

I said I would discuss my job as a food delivery driver when I reached 40k views on my page. As it so happens, I am nearly at 41k views as I write this. So, without further adieu, I'll go into more detail about the nature of my job, the shenanigans I walk straight into because mind-numbing delivery work is mind-numbing, and how it all continuously brings me back to Hooters—the restaurant chain that inspired this discussion anyway.

So here goes. (I'm changing names and generalizing quite a bit, obviously. Protecting myself, the company I work for, and the ladies who work in the restaurant).

And, actually, I'll just start with why everyone is reading this.

The Hooters motto is 'delightfully tacky, yet unrefined'. In my opinion it is a twenty-eighty split, as the joint is so overwhelmingly overt with its lack of refinement. It's selling people tits and ass and greasy burgers and everybody knows it. But, I admit, when I first saw the order pop up on my phone I wasn't thinking about their motto at all—I didn't even know it, going in.

What I knew was the TnA on display.

I just hadn't suspected it. For the first two weeks of working, I'd gone to very tame restaurants that were mostly empty to deliver food that people could have walked to purchase. Plus, I'm pretty sure that ninety percent of the drivers for my company are male which, in my mind, doesn't play nice with a bunch of girls being exploited for their bodies. I remember thinking 'this can't be real', after which I hit the 'accept' button and u-turned back toward the part of the beach with all the beachfront businesses.

Going in, I was my worst fear. There would be nothing worse than staring, rolling my eyes about the walls, and proving to everyone who was suspect that I'd never stepped foot inside a Hooters before—because hell no, I hadn't. As counterintuitive as it was, I convinced myself that the best thing I could do was to act like I was at home and that nothing I saw would be a big deal.

I literally meditated on the way there—with my eyes open, obviously. I was driving.

My mind placed me inside the place. I tried imagining the smells and the menus and the televisions. Bars and grills were everywhere, so I had a decent idea of what to expect. After that, it was just imagining the ample quantities of tits and ass which were what I feared most. I absolutely could not get caught looking. I had to keep my head forward. If I showed anything more than business levels of interest, I'd die of embarrassment.

If only the people knew I moonlighted as a fetish writer.

I drive up, grab my carrying bag, and walk up the steps. The same plan bounces off the inside of my skull: business. Just business. Burgers on the grill? I've heard them sizzle before. The

spice of buffalo wings? I've tasted them before. Nothing was a big deal. I was chill so everyone and everything was chill.

I told the welcoming woman serving as usher what my business was and she pointed me to the bar where I was to pick up my order—which was huge, by the way. Like, four orders of wings, dipping sauces, multiple sides, drinks, and desserts. Hooters actually sells desserts. It isn't whipped cream off the nipple of your waitress either.

But the usher was sweet and was wearing actual clothes, leading me to think the uniform I'd expected was mostly optional. Some girls probably wore jackets or something, I told myself.

And then turned to my left and saw a girl with a round ass only half covered by tangerine orange short shorts.

It was already over.

If you could, imagine the humiliatingly cringeworthy display of my first visit to Hooters. It was absolutely pathetic. I'd try to find a place to rest my eyes, genuinely hunting for some place of solace, and there would be nothing but another girl with her chest out, and my eyes would slip on instinct down to said cleavage only to jerk away too quickly. Worse, when it was all said and done, I trotted along pleasantly like I'd seen such high-quality breasts in push-up bras everyday of my life.

I can compare the scene to only one thing. It's like wetting yourself in public. Completely soiled and gross and obvious to the world. And instead of being ashamed or being confident, like you'd just spilled a drink or something, you pick the dead center of both options and put another clean pair of pants on over the sullied pair and parade around proudly like you don't reek of the stench of desperation to convince the masses. Urine ruins both pairs of pants, the stain bleeds through, the stench is horrid, and you are oblivious to your own social tragedy. Newborn babies at least have the decency to cry when they mess their diapers.

A waitress with a tray walks by. We make eye contact. My body works for me and scans her entire silhouette—every single waitress had amazing breasts at least and a few had really prominent butts—then, I hold my nose up and continue walking like a baby giraffe on sleeping medication.

And I was conscious of how I looked the whole time. That was the worst. To fail and know you are failing and to know nothing you do will redeem you.

Nightmare. Fuel. I can laugh about it now. I am, actually, as I write it. But in the moment, having just leaped from the cliff and found myself without a parachute, I could do nothing but digest my failures. It would have been easier had I just looked at them for their curves. Like, they work at Hooters. Most of the ladies probably knew to expect to be ogled and flirted with and appraised.

It was part of the job. It was the expectation—it felt slimy and wrong and exactly what Hooters was designed for. It was this expectation that allowed me to have something to meditate when the first tingles of anxiety pricked me. But nope! In my attempts to avoid them seeing me, I struck that messy, deplorable balance where I either actively tried avoiding eye contact like a nonhuman or watched way too long and was caught like a perv. Male or female, looking at a scantily clad female for more than a few seconds will always, always, *always* send the wrong signal. I sent more signals than a radio station that afternoon.

At least the girls were pretty.

So, I go to the bar and I stand around because company policy dictates that I cannot sit while I wait to be served. Ideally, the food is ready in less than five minutes and I can be on my way. But things get worse before they get better. Five minutes turn to ten, then twenty, then a phone call from one of the people from my company making sure I made it to the restaurant and that they were cooking the food. I said yes, which was a lie. I knew a few of the waitresses knew I was there—the uniform makes me as obvious as an open wound in any building I walk into—but I had no way to know if they were actually making my order.

