

Margo Zimmerman Gets the Girl

By Brianna R. Shrum and Sara Waxelbaum

My fingers drag across the slant of her collarbone, to the hollow of her throat. “This?” I can barely hear the “Mmhhh.” My hand travels up the length of her neck. ...Our faces are so close I can feel her breath on my skin. ...I drop the elastic on the floor and push my fingers into her hair at the nape of her neck and then I kiss her. She makes this little sound in the back of her throat that curls my fingers in her hair and then she gasps and shit, that’s not playing fair. Somehow we end up on my bed and I’m straddling her hips and Margo’s hands don’t feel so timid anymore. They’re not even trembling as they pull on my tie to unknot it. Or, I don’t know, maybe we’re both just shaking at the same vibration now. She unbuttons the top button of my shirt and says, “Is this all right?” My laugh is weak because I know what she’s doing, rhetorically, but also, Jesus, I know what she’s doing and—“Yes. Extremely.” She makes quick work of my buttons and I sit up and pull my shirt off and drop it over the side of the bed. ...I scoot backward on my knees until I’m over her bare thighs and hook my thumbs in the hem of her dress, one on the outside of each leg. ...“Abbie. I don’t know how to break this to you,” she says, pulling her hands to their previous, regular positions, “I’m still fully clothed.” “Don’t rub it in. Here. Sit up.” She does and I pull on the dress until it gets stuck on her boobs, and I am Hashtag Blessed. “Margo, goddammit, get your stupid, amazing dress off.” ...The fabric pops off her like a champagne cork and I almost fall backward. Margo, for her part, is flushed, her hair an absolute disaster, leaning her elbows on her knees while she catches her breath. In her matching robin’s egg bra and underwear. ...I, too, am in my bra. ...I let my head fall back in fake disgust and groan, and she says, “Listen, Sokoloff. After all the effort you went through to get me naked, are you gonna do

something with it, or...?” My eyebrows pop up, and I cross back to the bed in two strides and climb on top of her, pushing her off her elbows and onto her back. “I plan to do plenty, Zimmerman.” I kiss her again and our teeth click together and it doesn’t even matter. I kiss my way down her throat, and I can feel her moan vibrate against my mouth. My hands find the front closure of her bra and pop it open, and I push the straps off her shoulders. The smile I give her must be hungrier than I intended because she swallows hard enough that I can see it. I lean down again, dragging my mouth down her chest to her nipple. I suck it into my mouth, and her back arches, and one of her hands grabs my hair and pushes me harder against her. I take the hint and scrape my teeth over her skin, over her nipple, hard enough to make her jerk against me. Margo’s whispered, “Shit,” makes me bolder, makes me think I’m doing it right. And I want to do it right. One hand stays near my mouth, and the other is on her thigh—fuck, her thighs are great—and it slides up and up and up and it brushes the lace edge of her underwear and I say, “Okay?” “Yes.” ...I slide my hand inside her underwear and I can feel her wetness against my fingers and the backs of my knuckles. Her hand is still gripping my hair and I can’t see what I’m doing, but I don’t need to. The way she moves against me, the way her breath hitches and rasps gives me all the direction I need. When she comes, her thighs squeeze my wrist and her voice catches as it slides down the register. I don’t stop; why would I? I make her come again before I give her a break. And with a little direction, Margo returns the favor. More than once.

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Not For Minors
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