

The Filly Next Door

by Rome Silvanus

Published: June 7, 2026

Status: Complete

Rating: Safe

Word Count: 51,144

Tags: scootaloo, sex, nsfw, young, teenager, impregnation, romance, child, my little pony, friendship is magic, anthro

Scootaloo visits her neighbor

Scootaloo visits her neighbor and gets preggers

Đ

Story written for me by Lorelove

Table of Contents

1. Chapter 1 (3,717 words)
2. Chapter 2 (5,253 words)
3. Chapter 3 (4,695 words)
4. Chapter 4 (1,537 words)
5. Chapter 5 (8,291 words)
6. Chapter 6 (9,413 words)
7. Chapter 7 (9,181 words)
8. Chapter 8 (9,057 words)

Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Nice

Most days you had spent in Ponyville were just enjoying the sun and the warmth it gave to all those under it. Sure, you could have gone out to exercise or something more productive but you felt you had earned the relaxation. After all, you just got done with spring cleaning and a hectic winter prior to that. You deserved putting your hooves up for a moment.☺

The neighbors nearby had been getting more rambunctious as the days passed as well. Whether it was the young tomboy filly that always seemed keen on hurting herself or the screaming couple on the other side, it didn't matter. You were due for time for yourself and nothing was about to stop that. If only the other ponies would calm down once in a while to savor the mellow tone.☺

If the afternoon had been any warmer you might just have considered taking a few articles of clothing off. Sure, the neighbor filly might see some half-naked stallion but what did that matter? Not like you were flaunting yourself. The idea may have crossed your mind on occasion, despite knowing better though.☺

Much the day was planned to be spent soaking in the rays of the princess' sun. Maybe a nice shower or relaxing bath at night to just ease into a comforting sleep later. The point of the matter was you had very little real plans or anything dire to attend to.☺

A young voice called out as you basked in your chair beneath the sun. Your flicks as you recognize exactly who it belongs to. No pony was as loud as little miss Scootaloo when she was having a ball. You didn't mind it, as fillies were fillies.☺

There was much yelling and shouts from the other side of the fence as you did your best to relax. Small hooves stomped and ran along the grass of her own backyard while she acted out something she may have read or been told. A smile crossed your muzzle while you listened and reminisced about the days you were a colt and went on imaginary adventures.☺

"Py!" shouted the orange pegasus. It sounded closer.☺

You tried not to pry, keeping your eyes closed and laying back as not to come off a little awkward in the moment. There were other thoughts that also lingered in your mind because of the filly. Thoughts a stallion probably shouldn't have yet they never fully left. The ten year old filly did look a bit lithe and almost ideal for what you'd want in a mare.☺

"Py!" came another shout. She couldn't possibly be calling to you. Could she?☺

Before you had a chance to even check quickly, something thumped onto your stomach heavily. You let out a surprised grunt and open your eyes fully to spot a pair of goggles across your lower half. Taking them up carefully, you glance around and over to where you had heard the yells.☺

The purple mane of the filly could be seen hardly able to get above the top of the fence. Her hand grabbed the top as she hopped up, those tiny wings fluttering as she tried to keep herself up just long enough to get a look before dropping again. What was the fuss over?☺

"Sorry! Didn't mean to hit you with them! I was hoping you could help!" Scootaloo called from behind the barrier. "I accidentally kicked my ball too hard and it landed in

your yard. Could you get it for me, please?"

How polite of her to ask nicely. You would have preferred not being slapped with her goggles but you didn't want to come off like a jerk to her. Instead, you smile and nod before giving your own yard a look around. It was obvious to spot, the bright red ball sitting atop the green grass as if on a pedestal.

You shift and move over in your chair before raising a hand in a signal to tell her to hold her horses. Casually, you saunter over to the ball and snatch it up before tossing it between your hands and playfully tossing it over for her. The squeal of delight was hard not to smile at when she saw the orb pass overhead.

The filly ran off to retrieve her lost item as you move closer to the fence and hang the goggles over one of the ends. She could fetch them when she wishes. No need to interrupt her fun.

Watching her run over to the ball had you notice her attire while you stood at the wooden barrier between you both. The shorts hugged to her very young frame in ways many mares might be jealous. The top was a simple tank top and hardly hugged her at all. Upon seeing a near nip-slip, you could assume she had refused to wear a bra of any sort beneath her top.

The thought made your lower half tingle in ways it shouldn't. She was young and highly underage. Though, her body was sleek and appeared so enticing. You only knew her age due to her proclaiming her birthday some odd months back. Idly, you wondered if she had a colt friend or somepony she might be eyeing.

One thing that you did wonder is why you never seemed to hear much of her parents about. She was never told to quiet down almost ever and often would out and about at any given time. Did they just let her run free? Was there some sort of stipulation she had with them? Were they even there much?

The last question made you glance up to the windows of her home. If they perhaps were there you didn't want to come off as some creep spying their daughter. No silhouettes or ponies at the windows. Didn't even appear as if the house had much going on inside anyway. You knew of her aunts but she only visited there a few times a week.

Well, there didn't seem to be much of a reason to worry about things. Thoughts were just that and she wouldn't be interested in an older stallion such as yourself. While the initial realization of reality did seem to bring the mood down, you wouldn't let yourself get upset over it. Besides, coming off as a weird pony to her might scare her off instead of seeing her friendly smile.

You take a deep breath and turn to head back to your chair, willing to continue the day as if nothing had changed nor impure thoughts seeping into your mind. Still, the small peeks of her orange coat beneath the top replayed in your mind over and over. There was a small stir within your pants and you knew all too well just what your body was trying to tell you.

Shaking your head, you trudge onward to the seat you had left moments before and finally plop yourself down with a grunt. Leaning back, you let your gaze roam the clouds and blue sky, curious if the pegasi in the factories were taking a slow day themselves. You didn't seem to notice any giving a lazy fly through the open sky either. Your eyes shift over to the fence.

