

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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Printed in the United States of America.

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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 its 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. "Kew!"

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 scoting 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."



"I should do that next time. My hair is so... Bleh."

"We'll do that." Jami Lynn skipped for one step, in her usual exuberance. "But for right now, I want to show you the gym. It's awesome!"



The gym at Rallies' hotel was also a little on the small side. It had a few nautilus-type machines, but was mostly treadmills and mats. Spencer figured the mats was for stretching and yoga and other junk like that.

"Hey guys, I'm Daisy, I'm the trainer here." She was a confident girl, about 19, with auburn hair tied in a long ponytail. Like most athletic trainers, she was dressed head to toe in lycra. Red, Blue and yellow Rallies' lycra, of course. She then recognized Jami. "Hi, Jami! Welcome back!"

Jami dove into a headlong hug. "Missed you, Daisy!" She then gestured towards Spencer. "This is Spencer, my trainee."

"Hi, Spencer. Welcome! So what kind of workout do you normally do?" Daisy asked.

"Uh..." Spencer had to frame what he was going to say carefully, because he wasn't exactly a 'workout' kind of guy. He played some tennis at the club, and a little golf, but that was about it, so he didn't want to sound as inexperienced and lazy as he really was. "I do a few things. I go to a club."

"Well, that's great!" Daisy replied with excitement. "I think what we'll do is put you on our 'progressive training' program. It's our most popular. We'll start you out easy and then build up your endurance and fitness over time with new exercises. How does that sound?"

Spencer had no idea. He was clueless when it came to fitness. "Well, I think..." He scratched his chin to look thoughtful. "I think that'd be a good plan."

"Great!" Daisy said. "For now, we'll just get you outfitted. We have complimentary workout clothes for you in the lockers." She handed him a key. "Here's the key to a locker. Get changed and we'll get started!"

"Yeah!" Jami Lynn chimed in, just as excited at Daisy.

He then walked over to the small changing area, where he was the only one in the room. Spencer undid the lock on the provided locker, which already had his name on it, and found clothing inside.

He returned to the gym area dressed in a stretch lycra tank top with the Rallies' logo on it, and a pair of shimmery red shorts. He felt only a *little* less ridiculous than when he was wearing the trainee stuff.

“So let’s go for three miles on the treadmill today,” Daisy said, pointing to a machine against the wall. Jami Lynn was already motoring away on a nearby treadmill.

“Sounds good,” Spencer replied, picking the light material of his gym shorts out of his butt. He put his new Rallies’ branded sneakers on the tread and started to jog.



The weekend was very busy at the demo restaurant. In a surprise, the administration invited some additional trainees and their friends to be customers. It doubled the business and created extra, unscripted, chaos.

“This is crazy!” Spencer complained, as he dropped two tickets off at the counter.

“Hang in there!” Amber replied.

“Why can’t Jami Lynn help?”

“She is! She’s handling her own tables. We need all the help we can get.”

“Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad if it weren’t so damn hot!”

“You’ve never had a summer around these parts, have you? Wait until it really gets hot!”



Spencer groaned at the thought. His clothes were already sticking to him and he had to repeatedly wipe the sweat from his forehead every minute or so. He was miserable.

He had to skip his usual break because it was so busy and wait until lunch to have some time to himself. In the locker room, he sat down on the bench and then fell onto his side in a display of exhaustion.

"Poor baby," Jami Lynn said, coming into the room. "You're doing fine, though. Just keep up best you can!"

"This is nuts," Spencer said. "I never signed on for this. I'm in logistics!"

"That's just the heat talking," Jami Lynn said with a pat on Spencer's shoulder. Spencer turned to look at her in the eyes. "Is it going to be like this all summer?"

"You really don't know, do you?"

Spencer turned his head to stare at the ceiling. "I'm screwed."

"It'd help if you weren't wearing those thick jeans. Shorts would cool you off." Jami Lynn rummaged through her locker. "I should have a pair."

"Wear shorts? *Your* shorts?"

Jami Lynn plucked a navy blue pair of baggy shorts out from her locker. "Yeah, here you go." She tossed them so they hit Spencer's reclined head and then onto the floor. He righted himself and picked them up.

"Is anyone going to think that's strange?" Spencer asked.

"Wearing shorts in the summer? Yeah, they're likely to think you've gone insane," she replied with an exaggerated expression. "So put 'em on. We've got a long last shift ahead."

Spencer was a little freaked out when he went back out to wait tables. He wasn't sure if anyone would read the women's shorts that he was wearing. They looked normal enough. They were big, they weren't a femmy color, and they were just long enough to say they weren't obviously meant for a woman.

Besides, they really did cool him off, so he may have kept them on even if he had been spotted.



With the Sunday night service over, Amber congratulated her squad enthusiastically. Then, without skipping a breath, she informed them it was time for the next training video.

Drained of almost all energy, Spencer had to force himself into the video room. He thought maybe he should invest in a pair of those glasses with eyes

painted on the lenses, so he could look attentive while sleeping. He was certain that he was going to be out like a baby the second that video started playing.

Niles was already there with Rodney, and they were whispering back and forth. "Do you guys get why we have to watch these?" He asked the two.

"It's not that big a deal," Rodney replied. "Wow, those eyes of your are fantastic. Did you get them done at Salon du Rallies?"

"Yeah!" Niles asked. "My appointment is tomorrow. I want what you had. What should I ask for?"

"The eyebrows just needed some trimming, that's all," Spencer replied.

"My eyebrows are like growing like crabgrass!" Niles replied, as he ran his fingers along them.

"You and me both," Rodney agreed. "Thanks for the tip, Spence."

"Spencer." He corrected.

They all turned to see that Dave had arrived. He sat in a chair, applying a coat of Chapstick to his lips, and let out a breath. "Might as well start the show," he said. The lights went out as he finished the sentence.

"Video Three: Appearance



and Comportment of a Rally Girl.” The announcer said. “Part two.”

The four men groaned in agony, albeit just metered enough not to get in trouble for it.

“...Of four.” The video continued.

A much louder groan came from the men.

“The essence of Rallies’ is the Rally Girl. There are ten points to remember when you prepare yourself to represent the Rallies’ corporation as a Rally Girl. Point one. Make sure your skin is clear of blemishes...”

That was the last thing Spencer remembered before he started to doze. It felt so good to let sleep overtake him.

“...long hair is preferred in one of six approved styles...” “...be camera-ready in appearance at all times...” “...makeup is minimal and natural in appearance...” “...a smile is the most important part of you...” “failure to smile is a terminable offense...” “...look wholesome and innocent, but not prudish or cloistered...” “...no body hair can be visible...”

Spencer felt his arm being tugged, and shook the sleep off to see Jami Lynn trying to pull him from the chair. “C’mon! They’re closing the place down!” She said.

He barely had time to get out of his faux uniform before they turned off the lights. Jami Lynn and Spencer dashed for the door just as the alarm was set. “G’night, Amber!” Jami Lynn said.

“Yeah, G’night, Amber!” Spencer added, with a smile.

They walked in the under-lit darkness along the path that led them back to the hotel. Spencer thought it was a cool night out for such a hot day, until he looked down.

“I’m still wearing your shorts,” Spencer said, with regret. He hadn’t changed out of them because of the rush to leave.

“You should probably get used to them,” Jami Lynn said. “No sense in going back to jeans for now.”

“I haven’t worn shorts since I was a kid. I feel foolish.”

“Dave and Niles were wearing shorts all day, didn’t you notice?”

“Only Rodney didn’t, and he looked miserable,” Spencer remembered. “I guess I can’t avoid it.”

“Don’t worry about it, Spencer.” Jami Lynn patted him on the butt. “We’ve got a lot of days ahead of us.”

“Don’t remind me. It’s like I’ll never start my real job.”

“Well, if it makes you feel any better, you make a great Rally Girl.”

Spencer leaned into his mentor for comfort. “Thanks, Jami Lynn.”



Spencer sat on his bed looking at the small stack of books by his bedside. They were the ones he had taken with him for this trip. "The Art of Winning in Business," was one title. "Cornwell on Logistics and Supply Chain Management." "Best Practices of Distributed Resource Administration, 6th Edition."

