**New Experiences**

by GWhitefield15

**New Experiences Part 1: Locker Room Anxiety**

Part one of a multi-part story. This first one is pretty tame, and aspects of this will be a slow-burn, but I hope that someone out these enjoys it. Other characters will be introduced as the story continues.  
  
  
As Molly bent down and undid her zipper, she could already feel an increase in her heart-rate. Keeping her eyes firmly on her gym locker, she pulled her jeans down, cringing internally when she felt her panties slide down with them.  
  
Her left hand swiftly tugging them back up, she felt her face grow warmer still when a giggle began somewhere behind her. Hoping desperately that it wasn't because of her, she pulled her jeans the rest of the way off, and after snatching her P.E. shorts from her locker, scrambled to put them on.  
  
Again, Molly heard a giggle, this time shared by other girls.  
  
P.E. was a nightmare, and it had only gotten worse. At 14, Molly was already uncomfortable with her body. She was overweight (not dramatically so, but even being a little chubby, she felt eyes judging her wherever she went), not that athletically inclined (Emma got those gifts, she thought bitterly), and just recently, it hit her that she might be bisexual.  
  
All of this led to most unpleasant experiences during gym, especially before and after class started, when she was trapped with twenty other girls in various states of undress, some of whom (even Molly could no longer refuse to admit) were really attractive.  
  
It's not fair, she thought, and she stripped herself of her top, and made to undo her bra. Though she knew they were the thoughts of an immature teenager, given she was an immature teenager, she felt she deserved some leeway.  
  
The most mortifying part of this all was switching into her sports bra - she had been hesitant to purchase one for this very reason, but her mother talked her into it - at which time her breasts, and more importantly, her nipples (which were, due to either the nervousness of the situation or just plain arousal at the thought of the girls around her) were on full display.  
  
If Rachel saw my tits, Molly frantically worried, grabbing for her black sports bra, her hands feeling clammy, her stomach tight, she'd make fun of me for the rest of high school (and as a freshman, that was far from an appealing idea).  
  
Not that Molly had ever actually been bullied, or even, for the most part, picked on verbally. Like herself, many girls kept to themselves while changing, though a rare few, supremely confident with their body image, were more, for lack of a better word, easy-going about the whole affair.  
  
Rachel was one of them, and Molly, who had seen her boobs only once (and accidentally, at that) thought she had more than enough reason to display her body with the grace of an ancient goddess.  
  
Molly, on the other hand, felt like a lump of clay in comparison, and not one having been crafted by masterful hands.  
  
Muffin-top aside (which, despite her insistence, didn't seem to go away any), there were few parts of her body that weren't afflicted with freckles. Her acne was close-to-nonexistent (for now, she thought darkly), but the freckles on her butt, face, inner thighs, boobs, all went together to make her feel like she was the punchline of a joke. Plus, she had glasses, which was small next to the chubbiness and the freckles, but wounded her pride even more.  
  
All of this to say, though, that Molly had no idea if anyone casually glanced her way and, seeing her nipples erect, assumed she was bi. More likely than not, she was freaking herself out over nothing. But to be so exposed with so many classmates close by, and with it getting harder and harder to hide her vaguely naughty thoughts, she felt that if she was paranoid, no one could blame her.  
  
Her sports bra tugged firmly onto her breasts, the fabric rubbing against her more-than-normally sensitive nipples causing Molly to stifle a groan, and hearing no more giggles from behind her, the auburn-haired girl knew the worst was behind her. For now.  
  
A reoccurring dream, though, played out much differently.  
  
Instead of changing first into her shorts, then into her sports bra, her dreamself took her jeans off and then, her shirt and bra, leaving her with just her panties (in her dreams, she always felt more sexy in them then she did normally) and socks. And instead of hunching over to tackle her breasts into her sports bra, she turned around and examined herself in the mirror, revealing herself not only to her own shy blue eyes, but more fully to the eyes of her classmates.  
  
From here, the dream (nightmare, though, may be a more appropriate description) went different directions, depending on how her mind-frame throughout the day was.  
  
At times, this scenario turned into a full-blown orgy (which was a joke in itself, Molly considered after waking up, as she had kissed a boy only once, and never had anything close to the type of experiences imagined), and upon waking up, it wasn't uncommon for Molly to find her pajama bottoms soaked with sweat and other fluids.  
  
Other times, it was more tame, a slow, sensual scene where the other girls (most of whom didn't even share Molly's dreaded P.E. class with her) undressed and a more soft-core conclusion took place.  
  
It was what she dreamed on her really down days she feared the most.  
  
Rachel laughing openly and pointing at her erect tits were just the start - soon, they noticed the cameltoe Molly desperately tried to hide, and what started as light jeering soon turned into something ugly. Girls roughly grabbed her arms, forced herself to stand straight and fully exposed.  
  
What followed wasn't something Molly really thought possible, outside of a stupid adult movie, but scared her still. One of the girls (often Rachel) would begin forcing herself onto Molly, and the more Molly struggled, the more aroused she felt.  
  
On a memorable occasion, she was bent over one of the benches, and what felt like fingers were shoved into both her pussy and butt until she felt a relief rarely felt before.  
  
After waking up from that, Molly had felt more humiliated than she ever had in reality. The fact that the dream had actually turned her on something fierce only made it that much worse.  
  
Her face a full-blush due to these thoughts, she pulled her XL gym shirt over her head, and straightened it out. She then pulled her short legs down, and discreetly removed a wedgie that had formed. After re-adjusting her glasses, and running a nervous hand through her short auburn hair, Molly stood to face the class, and, more horrifying, the locker room afterwards.  
  
It was with a bitter mindset that she considered her sister, two years older, never had to go through an ordeal so embarrassing.

**New Experiences Part 2: Bad News; Forgotten**

Emma let out a deep sigh, an attempt to compose herself that mostly felt ineffective.  
  
If Jacob went out with her, then-  
  
“No,” she audibly spoke, with a shake of her head, as if to banish the thought. She felt a chill run down her back regardless, quite unrelated to the 43 degree weather outside.  
  
With despair (even knowing that she was probably being over-dramatic), Emma looked herself over in her locker mirror a second longer, but was jolted from thinking about him again when a voice suddenly spoke.  
  
“I heard what happened,” Chloe said, her voice low, as so passing students hadn't an inkling of their conversation, “and I'm sorry.”  
  