No pony would see if you just spent some time with the filly. Nothing wrong with simply talking to her and letting her have another friend, right? It just wouldn't look that great if somepony else happened by and got the wrong idea. Maybe just a small chat with her before letting her be would be enough. At least then you could get the notion off your mind and get back to... To what, exactly?

Sighing, you rub your head and sit up before looking at the wooden barrier between the two of you. The sounds of her hooves and the grass being kicked up were still ever present as she ran from one end of her yard to the other. You almost missed the carefree days of being young like her.☹

The goggles seemed to be gone from the post, leaving you to assume she grabbed them after you went to sit back down. That familiar swell in your pants made you reconsider moving for a moment. Even if you were feeling such things, you could just go back inside and work out the stress if needed. It's not like you haven't before.☹

Going against the will to rush inside for a quick tug, you push yourself up and do your best to act casual as you walk up to the fence once again. The sight of the little pegasus rushing around with a stick and her ball made you smile. Instead of just standing there and staring like a creep, you raise your hand up and give a small greeting.☹

"Oh! Hi, mister!" Scootaloo replied and waved her entire arm as if you couldn't see her where she stood.☹

You chuckle and lean forward against the wooden wall, crossing your arms while you try your best to spark some simple talk. Asking her what she was doing and how she was enjoying the day had her quickly answering. There wasn't really a name to her supposed game she was playing but she did like chasing the ball around. You offered to give her an audience as she kicked the ball to and fro.☹

Plenty of times, you found yourself eyeing her shirt and hoping to see just a tiny bit more when she ran. The fabric would billow and flow as if to purposely tease you while she went along with her playing and seemingly enjoying having another pony to talk with. You offered a few praises when you could, usually between staring for long periods and shifting your stance behind the fence.☹

An idea crossed your mind but you hesitated instantly. She wouldn't see anything but your shoulders and up beyond the wall. It would be easy to simply pull yourself out and begin working it right there as she ran around with zero idea what exactly was going on. The thought was incredibly arousing and more than you expected it to be.☹

"Well?" the filly asked, panting and putting a hand on her slender waist. "What do you think?"☹

Watching her flat chest raise with each pant made your eyes almost bore a hole through her. Thankfully, she didn't seem to notice as you forced a blink before looking up to her face. Whatever she was asking about you just gave a nod and smile, telling her she was doing well. A thumbs up was even thrown in to give her more encouragement.☹

"Thanks!" she said, wiping her brow and taking a deep breath as she turned to the side.☹

There it was. Her arm was raised in such a perfect angle with how she was turned that you could see inside her shirt. A soft, orange coat was given plenty of view with the tiniest hint you could make out of dark nipples. Oh, how you loved the view.☹

Your legs shifted a bit more as you pressed them together and bit your bottom lip. It was such an innocent action with no lewd connotations behind it, yet you found yourself loving how erotic it seemed. Perhaps that was part of the enjoyment of it for you. Her slender arm stayed high as she calmed down before finally lowering and obscuring the magical moment but not until you had quite the eyeful to enjoy for later.☹

Instead of letting your actions come off questionable, you perk up and give a lazy gesture to her house. Asking if she had her parents home often gave a surprising answer. They seemed to let her go about freely while constantly out either at work or some other thing. Her aunts made her food she would sometimes bring back so she

didn't overstay her welcome with them though she did love them dearly.␣
No pony at home other than her? Perhaps she should be careful who she tells such things to. You even offer her a word of advice on such things as stranger danger to have her give a strange face in return. Apparently, she felt strong enough that no intruder or otherwise would consider taking advantage of her. You couldn't help but smile at her attitude.␣

"You live all alone?" she asked after a moment. "You live all alone?"␣

The question seemed odd at first but she was a young filly. More than likely she was simply repeating the same question back to help be social. Maybe that's how she thought friends were made? You answer honestly and tell her what you did along with all the fun things you get to do by yourself. Of course, you kept the more naughty aspects away from her ears, at least for now.␣

Minutes seemed to leak into hours though neither of you noticed. The day shined on and the conversation continued as you listened to all her ideas and various attempts at stunts or sports. She obviously didn't mind that you went and pulled your chair a bit closer at some point to better talk with the filly in case you needed to sit.␣

"I also wanted to try and see if I could get my cutie mark by skating really fast but that didn't pan out," Scootaloo mentioned while she idly jogged around and kicked at the ball in her yard.␣

You continued with questions and ideas to help keep her interest as well as merely be a friendly neighbor. Even though the back of your mind kept up the very wrongful thoughts you knew it was fine. It wasn't as if you were going to jump the fence and tackle her. Acting like a freak and no better than an animal would surely be messed up.␣

As the day stretched on and slowly worked into the evening, the two of you talked it all away. You could have sworn there were more hours in the day before. The orange and red hues began filling the sky as you took note and pointed it out to the small pegasus. Her shrugging made you smile. She just didn't seem to care much about what time it was.␣

Instead of lingering on and trying to talk well into the night, you did have other things that needed to be done. The rumbling in your stomach was certainly one to take care of. Even though you were sure to see her the next day, you didn't really feel like saying goodnight. Why didn't you want to just head inside?␣

The confused feeling made you frown but quickly wipe it off your face. There was a brief exchange between the two of you before you let her be. Perhaps you were growing attached in some way. Odd as it may be, you did find her attractive and even entertaining to chat with. Was it so wrong to at least enjoy the fact you might have made a friend?␣

You roll your eyes inwardly and give the filly a polite wave. Her ecstatic arm flailing in return made you chuckle before finally stepping inside. It was getting dark and the house felt a little more alone than usual. Perhaps all the talking made you realize how you craved a bit social interaction.␣

Lighting a lamp and continuing with several candles, you make sure the house is lit just enough to walk through without stubbing a hoof. Your stomach growls at the long wait through the day and you put it off no longer. There was nutrition to gain and your body wasn't going to let a filly distract you anymore for it.␣

The fridge held most of what you needed. Lettuce, tomatoes, some condiments and other assorted goods. You did your best to make a couple hasty sandwiches with extra hay, just because you needed it.␣

Plopping down at the table, alone, you ponder about the day and your own feelings.

