

LORNA talks about the bases.

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Let's talk about the bases. First: kissing. Second: fondling. Third: oral delights. Home run: home run. Is that right? Or is it first: fondling, second: fingers and hands in panties and pockets, third: oral delights, home run: home run? Or is it first: oral delights, second: *one-night* home run, third: *actual* date, home run: sex with last names? Or is it first: bump and grind on the dance floor, second: bump and grind at his apartment, third: fake an orgasm, home run: go home and get down with your vibrator?

And what about fifth base? Fifth base you say? Yes, fifth base I say. Because that's where you're headed. If you stop at home run, you have to go back to first, don't you? All you can do is run the bases in order again. And again and then he dies and then you and your widow friends live an existence whose highpoints are going to grandchildren's graduations and complaining loudly about restaurants. And then *you die too*. Or you can run to fifth.

Is fifth base anal sex? I've heard people claim that. But that's third for me, so that can't be true for everyone. I'm First: oral, Second: coitus, Third: you peg me, Home Run: I peg you. But that's just me. For somebody out there, the back door is fifth for sure.

From Chapter Nine. Birthday's Eve. Heat flared in her cheeks as she grasped his denim covered erection. She hesitated. Am I the sort of thirty-year-old that has sex in an Applebee's bathroom, she thought to herself? Am I the kind of girl who gets wet in a restaurant that features Cajun pepper grilled chicken won-ton tacos and 'riblets' on the menu? But then again, she thought, I don't officially turn thirty until tomorrow morning.

Fifth is what's next. Fifth is what you thought you might not do. Fifth is just over the line. Fifth is sex in an Applebee's bathroom. Fifth is creeping up the back stairs. Fifth is the threesome, the foursome, the orgy. Fifth is a kiss on the lips. Fifth is flashing the college boy at the grocery store. Fifth is a sex club. Fifth is a stranger. Fifth is a blindfold. Fifth is a gloryhole. Fifth is fisting. Fifth is fuzzy handcuffs. Fifth is iron shackles. Fifth is bound and gagged. Fifth is a relationship that lasts more than twenty minutes. Fifth is candle wax on your nipples and butter in your asshole. Fifth is two guys in Balinese tribal masks double teaming you while your husband works the video camera in the corner. Fifth is a stolen kiss. Fifth is a secret surprise or a surprise secret. Fifth is different for everybody. You know what a home run is for you? Good. Fifth is just on the other side of that. You want to go there. Whether you *want* to want to go there is something else entirely. Do you want to want to go there? Do you want to want to run past home? Or are you satisfied to do the same thing over and over again? If it's working for you: Good. Fine. I applaud you sincerely. And if it's not working for you, well, I'm giving you the signal to steal.