Never had those books looked so dull. The thought of cracking the covers on those books felt like he was consigning himself to a living death. He wondered why he felt this way.

Was he letting this experience change him? He grabbed a file and began sculpting his nails to give his nerves something to do. He just didn't think he wanted to meditate on that question too much. Eventually, he would get back to his passion of logistics.

"You look down, sweetie," Jami Lynn said, coming into the room. They didn't seem to ever shut the door between their room anymore. "I bet a triple chocolate lava cake will bring that smile back."

"A smile is an important part of me," Spencer said. He curled the edges of his mouth upwards. "I'm just a little moody, I suppose."

"Well, I'm ordering dinner. What do you want?"

"I want the Sizzling Steak Skillet with a classic 9 ounce steak smothered in ranch dressing, topped with Rallies' special onion strips and grilled peppers."

"Oh!" Jami Lynn said with a growl. "That sounds so good! But I'm going to have the Signature Steakhouse Skillet with a classic 9 ounce steak swimming in pepperjack sauce, topped with a heaping helping of sautéed Cajun jumbo shrimp!"

"Oh, I want that!" Spencer whined.

"I want yours! We'll share." Jami Lynn decided.

It was just a few minutes until the food was delivered and the two ate at a small table at the side of the room. Spencer picked pieces off Jami Lynn's plate and she picked things off his, both declaring each other's meals more delicious than their own.

They eventually wound up watching a replay of a basketball game, as it got close to 2 am. Jami Lynn laid herself upon the bedspread, and Spencer sat on the floor, leaning up against the bed, below her.

"Your hair is getting thick," Jami Lynn said, twirling a finger in his hair. "Long, too."

"I've only been here two weeks. It hasn't changed that much," Spencer replied.

He felt the back of his neck, and was more than a little surprised to find hair there. Feeling more, he realized it was covering his ears, and almost down to his eyes. *How was that possible?* He wondered.

Not only the hair on his head was growing lately, there was also the matter of his abnormally thicker eyelashes. Maybe Spencer should have also realized his nails were growing in an ultra-rapid fashion, as he was always filing them down, but they were still getting longer. If he had the presence of mind to be suspicious, he might have connected all of these things.

Maybe that would have been more obvious if he had noticed his beard growing out ticker than ever before, but he had no beard. He had never been able to grow one. The one thing he did notice were his legs.

He ran his hands up and down, wondering why they were so shaggy all the sudden. Spencer could barely even feel the skin. The hair was thin, but long and even furry.

“Do you think they look weird?” He asked Jami Lynn a few minutes later.

“What, the shorts? Are you still going on about that?”

“No, no. My legs. I never noticed until now.”



"That you have legs?"

"No!" Spencer looked up at Jami Lynn with a smirk. "Look how hairy they are. They look even hairier than normal."

"Shave them, then."

"I've never had to shave them before. Can't I just trim them?"

"I don't think they make leg hair trimmers. Just shave them. It'll grow back." Jami Lynn said, reassuringly.

"That's what they said about my eyebrows."

"Expert advice," she said. "Do you want me to get my razors?"

"Not really. Maybe later, or something."



Spencer woke an hour later than he planned. Today, one of his days off, he had a workout with Jami Lynn scheduled, followed by a salon appointment. Now he was going to have to move fast. He leapt out of bed with an unusual sensation of energy.

He went into his mentor's room. "Jami? Why didn't you...?" He looked around. The room was empty. "...Wake me?"

Running into the bathroom, it was empty, too. However, her towels were wet, so he knew that she'd just gone through a normal morning. He checked the closet, and her uniforms were still hung up, so she wasn't in at work.

Then he caught his hand on her stockings. Her Rallies'-approved pantyhose, to be exact. He ran them between his fingers.

He wondered if Jami Lynn liked wearing them. They looked tight and uncomfortable. Hot, too. He liked the glimmer from them, though. They looked glamorous. For a moment, just a moment, he wondered if he should give them a try. Then he looked down at his hairy legs and decided it would look ridiculous with his wooly limbs.

A little while later, dressed in shorts and a T-shirt for his workout, he stopped by the desk. "Any luck with the TV?" he asked the concierge.

"Oh. Uh, I haven't heard back. I'll let you know when I know something," the young concierge replied.

"I'm sure you will," Spencer remarked.

"We'll do everything we can. We value every guest."

"Sure. Did Jami Lynn leave any messages for me?" Spencer asked.

"Jami Lynn...?"

"My height, blonde..." he had to say to clarify. "Un-godly gorgeous..."

"Oh. Yes." The concierge replied. "Our messaging system is down. I'm afraid I don't have that information for you right now. If you'd like to check back..."

"Just can you tell me if you saw her this morning?"

"Yes, I did."

"Where was she going?"

"I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to say."

"What?"

"It's policy. We have to protect our guests' privacy."

"Oh, never mind," Spencer said, cutting off the conversation. He walked away in a huff, strutting his long, shaven-smooth legs.



Spencer had already jogged for several miles on the treadmill when Jami Lynn appeared. She took the treadmill next to him.

"Howdy, neighbor!" She said.

"Where were you?" Spencer asked.

"Sorry. I had a thing I had to go to."

"A thing?"

"A meeting."



Spencer gave that a thought as he continued to run. "About me?"

"I can't say. I'm sorry."

"So it *was* about me. I hope I'm not getting you in trouble or anything."

"You? You're doing fine. You're doing everything expected of you."

"Is that what you said in the meeting?"

"I think you're just trying to get me in trouble, aren't you?"

"Never!" Spencer protested, halfheartedly.

"I see you took care of the legs. How does it feel?"

"Honestly? It feels great. The air on my skin is kinda tingly," he said. "I should have done it years ago."

"They could stand some time in the sun."

Spencer looked down. They were awfully pale. "I could use the tanning booth at the salon."

"That's a good idea."



It was just a few minutes later that Spencer had his appointment at the Salon. Jami Lynn assured him that it was "a must" to have regular appointments at a good salon. Spencer wasn't so sure, but it was all free, so he figured he might as well. He liked spending time with Jami Lynn, anyway.

As he was having some maintenance done on his nails, Spencer once again saw Jami Lynn take a shot in the back of her neck. When Jami was done with her hair, it was time to switch spots.

"Jami Lynn tells me those shots are Botox. Is that true?" he asked Shelley as he sat in her chair.

"What shots?" Shelley replied.

"The one you put in the back of her neck."

"Oh – *That* shot." She thought for a moment. "Yes. Botox. I guess it's Jami's little beauty secret."

"Did you give one to me?" He asked.

"Pardon?"

"I know this sounds silly, but when I was here last week, I felt prick in the back of my neck. Did you give me a shot?"

Shelley was adamant. "I can say with certainty that I did not give you one of Jami Lynn's Botox shots last week."

"Did you give me..."

Shelley interrupted. "Spence, darling? Do you want to keep asking silly questions or do you want to get some work done?"

"I guess they are kinda crazy questions."

"Yes. So I see that you finally shaved your legs. I think they look great."

"You think so?" Spencer wondered what she meant by 'finally.'

"Don't you? I think they look wholesome and innocent."

A surge of approval went through Spencer's system. He wanted to look wholesome and innocent. He began to rub his legs together and found himself enjoying the sensation.

"Now that you've done that, we have some stragglers we *have* to take care of." She brushed Spencer's forearm. "Look at that. You have hairy gorilla arms. You're showing some chest hair as well."

"No body hair can be visible," Spencer said to the air.

"So why don't you change into one of our robes, come back, and we'll get that nasty ol' hair whisked away."

Spencer was in for a full body waxing, and spent the next two hours having Shelley and Barb rip his body hair out by the roots. He wailed in pain the first few times the strips were torn off, but he got used to it in little time. He also enjoyed the sensation of the girls rubbing lotion on him his to soothe his skin.

To try and take his mind off things, he browsed the Rallies' employee manual. It was fairly dry stuff, but he did like the illustrations of the 'approved Rally Girl summer uniform' and the 'approved Rally Girl winter uniform.' He hadn't seen the winter uniform before, and was kind of sad he'd be gone before he had a chance. His favorite part, though, was the 'six approved hairstyles' for Rally Girls.

