



The Freedom Zone

Description

Howdy!

Well, well, well! look who's back. Since my last couple of posts have been more serious in nature, I decided to change things up and go back to what I know best: being bossy and telling people how to live their lives. Having said that, today's post is dedicated to something ridiculously long and overdue in my life, and I'm pretty sure in many women's lives, and that something is... **A Girl Trip**. That's right it's been exactly ten years, to the day, since my last girl trip, and I finally got to go on another one just this past weekend with three of my favorite friends. It was for just one night, it was so much fun and I can't wait to do it again, but I did learn a few things about girl trips that I feel I should share with you. First and foremost, when on a girl's trip,

Wait Your Fucking Turn, Even If You Already ARE Waiting Your Fucking Turn

So... there were four girls, including me, and when we got to the desert, we immediately headed for the pool. It was searing hot, so thank the Lord for cabanas. We drank, ate fruit kabobs, swam, and most importantly... we didn't melt. Hooray for small victories!!!!

After a few hours at the pool, we decided to go back inside the hotel to inquire about making dinner reservations. So the four of us walk up to the line and wait patiently. After less than a minute, we noticed that one of the spots at the front desk was empty, so one of my friends asked the lady in front of us if she was in line or not. Now, I don't care if I have to call that motherfucking hotel and demand the video footage, but if you were to ask ANYONE standing in that line with us, they will tell you with 100% confidence, that the woman to whom my friend spoke said, with a heavy Persian accent, **â??No, I am with him.â?** She even POINTED to a male guest standing at the front desk. NO. JOKE.

So... since she told us in her heavy Persian accent that she was with another man, my friend attempted to walk up to the empty spot at the front desk. I swear to God it's my friend made it about 3 steps before this CRAZY BITCH, who JUST told us she was with someone else, yelled, and I quote, **â??Hey!! What do you think you're doing?!? It's MY turn. You wait!!!!â?** Imagine saying those words and sounding like Vida from Shahs of Sunset. Anyhoo it's aside from the fact that my

friend is as tall as a model, and this crazy woman was about as tall as a model airplane made out of legos, she kept giving all of us the dirtiest looks!!!! When she snapped at my friend, my friend immediately apologized and then the four of us gave each other â??the look.â?• I know you know what Iâ??m talking aboutâ? that â??Whatâ? theâ?.. fuckâ?â? look. Itâ??s universal. But apparently, this crazy woman wasnâ??t done with my sane friends and me. She walked up to the front desk, and then proceeded to turn around and yell at us again!!!! It was so unbelievably uncomfortable, and this womanâ??s tone was so aggressive, that when my friend was finally able to walk up to the front desk, the woman was literally inches from her, so I walked up and stood between them, just in case I had toâ?.. well, I donâ??t know what the fuck I would have doneâ? probably nothing, since Iâ??m a giant pussy, but I learned how to mad-dog from Kevin Hart, so I probably would have just started barking uncontrollably, cuz no matter what situation you are in, if someone is being an aggressive asshole, once you start BARKING repeatedly like a rabid dog, I can promise you one thing: **You will be left alone. Youâ??ll get some weird as fuck looksâ? but youâ??ll be left alone.**

And when we came back to the front desk thirty minutes later, the man the woman said she was with (I swear â?? that bitch fucking said she was with him!!!!), immediately jumped and said, â??Uh-oh, ladies. Make sure you wait your turn. I donâ??t want to see you murdered.â?•

**The fact that she had a Persian accent was irrelevant to her attitude. It just so happens that my friend who was yelled at is also Persian, and some of my closest friends are Persian, so for those of you who want to jump on the â??RACIST AMERICANS!â?• bandwagon, chill the fuck out. Iâ??m just being detail-oriented.

Donâ??t Ask a Cop If You Can Shove Him Cuz Heâ??s Hot and You Want Him To Throw You Down & Frisk You

Dinner was awesome. The decor was really tacky, so my friends and I didnâ??t have high hopes, but I love being pleasantly surprised, so when the food was delicious, it reaffirmed my belief that you should never judge a book by its cover. Another thing that was reaffirmed is that you should also not judge a cop by his level of hotness or his smileâ?.

