

The Wives

Ruth walked into the small one-bedroom apartment. She placed her books and papers on the coffee table. A knock came on the door. She opened the door to Karen.

“How did it go, teacher?” her tall, dark blond friend inquired.

“The usual. Fortunately, the bell rang before I lost complete control. Their energy is amazing.”

Karen had graduated a year earlier from a university in Texas. She had met Alex during her senior year while he studied to become a pilot at the nearby air base. Shortly after her college graduation, she and the young pilot had married.

A second later, another knock on the door announced the arrival of the third of this trio of young women. The petite newcomer with raven black hair was the oldest of the three. Sue and Rick had married right out of college, before he started pilot training. The three pilots had been close friends in pilot training, leading to the friendship of the women.

“So, how’s the business world?” Karen asked.

“Keeping the customers happy. How is life as a high school teacher?”

“I should teach PE instead of history to those teenagers with their raging hormones. Can you believe those arrogant jocks try hitting on me?”

“Really?” Sue asked.

“A couple of days ago I put one in his place, though.”

“How?”

“The big star on the basketball team was watching me work with a couple of the girls on the tennis team. He was making suggestive comments from the sidelines.”

“Like?”

“‘Nice form, Mrs. Walters. I like the way you move. Maybe you could try a few moves on me.’ I finally got sick of them. So I told him to grab a racket.”

“You challenged him to play?”

“He borrowed a racket and marched on the court like some royalty. ‘Now, girls,’ he said to the two I had been working with, ‘you’ll see why guys should be athletes instead of girls.’”

“What a jerk,” Ruth responded.

“It took me two points to realize he had no backhand. As I walked back to serve, I told my girls to get ready for a clinic on exploiting an opponent’s weakness. He only saw balls to his backhand, until the last shot of the second game.”

Ruth looked at her, waiting for the explanation.

“And ...” she prodded.

“He hit a decent lob deep near the baseline. As I backpedaled for it, he rushed the net. I smacked a line drive right at him. It hit him in the groin. He folded like a wilted flower.” Karen chuckled. “The girls couldn’t stop laughing at him.”

“So you beat him,” Ruth stated.

“No, I humiliated him.”

“Way to go!” Sue snickered as she clapped.”

Excerpt From

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by Robert L. Decker

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