits and dubbed them 'Rally Girls.'

Unsurprisingly, the idea was a smash hit. It was as sexy as Hooters, and had sports on all the TVs. Plus, as previously noted, beer.

Much to his dismay, the demonstration restaurant didn't need table bussers. They didn't need dishwashers. They didn't need food prep. They needed servers.

That now accounted for Spencer holding the cheerleading outfit, which he was about to put on. It was a part of getting the job. He had to spend the next several weeks serving up food, waiting tables.

Of course, he wasn't required to strip down and dress up in the cheerleader outfit – no. Spencer wasn't going to be asked to do something that demeaning. He was just going to wear jeans and a T-shirt. The outfit he had been given was just a token representation of the real Rally Girl uniform. It resembled a large barbecue apron, with the cheerleading uniform printed on it, and it was designed for just this purpose: training men in a female's job. He was told that most of the male executives had gone through the same thing. To that end, it also had the word "trainee" printed on it in large letters.

He reported to the floor of the demonstration restaurant, his sneakers squeaking on the shiny clean floor, and met up with the other three "trainees" who were in much the same situation. These men, also being dressed in jeans, shirt and pastiche cheerleader outfit, were just as sheepish and reserved as Spencer was feeling.

A bubbly and energetic young woman sprang into the room, practically bouncing on her feet. She was dressed in the Rallies' cheerleader uniform, which was essentially a standard-issue high school cheerleading outfit, but cut a little differently to accentuate a woman's figure. "Hey, guys! My name is Amber and I'll be your squad captain! Thanks for coming and welcome to Rallies'!" Like any trainer, the woman was unnecessarily enthusiastic, but that was her job. "Okay! Great! Let's go over what's going to happen. First, I'm going to have everyone pair up with one of our visiting Rally Girls, and she'll be your personal trainer for the next several weeks! Sound good? Great!"

Dave, a dark-haired guy was partnered with Kayla, a sultry brunette. Niles, a blonde short guy was paired with Kendra, a redhead with a permanent smirk on her lips. Rodney, a shorter man, was matched with Eve, a sassy little

auburn-haired girl with arresting eyes. In fact, as Spencer examined Dave, Niles and Rodney, he noted that they were all kinda short, like he was. Probably none of them were over five-foot nine inches, or over 150.

While he contemplated this interesting bit of trivia, he was introduced to Jami Lynn, his “mentor” for the length of the orientation. She was a tall and confident blonde with hair tumbling down to the small of her back. She smiled sweetly and held Spencer’s hand as the trainer, or squad captain, continued on with her prepared material.

It was only natural that Spencer’s attention was distracted by the lovely young women he was now surrounded with. After all, they were dressed in cheerleading outfits that did a splendid job of showcasing their generously sized breasts and long, lean legs. He couldn’t remember being surrounded by so many beautiful girls.

“Okay! Let’s get started!” the trainer said.

“What?” Spencer replied, realizing he had zoned out. “What are we doing?”

Jami Lynn put a helpful hand behind Spencer’s back



and led him to the kitchen. "Weren't you paying attention?"

"Sure," Spencer replied. "But recap it for me, will you?"