"You're a number one!" Spencer yelled across the room to Jami Lynn, seated at the nail station.

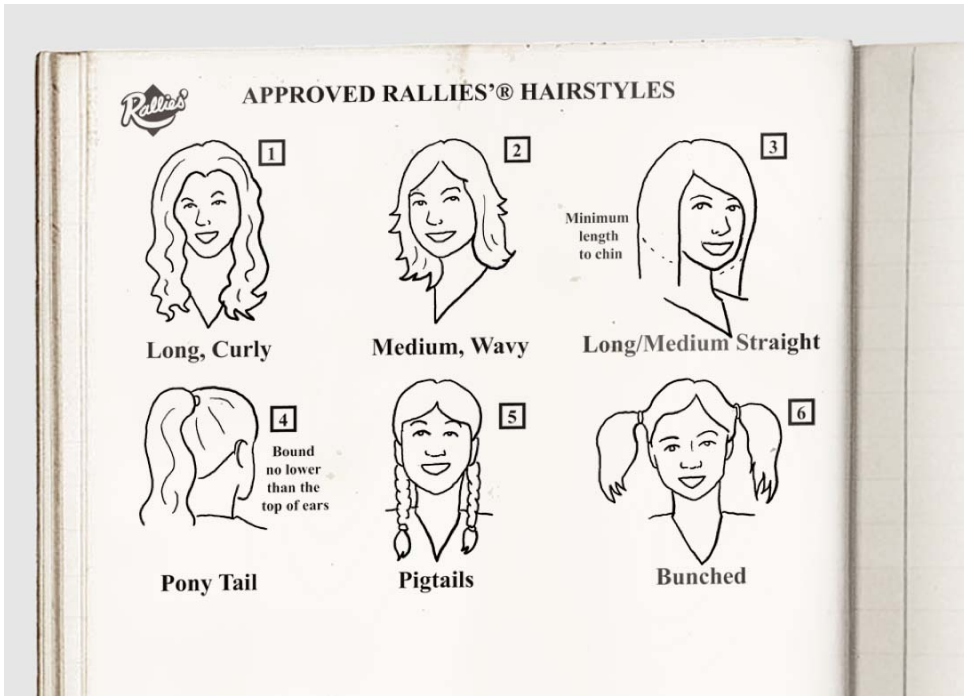
"What?" She replied, but quickly figured it out. "I used to be a number five."

"I'd like to have seen that!" Spencer replied.

By the time they were done, he felt like he had been through a thorough two hours of torture and pampering simultaneously. He was thinking his skin would be rough and burnt to the touch, but instead, Spencer found his skin as smooth as he'd ever felt it.

"Wow. Soft." Observed Spencer, running a hand all over his body.

Shelley lightheartedly slapped his hand. "Careful now, people will think you're obsessed."



“Oh. Um, I was thinking I need to tan,” Spencer said, in a quick subject change.

“I should say so. But not today. Not after hair removal. Your skin needs a day to recover. We can see you tomorrow, same time?”

Spencer turned towards Jami Lynn, still at the nail station. “Jami? Are we on tomorrow?”

“Off, Spence,” Jami Lynn replied.

Shelley patted Spencer on the shoulder. “We’ll see you here tomorrow, then. Meanwhile, what do you think about going a shade lighter?”



The next week of work went by easily. Spencer was working alone most of the time, without any assistance. It was that way for Dave, Niles and Rodney as well.

He was especially glad to see that the other three men had all succumbed to the need for shorts in the heat, and all had just as bare legs as he did. That way, he needn’t feel embarrassed.

In the spare moments where he could compare notes with his co-workers, they all seemed to be doing the same sort of things as he was. They were all

working out every day, they all were enjoying the benefits of a weekly pampering at Salon du Rallies', and none of them could stop talking about all the delicious things on the Rallies' menu.

Dave had definitely warmed up to his mentor, and was no longer jealous of Jami Lynn. "Kayla is so thoughtful. She's always helping me with advice and watches over me like a mother hen. She's really become special to me," he said.

Niles said similarly glowing things about Kendra, his redhead mentor. He described a passionately loyal employee, with just a small drawback. "Hot-tempered when she doesn't get her way," was his observation.

Rodney didn't say much about his mentor, Eve. He did mention they were closer than he used to be with his friends, and that she was "like an unstoppable force of nature."

Spencer definitely had the impression that his three compatriots were a little bit whipped. They let those girls push them around a little too much, in his opinion. More than ever, he was thankful that Jami Lynn basically let him do whatever he wanted to do.

Another week at the demo



restaurant meant another training video. Dave was waiting patiently when Spencer arrived and they had to shush Rodney and Niles from chatting so the video could start.

It was no different than the other videos Spencer had seen previously, except that this one put him out even faster, and maybe even into a deeper sleep than before.

“...Rally Girls must adhere to a strict code of personal care...” “...Rally Girl shell tops must be kept clean and unmodified...” “...Only approved Rally Girl skirts are to be worn...” “All skirts must cover at least one quarter of the upper leg...” “...pantyhose is a required part of the uniform...” “...only high gloss skin-tone pantyhose is permitted...” “...no jewelry of any kind...” “...flirting is what customers expect...”

On the way back to the hotel, Jami Lynn was a little more inquisitive than usual. “How do you feel?” She asked.

Spencer was succinct. “Fine. Sleepy.”

“What was this video about, Spencie?”

“The uniform or something. A lot about Rally Girl stuff.”

“Ohhhh,” Jami Lynn responded, drawing it out. “That’s right. I forgot.”



The next morning, taking advantage of the day off, Spencer rose late and had no appointments or places to be. He was a little uncomfortable with that. He walked into Jami Lynn’s room in his undies and a shirt.

“Nothing fits me anymore,” Spencer complained. The shirt draped like he was wearing curtains. His jeans couldn’t stay up, and his shoes were so loose on his feet, he wasn’t going to be able to walk in them.

“Borrow some of my stuff,” Jami Lynn suggested.

“Your stuff?” Spencer said in alarm.

“You’re already wearing my shorts, you know.”

Spencer sighed. “Yeah, I guess I can’t object too much.” He walked over to Jami Lynn’s dresser and started to pick out an outfit. He tossed aside a few selections and then arrived at something he liked.

Jami Lynn dressed in red shorts, a blue T-shirt, and flip-flops and Spencer in blue shorts, a red T-shirt and flip-flops. He tied his hair back in a stubby ponytail to get it under control.

“I need to get some things to wear of my own,” Spencer said. “Is there a men’s store around here?”

"There's a department store about two miles away," Staci Lynn said. "Road trip!"

Since both of them were long-term visitors at Rallies' University, neither had transportation. They had to rely on a bus to take them to a downtown shopping area.

They spent most of the day shopping, which to Spencer had always been a chore. He realized why he had grown to hate shopping for clothes, because he just went in with cash and got out as soon as possible. What fun was that? As he learned from shopping with Jami Lynn, it was much more fun to try as much stuff on as possible and check yourself out in the mirrors. Even if something looked bad on him, he could share a good laugh with his shopping buddy.

Lunch was just a bland meal of some sort at an unremarkable restaurant. The walls were empty, they didn't have a single TV, and served up all these boring salads and junk that had no taste to them. He was dying for a bucket of wings, and Jami Lynn agreed.

They got home that afternoon and Spencer spilled out his new items onto the bed. Tank tops, T-shirts, silky panties, short skirts and heels.



"I got your bags by mistake, Jami."

"Sorry, Spencie." Jami Lynn replied, putting the bags she was carrying into his room and taking her clothes back from the bed.

He then removed his real purchases – tank tops, T-shirts, silky briefs, short shorts and sandals.

They weren't the sort of things he usually bought for himself, but it was going to be a long, hot summer, and Jami Lynn really liked the look. Truth be told, he liked it just as much. It was only a minute or two before he had changed out into his new stuff.