Was it actually just a friend you were thinking you made or was it deeper? She probably didn't think anywhere near the same way but you couldn't deny that there was something that kept your mind on her. Age difference or not, she was friendly and seemed to enjoy conversing with you at the very least.Ⓔ

You ate in silent contemplation while staring down at the table. The candles flickered about as they normally did while you slowly exhaled through your nose. A stallion falling for a filly. Was it so hard to believe?Ⓔ

There would be plenty more time to think on it all when you get up the next day. No sense in letting the thoughts hang so heavy. You shook off what you could of the strange feeling before finishing up the rest of your meal. Things would be far more clear after some rest anyway.Ⓔ

Cleaning your plate, you place it in the sink and begin blowing out the candles as you make your way to your room. The lantern you held gave the warm glow of orange on the walls as you slowly headed into the bedroom before closing the door.Ⓔ A small adjustment on the wick and you had barely any light to undress by. As much as you'd love a bath, you craved to lay down far more. A quick wash in the morning would be fine. It wasn't until you were almost bare to the coat that something caught your eye.Ⓔ

Out your window and directly across from you was that young little filly. She was in her own room, conveniently right in your view. Your heart stopped for a moment before you saw she was lost in her own world. The sight of her stretching a bit made your loins give a light stir.Ⓔ

Seconds slipped away as you let the slow cover of moonlight illuminate into her bedroom almost as if Luna herself was wishing you to see what happened next. Your eyes never left the window as you reached over and snuffed the lantern out quietly before watching from the darkness. No sense scaring her if she looked over.Ⓔ

The ten year old pegasus continued her small stretches for a bit longer before your heart nearly caught in your throat. Her hands gripped the bottom of her shirt and tugged it off with ease, showing anypony that looked to her window the soft and smooth flat chest adorning the filly. You could hardly believe what you were seeing but worried if you blinked it might go away.Ⓔ

Scotaloo stood around in her darkened room, topless and cute, as her wings fluttered before she turned away and bent forward. Your hand was already massaging your arousal growing from your lap. Those boxers hardly held it from what you were given to view.Ⓔ

You watched as those little thumbs slipped into the sides of her shorts and pulled them down instantly. Her purple tail blocked your view for only a moment until it swayed aside. Oh, how you were going to mentally picture that view for years. Your hand had a mind of its own as you began undressing the rest of the way and starting giving yourself eager tugs to the nude filly.Ⓔ

Was it luck or just chance? Perhaps both? Whatever the case, you were witnessing a small pony going completely naked before you and showing off as if it were nothing. Of course, she had no idea who she was showing off to or even that she was. You didn't mind though.Ⓔ

Her body straightened up as she stretched from side to side and let her adorable rear stay facing you. So many impure thoughts flooded your mind as you enjoyed the free show. Whether it was lust or you did have feelings for her was something yet to be determined but you knew exactly how your body was reacting to things.Ⓔ

That ten year old backside swayed to and fro as she let herself limber up before turning around and giving the night sky a look. There many things you wanted but

none more than her. You wished to have her not just in a lustful way but to cherish her and protect her. Why though? Why did you feel such a strong desire for your neighbor filly?Đ

Harping on the questions would just impede the fun you were enjoying. Your hand stroked eagerly as you felt the tip of your rod leak. At least you could replay the event in your mind for a while to get off to. Her body, slender all the way, walked back and forth for a moment as you eyed her cute nipples and tiny swell of her mound. Nothing ever looked better.Đ

Sadly, her pacing came to an end as she walked over to her bed out of side and began to climb in. The last you saw was that orange flank perking up as she bent over to slide into the covers. Hardly able to withstand such a show, you give yourself several more encouraging pumps before leaning to the window and emptying that pent up load directly onto the floor.Đ

Panting and smiling, you wait until it eases up before letting out a content sigh and beginning quickly cleaning in the dark. You could get the rest in the morning. An issue did occur when you tried to finally lay down and find that your sheets wants to set up camp. She had quite the effect on you and you were under that filly's spell for sure.Đ

Your smile never left your muzzle while you let the scene run on repeat in your mind as you began to drift off to sleep. If you could only have her. Get closer to her in some way. Maybe just invite her over and see where things go. The idea sounded innocent enough and like a good start. If it seemed to quickly develop for her as well then why hold back?Đ

Luna may have very well been sneaking into your dreams to help place just your needs before you. You hadn't rested so well in ages and it was the most enjoyable dream you could last remember. The next day would certainly be a test of will and curiosity. You couldn't wait.Đ

Chapter 2

Waking up had been easier than usual. You cleaned what was needed and did all other mundane tasks until finally freeing up your time. Maybe it all felt like it was going faster due to thinking of Scootaloo so often. That night imprinted itself so well in your mind that it wasn't going to leave any time soon.☺

You did hear the various shouts from next door as the filly was at it again. Even though she had a few friends to hang out with, there were days at a time you noticed she simply stayed home. Thinking on it, you preferred it that way. Left you with more time to hear and see her while also making the area far less alone and bleak.☺

Finishing up the last of your work, you make a quick lunch upon noticing the sun. Noon came quick. Instead of merely sitting alone inside, you take your meal out back and set up near the fence. Scootaloo must have seen you exit your home from all her jumping as the pegasus quickly ran over to greet you.☺

"What'cha got?!" she asked excitedly, her wings buzzing to try their hardest and keep her afloat looking over the barrier.☺

You tell her the simple thing you made as she eyes it very closely. Had she not eaten all day? What was the filly doing to herself? Slightly worried, you raise a brow to her and ask.☺

"Oh, uh, not exactly. I mean, I was going to," she lied, giving a pained glance to her empty home.☺

Well, there was hardly a reason to let your new friend starve. You make out a portion for her, knowing you can hold off eating the whole meal itself if it meant giving her some then offer it. Those small arms reach out before her wings finally stop and she dips behind the fence instantly.☺