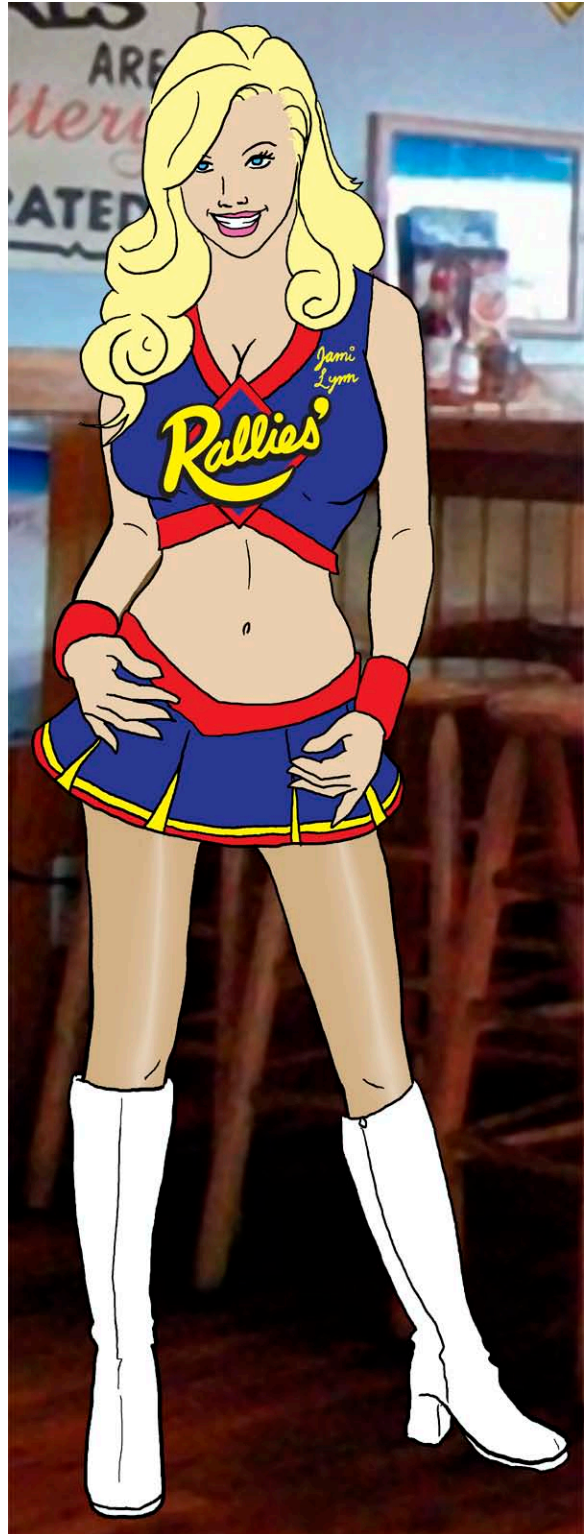
Jami Lynn giggled, a delightful sound that made Spencer's heart flutter for just a moment. "We're assigned to tables eight through sixteen for the next three hours."

"Wha?" Spencer said, twisting his head around quickly to see what table she was talking about. "Don't panic. I'll be leading you through the whole day." She poked Spencer's nose playfully. "This is going to be fun!"



For the next three hours, a rotation of fake customers came in through the place, some as many as four times each. They adopted different personalities and made orders that would always seem to require a little extra effort. They were probably coached to be that way. One would want things cooked "medium style" or wonder why the wings cost so much. Some would order things not on the menu or make a special request that was near impossible to execute.

Even though the restaurant



was set up exclusively for training, they also trained their cooks there, and served real food. Food that was often subject to the sort of mistakes that chefs in training would make. There were a lot of complaints and send-backs to the kitchen to cope with.

It wasn't too difficult, as waiting tables is fairly straightforward, and once Spencer got an idea of the rhythm and pace of the job, it only taxed him in the physical sense, not the mental. That didn't mean that the three hours felt like a long, long time. After a thirty minute lunch break, they did it again.

Jami Lynn was Spencer's feminine shadow for those shifts, standing just behind him, whispering the things to say and the things to do in his ear. Her warm breath in his ear was practically melting him whenever she spoke. He even started to make little intentional mistakes knowing Jami Lynn would step in and assist, brushing herself close and touching him.

After their two shifts were over, the squad captain congratulated them on doing an "amazing" job and that they were all doing "super great."

"Thanks, Jami Lynn. You certainly know what you're doing." Spencer said as he and Jami walked to the lockers.

"You got the hang of it already. I could tell." She replied. "Working with you is going to be a piece of cake."

Spencer looked down at the uniform hanging off of him. "You know, I almost forgot I had this on."

"Mmm. I remember when I got my first Rally Girl uniform," Jami said with a blush. She leaned over and said, quietly, "It made me *so* horny." Then she giggled.

Spencer had to clear his throat for a moment to collect himself. "Well, I suppose that they..."

"Oh my God!" Jami Lynn squealed, as she instantly regretted what she had said. "Please don't tell anyone I said that! That's *so* embarrassing!"