Chloe, who had been Emma's best friend since halfway through middle school, rarely spoke with such sincerity, and Emma felt all the more glad the two of them were friends.  
  
“Do you think-,” Emma began, only to be cut off by Chloe.  
  
“Do I think that Jacob and Bridget weren't just studying for the chemistry test,” Chloe finished, with a scoff. It was here that Emma realized her friend seemed just as upset over this as she was, the anger in her brown eyes obvious. “Listen, if the two of you were meant to be together, then he wouldn't have gone over to her place. I know you've had a thing for him since, what, Sophomore year?”  
  
Meekly, Emma replied, “Freshmen.”  
  
Chloe accepted that without comment. “Just move on, he's obviously not worth it. Give it a few weeks, and start looking for someone else.”  
  
Mentally playing this over, Emma tugged at her sweatshirt, the fingers on her left hand anxiously fiddling with a lose string on her sleeve, and the girl looked up at Chloe again.  
  
“I don't get why every guy I fall for is suck a dick,” she exclaimed, louder than intended, causing a few passerbys to curiously glance over. She angrily tousled her hair, causing her brown hair to mostly drop from her ponytail, which, in turn, made her even madder.  
  
Before she could do or say anything else, though, Chloe put her hands on the girl's shoulders.  
  
“Listen,” she said quietly, and Emma saw nothing but her friend's freckled face scrunched up in concern, “we don't have practice today, how about if you come over to my place and we can talk this through.”  
  
“Can't,” Emma said, “ or Molls would be alone.”  
  
Appearing to bite back her initial response, Chloe said, “Fine, then I can come over, right?”  
  
With a shrug, Emma nodded. In truth, she didn't really see how that'd make her feel much better, no matter how good a friend she was, but she still really appreciated the gesture.  
  
“Yeah, that'd be fine.”  
  
  
Chloe was raising her arms above her head, her 38B bust size raising with it, as she peered over her topless body in Emma's full-length closet door mirror. Freckles dotted down her chest and stomach, ending at her pelvic region, which was covered, in part, by an ebony thong.  
  
Emma watched her with a subtle distaste in her stomach - Chloe had said multiple times in the past that Emma should wear thongs more often, that she had the ass for it, but Emma, feeling immanently more practical (and, though she didn't say so, because she felt uncomfortable in that garment), opted instead for cotton panties almost exclusively. Chloe, with the good-natured ribbing only a good friend could reliably give, still made fun of her for that on occasion.  
  
Still, Emma considered, sneaking a swift glance at her friend's mostly visible butt, she does pull the look off.  
  
“Joey, from P.E.,” Chloe asked, examining her boobs visually, jolting Emma from her admittedly odd thought.  
  
Her jeans on the floor and hands reaching for her pair of shorts, Emma looked up to the reflection of her friend's face and nodded. “Yeah, he kept looking over at my ass.”  
  
Chloe's right hand now checking under her right boob for lumps (something, Emma thought, that had to do with her family having a history of breast cancer), Chloe called, “Can you blame him? You're phat.”  
  
Bent over, pulling her purple shorts on, Emma felt a vague blush rise on her cheeks, and said, “Shut up.”  
  
“Is he cute at least,” Chloe replied.  
  
“What does that matter,” Emma asked, pulling a newly-formed wedgie from her butt, wondering when the last time she wore these shorts in public was. “It's not like I'd date him.”  
  
Snapping on an emerald bra on (when Chloe, who was a natural red-head, wore the bra, Emma couldn't restrain herself from thinking of her as a leprechaun without snickering), Chloe just shook her head. “You're such a hard bitch to please.”  
  
Deciding against the shorts, Emma shimmied out of them, silently giggling at her red-headed friend in that ridiculous bra. She bent back over, her light blue panties again digging into her ass, and searched her bottom dresser for a better pair of shorts.  
  
When Chloe groaned, Emma glanced over her shoulder, and watched her friend hastily remove her bra. Her small, pink nipples were erect, Emma noticed - not surprising, given that the late August Minnesota weather rarely resembled balmy.  
  
“I think that bra clashes with my hair,” she commented, cupping her boobs with her hands and moving them up. “I want something bluish.”  
  
Spotting a powder blue bra on the floor next to a few of Chloe's skirts, Emma grabbed it by one of the cups and tossed it behind her. “There, try that one.”  
  
Emma's day hadn't terribly improved past her first few periods of class, but she had to admit to herself, the day wasn't nearly as God-awful as she thought it would have been after hearing the news. It was even possible, she thought, that she might be getting over Jacob already, no matter how impossible the idea felt that morning.  
  
Without feeling too out of it, for the last ten minutes while the two changed, she'd been perfectly able to hold a normal conversation. Given the two of them had been on the same volleyball team for three years, now, the casual nudity did little to deter either of them from talking, which Emma was, again, grateful for, still not overly trusting herself to be alone.  
  
Stretching her arms forward, feeling further strain on her pair of blue cotton panties, she felt around the drawer for more appropriate shorts, and pulled out an old pair of gym shorts, which Emma guessed she'd not worn since her Sophomore year. They even appeared somewhat frayed.  
  
Apparently, Chloe had been looking over her at the time, because she called out, with a barely contained giggle, “I bet you twenty dollars you couldn't even get those on anymore.”  
  
“They're pretty elastic,” Emma replied in a wounded tone, and looked back over her shoulder at Chloe, still topless, the blue bra dangling from her hands. Raising her eyebrows, Chloe shook her head.  
  
“I don't care if they're Mr. Fantastic's, they're too small.”  
  
Emma wasn't one to rush into a situation without carefully considering it beforehand, but was halfway already through pulling them up when a knock came from the door.  
  
Rolling her eyes, Chloe muttered, “I don't know why she even knocks,” and went to open the door, without giving Emma a chance to stop her.  
  
In the doorway stood Molly, and Emma placed her arms over her panties, red in the face. Her sister, however, seemed much more embarrassed, apparently having not expected Chloe to answer the knock topless.  
  
Entirely unabashed by this, not even bothering to cover her breasts, Chloe asked, after a moment too long of silence, “What's up, Molls?”  
  
It took a few additional seconds until Molly answered, and to Emma's slight amusement, she glanced over to Emma, appearing to try her hardest to stop staring at Chloe.  
  
“I-I was wondering,” Chloe began, her voice unsteady, volume barely registering over a mumble, “if I could talk to you later, before Mom comes home?” She seemed troubled, and a vague pang of worry formed in the elder sister's stomach.  
  