And it wasn't like I was going to ask the chick dealing drinks about it. Hell no. Not after I'd shamelessly observed her bending over to fish ice out of a cooler, even if everyone at the bar also watched her bending.

So forty minutes pass. Nobody has talked to me. I'm standing at a corner behind a full bar with an empty carrying bag and it is beyond the point of creepy how many times my eyes accidentally roam to a full set of breasts. Like, I begin to think I have a problem. That the thoughts in my head while I'm writing are spilling into my everyday life. Even my phone offers no respite. I don't have any games on the thing and for some reason, using two hands for more than a few minutes seemed awkward.

Like. I'm on my phone, invested enough to use two hands, but I'm at Hooters. Like, what business email am I replying to that is so darned pressing? Why am I conducting phone business at a Hooters instead of at home or, at the very least, not at a bar? What entertainment am I engaging in that is more stimulating than a chick with huge tits providing service with a smile?

Nothing I'm doing is working out right.

I finally catch a break. One of the guys at the bar leaves. His buddy hangs behind, a forty-year-old-looking guy who was a light drinker enjoying one of the sporting events on the screen above. He casually turns and asks me about my job; what I do, how long I've been working, what cool or lame places I'd seen as a result. At his suggestion, I went ahead and sat down at the bar as my legs were killing me. I also put my bag on the counter to sort of block out the space and show people that I was working and couldn't drink.

“So what are you picking up this time?” he asked me politely.

“Huge order,” I gave him the list of items and mentioned they were being delivered to some woman. Probably not supposed to do that but I was a new hire and weary from the rollercoaster ride my status as an alright-adult human was taking. “It’s been a while. I sort of think the order might be cancelled, if they have to wait much longer. People do that sometimes.”

“Yea, I’ve seen you waiting for quite a while. You’re just standing there, wasting time and money.”

I shrugged. “Hooters is short on staff. Says they’re hiring cooks on the sign outside.”

“But it’s almost been an hour. If you were a regular customer, you’d have your food by now, I don’t care how big your order is. And you make all your money with tips, right? So here you are spending sixty minutes when you could have made two or three deliveries and made tip money twice over.”

I agree with everything, of course, but I’m too wounded by my self-assigned status as a pariah to do much about it. The guy then, with startling clarity, bids the bar girl over with a finger. This chick is sexy as hell and it’s clear why she serves the drinks. She does lack in the chest, but that is her only weakness. She’s got blond hair, eyes slitted, lashes long, angled face, and a grin that is on the shy side of knowing. And I’d seen her butt. It wasn’t huge but it was nice. Very much a model.

Anyway, it startles me how simply and firmly my new friend subverts her expectations. “My pal here has a delivery that might get cancelled. Now, I just think it’s ridiculous to have to wait a whole hour only to be told you took too long and to lose out on good money that way. Could you be so kind as to get back in that kitchen and ask how much time is left on that delivery order?”

The bar cutie broke and devolved into service industry apologetics. She mouthed a few words but I didn’t catch them. I was just sort of in awe. Like, someone was standing up for me and my job and my money when I’d been too consumed with my failure and status to do much more than wallow. His voice was gruff, too. Like, there was some kind of threat behind it. Had he spoken to me in such a way, it would have put a fire under me as well.

After my whole mantra of focusing on my job and my business, the only person in Hooters who cared at all if my customers got their order was some buzzed guy watching college baseball.

The kitchen hadn’t even started on my order. They’d run into a roadblock and stopped. For the record, their traffic stopping preoccupation was as minor as them not having enough dipping sauces to fill three of those plastic containers. They only had enough for two and were defrosting the sauce to fill the third, after which they did plan on preparing the rest of my meal.

From then on, I didn't trust the kitchen staff, even though it surprised me how they could focus on cooking anything with boobies jiggling around every corner.

And fifteen minutes later, my meal came out. The girl from the bar was grinning proudly. She'd done what the guy at the bar asked and was genuinely happy with herself for having done it. I think she and I connected in that moment as she went over the order with me. As a delivery driver, I had a small portion of what my bar buddy had: authority over the situation. Just like having the man nod made her happy, the gratitude I paid her for her job well done seemed to glow on her face.

Her positivity cut through me like a knife. Why had I been so afraid of interacting with these girls again? Oh yes, I was intimidated by their looks. But one of them was smiling at me and bidding me well now and it felt less like she was super, crazy hot (which she was) and more like she was just some girl at work, minding her own business.

It occurred to me that her mind was probably as numb as mine had been. We were very much alike, actually. And that's probably why we connected the way we did.

I got to the car and felt a lot better about Hooters—about the girls. They were probably being paid like shit and were thriving on tips like I was. Except, where I was trading my car's value and mileage for money, they were trading their good looks and, at times, dignity. I realize many people don't feel this way, but I actually felt a kinship with them. Service work is hard. As much shit as I have to deal with just delivering the food, they have to deal with on a personal level every day. Their beauty, which should be celebrated, is constantly squeezed like a teat for profit. I had huge respect for those girls.

Respect as big as the bar girl's ass. So, slightly above average and barely half covered and mesmerizing as it waggles, especially when she's running to the kitchen to kick the cooks into shape.

And that was my first experience in Hooters as a delivery driver.

I have more tales to share as I've been there three more times since this first visit, all of which had their own sort of special spice to them. Never have I had to wait over an hour for meal, but I have had times when I had to wait a while or chat with someone to get something done.

And when I do, I have a seat at the bar. I don't stand.

Hope you guys enjoyed this. More to come.

And by the way, I got a five dollar tip for an order that took me ninety minutes to complete. I'm still super salty over it, lol.

