

Endorphins Are Free: My First Trip To Hooters

By Mark Edgemon

All you can eat wings drew me to this alternate universe. The sound of traffic and a perfectly normal looking parking lot left me with the feeling of familiar territory as I entered this mysterious land of the endorphin buzz. I was not prepared for what awaited me inside.

Twenty television sets were mounted throughout the restaurant, each set on different sports channels. The television audio was muted and replaced by rock music from an era long since forgotten.

The aroma of barbeque filled the air along with every beer on draft known to man. But the true, well-rounded miracles of Shangri-La swarmed around me in clothes one notch above naked, the Hooter waitresses. They seemed genuinely interested in me, I could tell!

I was escorted to my table by a beautiful bottom named Kenzie, who mesmerized me with every cat like step she took. I didn't know women could move like that! She looked at me with her deep, solemn brown eyes and offered me a menu. I told her I knew what I wanted, but I said it while staring into her bosom. I hope she didn't misunderstand my meaning.

I noticed each time she asked me if I wanted a beer she moved her shoulders from side to side causing her breasts to gently sway. I always responded yes to whatever her breasts were asking me. She captured my focus so intently that she could have rammed a steak knife through my hand striking bone and I probably would not have felt anything.

As the unfinished beers started lining the table, I made an effort to keep up, but she continued to bring me a new draft with every trip past my table. Her placing her hand on my shoulder and fluttered her long, luxurious eyelashes made the sale every time.

A blonde, very endowed waitress named Anna Nicole brushed by me during the few minutes Kenzie wasn't parked on my lap. I thought having a chest that large and so perfectly shaped was against the law, especially when presenting itself to such a close proximity to my face. For a moment, I lost myself in a mountainous adventure and I couldn't make out a word she was saying. Well actually, it was more like five minutes. She didn't seem to mind me gazing at her without once looking her in the eyes. I'm sure she would have continued to let me do so, except she had to get a towel to mop up the drool that I had dripped into my lap. I gave her ten dollars for the sponge bath. Despite tipping her for her genuine concern, she continued to flirt with me.

Oh God, I think she likes me!

I wasn't the only male there. Matter of fact, if you deducted the amount of waitresses from the head count, the rest would be wall-to-wall men.

I believe many patrons were there for a spiritual experience. One was in a wheelchair, unable to walk until he had a sufficient dose of flirtation from a dozen bar maids throughout the evening, who asked him if he would feel anything if they sat on his lap. Well, he didn't...until he did. It was a miracle! He walked out of there healed from all the endorphin therapy. I looked out the window and saw him fall in the parking lot a few minutes later. I guess the endorphin buzz had worn off.

The Hooters girls and I had a game we played throughout the evening. Most of them as they passed by, brushed my shoulder with their breasts and I played my part by pretending not to notice...until the table started rising. They all thought me a magician, but I smoothly explained that one of the support legs was longer than the others. I thought I recovered well. But as the evening progressed, I saw many wobbly tables swaying intermittently across the floor. I'm willing to bet some of the girls figured out the mystery.

The waitresses teased me for not being able to hold my liquor and I teased them back for teasing me so unmercifully. They teased me for that and so I gave in and took the injury to my secureness as a man. My teasing them for teasing me, did that make me a tease?

When I was about to leave, Kenzie tallied up my bill for the twenty beers and the all you can eat hot wings of which I only had a few, because of the amount of beer that I drank and the even greater amount that I didn't. The total came to \$62.37. I gave her eighty dollars (four twenties) and she kept it! I asked her for an itemized receipt and my change and she ran her fingers through my hair and said, "Isn't that sweet!" I said, "No really!" and she replied, "You're so funny!"

I dropped it after that!

She came back moments later and told me with a happy, puppy like demeanour that she would fry my pickle on my next visit. I said to myself, "What could she possibly mean by that?" Then she handed me a card that read free fried pickle on my next visit. I wonder if the folks at the top had thought that one through.

I asked for her phone number and she said happily, "Sure," and proceeded to write it down on my free pickle card. "Wow, I must have made an impression," I said to myself.

As I started to rise from my seat, Anna Nicole came running over and told me she looked forward to seeing me and would I come back and ask for her. Boldly I said, "Sure!" My quick wit comes in handy sometimes.

Then I thought for a moment and asked, "Can I have your phone number?" She replied, "Yeah" and began writing it on the back of another pickle card. I began to figure out that the free fried pickle Kenzie offered me was NOT because I was special.

Before I got to the door, fifteen other waitresses pressed up against me so close they were breathing on me, each wanting me to pick them the next time I came in. I felt like Maharaja Edgemon as I made my way out of my harem. Many of them gave me pickle cards with their

phone numbers on them so I had a stack of them in my shirt pocket.

As I sat in my car, adjusting back to reality for a moment, I noticed that my wallet had \$120.00 missing. Then I remembered that I had given four, ten-dollar tips to ladies who did special things for me like look at me and ask me for money.

But I still had my loot, my stack of phone numbers from a dozen beautiful waitresses. I reached into my pocket to look them over and discovered all of the phone numbers were to the restaurant.

And then it hit me; they were playing me, pushing my buttons to get me to respond with my wallet, manipulating me to make purchase after purchase without me realizing it.

The Hooters girls had suckered me! They had suckered me longer and harder than I ever had been suckered before!

I'm going back next week!

The End