Before she could reply, Chloe butted in, to Emma's consternation. “I mean, I can leave for a bit, y'know?”  
  
Molls' blue eyes turned from her sister to Chloe's briefly, and shook her head. “It can wait,” she replied, which came out as little more than a squeak.  
  
“Yeah, sure, after Chloe leaves, sure,” Emma said, hoping that the curiosity and anxiety were mostly kept from her tone.   
  
With no goodbye, her younger sister shut the door, and Chloe sent a pitying look to Emma. “I can't believe how awkward she is around boobs.”  
  
The comment caught Emma by surprise, and she found herself giggling wildly. “It probably wasn't you.”  
  
“It most deff was,” Chloe countered, fully turning toward Emma, her hands resting on the waistband of her thong, “did you see her face?”  
  
Deciding not to bite, Emma instead said, “I wonder what's up with her.”  
  
Chloe shrugged, her boobs comically jiggling a bit with the movement. “Whatever it is, at least it can help take your mind off Jacob.”  
  
As the two of them finally found clothes that suited them both (despite her earlier statement, Chloe went for a faded red bra, albeit hesitantly), Emma thought that her friend was right. If she hadn't have made the comment, Emma considered, she may not have thought of the boy she thought she loved the rest of the day.

**New Experiences Part 3: Awkward Beginnings**

I am having difficulties logging in, but didn't want to sit on this next part any longer. Hope any readers like this.  
  
  
As it turned out, it wasn't until after dinner that Holly was able to talk to her sister. Dinner was mostly a quiet affair (Holly knew her mother was having financial worries, but didn't really know the details), and the three of them ate almost entirely in silence.  
  
For her part, Holly was otherwise too distracted to speak anyways. Her recent struggles with figuring out her sexuality were hard enough, even without P.E., but seeing Chloe topless (and not only that, but in a small thong) virtually cemented to her that she definitely wasn't straight.  
  
Standing outside her sister's room, though, she tried to push the image away, though with a vague feeling of shame, she knew she'd probably use the memory later tonight before going to sleep.  
  
With a deep sigh, Molly knocked on Emma's door, hoping beyond all hope that her sister would understand.  
  
  
Emma had just finished changing into her night wear when the expected knock quietly announced Molls' presence.  
  
Fishing a wedgie from her butt, Emma tossed her shorts into her hamper, and went to her door. She didn't wear much while sleeping, just an old t-shirt and a pair of panties (generally of a faded palate), but comparatively speaking, knew that some friends slept with far less (Chloe included, who virtually slept nude).  
  
She had considered wearing something a bit more conservative, if only to make Molls feel more comfortable (her sister had worn the same sky blue pajama tops and bottom for almost the last three years now; Emma suspected that her sister didn't know how revealing they could be, especially if Molls was bending over), but decided against it. Though Chloe said a lot of ridiculous things, when Emma thought about it, she didn't know why she felt strange about casual nudity between herself and Molly - as Chloe said, most sisters she knew weren't modest about that type of thing at all.  
  
She didn't bring it up at the time, but Emma thought that comment was somewhat rich coming from a girl who had no sisters herself.  
  
Even so, she couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed when her panties (which really were too old for her - she hadn't worn polka-dot panties outside of sleepwear for at least three years) began riding up again, and given her shirt ended well above her waist, Emma was just hoping her sister would get over it.  
  
With that in mind, she opened the door to her only sibling.  
  
  
Sitting on Emma's bed, cross-legged, Emma silently fought against laughing, or at the very least, chuckling. Molls' pajama bottoms, even from Emma's limited angle at her computer chair, seemed to be straining from her sister's butt. Funnier still, her boobs were practically popping out of her top, the fact that she could see the subtle outline of her nipples in the darkened room all-the-more showcasing how tight her pajamas really were.  
  
I wonder how long she's been wearing them like that, Emma thought, and feeling thoroughly like a bad sister, felt sobered up immediately.  
  
Molls made no mention of her sister's scant sleepwear, but it was definitely noticed, and Emma felt something like pride when Molly didn't make a fuss about it. Instead, she just sat on the bed, her face seemingly pallid, and it struck Emma, who had sat down on her swivel chair, her knees to her chest (it only occurred much later that this was not the best view to present her sister with), that she had been at a loss of how to start.  
  
After a few anxious second, Emma's concern growing with each minute, she finally said, “Spill it, Molls. What's up?”  
  
It took a few seconds, but she replied, sweeping her right hand across her forehead, displacing the auburn hair that rested there, her words surprising Emma.  
  
“How do you know, for sure, like 100%, that you like someone,” Molly asked, her face growing redder (even in the dim light, Emma could see her freckles stand out more) with each word forced out. Her sister's left hand fiddled with her glasses, but the eye contact they shared never faulted.  
  
The question, so innocuous in nature, allowed Emma to breath a deep sigh of relief. So many ideas had come to her throughout dinner, from things like drugs and pregnancy (Emma didn't even think her sister had had sex, but she guessed it was possible) to superficial concerns like plastic surgery or a tattoo.  
  
“Well,” Emma began awkwardly, having had a few seconds to collect her (admittedly) spinning head, “I mean, does your tummy feel funny when you're around him?”  
  
It only occurred seconds after she asked the question that it could come across as insulting, which it very much did.  
  
Growling, yet keeping her voice low as not to potentially disturb their mother, Molls shot back, “I'm not ten anymore, Em. I'm 14, for God's sake, I'm not a little kid.” A brief uncomfortable silence followed this proclamation, and after running her right hand down her brown here in frustration, Emma replied.  
  
“I know, I'm sorry,” she urged, knowing a pleading tone was obvious, “it's just, I guess, this isn't something we really do anymore, y'know? From this point on, you're not a little girl, Molls, I promise.” She raised her right hand, as if swearing on a Bible, something she'd not done in years. It seemed to be the right thing, though, as it visibly diffused at least some of Molls' ire.  
  
Her younger sister puffed out a sigh. “Fine, whatever, apology accepted.” She removed her glasses for a few seconds and rubbed the bridge of her nose, “It's just that this is a big thing I'm going through, and I need to know I can come to you, and you'll listen.”  
  
Emma's stomach churned at this, and inwardly wondered when she ever gave any impression otherwise. She grimly suspected that, upon too much introspection, she could probably locate plenty of moments.  
  