He wasn't sure about the silk briefs. He's never worn such a thing before. But they felt *fantastic* against his smooth skin. It was Jami had talked him into the shorter shorts. She said that his preferred 'cargo' shorts were far too 90's, and the shorter ones were coming back. It didn't take too much convincing. He was proud of his tanned, slim legs and wanted to show them off.

The sandals were just practical, and there was no need for button-down shirts in this heat. T-shirts and tank tops were what was called for. Of course, the thinner and lighter the better.

He leapt upon his bed and sat Indian-style as he tended to his nails. They were at least three-quarters of an inch long now, but Dave and him were having a contest as to who could grow them longer and he was lagging behind.

"You all ready for work tomorrow? Gonna be a long weekend." Jami Lynn said, falling onto the bed beside him and rolling back and forth on her back.

"Thursday through Sunday, huh?" Spencer said, knowing that it was going to be a grind.

Jami Lynn flopped over onto her stomach and buried her face in the soft bed-spread. "We have a surprise on Saturday!" She said, her mouth half-muffled.

"Who's 'we'?"

"Amber, the other mentors and me. There's one part of being a Rally Girl trainee that you haven't done yet."

"What?"

"You'll see," she said with an emphatic wink.



"Hey guys!" Daisy said upon seeing Jami Lynn and Spencer enter the gym. Spencer already saw that Dave was there, working out with his mentor, Kayla.

"Hi Daisy!" Jami Lynn chimed.

"Hi Daisy!" Spencer echoed.

“Well, let’s get changed and get movin’!” Daisy told them

That sounded great to Spencer. He practically bounced his way into the dressing room. Once he had changed out of his clothes, he found that his tank top, which was replaced with a freshly laundered one every day, was replaced with something a little different. It was still a tank top, but it also had a bottom. He checked the label – which was located inside the waist, of all places – and saw it was called a “leotard.”

He thought it looked more like a wrestling singlet. Maybe they were going to do wrestling today, he hoped. Spencer had done two years of wrestling back in grade school. He put them on and reported to the gym.

“First, we’re going to do some yogic stretching,” declared Daisy. “Davie, you and Kendra come join us.”

Dave took a seat next to Spencer on the mat, and hugged Spencer. “Hey, Spencie. I almost don’t recognize you without your uni.”

“At least you didn’t have to wear one of these,” Spencer replied, tugging the leotard.

Dave leaned over. “Actually, I am. I’m just wearing



my gym shorts over it.”

Spencer pushed Dave on the shoulder, playfully. “I wish I had thought of that.”

“Stop your chattering, guys! We’re going to do some yogic exercises. Take your shoes and socks off.”

“Is this going to be yoga?” Dave asked. “How is yoga gonna make me cut and chisel my biceps and abs?”

Spencer looked at Dave. He was extremely skinny and had virtually no muscles on his body. He was a long way from being ‘cut.’

“We’ll work our way there,” Daisy said. “Let’s start with a half spinal twist.”



Spencer got ready the next morning by taking a long shower. Water running all over his hairless skin was a new sensation he liked to linger in. He noted that his legs didn’t need shaving, even after a week. Not that he minded. In fact, except for his sparse eyebrows, he had no hair on his body, besides his head. Yes, even down below the equator. He had decided that the scraggly hair was getting in the way of truly enjoying the feel of his silk briefs and delicately shaved himself a few days ago.

He arrived back in his room to see Jami Lynn, dressed and ready to go in her Rallies’ uniform. Ready to go except she was rummaging around in Spencer’s drawers. “Do you have an extra tube of lip balm?” She asked.

“Here,” Spencer said, producing a fresh tube from his night stand. “They were out of the regular, so I got this. It’s all they had.”

The tube was labeled “Shimmering effects lip balm.” Spencer had already been using it for a few weeks and tolerated the deeper pink color and highlights on his lips. It was either that or let his lips dry up and split. He wasn’t about to let that happen – his lips sure looked a lot larger lately, and he needed as much protection as he could get.

Jami Lynn liberally applied it and looked at her trainee. “You’re going to be late if you don’t hurry,” she said.

“Um...” Spencer said, turning aside. “I’m not working today.” He slipped out of his towel and into a pair of white, shiny, silk briefs.

“What? We’re scheduled for...”

“I traded shifts with Niles. I’m covering him on Monday.”

Jami Lynn was clearly taken back by this news. She didn’t know what to say. Quietly, she walked back to her doorway. “I guess that’s okay.”

“Amber approved it.”

"I'll see you after my shift, then. I guess."

"Yeah. Bye!" Spencer replied, slipping one of his new thin T-shirts over his head.

As Jami Lynn walked away, Spencer bit his lower lip anxiously. He waited. After a few minutes, he heard Jami Lynn's door close. Quickly, Spencer raced to the window, where he could see Jami Lynn walk away, down the path to the demo restaurant. The moment she was out of sight, Spencer peeled off the shirt and raced into Jami Lynn's room.

Opening her closet, there they were. Jami Lynn's Rally Girl outfits.

It would be six hours until she was back. He swallowed hard and steadied himself.



Saturday night, at about seven, Amber gathered up the trainees and brought them into the back room. The mentors took over waiting tables to cover for their absence. They all chatted nervously, not knowing what was in store for them. Spencer suspected this was the 'surprise' Jami Lynn had mentioned a few days ago.

"Line up!" Amber told



them, "Your Squad captain says line up!" The degree of glee in her face made Spencer think the worst. This was some sort of initiation, he was sure.

"C'mon trainees! Let's go!" Amber said with some loud claps.

The men looked at each other with a sense of dread. They took their time, knowing it was delaying whatever was about to happen, but eventually couldn't help but line up.

Amber lifted up a large cardboard box and brought it towards the group and then plucked glittery, fluttery pom-poms from it, handing a pair to each man. "Today, we're going to give our customers the world-famous Rallies' cheer!"

Spencer wasn't sure she was serious. Not being that familiar with Rallies', he had only heard about this ritual in conversation from his fellow co-workers, and just figured they weren't going to bother with it in a training facility.

That assumption was now proving false.

"At Rallies', we love to tell the customers how much they mean to us!" Amber said. "And we do it the best way we know how!"

Spencer looked at his



trapped co-workers, all of them sharing the same level of apprehension. They were screwed and they knew it.

“Now I’m gonna show you how it goes, and then you do what I do!” Amber was really laying it on thick. “Welcome to Rallies’, where the girls are so pretty and only the price is itty-bitty!” She sang.

She hopped on her feet in rhythm to the song, occasionally kicking a leg high in the air and constantly throwing her hands in the air to shake the pom-poms.

“Our food’s got the great taste and that’s a fact, that’s why you can’t help but keep coming back!” She stuck her butt out and shook it back and forth, then leaned over to show her breasts and shimmied her shoulders.

It was a groan-worthy cheer, but when performed by nubile young ladies, it probably had considerably more appeal.

“Go Rallies’! Go Rallies’! Go Rallies’, Go! For a great time out, it’s the place, you know!” Amber finished with a big kick, then a jump turn so her back was facing them, turning back over her shoulder with an innocent finger on her chin and a come-hither look in her eyes.

“All right, now who wants to try it first?” Amber asked. Much to everyone’s surprise, all four men blurted out “me!” at the same time.

With virtually no reluctance, ten minutes later the boys were assembled in front of the big screens. “Welcome to Rallies’, where the girls are so pretty and only the price is itty-bitty!” They sang in front of the assembled faux customers, amongst whom were company executives who worked in the offices on campus and their relatives and friends.

The boys kicked their legs in the air and shook their pom-poms.

To a man, they had the brightest, most earnest smiles they could manage.



They all giggled to themselves when they talked about it the next day. All four had come into the gym at the same time, and they were all seated on the mat in their leotards. As they were doing their Pavanamuktasana yoga poses, they couldn’t stop talking about last night.

“I thought I was going to *die*,” Niles said, rolling his eyes.

“I so know what you mean, I just wanted hole to open up in the Earth and swallow me!” Dave added.

“Oh, come on, guys!” Rodney said. He had moved onto a Cobra pose, “That was fun, and you know it!”

The other three looked at each other. “Well... Maybe a *little* bit...” Niles said. That capitulation caused the four of them to giggle.