Glancing over, you see her rubbing her head, fingers running in her purple mane while she sits on her flanks and sighs. Slight embarrassment but nothing too hurt. At least you got a closer peek down her shirt at those cute nipples. Your intent staring must have been a tad much as she waved her hand and smiled.☺

"I promise!" she called to you and scrambled up to her hooves.☺

After taking her size of the lunch, the two of you ate and made some more idle talk. She mentioned how she was looking forward to going back to school after the summer break to learn various topics. Everything from figuring out how to calculate a proper ramp incline to learning why her wings still haven't developed well.☺

You never thought much on it but she did struggle on flying more than any other foal her age. Was it her wings or her confidence? Instead of harping on it or possibly making her feel worse about the situation you divert the topic slightly. Perhaps she had a crush on some colt in class and it's also why she wanted to be back in school.☺

There was a cough at your inquiry as she was in the process of eating when she heard you speak. The small thumps of her fist to her flat chest sounded out before she let out a wary laugh.☺

"No! Oh, Celestia, no!" the filly answered before getting silent. "I don't think the colts like me anyway. They don't seem interested in a filly that likes things they do."☺

Oh? The boys preferred more girly fillies? That was news to you. You could almost feel the blush forming over the pegasus' face while she silently ate for a moment.☺

"Wh-" Scootaloo tries speaking with her muzzle full before swallowing. "What about you? Got a marefriend?"☺

If only. You joke and say you wished and so on. There was a pause before you add that most mares don't seem interested in you but you were okay with it.␣

"M5F†Py aren't?" the filly asked softly.␣

You verify and repeat her statement while finishing up your food. It was a little strange to feel so open to her, considering her age, but it was nice. Finally, you could have somepony to talk to about life in general.␣

"Well," Scootaloo said slowly before peering over the fence to meet your eyes. "I like you!"␣

Your heart swelled at the small statement while you took it in and smiled to the precious pony. It wasn't often you heard such a simple thing. Reciprocating the gesture, the filly blushes and breaks eye contact before lowering herself down.␣

Even though you felt elated, the little pegasus probably only meant it more as a friend than too endearing. Still, it didn't take away any of the wonderful feeling you got from it. If only she liked you more than what you thought.␣

Moving to lean over the fence, you grin to the orange pony and reach over. Your hand pats her head as she smiles and lets you ruffle up her mane for a bit. The added tap to her snout made her scrunch before giggling. She was adorable.␣

"Hey, you want to come over, mister?" Scootaloo suddenly asked as her energy bounced into the moment.␣

There was a brief moment of hesitation before you asked if that would be okay. After all, it might look weird just waltzing right onto her property. The invitation did entice you greatly though.␣

"Sure! My parents are out for a while and my aunties won't be by for another few days," she states as if it's perfectly normal to have a stallion over to an unattended filly's home.␣

You agreed as she finished up her offered meal and waited patiently for you. It was hard not to admire her while she waited for you to finish your lunch and idly swayed her body. A small blink out of your fixation had you hurry and clean up the rest of your food. If she was implying to have you over right then and there you didn't want to make her wait long.␣

The swift work you did on cleaning up yourself as well as anything else that required your attention had the orange filly almost hopping in place. She certainly seemed eager to have you over more than you were to be invited. It was hard not smiling around her with that radiance she gave off. Whether it was her charm or just the fact she was so cute you couldn't tell. A combination of both?␣

"You done yet, mister?" Scootaloo called from the fence, looking over the wooden planks with her happy smile briefly appearing here and there at each jump.␣

A small wave to her as you came towards the fence had her wave both her hands in response. She stepped away and glanced up at you while her mouth began running a mile a minute. The filly must have been really happy to have a grown up friend she could talk with and show around. You could even see her purple tail giving a few swishes behind her at she spoke.␣

Without trying to make the wait any longer for either of you, you grabbed onto the fence and stepped back. The pegasus blinked and trotted back farther in her yard as she watched. It wasn't a big barrier as you could freely see over it but a wrong move and you might be hurting for the week.␣

There was a little bit of psyching yourself up but it the quick leap and turn of your body was less effort than you anticipated. The fence was under you and then behind in just a second as you flew into the filly's backyard and landed somewhat gracefully. A small wobble on your balance made you give a reassuring smile when you saw

the worried look in the little pegasus' eyes.Ⓔ

"Whoa~" Scootaloo said in awe, her hands clasped tightly together. "That was awesome!"Ⓔ

You might have felt a bit of a blush coming on but you try your hardest to just play things cool. It wasn't as if she had seen many typical things you do normally so the most mundane might even impress her. Still, it did make you smile and there was no denying it felt rather nice to have her almost fawning at the tiny action.Ⓔ

Your hand lightly pats to her arm as you try to guide her towards her home. There was a small rush running through you just from that but you hid it well. Why she managed to draw such reactions from you was still a bit confusing but you did your best to play it all off. Her coat was softer than you expected.Ⓔ

"Um, it's not all clean right now but I can show you my cool Wonderbolts posters! And, and maybe you could help me with my scooter!" the orange filly said while looking up to you and where she was walking.Ⓔ

Honestly, you did like working with your hands so it sounded more than okay with helping her build or fix her little scooter. For all you knew, it probably needed a screw tightened but it was the idea of being in her home and completely away from any prying eyes that had your heart thumping a bit harder than usual. You just didn't want to scare or scar her for life due to impulse reactions.Ⓔ

The two of you walked up to the back door as she opened it and you let her in first. No telling if it was locked as it wasn't your house so best to let her handle that part at least. Stepping in yourself revealed quite the cozy looking interior.Ⓔ

The house itself was a little more fixed up in areas. The wooden floors seemed polished and the walls painted nicely. Of course, the obvious scuffs and marks on the walls indicated a certain filly was rambunctious inside as well as outside. It wasn't too much different than your own home minus the pictures hanging up or set on various furniture.Ⓔ