After dinner, we went to a bar at a nearby hotel, and it was the perfect spot for a group shot. Being sort of in the off-season, it wasnâ??t exactly packed, so there was literally no one around us to take the photoâ?.. Untilâ?.. hot cop.

Hot cop came running up the stairs, and instead of letting this man keep running to what was probably a seriously fucked up emergency, I blocked his way and asked him if he would stop to take our photo. â??Oopsâ?.. my bad.â?• But he said, â??Sure!â?• I guess whoever needed CPR would just have to wait. These bitches needed a FO-TOE. So hot cop takes probably 3 or 4, and being the inappropriate hedonist that I am, after he took the photos, I said to him, **â??Wow â?? youâ??re really hot. Let me ask you a questionâ?.. If I walked over to you and shoved you hard, youâ??d HAVE to throw me down and arrest me, right?â?•** His response? **â??Please donâ??tâ?..â?•** And then hot cop RAN AWAY!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I swear to whomever you claim to believe inâ? that cop straight bounded up the stairs in 2 seconds flat, and my girlfriends and I immediately started laughing. One of my friends was like, â??Kate! He was wearing a wedding ring!â?• Ummmm so? I wasnâ??t trying to make out with himâ?.. but who wouldnâ??t want to get shoved and frisked by a hot guy or girl? I love that shit. Okayâ? moving onâ?..

Don't Enter a Freedom Zone If You Happen to Care About Your Children

The morning after, we all had breakfast on the terrace overlooking the pool, and then went off to get our massages. The spa was beautiful, and once we walked in, we were escorted to the ladies' locker room to get changed into our robes and gummy sandals. Well, apparently the locker room is where your freedom ENDS, because once you exit said locker room, you enter what is known as the **Freedom Zone**, just like the photo for this post states. In fact, that IS the fucking sign they put out!

no cell phones

no disquieting conversation

no smoking

Okay! first of all, I get the no smoking and loud talking, which, bt-dubs, majorly sucks for me, since I naturally have an obnoxiously loud voice. I can't NOT talk loudly, and I've had my ears checked, so I guess I must just really like the sound of my own voice.

Now! I can understand why they would ask you not to bring your cell phone into that area, in case you decided to **call** your meth dealer so you could **loudly** ask him to bring you **something to smoke**, but when I walked in and was told I couldn't have my cell phone, my response was, "Umm! I don't think so. Some people may not give a shit, but if God forbid one of my kids falls and breaks their nose, I'm not going to find out about it 90 minutes later, once my freedom is once again taken away!" In fact, calling it a **Freedom Zone** is contradictory! If it's a free zone, then I should be **free** to do whatever the fuck I want! Including, but not limited to, having my cell phone with me, in the off-chance one of my three children gets hurt. If that makes me a dissident, fuck it. This bitch is holding on to her phone.

I will admit, however, that when I got on my soapbox to declare why I *would*, in fact, be keeping my cell phone, I spoke extremely **disquietly**, and then noticed the two women to my right holding towels up to their faces, whilst simultaneously giving each other the same *What? the fuck? look* my friends and I gave each other after **Persia-Gate**.

Never Call a Massage Therapist a Masseur

I love that I feel like I learn a little something new every day, and Monday was no different. The massage therapist, whom I shall call Kim, led me back to the room for my massage, and I told her immediately that I'm not the type of person who can just relax, so I'll probably talk the whole time and ask her inappropriate questions, but to feel free to tell me to shut up at any point.

Kim was awesome. She was so nice and sweet! and candid!!!!!! I told her about me planning on getting on stage to do stand-up, and that I was going to ask her some questions and she was free to answer any or none of them. Truth be told, I only had one. **Do men ever ask you for a happy ending?**

She said it had happened once, so I jumped at that shit and was like, "Details, Kim!!!! Details!!"

He was a hairy, older man, and towards the end of the massage, he asked her if she would â??finish him offâ?• if he paid her cash. She adamantly declined, and then he told her, â??Câ??monâ?! we can close the blinds. No one will know.â?• Well, shortly thereafter, that jerk was immediately escorted out, his photo was put in their computer, and Mr. Jerk & Squirt is now banned.