Spencer turned around to see Jami Lynn chugging away on the exercycle. "I think someone ate too many chocolate lavas," he whispered. The four giggled again.

"Not me! I'm down to 123," Niles said, proudly.

"I'm 118," Spencer said, feigning innocence.

"You are not!" Dave accused. "You little liar!"

Spencer stuck his nose in the air. "Jealous?" He said, snidely. "What are you, 135?"

"None of your business."

"I think you protest too much, dear," Spencer countered.

"At least I don't have blubber butt."

"The skin on my butt is as tight as a tambourine!" Spencer said, slapping his behind. "Bang it, baby!"

"Guys!" Daisy yelled, clapping her hands loudly. "Yoga is about centering and concentration. Quiet!"

The four men shut up and then moved onto their inversion poses. Spencer stuck his tongue out at Dave, who scrunched up his face and sneered at him.



"Well, what do you think?" Barb asked Spencer, after unveiling his freshly coiffed hair to him.

Spencer turned his head this way and that, to get both sides in the mirror. "I just wish it was longer. We could do so much more with it."

Barb consoled him. "Give it some time, you've come a long way in such a short time."

"Well, I think you did a terrific job, Barb," Rodney said, seated at the nail station. He had just had his hair done and was still hanging around.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Barb. I didn't mean to say anything negative. It's a wonderful job," Spencer apologized. "I just think longer hair gives me more options."

His hair was already down to his shoulders, so it wasn't as if Spencer was complaining about having a buzz cut. Still, he did still seem to think that it was short.

"Anyway, I'll see you next week!" Spencer said, and air-kissed Barb on the cheek. "See you on Wednesday, girls!"

Rodney hopped up and followed Spencer out. "Have you gone lighter?"

"Don't tell anyone, but yes." Spencer replied. "Actually, more than just a shade or



two. It's a better match for my skin."

"You sure do tan well. I just burn," Rodney said.

"I used to. Now I get a nice, even tan every time. Weird, huh? I need to stop by the shop and pick up a few things."

"I'll come with, if that's okay."

"Sure it's okay. We boys need to spend more time together. Maybe a shopping trip, just the four of us. Because sometimes I think hanging around Jami Lynn all day is affecting me too much."

"Funny you should mention that," Rodney said, quietly. They were walking down the hallway towards the lobby, and even though there weren't a lot of people around, he obviously didn't want to be heard. "Do you think something is... Happening to us?"

"What in the world are you talking about, Rodney?"

"I mean... Look at us. I know I might be a silly billy, but I think we're being controlled in some way."

They arrived at the store, which was staffed by a disinterested clerk, busily texting on his phone and dead to the outside world.

Spencer made sure to stand close to Rodney so they could talk softly. "Well, I'd be less than honest if I didn't think the training is a little odd. Those videos have some kind of mesmerizing effect on me, that's for sure."

"Do you think so?" Rodney asked. "Because I was talking more about what happens at the Salon."

"Barb and Shelley? What could they do?" He picked up a shopping basket and hung it on his arm.

"You didn't see the syringe they injected you with?" Rodney said, looking around to make sure no one was listening.

"Did they get me with that syringe?" Spencer said with a smirk. "Those girls."

"How can you take that so lightly?"

"I already know all about those shots. They're Botox. Jami Lynn and Shelley said so." He replied with a shrug. "I don't see the harm. Besides, you see how much good it does Jami Lynn."

"Botox? That's not Botox. Botox isn't green. And they don't inject it at the base of the neck."

Spencer gave Rodney a skeptical glance. "So you're an expert on Botox now?"

"No, but I've seen TV shows on it. I can just guarantee you, that's not really Botox."

Spencer selected a bottle of his favorite scented body spray and dropped it in the basket. "What is it, then?"

"I don't know! I think maybe... Something that's changed us."

Spencer turned, put a hand on his hip and cocked his hips. He shook his head to get his hair behind his shoulder, and his basket swung on his arm like a purse. "Changed us? How?"

Rodney looked himself over, and then looked Spencer over. "It's subtle," he said. "But I know we're not the same people who came here."

"Rodney! You have to be more specific!"

"All right." Rodney sighed and tried to think. "For instance, I don't think I was trying to get my weight down to under 120. I haven't been 120 since grade school."

Spencer picked up a jar of face cleanser and put it in his basket. "Well, you may have a point there, but I feel so much healthier."

"So do I, and I love what it does to my figure. But it's not normal. Especially for men."

"I suppose." He selected a tiny bottle of nail polish from a shelf.

"And what about our nails? Since when have men had long nails?"

"They make my hands look so slim and delicate!" Spencer said, twirling his hand in front of him. "Don't tell me it's wrong."

Rodney agreed. "It doesn't *feel* wrong. But another part of me says it *is* wrong."

Spencer dropped the bottle in his shopping basket. "Why?"

"I don't have a lot of reasons, Spencie!" Rodney whined. "I just know it is. You know it, too, don't you?"

"I'm not as worried as you are." Spencer checked the area for others. "But I am a little concerned about something."

Rodney smiled. "Really?"

"I think I might be a little too enamored with Rallies'."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I can't stop thinking about it. I'm like a schoolgirl in love. I'm infatuated with Rallies'. I dream about Rallies'. I think about it non-stop."

"Is that a problem? I mean, we are going to be working for them."

"But I'm *always* thinking about it. How much I love Rallies' food, how much I like Rally Girls, how I'd love to have a house decorated like a Rallies' restaurant..."

"You think that's wrong? I mean, Rallies' is everything to me." Rodney picked out a box of cotton puffs for himself from the shelves. "Rallies' is just *that* fantastic. I don't think anything is wrong with that."

"Rodney, honey, if I had to select between two types of toilet paper, the one with the Rallies' logo would win. That's just how obsessed I am!"

"They make a Rallies' toilet paper? I mean, I know they don't, but that would be so cool if they did!"

"See what I mean? It's not normal to be this obsessed!" Spencer said. "What about that last video they played for us?"

"Which one?"

"You know, the one where they said that Rally Girls were adult entertainers and they were expected to perform the role."

"I barely even remember it. Besides I think Rallies' knows how to run their business."

"True, but whenever I think about it... I think that maybe they're talking to me..."

"That's crazy. I really don't see anything wrong in it." Rodney replied.

"Maybe I should stop worrying, then." Spencer said. He just tossed his head to the side and smiled. "There. It's out of my mind. No more worrying. Just like the video said, a smile is your best gift."

"There you go," Rodney replied with a smile of his own.



Late Saturday night, Spencer was taking a pause in his work routine. He was chatting with the guy at the register when a call came in. The cashier took a message down and handed it to Spencer. "Give this to Amber," was the instruction.

Spencer took a few steps down the hallway towards the dining area and idly checked the message.

"Amber – Need Rally Girl to cover Monday night shift 6:30-11:30. Downtown. Call me back and let me know. Todd."

He had an idea. A bad, bad idea. But he couldn't help himself.

Spencer walked into the bathroom, looked at himself in the mirror and took a deep breath. He then walked out and went back to the guy at the register. "Amber says she's got someone to cover. Call Todd back to let him know."



"And Kick!" Daisy shouted. She kicked her leg high in the air, her foot going even higher than her head in a classic cheerleader move.

Just as Daisy had, Spencer kicked his leg just as high. He was exercising as a part of his daily routine.

"1... 2... 3... Kick!" Daisy continued. "1... 2... 3... Kick! 1... 2... 3... Kick!"

Each and every time, Spencer kicked as high as he could.

"Okay! Let's take a break," Daisy said, stopping.

Spencer bounded over to a stool and picked up a towel, draping it around his shoulders. "What do you think?" He asked Jami Lynn, who was watching from one of the weight machines.

"You can almost kick as high as me!" Jami Lynn said.

"Almost?" Spencer replied, "I can kick higher than you can!"

"Oh yeah?" Jami Lynn leapt at the challenge, literally. She threw her leg into the air higher and straighter than anything Spencer had done.

"Ooof!" Spencer muttered as he matched her kick in height.