A few of the photographs had the filly and her parents posing nicely while others had her and her aunts smiling brightly. It was pretty cute to see her dressed in something more akin to what mares wore in a few pictures. One image caught your attention rather quickly.Ⓔ

The photograph was more stylized than others, most likely due to the professional taking it. It was just Scootaloo though probably five years younger and buck naked on a blanket with fake foliage surrounding her. With such an adorable rear presented as she was on her stomach you smirked and looked it over longer. Possibly a bit too long as the filly herself quickly turns the frame over with a blush burning her cheeks.Ⓔ

"Just some stupid foal photos," she remarked, trying to not let you see past her cool exterior.Ⓔ

You gave an audible acknowledgment before nodding and leaving the overturned picture alone. That adorable flank still didn't compare to last night as you thought over the whole moment again. Biting your lip, you try to push the mental images away as the filly leads you through her empty home.Ⓔ

Both of you round a corner and head into the foyer before she starts climbing the stairway and looking back. It was most likely to make sure you were still following as you did slow a few times to give the area a small once over. Still, looking up and watching her climb in those dolphin shorts rekindled that feeling you tried to suppress.Ⓔ

Every step was as slow as you could make it without being too deliberate with them. Her tail swayed with each move and her young hips gave an alluring motion as well. How was such a ten year old filly capable of stirring stallion's loins?Ⓔ

Once she reached the top, Scootaloo hopped onto the floor and pointed down a hall. Truth be told, the house itself wasn't really that dirty. Just the marks along some walls and a few misplaced dishes but that seemed to be it. It wasn't until you followed her down the hall and to a certain door that you realized what she was referring to moments ago.Ⓓ

Upon opening the door, the room was almost littered with various items. There was space to walk around but not much. You knew she didn't bother with it due to not having friends over often and it being her only safe haven. Instead of making a face or commenting on the situation, you calmly walk over to her bed and take a seat at the edge of it.Ⓓ

"Sorry about the mess," she mentioned while starting to pool things into various piles to leave a little more space. "That one's my favorite!"Ⓓ

You raise a brow and follow her arm to where she points. The hanging poster of the famous Wonderbolts stays up with four tacks in the corners. It seemed like an inspirational poster than advertisement. Did somepony give it to her?Ⓓ

"Hope my room isn't too bad," Scootaloo said softly as her ears wilted. She was trying hard to impress you but knew her room wasn't in the best condition.Ⓓ

You brush it off and bring up other topics for her to focus on quickly. Those precious ears lifted once more as she listened and answered to various things. It was nice being able to have another to chat with. Not having many visitors yourself did leave a hole for socialization. You were thankful the filly was at least happy to indulge in your own ramblings here and there.Ⓓ

As she continued to make more space you offered to help. There wasn't really a whole lot of options of where to put things though you managed. Perhaps only a few minutes worth of cleaning was all it took as the filly soon plopped herself down onto the floor in front of you.Ⓓ

"How do you think?" she asked, rocking back and forth lightly.Ⓓ

You gave another look around her room and smiled. Honestly, if you were a colt again you would probably be a tad envious. Stating so made her giggle as she crossed her legs and pulled over parts of her scooter. It was far more than just a simple screw loose.Ⓓ

"Do you think you can help me with this?" the filly asked while her eyes studied the various parts.Ⓓ

As you looked over the pieces to her scooter, you noticed the filly's shorts riding up on her a bit more than before. It wasn't like the sporty wear needed to be any higher on her but it certainly drew your attention quickly. You barely manage to utter out an answer in time as she mindlessly sifts through the metal parts and lets you have quite the view up the leg of her outerwear.Ⓓ

Not wanting to move too much from your position, you reach down to take some parts and ask about the instructions that were left. Her body shifts as she leans over and grabs a still folded parchment before handing it over. Idly, you brush her little fingers with your own as you take the instructions and open it up.Ⓓ

Glancing over the directions, the whole thing seemed rather straightforward. All you would need was a screwdriver and maybe a wrench to tighten some bolts. Of course, you hoped the set came with such necessities even if they were small to use.Ⓓ

You give a small peek over the edge of the parchment to see what the filly might be doing. Her head stayed lowered while she focused on the mess of her to-be scooter as her legs stretched out on either side of the pile. It was far too good of a view down the leg of her shorts. The white panties adorning her beneath the sportswear looked snug against her body. Oh, how you wanted to stare for far longer but pulled

your gaze back to the sheet in front of you.␣

Asking for the proper parts and pointing helped bring the scooter into shape slowly but surely. Her focus was entirely on making her riding device usable. At least the package of screws and bolts did come with the tools to put them in place.␣

You hardly had given much thought into anything during your time in her room. It all felt comforting and relaxing to just be there and doing something to make the little pegasus happy. She seemed elated that you were able to help her out with her toy. The small claps she gave or seeing her wings flutter in excitement when another part was in place was a reward you enjoyed dearly.␣

Time itself was just a mere thought for you as the two of you worked on making sure the scooter was built properly and in good shape. No sense having anything loose that might hurt the filly. Asking about a helmet or pads to protect herself had Scootaloo nodding and smiling.␣

“Yeah! I got protection for it, mister!” she stated and glanced over to the corner where they lay.␣

Her phrasing was innocent but you couldn’t help but play with the wording in your head. The fact she said it that way made you nearly drop a bolt as your mind raced through various images. One in particular was of the prior night.␣

Taking a deep breath, you calm yourself down enough to keep working on the scooter while the filly helped out and watched with eager eyes. Plenty of work for such a small thing but at least she wouldn’t have to worry about again after you finished putting it together. She seemed happy with the results thus far.␣

A small noise sounded out in the room which made you stop. It was a curious sound that didn’t fit with the usual atmosphere that had been set prior. Looking around, you didn’t notice anything out of place until the pegasus looked away once your eyes made contact.␣

“S-sorry,” Scootaloo said while trying to hide her embarrassment. “I guess I forgot the time. Haven’t had much to eat today.”␣