"It's just between you and me," Spencer said with a smile. The girl had been so helpful and so encouraging all day, he thought, demonstrating a mastery of her job, and in one sentence had just taken herself down from experienced professional to flustered and immature.

He could fall in love with a girl like that, Spencer realized. "You want to go out and get something to drink?" He asked.

"Now?" Jami Lynn replied. "But you still have to watch the orientation video."

"Video?" Spencer questioned.

Jami Lynn shrugged. "Yeah. It's about an hour, covers all the employee basics, so on and so on. There's one to watch just about every week in this orientation."

Spencer was directed to a small dark room with a few folding chairs scattered about. Inside, Dave, the dark-haired trainee, was already seated.

"Dave Olsen," the man said, extending his hand for a handshake.

"Spencer Bateman," he shook Dave's hand vigorously. "Orientation video?" He asked.

Dave nodded. "The other two are supposed to join us. Just waiting."

Spencer found a seat and laid back in the chair. He was glad to be off his feet. "You on the fast track program, too?" he asked Dave.

"Yep. I got a job in HR in the Northeast. You?"

"Director of Logistics, I'll be working out of Atlanta."

"They said I could get to Atlanta after two years," Dave replied. He leaned closer so he could lower his voice. "You lucked out. That Rally Girl of yours is one smoking hot..."

"Hey, yours is sex on wheels."

"She's cute, but I don't..." He then looked past Spencer and stopped talking. Spencer turned to see Niles and Rodney enter. They exchanged handshakes and got comfortable. The video started on it's own before they had a chance to talk.

On came a plump older man with flush red cheeks and bolo tie. "Hello. I'm Daryl Sewell, founder and Chairman of Rallies' Family Style Grill. But friends call me 'The General.'" He smiled, unconvincingly. "Now that you're here, you're more than friends, you're family. I want you to know that when I opened my first Rallies' in 1975..."

Already, Spencer was feeling his neck muscles give way and his head start to fall over. This was going to be a long hour. In just a matter of seconds, he found himself in a half-awake state, head slumped over, just picking up bits and pieces of what the old man on TV was saying.

"Thirty-five years of tradition..." "Wearing the Rally Girl uniform is an honor..." He couldn't even tell who was talking after a little while. "We are the service of the customer..." "Providing escapism from everyday worries..." "A clear system of authority..." "A smile is the best gift you can give..."

The next thing he remembered was a little gentle slap on his cheek. He opened his eyes slowly, trying to fight the sleepiness away.

"Time to go, sleepy-eyes!" Jami Lynn sang.

Spencer opened his eyes to see that the video was over, and his three companions had also fallen asleep from the excitement. He stood and stretched his back out. "I must have just close my eyes for a second..."

Jami Lynn shrugged. "It puts everyone out. I don't know why they turns out the lights in here when they show it. That's just begging you to nod off."

Spencer estimated it must have been an hour, and he was surprised to still see his mentor dressed. "Don't you ever get out of that uniform?"

"I like it," Jami Lynn replied. "But yeah, you can't wear it off company property. Corporate rule." She mimicked a pout and trailed a finger down her cheek where her imaginary tear would fall.

"Well, it is an honor to wear the Rally Girl Uniform, I suppose."

The girl smiled dreamily. "It sure is. It provides a little bit of escapism from everyday worries."

Spencer agreed. "And thirty-five years of tradition. So, what do we do now?"

"We get you set up in the hotel," Jami Lynn replied.



The Rally University complex included the demo restaurant, two stout office buildings, and one small four-story hotel, used for the trainees.

"They kinda played around with the idea of doing a Rally Hotel in Las Vegas a few years ago, and built it for testing," Jami Lynn explained as they walked across the campus. "But they gave up on it. They kept the hotel for the trainees, though."

The hotel was themed and branded even more heavily than the restaurant, with the Rallies' logo stickered, embroidered, screen-printed and embossed in every possible spot. The furniture, fabrics and even the carpet was all done in the blue/yellow/red Rallies' color scheme.

"Oh, *fourth* floor," said the concierge as Spencer checked in. He wasn't sure, but he thought he picked up a little wariness in that comment.