“I will always be here for you, Molls. I promise.” When her sister said nothing in reply, Emma came close to tacking something more on before Molly cut in.  
  
“So how do you know when you're attracted to someone,” she inquired, the blush again coming to her face.  
  
“You sorta just know,” Emma replied, hating the answer before she even spoke it. “Like, if you're near them and your heart beats faster, or you can't stop thinking about them, then you probably have a crush on them.”  
  
Molly nodded solemnly at this, and asks another question, this one blowing Emma away. “What's it like having sex?”  
  
There was a subtle bitterness in Molls' tone that deeply saddened Emma, and it went a long way to show how far apart the two sisters had really gotten. Feeling worse about herself than ever, Emma replied, with a different sorrow all of it's own, “I haven't. I'm still a virgin.”  
  
“Really?” Molly seemed really surprised at this, and a momentary flash of anger hit Emma hard in the stomach, but she suppressed it, for the sake of her sister.  
  
“I almost did,” Emma expanded, her own face now sharing Molls' deep blush, “a guy had his hand up my shirt.” She paused her, not for the embarrassment of the memory, but to figure out how much she wanted to say. I've been a bad sister for too long, she considered, so I won't hold anything back, no matter what. “He was rubbing my boobs with one hand, and squeezing my butt with the other.”  
  
Seeming quite unconcerned with the racy language, Molly quickly asked, “Did you like it?”  
  
Increasingly uncomfortable, especially because, in truth, that was one of the memories she often turned to when she got her alone time, Emma nodded, but clarified, “It felt good, but the guy was a jerk, so I didn't want it to go any further.”  
  
Though appearing put out at the anticlimactic conclusion, she nodded in understanding. Has anyone touched your, you know,” Molly asked, her eyes trailing down, and Emma quickly realized that with her legs up, her panties were on full display.  
  
Fighting the strong urge to snap her legs shut, Emma shook her head, her hair tossing back and forth, and biting her lower lip, croaked a reply. “That hasn't happened to me yet.” Her face now feeling fully inflamed, Emma asked, “Have you had sex yet, Molls?”  
  
Molly shook her head quickly. “No,” she mumbled, “but I think about it all the time.”  
  
Barely believing she was asking this, not really wanting to think of Molly in this way, Emma said, in the lowest tone she could manage, “Do you, y'know, take care of yourself when you, well, get that way?”  
  
Unable to speak, which Emma couldn't fault her for, Molly nodded. After a few seconds, Molly jerked forward, her boobs swaying in her tight top. Emma could see, despite turning her head away seconds later, that Molls' nipples were very much erect. She wondered, with as thin as her panties were, if she was showing any signs of arousal. Emma thought she easily could be, and trying to conceal a cameltoe with how she was sitting would be impossible.  
  
With a determination she rarely felt outside of volleyball games, though, she kept her knees to her chest and her legs spread.  
  
“Does Chloe have experience with this kinda thing.” Molly asked, and though it sort of hurt Emma, she had to be honest that this conversation was just a bit TMI for her, and Chloe, when she was in her more serious moods, would be the perfect girl to talk to this stuff about.  
  
Emma had largely come out of her shell (sports helping with a lot of the awkward, early teen shyness), but Chloe never seemed to have one. She liked being naked, she liked sex, she liked masturbation, and she liked trying get Emma more comfortable with sexuality in general.  
  
One memorable occasion, which flashed through Emma's mind in lightning speed when considering her sister's question, was when Chloe caught Emma fingering herself. She still had her panties on, and was still mostly dressed, but felt embarrassed beyond belief all the same.  
  
Chloe never made fun of her for that, though - instead, she gave her tips, different positions to lie in, offered suggestions on how to make the foreplay last, and, at the time utterly shocking the younger girl (she couldn't have been any more than three months past her 14th birthday when this happened), insisted that she try a dildo.  
  
When it came to sexual topics, Chloe felt no shame whatsoever, and whatever was going with Molly, she deserved someone who could talk about that stuff without blushing or averting eye contact.  
  
“More than you know,” Emma replied, as soon as she found her voice.  
  
Biting her lower lip, brushing her short bangs from her eyes, Molly asked, her voice little more than a squeak, “I know it's, like, uber-awkward, but if she'll talk to me, could you be there? Just, I don't know,” she stumbled, and dropped her eyes from Emma's, “it seems like it'd be useful.”  
  
Already anticipating more embarrassing and potentially humiliating conversations, Emma nodded. I'm her big sister, she grudgingly thought. I have to be there for her, no matter how awkward. In a way, she had to admit it was sort of nice to be asked to join in such a private occasion.  
  
Suddenly, Molly bolted from the bed and threw a tight embrace around her sister. Emma took a small moment to feel a twinge of sadness over the fact Molls' chest was more impressive than her own, but hugged back tightly, all the same.  
  
“You're the best sister ever,” Molls exclaimed, and then, perhaps too embarrassed with the whole thing, swiftly let her go and left the room. Emma noted that her younger sister didn't wear panties to bed, as her tight blue pajama bottoms were showing a very clear picture of her butt.  
  
Without moving to the bed, or even bothering to lock her door, Emma moved her right hand between her legs, under her own tight clothing, and, thinking about her own vague idea of sex, gave herself relief.  
  
It was only after washing her hands and switching into a dry pair of panties, laying her head on the pillow, that she wondered what the hell she had gotten herself into.

**New Experiences Part 4: Harsh Words and Understanding**

Sorry for the wait. This will be the final set-up chapter, and it's very light in the stuff many here are looking for. For that, I apologize, but believe you me, upcoming portions won't share the same fate. Hope some of you like this. Some language will be self-edited, or the site will do it for me.  
  
  
Though not unexpected, Chloe found what Molly had said to Emma more amusing than anything else.  
  
“Aw, you guys are adorable,” Chloe said with a laugh and a sparkle in her eyes. Before she could go on, though, Emma punched her on the arm.  
  
“You have no idea how humiliating that convo was,” she whined. Her face burned red at the memory, and she kept her voice low, though she knew that no one passing by to their lockers was likely to overhear the conversation anyway.  
  
Chloe appeared to refrain from saying another joke, and just diplomatically nodded. “'Kay, so she just needs someone to talk straight with her about sex and that type of stuff?”  
  
Emma nodded, her ponytail bouncing with her head. “Yeah, that's what it sounds like, anyways.”  
  