"What about this?" Jami Lynn tumbled forward, cartwheeling into a handstand and split her legs perfectly perpendicular.

"Nice try," Spencer said as he did then cartwheeled into a matching handstand and split.

They both rolled back onto their feet gracefully. "Okay, you're *pretty* good..." Jami Lynn admitted. "...but I'll find something I can beat you in."

"You guys are incorrigible," Daisy said. "I have to make a call. I'll be back and we can finish up the workout."

"Okay, Daisy!" Spencer replied. He turned back to Jami Lynn. "Jami, are we friends?"

"Are you kidding? If we were fourteen, we'd be blood sisters by now."

"Can you... Would you tell me if something odd was happening around here?" Spencer asked.

"Sure! Like what?"

"Like... Like I think... Well..." Spencer adjusted his leg warmers and tights. "A friend thinks that maybe we're becoming kinda... Effeminate."

"A friend?"

"And I think that maybe I'm becoming a little *too* obsessed with Rallies' an' stuff."

Jami Lynn leaned back on her elbows. "I don't get it."

"There's just a few things that... Seem like... We're being controlled. The trainees. It's like were being made over into... Something different."

Looking into the air contemplatively, Jami Lynn pursed her lips in consideration. "It is a training facility, you know. So yes, we are training you."

"More than that. I just feel different. Inside and outside."

Jami Lynn then swiveled to curl her legs to the side. "Maybe you should consider a break? I dunno, maybe take some time off? I can talk to the executives and tell them you need a rest."

"Don't tell them that! They'll think I can't do the job!"

"You sound a little burnt out."

"I'm not! I'm just... A little... Worried."

Jami Lynn crawled a few feet and embraced her trainee. "Spencie, I'd never let anyone hurt you. Not even Rallies'. I want the best for you, and I'm going to do everything I can to make sure you're prepared and ready for what's ahead." She parted Spencer's bangs to the side. "You do know that, don't you?"

"Yes. I trust you."

"Good. Now, I don't care what you're worried about. You'll soon understand that none of it matters. None of it."

"You won't let anything bad happen, will you?"

"I guarantee you that only amazing, incredible things are going to happen to you, Spencie." She popped up



onto her feet. "And now, I'm going to beat you at skipping rope."

"No way!" Spencer said, grabbing a nearby jump rope.



On Monday, Spencer had a little cough. By the afternoon, when he and Jami Lynn were to start getting ready for a scheduled night shift, he had a cough that would have killed a bear. Jami Lynn insisted that he spend the night in bed and rest up. She called in to let Amber know Spencer wasn't going to make his shift.

"You feel better, okay?" Jami Lynn said, patting him on the forehead as he lay in bed. "You poor thing." She dressed in her Rally Girl outfit and stopped by one last time before leaving. "I have my cell phone. If you feel any worse, call me, okay?"

"Sure," Spencer replied, hoarsely.

"I'll be back soon! Try to sleep!" Jami Lynn said before closing the door behind her.

Throwing the sheets aside, Spencer ran to Jami Lynn's closet. He felt awful for doing this, but it had been building day after day. He could barely control himself. It was so wrong and so naughty. But he had to.

"Forgive me, Jami Lynn," he said.

He grabbed one of her uniforms off the hangar and threw it on the bed. He grabbed a pair of high-gloss pantyhose and then picked up the extra pair of her boots.

With his nerves almost threatening to unravel him like a loosely spun ball of yarn, Spencer made it over to the bed and gave the uniform another look. It was all he could do to keep himself from squealing for joy.

First, though, he invaded Jami Lynn's bathroom. During his last salon appointment, he watched closely as Barb and Shelley applied makeup to Jami Lynn. She just used a little powder and some very subtle blush, but a thick application of mascara.

Tying his hair back, he leaned over the sink and went to work. It took him a few attempts, what with his hands trembling, but he eventually had it to his satisfaction. Heavy lashes and an innocent blush. He blew himself a kiss in the mirror.

He giggled to himself as he sat down on the bed. He gently picked up the pantyhose and ran them through his fingers. He giggled some more. It took him a minute of fiddling around before he could figure out how to put them on, but he managed it. He once had seen his mom do it. You gathered them up almost flat and then fed it over the foot and leg.

Where had this desire come from? He had never wanted to wear women's clothes before. In a way, he still didn't. He hadn't even heard of Rallies' before the job interview. Now he was becoming obsessed. There was just something that had grabbed a hold of him and was pushing him to do this. He couldn't stop it.

The sensation of the light, cool fabric over his sensitive legs was like a thousand fingers caressing his legs. He pinched the fabric and adjusted it until he felt there weren't any tight, twisted spots and everything was straight. He had to take a breath. Just putting on the pantyhose was draining and exhausting, what with his shaking hands and quivering legs.

Spencer stuck a leg out straight and drew his hands lightly over his legs. It was amazing. The feeling was like nothing he'd ever felt before. He felt the other leg and enjoyed it even more. Then, he stood and walked over to the mirror, with the delightful sensation of walking on the carpet, and showed himself off in front of the mirror. The sparkle from the shiny tight fabric looked stunning.

When he was done flexing and twisting his legs and standing on his toes, he pranced back over to the bed. Now it was time for the big one. Shaking even more than before he stepped into the short skirt and fastened it around his waist.

He could feel his heart beating so hard it wanted to punch its way out of his ribcage. He held the shell cheerleading top, with its familiar and comforting Rallies' logo on it and fed his arms and head through it.

Lastly, he took Jamie Lynn's spare pair of boots. They were part of the uniform, classic cheerleader boots. They were all-white leather calf-high boots with a tall block heel. He was surprised, but delighted, to find they fit him.

Once more in front of the mirror, Spencer had to steady himself as he saw his reflection. He was in a Rallies' skirt. A Rallies' top. In Rallies' boots. He was wearing Rallies' approved pantyhose.

He put on his biggest smile, stood with one foot in front of the other with one leg bent, and his hands on his hips. "Welcome to Rallies'," Spencer said in a falsetto voice. "I'm your Rally Girl tonight. Let me take you to your table!"



"Costume party?" Spencer was asked.

"Kinda," he replied. He was dressed in the Rally Girl uniform and covered it with a long coat. "So... What I'm looking for is a wig in a particular style. And some way to... Enhance my.... Breasts."

He had come to the one place he thought he could get help and not be laughed at. Madame Delilah's Illusions was a small, small store on the dead

side of town, but it was the only store of its type. It was a cross-dressing store. Just as he assumed, he was now talking to the namesake of the business, Madame Delilah. He was a six foot five man in a sequined evening dress with an ice-blue bouffant.

“Enhancement? My most popular request,” Madame Delilah replied with a thrill to his voice. “And I have the largest selection of wigs and hair accessories outside of Kansas City.”

Indeed, Spencer could see that, because the walls were lined with wigs. He held open his employee manual and pointed to the diagrams of the approved styles. “This is what I’m looking for.”

Madame Delilah nodded thoughtfully. “I have that in seven colors.”

Spencer knew he had come to the right place.

“Take off your top and we’ll get your beasts done first. What size?”

“Whatever fills out the top,” Spencer replied. He tried to think what size Jami Lynn was. “I guess double-D.”

“My second most popular request,” Madame Delilah remarked. She turned to Spencer to get a look. “How long have you been taking



hormones?" She asked.

"What?"

"You have such soft skin. You have A-cups already. Mother nature certainly didn't do that."

Spencer looked at his chest. He did have the beginnings of a pair of female breasts. He really hadn't examined himself in a long time. Feeling the loose, jelly-filled flesh, he was mystified how he could have missed something that obvious. The next thought was a completely different one, though.

"How big will they get?" He asked.



"You are a life saver, I swear," said the manager of the downtown Rallies'. "Tell Amber I owe her. I'm Todd, by the way."

"Hi Todd," Spencer replied, in as smooth and natural a feminine voice he could manage. "I'll be sure to let her know."

"You can hang up your coat in the back." He glanced at Spencer for a quick visual exam as he took off the coat. "Your uniform doesn't have your name on it?" the manager asked.

