

“What goes on, gorgeous?”

Ugh, I hate airport restaurants.

I'd be more forgiving if this intrusion wasn't from a man who hasn't shaved in thirty years and smells like he hasn't showered in that long too.

It's the third man since ten minutes ago and I do *not* enjoy the attention.

I offer this unwanted stranger no response and sip some more of my watery fruit punch. He'll take a hint; I'm sure.

*Until he doesn't.*

“Missy, I'm talking to you?”

Is he serious? This dude has to be fifty-five years old at least. What does he want with me?

“I am not interested in talking to you,” I answer tersely and pick up my cellphone to call no one in particular.

A smirk curves up his thick greying face bush. “Ah, but now you did, didn't ya?”

He's right.

And that's all the attention he's getting. I have no business spending my Saturday afternoon in this dump anyway, but I have a friend coming to town today.

I desperately hope that I don't have to wait the entire hour.

The next voice that drifts to my hearing is from the table set across from mine, where three ladies are seated. I have never seen them before, but they look fresh from high school, couple of months in college.

Their toned legs are a dead giveaway that they're athletes, so I reckon they are in town for the *Inter-Varsity Megalympics*. They are very engrossed in their conversation and I do not mean to eavesdrop, but when the words *Maria* and *Downing* are said, my ears become satellite.

“Maria Downing has like a whole track record of stealing her friend's men, so yeah, this is very on-brand,” says one of them. She's obviously the leader of the gossip group, and her blonde hair is all up in her face, so I can't get a good view of it.

I cannot deny though, she looks pretty in that playsuit and fake Chanel boots.

“Well, in Maria's defense, Jaya Martin is not her friend, and she broke up with Luke Winchester three months ago,” another girl says. Her entire outfit screams ‘fuck you’ to matching colors, and as it seems, it is her against the other two in this debate.

The third girl isn't a talker, but her few words profoundly indicate whose side she's on. And it's not famous American tennis player Maria Downing's.

I wonder if these girls know how loud they are—or if they care.

*Screw that.* I love me some juicy celebrity gossip while I wait on my tardy friend, so, I listen in closely while pretending to be have my earbuds plugged in.

“Luke Winchester was barely over Jaya when Maria latched on to him,” snaps blonde.

“And you know this how?”

I wonder too. I wonder how people are able to express such strong opinions about other people based on little or no information. It’s the bane of celebrity existence, I guess.

“I just want Jaya and Luke to get back together in that tennis girl’s face,” says the third girl.

“You girls are just big haters of Maria Downing,” says color-blocking-outfit girl. “She’s done nothing wrong by getting with Luke and if they break up, it’s because they can. They’re both adults and normal people like the rest of us.”

This is sweet coming from a total stranger, but even I don’t approve of Maria’s relationship with Luke. In any case, it’s quite nice to know that Maria has people rooting for her beyond the internet.

Okay, case in point quickly, Maria Downing is my mom.