Appearing to mull this over, Chloe eventually nodded, and Emma released a deep sigh of relief. “So, you'll be sitting in on these love-fests too?”  
  
At this reminded, Emma's stomach churned. “I don't want to, but if it makes Molly feel more comfortable, then yeah, I guess I will be.”  
  
Upon hearing this answer, an almost wicked grin came upon Chloe's face. Without further explanation, she replied, “Well, this could be fun.”  
  
  
When Chloe came into Emma's room with Molls following behind, Emma already felt hesitant about the whole thing. She deeply trusted Chloe, but the idea of her giving sexual advice to her younger sister weirded her out. What made it worse was that, for the time being, she was along for the ride.  
  
Chloe swung her backpack onto Emma's bed and sat down after re-adjusting her jeans. She patted the bed, and to Molly, said, “Sit here, on the pillow.”  
  
With noticeable delay herself, Molly did as was asked, tugging her shorts' legs down as she got situated, facing the red-headed girl with a look that could be described best as embarrassed fear.  
  
After giving Emma a brief glance, Chloe spoke again to Molls. “Are you sure you want your sister here for this? 'Cause, y'know, this could get super awkward and I want you to feel as comfortable as possible.”  
  
Her voice little more than a squeak, Molls replied, her voice both firm, yet still wobbly, “I trust her.” With a little nudge to her glasses, pushing them up further on her face, she stared expectantly at Chloe.  
  
She nodded, and then began with the big question that Molly had earlier asked Emma. Emma, from her swivel chair, turned away, in an attempt to give her sister just a little privacy.  
  
“So you want to know what sex is like?” Chloe asked this in a soft tone, despite the three of them being the only ones in the house at the time. At the very least, she sounded quite sensitive to Molls embarrassment, which Emma was grateful for.  
  
“Ye-yeah,” Molls sputtered back. “Emma said that you've, well, done it, so could you, I guess, describe it?”  
  
“Listen, Molls, not to freak you out or anything,” Chloe began, and Emma tried hard to focus on the open book on top of her desk, but felt fully attuned to the conversation behind her, taking place on her bed, “but I've tried a little of everything. Vanilla shit, some light BDSM, threesomes, anal, even role play once. I can deff explain my experiences with sex, what I like to do, how I like to be touched, but the question you're asking's a little vague.”  
  
There was a delay, but then Molls asked a question Emma had asked the night before, her thin voice wavering while doing so. “Do you, you know, well, touch yourself?”  
  
“Yeah, almost every day,” Chloe replied, seemingly unabashed. “If you wanna get sexual release, that's one of the safest ways to do it. You can also learn more about your body, like what you like, what you don't like, and there's so many different ways to masturbate that you can get a ton of practice just that way, and like I said, it's also safe.”  
  
“The question I have for you, Molls,” Chloe continued, and Emma, her face already feeling as though it was on fire, would have given anything to cancel out her hearing, “is how do you masturbate? I'm sure you do 'cause most girls do, whether they want to admit it or not, but if you wanna talk about this type of stuff, I need you to be just as honest with me as I'm being with you.”  
  
Another pause followed, but Molly answered, her voice quiet, “I just use my fingers.”  
  
“Where,” Chloe countered quickly. “Pussy, ass, you yank ya tits while rubbing yourself. What?”  
  
Very much wanting to scold Chloe for the harshness of her inquiry, Emma was about to swivel around when Molly replied.  
  
“I don't do anything strange, just, well, y'know, normal,” she answered with a meek voice.  
  
A heavy sigh of displeasure followed this answer as Emma still sat rigid and unmoving. Hearing Chloe take a deep sigh, Emma stealthily glanced over her left shoulder just as her friend began talking again.  
  
“Listen, Molls, this is why this is so difficult. We're all girls, right? What's there to be embarrassed about? Everyone's so caught up in 'OMG what will people think if they find out I like it up the butt' or 'I can't let Johnny know I'm gay, so I'll keep dating him though I'm into girls.' For f\*\*k's sake, sex is natural. Masturbation is natural. Not only that, but it's healthy!”  
  
By this point, Emma had swiveled around completely, and briefly met Molls' eyes (her sister was just as red in the face as she was, Emma noticed). Chloe didn't look too far removed from an energetic politician who was determined to get their say, whether others wanted to listen or not.  
  
“There's nothing 'not normal' about liking anal, or BDSM, or polyamorous relationships, or whatever,” Chloe continued, looking both more angry and determined than Emma had seen her before (outside of a volleyball game, that was). “So shove it with that 'not normal' crap. And another thing, this whole 'Ohh I can't let anyone ever see me naked, even if we do have all the same parts' bullshit. I don't get why so many girls are so self-conscious. Like, I get it, you have boobs. So do I, so what's the ish? And for sisters?” Chloe's head turned toward Emma (up until this point, Emma had guessed that Chloe didn't even know she was fully watching), and heatedly carried on.  
  
“I don't get why two sisters, both around the same age, don't feel comfortable enough with themselves or each other to see each other naked. I don't get it. Hell, I just have an older brother, and when he saw me naked, I was like 'so what, he's my brother, he's not going to hurt me.' So why couldn't the two of you just be more comfortable?”  
  
Emma was in mild shock at this outburst, but had it in mind to reply. Before she could, though, Chloe continued, as she apparently wasn't finished.  
  
“Like, fine, I get it, it's your body, and if you're not the type of girl who feels comfortable naked, whatever. It's, like, your choice, But shaming people who do, shaming people for liking different sexual activities? If an act is consensual, that's all that matters, period. And don't get me started on body-shaming,” Chloe added (as though someone in the room had brought it up - Emma managed a small grin, as seeing Chloe like this was a treat rarely received), and turned to Molly.  
  
“I can only imagine that some bitches in your class are dicks to you 'cause you're a little overweight, but f\*\*k 'em. I know plenty of hot guys and girls who are chubby, and plenty of chubby people who are perfectly comfortable with their weight, and their sexual partners have no damn complaints either. This is why I hate mainstream porn so much,” she said, with a shake of her head (her red hair bounced from left to right), “cause instead of making shit realistic, and maybe changing how people see sex, they just keep perpetuating the same 'skinny is sexy' bullshit they've always done. Molly, if anyone says anything to you about your body you don't like, point them out to me and I'll deal with them.”  
  