"What's wrong with the fourth floor?" He asked.

"That means you're part of the fast track program, I suppose," the concierge replied. He couldn't have been more than nineteen, and Spencer didn't like getting attitude from a kid.

"So what if I am?"

"We already have your luggage in your room," the concierge said, handing over the key card.

"No, what's wrong with..."

"Hey, we're next door to each other!" Jami Lynn said, hopping in a little display of joy. That and a demonstration of gravity and fluid dynamics inside Jami Lynn's bra.

Spencer forgot whatever it was that was bothering him, and let the girl lead him up to his room. On the elevator, he met Niles, and as it turned out, the entire group of four and their mentors were all staying on the fourth floor.

It was predictable that the room followed the same themes as the rest of Rallies' restaurants, but it was a little shocking to see the details. The room was outfitted like a teenage sports hero's room, with plaques, pennants and trophies on the wall. The bedspread had a giant Rallies' logo on it, as did the carpet. On closer inspection, the plaques and trophies were for cheerleading competitions. Spencer couldn't help but think that the decor, despite being very sporty, still looked a little less than masculine.

"We have a connecting door!" Jami Lynn declared testing out the small door that linked the rooms. "Kewl!"

Spencer gave a quick glance to verify that his four bags had been delivered, and then eyed the soft, inviting bed. After a full day on his feet, it looked more beautiful than anything he had ever seen. "I'm gonna just fall down dead for the night, is that okay?"

Jami Lynn rolled her eyes to the sky and bit her lip. "Oh, that sounds awesome!" She said. "I'll see you bright and early tomorrow, okay?"

"I'm guessing you're a morning person," Spencer said.

"Yeah. Sorry. See you soon, Spence."

"Spencer. My name is not *Spence*."

"Gotcha." She left through the adjoining door and Spencer was already unconscious by the time the latch closed.



Sometime late that night, Spencer woke. It was dark outside, and he hadn't yet unpacked his travel clock, so he wasn't sure exactly when it was. He was sweating, almost in a fever. He found himself in a fetal position, wrapped around one of the large bed pillows, clutching it to his body.

He had no memory of it, but he had stripped himself down to a shirt and briefs at some point. He got up, peeling the moist T-shirt away from his skin and walked in the low-lit darkness to hit the lights. It was blinding, but only for a moment. He made his way over to the mini-bar and found a bottle of water. Of course, it had a large Rallies' logo on the front, which kept him from knowing which brand it really was. He wished he could know. He liked it.

Checking the room service menu, he found they stopped serving at 1 am, and he knew it was well past that. The menu was a carbon copy of the Rallies' restaurant menu, item for item, he noted.

Customers, he thought to himself, *we are at the service of the customer*. Then we wondered where that random thought had come from. Maybe he was just tired.

Spencer yawned and decided he didn't have enough reason not to try and fall asleep again. He thought maybe some mindless TV might help him get back to sleep.

He looked around for a remote to turn the TV on, and found one bolted to the bedside table. He turned off the lights and flicked the set on. He was disappointed to find that he had only a handful of channels, a couple of news headline channels, a stock channel, Univision and all the sports channels he could imagine. There seemed to be other channels in the system, but when he tuned to them he received a stern message that said, "Blocked by Rallies' Administration." He watched a Spanish language soap opera for a few minutes before giving up.

Spencer rolled over to find a dry spot on the large bed and fell asleep again.



Too soon, he heard a knock coming from the inter-room door. He knew it was Jami



Lynn, and he reluctantly woke himself. It was light in the room, so he was aware that it was technically morning, and technically, he had to get up.

He stood, grateful he was dry again, and unlatched the door. He didn't seem to mind that he was just in the shirt and briefs when Jami Lynn arrived. She didn't seem to mind that she was dressed almost the same way, in panties and a T-shirt.

"You ready for breakfast?" She bubbled. "I ordered for both of us from room service." She then pushed in a trolley with food on it. "Can't get the day started without a good, wholesome family-style meal, fresh off the grill!"

The smell of food perked Spencer up a bit, and he almost ran to the trolley. There, he found an assortment of barbecue wings, curly fries and fried shrimp. "This is breakfast?" He asked.