The sky outside had grown a bit darker. While it hadn’t reach night just yet, there was little left of daylight for the evening. Had you really spent all day in the filly’s room with her? Things moved so quickly you didn’t even notice Celestia had lowered the sun so far. Thinking on the topic of food had your own stomach give its grumble of disapproval for not being fed as well.␣

“You’re hungry too,” the filly teased and reached up to poke at your belly.␣

While it was a small gesture it still made you smile at her touch. You gave a soft laugh and agreed as you looked over the mostly finished scooter sitting by. It wouldn’t take much to finish it completely but the health of the pegasus required more attention. Perhaps you could swing by tomorrow and see if she wanted to have you work on it then as well.␣

The two of you may not have talked too much but the idle chat here and there at least didn’t feel forced. Besides, she seemed rather comfortable around you already. No sense trying to pry words out if there wasn’t a need for them.␣

Patting your legs and wiping your hands on your pants, you let out a sigh and playfully lay back onto her bed. The soft tugging at your pants leg made you smirk while the filly stayed seated on the floor before you. It wasn’t until you felt her tug more that you feigned a snore as loud as you could.␣

“Hey!” Scootaloo called out, patting your knee and standing up. “That’s my bed!” she said while unable to hide her laughter.␣

You closed your eyes and snore again as she shakes your legs more. Opening one eye until she sees it has you close it once more and turn your head to feign sleeping

again. The filly giggles and climbs up next to you on the bed before pressing her little hands onto your stomach and chest before shaking your body more.☺

“46ÖR öâÀ” she urges, smiling wide and constantly giggling.☺

Finally, you open both eyes and reach up to lightly tickle at the filly’s sides. She went into a fit of laughter as she curled up and tried to keep you from getting to her soft spots. It was a lot more fun than you could have imagined it being.☺

Slowly and carefully, you let up and let her catch her breath while sitting up. A small hand gave a light bat at your arm as she tried to calm down and relax.☺

“4!W k,” she teased and smiled.☺

You gave a small shrug, unable to keep your own smile off your muzzle, as she finally managed to ease into her regular breathing pattern. The sky outside had grown even darker along with the room itself. There would barely be anything to see by other than Luna’s moonlight if you stayed there.☺

Reaching over, you take a candle and light it quickly before moving to light a lantern she had set up. It almost appeared romantic with how it all looked. Of course, you didn’t dare try making such a move on a filly. At least, not yet should she ever show such an interest. Then again, would you be able to take such a step?☺

“I should get something to eat before bed,” Scootaloo said, breaking your thoughts and rubbing her stomach. “I bet you want to go home, huh?”☺

Honestly, you didn’t. You wanted to stay with the cute girl but that wouldn’t exactly be the right answer she needed to hear. Instead, you made an excuse of having to be home to do chores despite having none to attend to. Then an idea happened.☺

You stood and gave a stretch out, letting out a yawn as well, before looking to the little pony. Her violet eyes stared up at you, shining in the candlelight as she waited for what you had to say. It was simple, really. An offering of cooking her something before you go.☺

“Oh! Really?!” the small horse asked, clearly loving the idea. “Please? I’d love to see what you can make!”☺

That settled it then. You tilt your head to her door and grab the lantern as the sun finally set completely. Her little hooves clopped along the hardwood floor as she tailed behind you the entire way out of her room and down the stairs. She stayed pretty close the entire way.☺

Upon reaching the kitchen, you light up more of the area and begin getting to work. Her refrigerator held plenty of fresh ingredients but hardly any of them used. The block of ice suspended in the box seemed to be good for the rest of the week as well. It didn’t take long before noticing a nice set of items to make a good meal for the both of you.☺

Heating up the stove top, you took out a pot and began working. The filly’s attention was set on figuring out what you were making as you peeled vegetables and poured in items to a boiling pot. It was cute to see her walking around you constantly in an attempt to figure out what you were doing. Perhaps she was learning it just by watching.☺

Instead of staying silent, you help her understand by pointing what was going on. Telling her different flavors added from different items and how seasoning worked had the pony rubbing her head as she tried keep track of it all. She would get the hang of it with time.☺

Explaining what needed to be added was made into a fun game of her looking through the fridge and holding up something. It actually didn’t take her long to figure out the dish once she guessed several ingredients.☺

“Is it... a vegetable soup? Or stew?” Scootaloo inquired while her ears flicked. Her

hands rubbed together as she leaned up on her hooves to look into the pot.␣
You congratulate her and offer up both hands for a double high-five. The filly jumps and slaps her smaller hands to yours as her wings keep her hovering for a second to make sure she lands the mark. The soup had come along quite nicely as you dropped the last part in.␣

Waiting was the only hard part as the scent of the tasty meal filled the house while your stomach turned and fought in hunger. You could only imagine how hard it must have been for the filly. Hearing her stomach give an audible grumble, you lightly pat her head and rub your fingers through her mane as you assure her that it'll be ready in just a few minutes.␣

As promised, mere minutes later the soup was ready and waiting. It smelled better than most of your cooking as you pulled it off the stove and grabbed some bowls. Scootaloo was had already seated herself at the table while she kicked her legs back and forth in wait.␣

Pouring her dish first had plenty of steam wafting out of the bowl. It wasn't as if she needed to be told but you still warned her how hot it was and it might be best to blow on each spoonful for a bit. After your own bowl was poured, you carefully set aside the pot and tell her how to store it properly to last a while.␣

"Oh, okay!" she answered and nodded before taking her spoon and carefully blowing the hot liquid she scooped up.␣

You did the same as you both ate a hot meal for the night and continued making small talk here and there. She asked where you learned to make such a good soup and you told her it was something you just 'picked up' on how to do. It wasn't like you were bragging but she seemed rather captivated on how you were capable of just doing something like that.␣

Minutes passed as the bowls emptied and stomachs were filled. Probably one of the best meals you had in quite some time and with the best company possible. The filly seemed happy in the same regard as she leaned back once her spoon clattered to the table.␣