For the time being, Emma kept her thoughts to herself, but severely hoped that should an occasion like that ever arise, Chloe could prevent herself from being thrown out of school. Molly, though, just nodded along with Chloe's diatribe, one hand on the frame of her glasses, the other smoothing out one of her shorts legs.  
  
“Listen,” Chloe began again after taking a deep breath, “I'm open as f\*\*k. Wanna talk about how I finger myself? I'm game. Want to see what my nipples look like? Whatever. Wanna know what I think about sex in the shower, or kinks, or anal beads, or whatever? Just ask. But I'm not going to sit here teaching sex to two sisters” (Emma's stomach churned, wondering when she'd be brought back into this) “who can't even stand a conversation about boobs or pussies without timidly tapping out or turning brick red like some guy saw you changing. We're better than that, aren't we?”  
  
It didn't seem to Emma that this was an open-ended question, but Chloe stopped her talking, and turned her head from Emma to Molly, appearing (which was a relief to Emma) more curious than enraged.  
  
Emma didn't really trust herself to talk, but found, after an attempt, that she could. “I, I guess that I'm in,” she began, as Chloe's brown eyes darted over to her, “Like, I know I'm not anywhere near as sexually open as you are, or experienced or anything, but I won't hold anything back if Molls thinks it would help here.”  
  
Molls wasn't making eye contact with her, as she was seemingly staring at her bare knees in deep thought, but nodded. “I get that different people like different stuff.” She looked up at the two girls, though kept her sights mostly on Chloe, “It's not easy for me 'cause like you said, I don't love my body. I feel, well, guilty, when I masturbate.” (Emma nodded along, barely aware she was doing so). “I feel like a blob in a bra and panties that'd look sexy on any girl but me.” It was here that Emma saw her sister was on the verge of tears, but after a quick glance at Chloe, who was subtly shaking her head, decided it was too early to intervene.”  
  
“Like, other girls are so proud of their bodies,” Molly said in a sniffle, which, to Emma, was heart-wrenching, “so why can't I be? How could anyone look at me when there's so many hotter people at school, and even if I wanted to start dating, who would even give me a chance?”  
  
Before she could say anymore, Chloe scooted her butt forward and threw her arms around Molly. “Listen, you are a beautiful girl, period. You don't think anyone thinks so, I get that, but believe me, someone out there thinks you're the most pretty girl in existence. And other girls, even if you don't wanna believe it, are envious of you too. God, your boobs are bigger than Emma's, so you can't tell me that other girls aren't envious as f\*\*k about that. You're a beautiful girl, Molls. Once you embrace that, once you start feeling comfortable in your own body, once you start standing in the mirror, looking at yourself naked and smile, then everything'll fall into place.”  
  
Emma watched the two of them hug, feeling a deep sense of regret growing within her. How could she have missed how unhappy her sister was, or how uncomfortable her sister was with her body? Emma couldn't ever recall making fun of her sister for her weight, but did she ever ask her questions or encourage her toward body positivity? Just how bad of a sister had she been these last few years?  
  
She didn't know, but what Emma did know was that no amount of fun playing volleyball or worrying about guys excused her utter disregard for Molly's very real feelings. The fact that it took a friend to really get through to her hurt Emma most of all, but she was glad that Chloe was able to do so.  
  
The two dropped their embrace and Chloe looked over at Emma as Molls began wiping away some tears from her cheeks. To the elder sister, Chloe softly said, “I know I sounded like a bitch just then, but tough love, right, guys?”  
  
Both sisters nodded, and though Emma still felt like she had been unfairly attacked, had to admit that there was quite a bit of truth in what her friend had said.  
  
“So, then,” Chloe said, giving the desk clock a quick glance, “I need to be out of here in an hour. What do you guys got? Embarrassing questions? Wanna talk anatomy? Whatever's up, I'm down, just lay it on me.”  
  
With that, Chloe looked at the pair of them expectantly, and Emma wouldn't pretend she wasn't nervous when her sister was the first to speak.  
  
“Okay, I've got something.”

**New Experiences Part 5: Bonding**

Story is beginning to pick up steam. Concerned there's not enough embarrassment here? Just give it time, if at all possible. Hope any readers find this chapter well. This went a bit over the maximum length, so there's a little additional portion in Part 5 B, just the paragraphs I couldn't fit here.  
  
  
It was small things, but for the past few weeks, after multiple talks (Chloe, imagining herself some sort of therapist, has been calling them 'sessions', to Emma's ire), Emma had to admit to feeling just vaguely better about herself.  
  
Sex was natural, which was by no means a new idea to Emma, but Chloe's blunt approach and graphic detail really brought it home - of course, Emma knew Chloe's had multiple sexual experiences, but the amount and variety to them?  
  
She was utterly blown away.  
  
The talks seemed to be doing Molly some good also, albeit on a slower scale. The two sisters had even made it a point to change in the same room together the day before, which, while awkward beyond all words (though it shouldn't be, Chloe's voice had posited in her mind) did gain an almost-casual feel toward the end.  
  
Her future, too, was something Emma found herself dwelling on more and more. Dating, sex, stuff she's considered multiple times in the past, but never with such wishfulness nor yearning. She had dated before, but sex was almost entirely foreign to her, and just the idea of trusting someone that much, giving the whole of your body away to another, still felt as though it was ultimately unthinkable.  
  
Still...  
  
When it came down to it, Emma had pretty conservative ideas toward sex - while she certainly heard (even before Chloe's lessons, such as they are) of Chloe's satisfaction from one-night stands, Emma treated them with only the most base of acceptance. But a one-night stand, it seemed to Emma, may be the type of non-committal experience that could, as Chloe crudely put it, shake her branches loose.  
  
She breathed in a deep breath, and focused on herself in her locker mirror. As she slowly released her breath, she calmly considered, I'm not ready yet. Like she said, give it time, and only jump in when I'm ready.  
  
It was easy to consider such platitudes, but Emma's been feeling more and more randy and adventurous these last weeks, and she didn't think, as well-meant as they were, that these platitudes would stop her from taking action.  
  
  
Molly gazed at her blue eyes in her closet mirror, past her glasses, drinking in her reflection. She thought she saw a little improvement, a little more positivity, but that could simply have been wishful thinking.  
  
She was right about my boobs though, she though, and an innocent, almost-uncommon, grin came upon her face.  
  