"Sure is!" Jami Lynn replied, tucking into the wings. "Beats cold cereal, doesn't it?"

"I guess they don't have a breakfast menu?"

Jami Lynn popped some shrimp into her mouth. "Who needs that when you can enjoy these homestyle Rallies' classics?"

"You have a point," Spencer said, helping himself to some fries. For some reason, these odd choices appealed to him. He could feel his stomach growl and his mouth water at the smell and sight of this hot, steamy food. He opened a fresh bottle of Budweiser and sat down to eat.

Jami Lynn explained to him that they'd just be working three or four days a week, mostly on the weekends, just like the part-timers at the real restaurants. They'd work about six to eight hours, get a lunch break and then hang around for an extra hour for the orientation video at the end of the week.

"The rest of the time, they have an awesome employee gym and spa, a little store for essentials and even a nightclub," Jami Lynn said.

"It's like a little city," Spencer remarked.

"Even better, it's like city with nothing but Rallies' in it!"

Spencer smiled to himself. They sure did know how to find loyal people at Rallies'. This girl was a total lifer.



The week went smoothly enough, and despite the ridiculous nature of having to wear a dopey uniform over his shirt and pants, Spencer was getting very comfortable. He got better and better at waiting tables, and soon, Jami Lynn was only giving him advice, rather than instruction.

"You're doing a super job, Spencer," said Amber, the squad captain. It was just a few minutes between simulated shifts for Spencer, and Amber had cornered him in the dressing area. "You're really making great progress."

Spencer didn't know how to take that. On one hand, he hated having someone so below him on the totem pole compliment him like that. He didn't need encouragement from an underling, he was going to be her boss ten times over in a little while.

On the other hand, Amber was being pleasant, and she had a killer body that Spencer had spent much of the last week ogling. If he wanted a shot at her, he should probably just be decent enough to stay on her good side.

"Hey, thanks, Amber. It's tough work." He answered. "So Jami Lynn was telling me they have a gym and a nightclub around here..."

"Absolutely! Rallies' has everything you need to be the best!" Amber replied with glee.

"So, you want to show me around? Maybe get a couple of drinks?"

"Oh, not tonight, Spencer." She said, apologetically. "You have the video coming tonight!"

"Another orientation video? Do I really need to watch them?"

"Everyone needs to watch them! It's essential to the whole thing!" Amber declared.

Spencer kept trying. "I don't really need to know all that stuff, you understand."

"Orders are orders," Amber replied with a good-natured smile. "My job is to make you into part of the squad, and that's what I'm gonna do!"

"There's no way I can..."

"As your squad leader, I want to build the best Rally Girl squad I can. And that means watching the videos, just like everybody else."

Spencer back down. "All right," he said. After all, Amber was the squad captain, and he was part of the squad. It was a clear system of authority.



The evening shift was light, and was even a little slow. Spencer even found himself getting a little bored with work. Once it was finally over, he was happy to report to the video room, joined by Dave, Rodney and Niles. Dave reclined in his chair, his arm draped over another chair and his legs crossed, ankle-to-knee. It looked a little out of place with him still wearing the cheerleading uniform.

Spencer's hopes for entertainment were quickly dashed when the video started up, and the slow southern drawl of Daryl 'The General' Sewell, began to drone on.

"Our Rally Girls are the cornerstone of success," he said. "Their unique appeal can be traced to many different things..."

The skimpy costume and big tits might have something to do with it, Spencer thought to himself. He chuckled quietly.

"...More than just a warm smile and a girl-next-door quality," Mr. Sewell continued, "Rally Girls represent this company and its ideals. As a Rally Girl, you carry the flag for all the people who work here at Rallies', and you should carry it with pride..."

Spencer was absolutely determined not to fall asleep this time, and as such, was able to stay awake approximately thirty seconds longer than last time. He at least had the satisfaction of seeing everyone else in the room drop off before he did.

The next hour was largely spent in and out of sleep, with Spencer half-hearing the video though his closed eyes and then dropping back to slumber again.