"M5F† B pas great," she mumbled out and pat her stomach.␣

You agreed and went to stand. As much as you didn't want to go, you couldn't exactly stay overnight with a filly alone. It wasn't as if you were complete strangers but it wouldn't look good either way should her parents or aunts come by unexpectedly. Sadly, you clean your bowl and set it aside while helping put away the leftovers of the meal into the fridge for her to eat later.␣

Just as you're about to leave and say your goodnight to her, Scootaloo sits up and walks over to you. Assuming she merely wanted to see you left safely and lock the door as any good filly should, you wait until she draws closer before moving to the back door.␣

"M5pait," she calls out, her legs carrying her as fast as they can over to you.␣

Before you can ask what's up, something magical happens. Those small and slender arms slip around your waist as the pegasus clings against your body tightly. Her embrace is more powerful than any you had felt before while she hugs and rests her head against your lower stomach.␣

"M5F† æ² •ou~" she says softly and gives another squeeze with her arms.␣

You smile and tell her she's very welcome as you enjoyed the day plenty. Reaching around, you lean over and hug her back while holding her close. It was a moment you never wanted to stop. There was nothing better than getting such a loving hug from the small pegasus as she stayed against you for several seconds.␣

Slowly, she pulled back and smiled up to you with her tail giving small swishes from

side to side. Those tiny wings fluttered more as she blushed lightly before stepping back a bit more. Perhaps she realized the closeness was possibly a little strange to her. Maybe she hadn't hugged anypony like that outside her family?☺

With a small farewell, you wish her a lovely night and pat her head gently. Her ears flick as you rub them carefully while she coos out before you stop and wave. Both her hands wave back as she gives light jumps and watches you head out into her backyard and through the night.☺

Back over the fence and into your own home, you hardly noticed you were guiding yourself through the dark as your mind kept replaying that hug over and over. She was perfect. Though, there wasn't any easy way to tell her how you felt about her without sounding like some weirdo. At least, it certainly seemed that way.☺

Sighing and accepting the wonderful hug, you head up to your own room and start getting ready to settle in. By the time you've undressed, you notice movement in the house next door. Scootaloo's window stayed illuminated from the candle left in there as the filly promptly stretched her lithe form.☺

You saw no harm in seeing she got to bed safely, right? Her legs tensed up as she arched her back and yawned, clearly ready to pass out before starting to tug at her shirt. That bare stomach was all the more enticing as she disrobed herself nonchalantly before her window.☺

That tiny form was displayed once against though she kept her snug fitting panties on. The flat chest of the filly was shown plenty for you, unbeknownst to her. Scootaloo walked around her room putting away the scooter parts before standing up and placing her hands on her hips.☺

Already growing aroused, you contemplated giving yourself a few strokes before passing out. At least, that was until her head glanced up. Your heart stopped as she looked out her window, tilting her head to the side and looking back down to her almost finished toy. Had she seen you?☺

Looking around the room you saw no clear evidence of possibly being seen. You had stumbled into your room and all through the house without a light source being held. No lantern or candle was lit in the vicinity either. Perhaps it was just a mild glance in contemplation.☺

Your worries were eased soon enough as she rubbed her face and still stood topless in her room. If she had seen you or been worried about such a thing she would have covered her window or herself. Instead, the filly merely sauntered over to her bed and flopped onto it. You let out a sigh of relief and follow her example quickly.☺

The soft bed welcomes you more than you expected it to. After the day had breezed by and you enjoyed such a time with the young pony, you felt at ease. Your heart grew and warmed at the thought of her hug, making you smile as you relaxed in bed and saw the glimmer of light puff out from the neighboring house.☺

Hopefully you could spend more time with her. At least, be close to her in some manner. After all, she still needed her scooter built. With such pleasant thoughts filling your head, you close your eyes and let sleep take hold quickly.

Chapter 3

Waking up felt far better than usual. The sun was cresting the horizon and the birds were chirping happily. Your thoughts about the night prior replayed in your head while you laid in bed for a while longer to simply enjoy the whole moment once again. The only thing that seemed to stir you out of the sheets further were the sounds of a certain filly outside. She seemed to be up bright and early. Judging from the noises, she was most likely doing her usual routine of jogging around the yard while jumping over various objects she had placed herself. You smiled to yourself and slowly pulled your body up from the mattress as you leaned over to glance out the window.

Scotaloo was hopping around in quite the happy mood while she wore a thin tank top and some baggy shorts. Her hooves carried her thin body along the area as she giggled to herself and continued on her merry way. She seemed pretty spry for a ten year old filly. If only you had that much energy right out of bed in the morning every day.

Slowly, you get up and begin your own routine though much more mundane than your neighbor's. Making the bed and taking a shower were the starters that helped you more than running around. Soon after, it was the typical motions of getting dressed and making a breakfast while you add a new moment to your schedule; watching your filly neighbor from the kitchen window.

You couldn't help but grin as she continued going about the yard doing whatever it was fillies do her age. Not a care in the world and she didn't mind one bit. Living in the present and refusing to look far ahead. Oh, the fun it would be to have such a carefree outlook again.

Finishing up your food, you do your best to clean up and tidy the house more. Whether you did it in case of possible guests or it was just habit was long forgotten. It just seemed to be something you could do and why fight keeping yourself busy? The thought of having Scotaloo over did excite you a little but there wasn't really a way to offer such a thing without it looking extremely weird.

An hour or two had passed since your rise in the morning before you finally decided to head out back and soak in the sun. While there was plenty more you could fiddle with inside it just didn't feel like the time for it. Besides, you wanted to be a little closer to the pegasus next door.

Stepping outside and closing your door had those hooves thumping against the ground nearby much more clearly. You smirked and listened a bit more before heading to the chair set outside and making yourself comfy. It was a nice day and wonderful ambient noises of your next door filly to help soothe the mind.

Settling into the chair had your muscles ease as you let the warm rays of Celestia's sun bathe you gently. It felt like the perfect napping atmosphere. The sounds helped keep your ears from perking at every other little noise while the sun left a soft blanket of warmth for you to lay under.