Spencer's heart skipped. He hadn't thought of that. It was a strict requirement. All Rally Girls had custom-stitched names on their uniforms. This was a spare, and was blank. "I forgot," Spencer said, quietly.

"Hell, I just need someone on the floor. You don't tell corporate and I won't."

"Sure thing, Todd."

"What's your name?" He asked Spencer.

He paused, trying to spit it out. He had three or four names he was debating, so he just said the first thing he thought of. "Stacie Jo."

"I'll show you your tables, Stacie Jo, and thanks again."

Spencer put his coat up and saw a floor-length mirror nearby. He checked his appearance. The hair was perfect. It blended in with his own hair so there was a natural hairline. The uniform was a perfect fit with the gel inserts. The reflection was now complete.

"Hi, I'm Stacie Joe and I'll be your Rally Girl tonight!"

His first customers were greeted by the sight of a young woman, wholesome and innocent, but not prudish or cloistered. He smiled brightly, as if overjoyed by the prospect of waiting on them.

"Let me show you to your table!" Spencer said, with almost irritating chirpiness.

Like he had watched his mentors, he shook his behind a little extra as he led the party to their table. After all, it was all they had to look at. Might as well entertain them.

The booth already had water and tableware set, and menus in place. "Here's your Rallies' Dinner Menu," he said. Like Jami Lynn did, he bent over sharply, allowing a view of cleavage as he pointed to the menus. "One for you and one for you," he said, to his two male customers.

"Our specials are the twelve dollar bottomless shrimp bowl, and our world famous pork loaf." He notice they were staring at him so he just smiled even wider. "Now, before I come back for your orders, can I get you handsome gentlemen something to drink?"

The two men were looking up at him with blank stares on their faces. It was now that Spencer had the first opportunity to doubt himself. These men looked at him like they could see right through him, like they knew it was a charade. They could somehow sense who he was.

Why was he doing this? What the hell had compelled him to do something so wrong? An animal fear



seized him. He had to escape.

The men ran their eyes all over him. Up and down, left and right. It was like that had X-ray vision and could remove every layer. The fake hair, the fake uniform, the fake breasts. They could see he was a man. If he just came clean now, maybe he'd get out alive...

"Bud," said one man.

"I'm sorry, so sorry..." Spencer replied, sheepishly.

"Budweiser," he said – to be more specific. "Bottle of Budweiser."

"Same," said the other man.

He caught himself and put his Rally Girl smile back on. "Coming right up!" Leaving, he let out a breath so deep it could have filled up a hot air balloon. He wrote out the drink ticket and dropped it off at the bar. The bar runners would drop the order off in a minute at the table. He had another table clear and it was time to greet the next party.



The night went quickly for Spencer. His training paid off, as he was well able to handle a busy night and look polished in the process. Todd, the manager, came by several times to compliment him.

"What do I have to do to get you to transfer?" He'd ask, half-teasing, half-serious.

Spencer politely declined all that talk and attended to his job.

"Are you guys ready to order?" He asked a family of four.

"Why don't you order first honey," the father said. As Spencer turned his attention to the wife, he stood with his order pad ready to go. Suddenly, he felt a full, five-finger grasp of his butt. She looked down and saw it was from the father. He had maneuvered himself so he could do it without being seen by his wife and kids.

Spencer waited until the wife looked away, and then winked at the father. He clenched his butt cheeks and jiggled them. He was at the service of the customer, after all.

At another table, three teenage boys had come in and were sharing just a single plate of fries, the cheapest thing on the menu. They were here for the view.

Spencer made sure to giggle at everything they said, and intentionally screw up the soft drink order. "I'm *sooo* sorry," he apologized.

"That's okay," the boys told him.

The screw-up gave him a chance to make an impression. "You guy are so understanding..." Spencer gushed, squeezing his shoulders tight so his breasts would mash together. "You sure I can't get you anything else? You're all so skinny. Surely we can put some *meat*..." He stared at one boy's crotch. "...on those *bones*..." She stared at another boy's groin and licked his lips.

"Order!" He called to the kitchen, dropping off a tag for three deluxe combo platters.

"Where the girls at?" barked a soldier at another table. "Let's get 'em out here!"

"Hey, I want some photos!" said his civilian friend. Spencer gathered two other Rally Girls and they quickly posed for some shots, with 'Stacie Jo' seated almost in the mens' laps.

"This is my number," said the soldier. He held out torn bit of napkin.

Spencer pressed out his chest. "Put it in," he purred. As the soldier inserted the napkin into the slot of apparent cleavage, Spencer giggled like an airhead.



Spencer was quick to skip out that night after closing, avoiding any further conversation with Todd or anyone else that might complicate things for him. He even left the triple-digit tips he had earned behind.

He grabbed a taxi and headed back across town to the Rallies' University campus. Jami Lynn was going to be off shift in an hour and he needed to beat her back to the hotel room.

So, by the time Jami Lynn did return to the hotel room, she found her spare uniform and boots back where she left them, and a slumbering Spencer. She leaned over him and kissed him on the cheek.



It was a day off for Jami Lynn and Spencer the next morning, so they took their time waking up. Spencer was still in bed when Jami Lynn cam in, nude, and padded over to some drawers. "Can I borrow a pair of your shorts? I forgot to have my laundry done."

"Help yourself," Spencer replied.

"How are you feeling?" Jami Lynn asked.

Spencer sat up in bed and stretched. "I feel a whole lot better. Last night did me a world of good."

"It sure looks like it." Jami Lynn took the shorts with her as she left. "Oh!" She exclaimed just a second later. "I have something for you!"

"What?" Spencer asked.

"Shower and get dressed first!"

"Oh, C'mon!"

"It'll wait!"

Spencer swiveled out of bed and headed for the bathroom. After a quick shower with scented body wash, loofah, shampoo and cream rinse, he blow-dried his hair, fastening it into a pony tail. Then he rubbed some moisturizer and skin lotion on his body. He plucked a few stray hairs from his brows, followed by brushing and flossing. His lip gloss applied, a spritz of body spray and he was ready to dress.

Just a pair of his favorite shorts and...

"Jami! You took my favorite shorts!" Spencer yelled.

"You said I could!" Jami Lynn called back.

"Fine," Spencer pouted. He picked out his second favorite pair and matched it with a tank top he hadn't worn in a while. The reason he had avoided it was that it was tight enough to make it perfectly clear that he had breasts, and had put it away



in favor of looser tops.

Now, for some reason, he didn't mind showing his chest off. He found Jami Lynn waiting patiently in her room. She didn't seem concerned that Spencer looked as convincing a woman as she was.

"Okay done?" she asked, rhetorically. "Since you were sick, and missed the last video, I brought it back here so you could watch it!" She pointed to the TV, where a DVD player had been hooked up. "So get comfy!"

"On my day off?" Spencer whined.

"C'mon, Spencie, it's the last one. No more after this."

Spencer plopped his expanded rear end on the bed beside Jami Lynn. "Only because we're friends," he said.

Jami Lynn got up and pushed the DVD into the player.

On came video, shot obviously by an amateur. The picture was shaky, it was badly lit and grainy. The sound was muffled.

But it was very clear that it was an image of Spencer dressed up in a Rally Girl outfit and wig, waiting tables.

Spencer slowly turned to Jami Lynn. "God, I'm so sorry. I don't know how to explain it."

Jami Lynn's eyes were full of tears. She wiped them away and got control of herself. "I'm so proud of you!" She gushed.

In a moment, the doors burst open from the front of the room and three men in black clothing swarmed in. Two of them quickly pinned Spencer's arms to the bed, while a third flicked the air bubbles out of a syringe.

"You're the best trainee I ever had," Jami Lynn said, still crying.

The third man plunged the syringe into Spencer's shoulder. Once he was done, the two other men released their grip.

"What's going on? I was just pretending to... I didn't do any harm!" He squealed.

Jami Lynn hugged Spencer tightly. "You did fantastic! This isn't a punishment, silly! This is a reward!"

The world started to fade and dip on Spencer. "What are you..." He was losing a fight with gravity. "Why did..." He flopped backwards onto the bed. "What about logistics...?" He said, just before he lost consciousness.