"The successful Rally Girl takes pride in her beauty..." The video said. "The iconic look of the Rally Girl is your greatest responsibility..." "Constant care and attention to your appearance is key to Rally Girl excellence..." "Happiness is being a Rally Girl..."

The harsh noise of chairs scooting along the floor woke Spencer. With the video finally over, everyone was leaving. He checked his watch, and two hours had passed. The rest of the group got up and left so he followed them to the locker room, where they removed the uniforms and put them away.

"Dave," asked Niles, "do remember anything on that video?"

Dave turned around to address him. "Only the opening part. It seemed to have a lot to do with Rally Girls. I don't think we missed much."

Niles nodded agreement. "That's what I thought." He felt his lips. "Boy, are my lips dry. Does anyone have any Chapstick?"

Dave and Rodney both said "No." Spencer added a "No," as well, once he checked his pockets. Now that Niles mentioned it, his lips *were* feeling awfully dry. He hoped the hotel had something for them in that little shop in the lobby.

Maybe they had something for his hair, too. The hotel shampoo made it look so dull and lifeless. He might as well check when he got back.



It was hot outside, as summer was just starting. Spencer wasn't familiar with the weather in this part of the country, but he did expect something a little hotter than he was used to, with an abundance of humidity.

The crickets chirped away in the evening light as he walked along the pathway back to the hotel. It was a nice night out, and he was of half a mind to sit down somewhere in the grass and enjoy it, but he was beat, and his bed was calling to him.

He returned to his room and set down his purchases from the hotel store. They did, indeed, have some lip balm which he wasted no time in applying. He found a couple of different varieties of shampoo, and bought them all. None of them were his usual brands, so he decided he'd try them all out. Each shampoo also had a matching conditioner as well.

On impulse, he had also grabbed a pair of tweezers for his eyebrows, which just seemed to be out of control. A nail file was also amongst his new things, as his fingernails suddenly looked ragged and unkempt to him.

The door to Jami Lynn's room opened, and she walked in dressed in a T-shirt and panties. "Hey, I thought I heard you come in!"

"Hey, Jami," Spencer answered. "Just putting stuff away in the bathroom." He noted for just a moment the sight Jami's half-dressed beauty in his presence, but he wasn't of a mind to complain – after all, they were friends. Not to mention he was slipping out of his heavy jeans as he thought this, and kicked them away. Now, just in his briefs and T-shirt, they were on equal grounds.

"Oh, so how was the video?" Jami Lynn asked.

"So boring. I hope there's not a test," he replied, returning to the main room. He felt like teasing Jami. "Hey, where did you go after my shift? Some mentor you are."

"I must have seen those training videos a million times by now. *More than just a warm smile and a girl-next-door quality*," Jami said in a mock-masculine tone, "*Rally Girls represent this company and it's ideals.*"

"Yeah, that was the one," Spencer verified.

"I think those videos are great, but I'm not their target audience."

"And I am?" Spencer replied, flopping down on the bed. "I'm not even going to wait tables. I'm going to do logistics. This is a waste of my time!" he shouted at the ceiling.

"Everyone at Rallies' has watched those videos."

"Why? Why would any company deliberately be so wasteful of everyone's time?" Spencer yelled.

"Here," Jami Lynn said, hoisting Spencer up to a sitting position. She then leapt onto the bed and walked on her knees behind him and started to massage his shoulders. "Just let it go."

It was clear that Jami Lynn had vast experience in giving massages. Her hands kneaded Spencer's shoulders into jelly. His head fell back in relief, nestling itself in between Jami Lynn's breasts. He could feel the softness of her young breasts move up and down as she breathed. With every moment, his head sank deeper and deeper in between them.

"Don't fall asleep on me," Jami Lynn warned.

"You're wonderful..." Spencer said, dreamily. "Do you... Do you... Do you want to...?"

Jami Lynn's face came alive with excitement. "I could really go for a Rallies' Big Daddy Burger."

Spencer sprang up and leapt for the phone. "I was just thinking the same thing! The Big Daddy Burger has a unique blend of griller spices, topped with melted pepper jack cheese and served with mayo, lettuce, tomato, pickle and onion."