With some wardrobe adjustments, much of it removing the hoodies she commonly wore (she supposed she generally wore them to hide her weight, but now that she considered it, that probably only made it more obvious she was trying to conceal it), she had started to feel more, for lack of a better word, 'pretty.'  
  
Molly would never be sexy (or so she truly believed), but pretty enough as so other possibly bi-curious girls would take note?  
  
She really hoped so.  
  
Staring at her reflection, wearing a belted shirt dress (and, for once, admired the way the wide belt seemed to compliment her not-too-inconsiderable breasts, helped by the fact she was wearing no bra), Molly giggled, a happy sound which felt strange from her lips. While she hadn't exactly been morose, she had been anxious day-in and day-out. But now...  
  
Her self-confidence had gone up too - not that noticeable an amount, but on a personal level, Molls often felt much happier after school, more willing to come out of her room, away from her music, than she had been in some time.  
  
And it was all to Chloe.  
  
A blush came upon her cheeks, and there was a split second of deep pity when Molly noticed her freckles flair at the hot touch of emotion. But Chloe has freckles, too, she considered, and she's beautiful.  
  
This was something that Molls could never tell her sister, even though they were closer now than they had been in years. She had ever-growing feelings, inappropriate feelings, toward Chloe, and especially given how Molls hadn't mustered up the courage to confide in them her suspected orientation, she felt Emma would have more than a little difficultly understanding.  
  
Still, she had to something about this affection she was feeling - it embarrassed even herself to admit that most of the time she went down on herself, she was thinking of the red-headed girl, thinking of imaginary, impossible, scenarios wherein the two girls (sans her sister) committed the most lustful actions upon each others' bodies.  
  
Her dreams, her fantasies, they weren't the real thing. Molly wouldn't even know what the real thing felt like. Even so, they tided her over, and if she managed to find the time just before each of Chloe's visits to the house to pleasure herself, she could make it through without feeling like her body was giving herself away.  
  
Today, though, she didn't.  
  
It was a foolhardy move, perhaps, but Molly was curious as to just what would happen if she exhibited a little less self-control.  
  
When she heard the front door open, and the two girls come from what she knew to be volleyball practice, she ambled their direction to find out.  
  
  
Upon entering Emma's room, Molls saw that Emma was studying her figure in her body-length closet mirror, her breasts tightly compressed together still in her blue sports bra. Her shorts were off on the floor, and her small butt was stuffed into what appeared to Molly to be tight leggings.  
  
It wasn't her sister's ass, though, that quickly caught her eye, nor caused the slight intake of air, but Chloe's topless body, leaning over into her duffle bag, facing Molly, digging for a mislaid article of clothing.  
  
Already feeling her juices flowing and nipples perk up in tense anticipation, Molly tried to breath slowly and take the moment in as casual a fashion as her new crush would.  
  
Giving her sister another quick once-over (Emma, after seeing her sister walk in, was already back to focusing on her smooth stomach, running her hands slowly down herself), Molls sat down at the end of the bed next to Chloe, trying as hard as possible to keep her eyes above her neck, yet failing miserably.  
  
“What's up,” she asked, hoping the nervousness in her voice wasn't becoming apparent to either girl.  
  
A light flick of her hair, Chloe looked up (which gave an extraordinarily good view of her boobs, Molly noticed to her slight chagrin), her brown eyes making contact, and shrugged. “Not much, really, just another tiring practice.”  
  
“It wasn't that bad,” Emma called out, though Molly quite got the feeling that her sister still wasn't really paying attention to the two. Her voice seemed entirely too detached, almost as though she was drugged, but Molly shook the odd thought off. “Chloe there just can't serve a ball worth shit.”  
  
A second later, Chloe threw a wadded pair of red panties at Emma, shooting back, “You can be a conceited little bitch, can't you?”  
  
Molly laughed at this interaction, and took a second to snatch another glimpse at her sister's best friend's boobs. The freckles that she felt so much self-pity herself for were on full display on Chloe's chest, and they definitely looked no worse the wear for them. Her tiny, pink nipples were erect (which uncomfortably reminded Molly that her's were too, though she felt the urge to look down and see if they were poking out of her cotton dress), and it was a sight hard to resist drinking in for too long.  
  
Much like she'd come to expect from Chloe, she made absolutely no attempt to cover up, nor hurriedly push all thoughts aside in hot pursuit for a bra or shirt - instead, she sat on the bed, in a pair of short gym shorts, arms coming down from the calculated toss of panties, in compete casual comfort, which Molly still felt both high admiration and gut-deep jealousy for.  
  
Before Chloe had caught her staring, she turned away, certain her face was burning red, but hoping that the others took it as little more than getting used to the unaccustomed casual nudity.  
  
“Where'd you get that dress,” Emma asked her from her place in front of the mirror. Molls caught her sister's turquoise eyes and saw that she was much more focused than she had previously thought. There was almost what seemed to be a devious look in them, but she answered regardless.  
  
“It was hanging in my closet, I don't think I've worn it in years,” Molly replied, in fact certain this was the case.  
  
Chloe snorted, and quickly brushing the short bangs from her eyes, Moll's head turned toward the red-head, hurt.  
  
“I mean, don't get me wrong,” Chloe said, her eyes on Molly's chest (a queer feeling was forming in her stomach, but Molls tried to quell it), “guys would love it, but it might not be temperature-appropriate.”  
  
Given it was wavering between 45 and 34 degrees outside, Molly admitted the truth of the statement to herself.  
  
“It's super comfortable, though,” Molls replied, a smile on her face. “And, y'know, like you said, if I want to start liking my body more, I need to get more comfortable with it.”  
  
“That reminds me,” Emma spoke up, and the girls turned back to her, and she was pulling her hair back into a well-formed ponytail, “did I tell you what Molls and I did yesterday?”  
  
“Ohhh, no,” Chloe said, her tone conspiratorial. “Please, do tell.”  
  
“Well, we both changed together,” Emma replied quickly, and Molly got an odd idea that there was a reason her sister was bringing this up, “which, I know, isn't super-big, but it's a step, right?”  
  
Chloe squealed in joy, and excitedly nodded. “I'm glad you're both embracing a wilder side,” she said, sending Molly a pantie-melting smile. As it was, Molly's faded rose cotton panties felt rather tight on her, and she thought that, if her sister had left the room, she would give Chloe more than the encouragment needed to rip them off.  
  