Spencer eventually woke, a haziness shrouding his mind. He could see that he was in a hospital-type room, strapped to a bed. There were tubes coming out of his arm and mouth, and a pounding in his head.

"There you are," said a voice to his side. He could just turn his head to see Jami Lynn, seated by the bed. Her warm, ever-present smile scared him to death. "I hoped you'd be awake while I was visiting. I wanted to show you something." She pulled a drivers' license from her nearby purse and held it close to Spencer so he could read it.

"James L. Miller" was the name on the license. The picture was of a twenty year old man with light hair.

"Whrr...?" Spencer mumbled.

"That's me." Jami Lynn said with a shamed smile.

Spencer took a second look. It kind of did look like her, but that was nuts. Not only would it be impossible for any man to be somehow altered into a beauty like Jami Lynn, but the birth date was for 1953. He looked back at Jami Lynn with confusion in his eyes.

"Yes, I was born in 1953." She answered. "I'm fifty eight years old."

Spencer's look of confusion only intensified.

"See, I was actually one of Rallies' first Rally Girls. Way back in 1975." She giggled. "Of course, back then I had applied to be a dishwasher."

Spencer tried to speak, but he couldn't manage it.

"I know what you want to ask. But let me tell you a little story." Jami Lynn looked down at her folded hands in her lap and then back up again, mustering the will to talk. "See, Daryl Sewell, our founder, isn't just nicknamed 'The General' – he really *was* a general. He got kicked out in the mid-70's because the programs he was in charge of were under criticism."

"The General was in charge of the 'Super Soldier' program. A secret attempt to make soldiers who were super tough, super strong, intensely loyal and totally obedient. General Sewell had been budgeted millions of dollars to make a genetically altered super soldier, but he never quite got it right."

"Oh, he came up with a formula. But it didn't work the way it was supposed to. It made the human body free from the effects of aging, and it made the mind fanatically loyal and more compliant, but the other effects seemed to work in reverse. It destroyed cells and glands that make men... Men. Instead of increasing testosterone to make men stronger, it killed the body's ability to make testosterone. With no hormones to keep the body male, eventually, over a period of just a few weeks, the body starts to look very feminine."

"Once the government found out what he was doing, it was closed down. So as a civilian, General Sewell had to figure out what to do with his formula. In an... Inspired moment, he realized he had something that would create the perfect

hostess. They wouldn't age, they were loyal and do whatever he wanted them to do."

"Opening a strip club was below him, and feminism made sure he couldn't ever be successful running a gentleman's club. So he came up with Rallies'." Jami Lynn's eyes trailed off into space, filled with reverence. "He's a brilliant man."

"The only problem was the formula only worked on men. Lucky me!" She held the license back up for Spencer to see. "So that was little Jimmy Miller," She put it back in her purse, "before the General slipped me the formula and changed my life. A few weeks of training, some surgery, and poof! I became Jami Lynn Meadows. Always twenty-two years old, always healthy and pretty and always a Rally Girl."

"Isn't it exciting, Stacie Jo?" Jami Lynn said, hugging herself. "You're going to be one of us! You'll be young and beautiful, and work for Rallies'! Forever!" She then put a hand on Spencer's shoulder. "I am so proud of you. Most of my trainees get all into the girly stuff first, and then we have to make them loyal. But you... You embraced everything it is to be a Rally Girl! You went out and actually snuck in to a restaurant to be a Rally Girl! That's so awesome!"

Jami Lynn had to take a moment to stop tearing and be able to talk. Her emotions were overwhelming her. "You get it. You understand the honor and tradition. You're already a Rally Girl at heart!"

Spencer wanted to fight, he wanted to tell her she was wrong, but, he was so weak. Sleep was going to feel so good. How could he resist letting go? Would it really be so bad?



Gabir waited patiently by the door. He was nervous and excited, almost like an expectant father.

He had owned and operated this Rallies' franchise for three years, and finally – *finally* – he had saved up enough to get the one component that would ensure his success. He was about to get a franchise-trained, company-guaranteed employee.

It cost him millions dollars, but he now was going to get a Squad Captain. A Squad Captain Rally Girl.

Every Rallies' franchise owner he had talked to raved about them. They were not only the most loyal and proficient employees, but they were leaders. They could turn any employee around and make them work like a fine tuned rocket engine. A higher profit was virtually assured. His customers would double, said the other owners.

The knock at his restaurant's front door came and Gabir sprang to his feet. It was eight in the morning, so it wasn't a customer. It was his new purchase.

"Hi! I'm Stacie Jo Bates and I'm looking for Gabir?"

Gabir was temporarily speechless. For anyone that knew him, they also knew this was a rare moment indeed, for the man not to have a word to say. "I... I am Gabir," he replied. He had to stand back in awe. His new employee was built to perfection like a Barbie doll. It was already worth the money.

She was intimidatingly gorgeous. A thin body but generous curves. Her blonde hair shined as if lit from within, and her blue eyes were penetratingly pale. Her smile was so easy and genuine, it could have disarmed a charging militia. Her breasts were so big and her cleavage so deep you could hide fifty Chilean miners down there. She was delicate yet confident and yielding yet firm. She was a dream on leave from the desire centers of your mind. Stacie Jo was the perfect Rally Girl.

Gabir knew the rules, though. No advances, no attempts at romance. He wasn't even allowed to touch



her beyond a handshake. She was a sleek, perfect piece of equipment that needed to operate free from any interference. He had leased her for two years, and intended to get everything he could out of the investment.

"Hi, Gabir!" Stacie Jo said with a smile. "I'm your new official Rallies' Rally Girl Squad Captain! It's so great to finally meet you!"

That evening, she was introduced to the rest of the staff. They had five waitresses and a dozen assorted kitchen personnel, with two managers.

To introduce herself, she showed her Rally Girls the calendar she was just in.

"Whoa, you made the Calendar?" asked one of the girls.

"Yea!" Stacie Jo replied with a blush. "Last year I was even on the cover!"

"I have that one at home," said an older woman. "The 2067 calendar! I have them going back ten years!"

Of course, Stacie Jo didn't dare tell her that she had been in every calendar for the past fifty-six years. Different names, different hairstyles. That was her little secret.

She looked over the assembled wait staff and decided it was going to take a little bit of work. Nothing she hadn't done in a hundred different Rallies' a hundred different times. It was Stacie's job to turn the waitresses into authentic Rally Girls. She loved her work.

One server had recently announced she was pregnant, another was a punk rocker with purple hair, another was ten years too old and the other two were Mexicans who spoke only broken English.

"What do you think?" Gabir asked in a pirate moment.

"I think you have a great crew," Stacie Jo replied. "I just need some time with them." She'd already made plans. The two Mexican girls were going to learn perfect English. The punk rocker was going to get a bleach job and a new all-American attitude. The older one was going to have plastic surgery spending spree, and the pregnant girl was going to have to get rid of that bun in the oven.

All she needed were her training videos. They'd be real Rally Girls in no time.

Out on the floor, she humbled the staff. She was her usual amazing self, flirting shamelessly with the patrons, making every word from her mouth and every move of her body seem like a sexual proposition.

She used everything to her advantage. She twirled her hips when she turned, making sure his little skirt fluttered to show his cheerleader panties for the briefest instant. She leaned over tables to thrust her breasts in men's faces and kicked up a leg behind her. A practiced sweep of the hair to draw attention to it

was done repeatedly. She Giggled and tittered at ay thing that sounded even vaguely funny, and pouted like a child at anything sad.

Her tips were ten times what any other girl made, and they noticed. Some were envious, some were pissed. One was even thinking about quitting on the spot. It didn't matter. Soon, they would all be thinking simple thoughts, thinking about how sexy they could be and how a smile was the best gift they could give. They would think like Rally Girls should.

When kitchen service finished for the night, Stacie Jo said a cheerful goodbye. She walked back to her nearby apartment. Inside, she kept the light off. The walls were bare of pictures. The shelves unused. There wasn't even furniture, just a chair. She sat in the chair and checked the time. It was 11:45. Only fourteen hours and fifteen minutes to go until her next shift.

She sat and waited patiently.

The End



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Reading is Fun de Mental!