"Each Big Daddy is served with your choice of potato salad, coleslaw, or Rallies' famous seasoned curly fries," Jami Lynn added.

Spencer ordered one for each of them and a couple of beers. Plus, he had to get the Rallies' Olé Nacho appetizer. It just sounded so good.

"What do we do while we're waiting?" Spencer asked.

"Well, someone owes me a back rub," Jami Lynn said, turning her back to him. Spencer had little choice, so he went at it, doing his best. "Oooooohhh," Jami Lynn moaned. She stretched her back out in a distinctly feline manner, and might have purred if she was capable of it. She responded to his touch as though he was hitting g-spots with every movement.

"Would you mind plucking my eyebrows, Jami?" Spencer asked, oblivious to the stirrings of his mentor.

"Sure!" She replied with her usual megawatt smile. "I wasn't going to say anything, but they really do need some work."

Spencer was somewhat bashful. "I'm almost embarrassed to say I didn't even really notice until today."

"We'll eat first and then I can do some sculpting of those caterpillars of yours," Jami Lynn said. "You know what we should do, is make an appointment with you at the Rallies' hotel spa. They can do a much better job than I can."

"Do they trim eyebrows?"

"And so much more. You'll love it. I have a beauty day there every week."

"Sounds great," Spencer agreed. "As someone once said, constant care and attention to your appearance is key to excellence."

Jami Lynn nodded in deliberate accord. "That is *so* true." Then there was a knock at the door and it was time for a hearty Rallies' dinner.



On the way out, the next morning, Spencer stopped by the concierge desk. The same 19 year old twerp was working. "Scuse me..." Spencer asked.

The concierge stopped what he was doing to be attentive. "What can I do for you?"

"My TV. It has some channels blocked." Spencer said. "Can that be fixed?"

"I can take care of that for you," the concierge replied. He moved over to a computer terminal. "Now what room are you in?"

Spencer checked his key card to make sure. "412."

"Oh... Fourth floor."

"Yes. Is that a problem?"

"Our fourth floor guests are treated to a special package of news and sports unavailable to our other guests."

That almost sounded like a positive to Spencer, but he still hadn't really gotten a resolution to the issue. It was just a smokescreen. "Can't I get just, I don't know, ABC or something? I just want to watch some regular TV shows."

"Our news and sports channels provide a wide variety of entertainment options," was the reply.

"Okay, I get it. Can I move to another floor, where you have real TV?"

"The fast-track program requires you stay on the fourth floor, I'm afraid. But I can forward your request to the hotel management, and see if they can help you."

That at least sounded somewhat positive, even if it was a blatant attempt to pass the problem down the line.

"Fine," Spencer said with a sigh. "Do you know where the spa is? I have an appointment."

"It's just down that hallway," the concierge said, pointing to the rear of the lobby.

The hotel spa, called "Salón du Rallies'," was small, but just like the rest of the hotel, lavishly decorated in Rallies' colors and logos.

There were only three visible employees, two women in their late twenties and a younger girl who appeared to be some variety of Asian.

"You must be Spencer," said one of the older women. "I'm Barb. I have you down for..."

"Don't start without me!" called Jami Lynn as she ran into the salon.

"Wouldn't think of it, Jami!" Barb said, apparently well familiar with her. "My Wednesday isn't complete without you! Go on in, Shelley will get you started!"

"Thanks, Barb!" Jami Lynn bumped into Spencer, mischievously. "Don't worry, it won't hurt... Much."

"Uh, thanks?" Spencer replied. Up to that moment, he hadn't been expecting anything to hurt. Now he was wary of this whole enterprise.

Jami filled Barb in. "Spencer needs some work done on his eyes. Mostly a little brow grooming. He also has some concerns about his nails."

Barb took command. "We'll do the brows later. Shelley here will work on your nails." She then handed over a suddenly unsure Spencer to the other woman, who had a broad smile on her face. A somewhat suspicious one, if you had asked Spencer's opinion.

"So, a manicure?" Spencer asked.

Shelley grinned. "Oh, we'll cure you of being a man."

"Shelley!" admonished Barb. "Watch it!"

"What?" Spencer asked. "What do..."