Nowâ?! that story didnâ??t really surprise me, and when she told me, I said, â??You knowâ?! why do men pull that kind of shit? Women never do thatâ?!..â?•

I WAS WRONG.

Kim then told me one of the weirdest fucking stories Iâ??ve ever heardâ?! in my lifeâ?!.. Because I pride myself on keeping everyone about whom I write anonymous, I asked Kim to make up the name of someone she hates more than anyone so I could use that name for this female pervert. Hello, Cheryl!!! Kim hates your fucking guts!!! Good thing you donâ??t know Kimâ??s real nameâ?!.. (Iâ??ll never tell â?? cue evil laugh)

Kim had escorted Cheryl to the massage room and then stepped out so she could undress and get under the covers on the table. A few minutes went by, and Kim knocked on the door and walked back in. As she opened the door, Cheryl was on the bed, AGGRESSIVELY fingering herself and moaningâ?! LOUDLY!!!!!! Kim immediately closed the door again and, according to Kim, â??She left her alone so Cheryl could relieve her â??stressâ?? before the massage.â?•

HHAAAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAâ?!â?!.. Ok?

When Kim comes back in, the woman is on her stomach, as she should be, and Kim started the massage. Within just a few minutes, however, Cheryl took her right hand and proceeded to start pleasuring herself AGAIN!!!! She was moaning and doing her **thang**, and Kim let her know that that was very inappropriate, so the woman stopped.

At this point, I asked Kim details about this woman. Apparently she was in her late 20s and attractive â?? basically the exact opposite of creepy penis man.

Anywayâ?! halfway through the massage, Kim asks Cheryl to turn over, and as she does, Cheryl purposely pulls down the sheet so her breasts are fully exposed. LOL OMG! Does this woman not know the definition of a CLUE?!?!?!?! Kim was professional and acted like it was an honest mistake, even though it was blatantly obvious that it was NOT, and continued with the massageâ?! and things were going well until Kim moved down towards her legs and feet. She was rubbing her right foot, when she noticed that Cheryl had taken her big toe and pinched the sheet between that toe and the second toe, and was using this to pull down her sheet, an inch at a time!! I asked Kim if the lady said anything, and she told me that the woman remained silent and kept her mask over her face. Playing devilâ??s advocate, I asked if it was possible there was a language barrier, but nope. Not one, whatsoever. I then asked Kim if she made a face when she saw what Cheryl was doing, since Cheryl couldnâ??t see Kim, and I wish I could do her face justice when describing it. The best description I can think of would be horror, mixed with grossed out, confusion, and a whole lot of â??what the fuck does this bitch think sheâ??s doing?!â?• Needless to say, she also ended up on the Spaâ??s â??No Massageâ?• List, as well.

Oh yea, and one more thing I learned. Masseurs and masseuses are known in the "massage world" as the happy ending providers. Professionals who will NOT jerk you off or finger you are known as "massage therapists." Get it right, people. I didn't. Let this be a lesson. Kim was cool, and I really hope she reads this post, but you want to know who **NEEDS** to read this?..

The MASSEUSE?!

Who spent 80 minutes shoving religion down one of my friend's throats. No fucking joke. My friend told this MASSEUSE that when she misses someone who has passed, she sometimes talks to them for comfort. Wanna know that MASSEUSE'S response?

"Oh no! that's impossible. GOD is the ONLY voice that can come down to this Earth and speak to you. If you talk to someone who has passed, you are actually talking to a demon in disguise."

How many "who the fuck do you think you are" does it take to piss me off? ONE!!!!!!

CRAZY BITCH. We got her into trouble, and my friend received a certificate for a free massage! *Maybe MASSEUSE lady can go tattle to her demon friends and then head over to the "Freedom Zone" for some good, disquieting conversation and a smoke.*

PHEW! After all that insanity, we all enjoyed a wonderful lunch on the patio and then headed home. We are definitely going back in a few months, and I'll let you know if that post is written from jail.

Category

1. Uncategorized

Tags

1. girl trip
2. happy ending
3. highasakate
4. hot cop
5. kater79
6. massage therapist
7. masseuse
8. palm desert

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