“Hey,” Emma called to Chloe, snapping her from her dirty thoughts, and Molly turned to see her sister now fulling facing her, still in her sports bra and leggings, “have you actually seen Molls' boobs? They're really impressive, sorta like yours.”  
  
Realizing exactly what her sister said, Molly's face flared up a deep firehouse red. Before she could form any type of reply to the shocking inquiry, though, Emma continued. “Wanna take that dress off and show them off, Molls?” Embarrassingly averting Chloe's eyes, Molly looked up at her sister, and damn it if she didn't look as though she was sexually charged herself. “I'll take my top off if you do, and, y'know, it could be one of those things that makes it us easier-going, like Chloe said.”  
  
“But-but,” Molly sputtered, her head spinning, the request happening so fast, “it's a dress. I don't have any leggings or, well, anything else on.”  
  
A snicker arose from her sister. “You're wearing underwear, right? C'mon, it'll be fun.”  
  
Risking a quick look over to Chloe, the saw the girl was leaning back, her arms on Emma's bed, her breasts sagging downwards, her body posture one of relaxing contentedness. She shrugged at the younger girl. “If you're cool with it, Molls, I'd definitely be into seeing what you're packing.”  
  
Molly heard Emma giggle, and felt worse than she had in some time.  
  
Was she more comfortable with her body, with her muffin-top, with her freckles? She was. She even stopped feeling guilty (well, too guilty) when she fingered herself. But being virtually naked in front of her crush? Molly couldn't do that, couldn't face the shameful exposure (though, in a deep part of her heart, knew that Chloe would do nothing to intentionally embarrass her).  
  
She was going to explain this, or at least try, when she looked over to her sister and saw that her sports bra was already halfway up her arms, her smaller breasts popping out, her own, almost brown nipples, immediately becoming erect.  
  
That bitch, she didn't give me any time, Molly internally yelled, but upon a soft touch at her shoulder, turned to Chloe, who's hand was reaching out.  
  
“I've seen her pathetic chest thousands of times” (from behind her, Molly heard Emma blow a raspberry at the pair of them) “so what do you say?”  
  
Feeling trapped, Molly felt she would have been perfectly happy if a void had opened up in the middle of the room, allowing her to escape unscathed. As it was, her crush had just said that she wanted to see her body, which had potential that Molly was only recently fully beginning to understand.  
  
Without further delay, fearing that delay would doom her to inaction, she stood up and walked to the mirror, passing her topless older sister, who took her previously-occupied spot next to Chloe on the bed.  
  
Staring at the mirror, at her short her, her red face, her lower lip which she was nibbling on, and feeling both pairs of eyes on her, she slowly stripped off the wide, brown belt, and dropped it on the floor. Her knees shaking (which both of them should clearly have seen, given the dress stopped well above the knees), she felt for the minuscule, top-most button, and began undoing her dress.  
  
Ever-so-slowly, more and more of her back became exposed, and when she got down to her panties, her faded red, childishly tight panties, Molly was close to a panic attack. But she undid the last few buttons in swift succession regardless, and stared in the mirror as the dress fall fully from her body.  
  
Whether Emma and Chloe could see her front from this angle, she didn't know. In the mirror, all she saw was an overweight, freckled small girl in underwear far too small (she was very aware of a wedgie in her butt, but neither her sister or friend made mention of it).  
  
Molly dreaded turning around, already having eyed considerable cameltoe between her legs, but with a sharp intake of breath, did just that.   
  
Emma's face was much redder now, and she was rubbing her inner thighs, dangerously near her pubic area, but Molly took little more of this in before Chloe said, her voice low, “You're beautiful.”  
  
Barely trust herself to speak, Molly replied, more uncertain now than she had been since this started, “Are you sure?”  
  
Chloe jumped up suddenly, surprising Molly, and walked up to her, her own breasts swaying side to side. She gingerly put her hands on her shoulders, and given a somewhat equal height, their nipples briefly rubbed against each other, sending a whole new electric shiver down Molly's spine.  
  
“You're beautiful,” Chloe repeated, her brown eyes staring deeply into Holly's. Dropping her hands from Molly's shoulder and giving Molly a quick, playful swat on her butt, pulled her to the bed, and sat her down to her right, Chloe sitting in the middle, and Emma on her other side.  
  
It was by no means a tight fit, but her breathing was still shallow. Slowly, gingerly, she evened out her breathing, and no longer felt the world swim before her eyes.  
  
Feeling Chloe's eyes on her exposed body, additional creeping feelings of arousal came forth, but to her moderate dismay, noted that she wasn't Chloe's sole focus, as she also kept glance over at Emma, who had sense laid down fully on the bed her legs dangling over the edge, her eyes closed, as she continued rubbing her inner thigh.  
  
“I really am glad the two of you are more comfortable with this kinda thing,” Chloe said, turning her focus back to Molly. “Molls, I'm especially proud of you, since this is all sorta new to you.”  
  
Molly nodded, trying to smile, pushing her glasses up, and replied, “It's, well, not easy, and it'd take some getting used to” (she blushed deeply at this moment, realizing the implications of her words only after saying them), “but I do sorta like it.”

**New Experiences Part 5B: Bonding**

Just finishing up what wouldn't fit in my first part of this chapter. This is not meant to stand-alone, or be it's own part. Sorry for any confusion.  
  
  
Chloe grinned at this, and following Emma's direction, fell onto her back. Somewhat awkwardly, Molly did so as well, her bare left shoulder rubbing against Chloe's right.  
  
“Yeah,” Emma spoke up, and her tone was husky, and Molly realized, with slight mortification, that her sister seemed to be as aroused as Molly was, “It's cool, feels nice to be topless, if you weren't a prude half the time, Molls, and mom didn't care, I'd do it all the time.”  
  
Chloe snorted. “Given how flat-chested you are compared to Molls, I'm not really shocked by that position.”  
  
The girls all snickered at this, and though Molly was feeling distinctly horny, became more comfortable with the position she found herself in.  
  
The room was quiet, with only the low tumble of the heat cascading with the shallow breaths of the three girls. Molly closed her eyes, and felt, quite unconsciously, she was sure, her right hand trail down her stomach onto the hemline of her panties.  
  
It was there that Chloe's hand met her's.  
  
“If you guys wanna broaden your horizons, shoot for new experiences,” Chloe said, and Molly took a deep breath to calm her heart, which had started murmuring to a maniacal pace again, “I have a fun idea.”