"Let's take care of those nails," Shelley interrupted. "You have a seat at the station," she tapped the chair he was going to sit in, "and we'll have our nail girl with you in just a moment." She briskly walked away before she could answer any questions.

It wasn't but a minute before the Asian girl had his hands soaking in some sort of liquid. She didn't speak much English, so conversation was out of the question. While he waited for whatever step was going to come next, he saw at the other side of the room, Jami Lynn was seated in a hairdresser's chair, with her hair covered in goop and her face in some sort of mud mask.

With little warning, one of the women produced a syringe, filled with a green liquid, and injected it directly into Jami Lynn's neck. It also looked like she was trying to discreetly hide it from any onlookers.

Spencer wasn't familiar with women's beauty routines, but he was sure that what he had seen wasn't normal. But without anyone to ask, and his hands keeping him where he was, he couldn't ask any questions. In any case, Jami Lynn didn't seem to object and was her usual, nothing-but-smiles self.

After spending about a half hour with the nail girl, he was a little confused when he saw his now shiny, polished nails. They were immaculately clean, with a neatly trimmed cuticle, and a smooth edge. But they appeared to be at least a quarter of an inch longer than they were when he arrived.

Quickly, he was put into the hairdresser's chair, where he was reclined into an almost total horizontal position.

"My, you've really let the weeds grow," Shelley said, on examining his eyebrows.

Spencer agreed. "It's really embarrassing to look at them. I almost feel like I need to apologize to everyone I meet."

"Just sit back and we'll have them under control in no time." Shelley pushed his head back into the headrest. "You just take it easy and if you feel like sleeping, that's fine."

Spencer didn't fall asleep, but he was getting a little hazy. The chair was very comfortable and as Shelley worked on his brows, Barb was nearby, humming the Rallies' theme song.

At some point he felt a prick in the back of his neck, but he just assumed it was a nerve spasm or something. He got those occasionally. After a while, Shelley proclaimed the job "done," and adjusted the chair to sit upright and let Spencer see himself in the mirror.

"They're awfully thin, aren't they?" He said.

"Hmm." Shelley said, examining her work. "I may have gone a little overboard. Tell you what. I'll give you one of my eyebrow pencils and you can thicken them up if you need to."

Spencer liked that solution. After all, like when he got his hair cut, it always seemed a little too much to him before it grew out. That was probably the same for eyebrows. He'd just draw it in until it got back to normal.

"My eyelashes look a little different," he observed.

The lashes were visibly thicker and longer, and thin rim of black now outlined his eyes, and even gave him a little cats-eyed look. He also thought his eyelids looked a little darker. "Strange how trimming the brows can make everything else around it look different, huh?" he said.

"You'll get used to it, I'm sure," Shelley said with a pat on the shoulder.

"You ready to try the tanning booth?" Jami Lynn asked, as she emerged from a back room in a robe.

Spencer had not signed on for that. "Maybe later. I don't tan very well. I just burn."

"Suit yourself. Oh! I like your eyes. Very nice work, Shel."

Shelley beamed. "It's my specialty."

"Well, then. We're done here." Jami Lynn said, her hand on her hips in a sign of triumph. "I'll see you guys next week!"

Spencer followed Jami Lynn out, still examining his nails. They were long, but they were so well done, he couldn't think of going back and having them trim off their hard work. If they got in the way, he could do it himself. "Hey, Jami," he asked, "what was the deal with that shot you got?"

"Shot?" Jami Lynn replied. "What shot?"

"In the back of your neck, when you had all that gunk on your face."

"Oh, *that*... That was..." Jami Lynn leaned over to whisper. "Botox."

"Botox?" Spencer repeated with skepticism. "In the neck?"

"It works. The girls there know what they're doing."

Spencer had to agree. Jami Lynn had nothing even hinting at a wrinkle on her face. He didn't think she looked a day over 18, even though she had to be at least 21 to be working where they served beer. Plus, with her experience, she must be at least four years past that. Her flawless skin was probably thanks to those treatments.

"I like your hair. It's gorgeous," Spencer said, not even meaning to say it aloud.

"It always looks good after a trip to the salon."