"4ö, Ö—7FW" @ the filly called out from nearby.

Your eyes opened as you blinked several times to focus and look over. The small pegasus was hopping up and down while waving her arm wildly. Giving a small glance up to the sun revealed possibly an hour had passed or so. Must have been perfect napping circumstances.

"Hey," she said, noticing you look to her as her wings did their best to hover her long

enough to watch you. "Did you want to help with my scooter again?"

Rubbing your eyes a bit to better adjust from your nap, you smile and give a friendly wave to the filly. After hearing her question you nod and mention you'll promise to fix the whole thing up for her. That seemed to get through to her instantly.

Scotaloo hollered out and dropped to her hooves with her arms raised high. It was hard not to chuckle at her reactions. She ran along the fence from one end to the other before climbing up it slightly to beckon you over.

"You can come over again!" she called out and nodded.

Giving a shrug, you move to stand before glancing around. The sudden notion she had openly called out for you to come into her home with no other adult pony nearby made you wonder if anypony else had heard. Judging from the quiet nature of the surrounding area, it seemed to thankfully be none. Might have to tell her about saying such things so loudly.

Instead of wasting time thinking more on the subject, you walk over to the wooden wall and bound over it quickly. The filly gave a small clap at the action which made you snicker. She even ran up with her hands out before you ended up giving her a high-five once again. Quite a lot of energy in her.

Quickly, the two of you began to head inside as she started talking about all the stuff she was planning on doing with her new scooter. Ramps and slopes along with races and tricks. You did wonder if she cared if she got hurt but so long as she wore the protective gear she should mostly be okay. It didn't hurt to give her a good warning about those things and to mention to take care of herself at least.

Up the stairs and right back into her room you grew rather fond of the day before, you followed along. Scotaloo hopped over to the mostly finished scooter as you took a seat on her bed once again and looked over the parts then the instructions. Where were you at in this again?

The confused look must have made the filly wary as she slowly peered over at the parchment as well while trying to understand what it all meant. You point and explain small areas then indicate the parts on her to-be scooter in an attempt to help explain it while trying to find the spot you stopped at. She seemed to be understanding a bit of it at least.

Instead of rushing in to try and finish it, you keep looking it over to make sure nothing is wrong so far as well as trying to find a good spot to begin once more. It still needed several things done at the very least but it shouldn't be too hard. Just some elbow grease and time, though the metal contraption was hardly that tough to work with.

Finding a good starting point for yourself, you set the diagram down and begin trying to check out pieces a bit more thoroughly. The filly's eyes changed from your hands to her scooter and, occasionally, up to you. Each time you caught her eye you would give a warm smile and playful wink that made her giggle.

When she would lean back, you could often catch glimpses of her shirt moving from her body just enough to see a little of her chest. It felt like a small gift for helping her out. Talks between you two ranged from day to day doings to how things were at work or school, depending on situations. Eventually, the top of coltfriends came up which you gave playful pokes at and asked her if she had a special somepony in mind.

"What?" asked the filly, surprised at the question and trying hard not to let her embarrassment show. "No! I don't like colts!"

You chuckle and raise a brow as you start tightening parts. Asking if she liked fillies instead had her make a strange face before batting your leg.

“No! Not like that!” she called out and laughed. “I just... I don’t think colts are... cool enough?”

The phrasing was odd but you got the gist of it. She didn’t find the colts attractive nor fun to be around. Well, at least the ones at her school. You joke and apologize for not being as cool for her which she in turn smiles and shakes her head.

“Nah, you’re really cool! Like, way more than any of the colts I know!” she states then nods as if agreeing with herself.

It was nice to get a compliment, despite it being worded so foal-like. You didn’t hear those too often. Her ears flicked as you thanked her and gave her a soft pet on the head. She seemed to like those as she leaned in for it that time.

“What about you? You got a special somepony?” the pegasus asked, leaning in and trying to rile up embarrassment in you for doing the same to her.

Instead, you answer honestly with shake of your head and reply. You hadn’t been with another pony in a while. Possibly why you enjoyed spending time with the orange coated filly so much. Of course, there was definitely another part to that.

“Scootaloo said while lowering her ears some.”

You brush it off and smile. It wasn’t as if she meant any harm in bringing up the question. After all, you were the one to initiate such a conversation. It was fine and she was good company. Telling her that made her perk up more. Mentioning how you figured nopony probably liked being around you much anyway had her sit up quickly.

“You though,” she stated and nodded briskly.

There was a pause between the both of you. Silence filled the room as you slowed your work on the scooter while looking to her. If she meant as a friend then it would make sense. In your heart you wished it to be far more than that. Giving a casual reply seemed to bring the tone of the room back to normal.

“You ever kissed a mare before?” she asked. She was really getting into the subject suddenly.

Answering honestly, you nod and tell her so. There was obviously more you’ve done but perhaps she didn’t need to hear it. Yet. There it was again. That desire to give her far more than just mere answers or looks. You couldn’t though.

“What was it like? Did you like it? Was she pretty?” the filly asked as her wings buzzed behind her in a frantic motion.

Blinking, you try to slow down her questions in your mind to answer accordingly. Brushing her off would be rude anyway. Each reply to her questions had her seem more fascinated by the second. You idly wondered how she was feeling but set aside the more lewd thoughts as best as possible.

“Scootaloo commented while staring up at you. Then silence once again.”

For some reason, the second round of quiet in the air had you a bit antsy. Maybe it was just the fact the subject before had left you hoping or wondering. It didn’t seem to go away the harder you tried focusing on the metal pieces and work on the final parts of the scooter. Then you heard it.

“... show me?” the filly asked and averted her eyes quickly.

Did you hear that right? Your head turned slightly as you tried to run the question in your head and pick out anything else it might have been. Maybe she was referring to the scooter? Instead of internally asking, you inquire her directly.

“Uh, just, you know... A kiss? Never done it before,” she says in mostly a mumble. She was shy asking and rightfully should be at her age but it was so cute.

At first, you wanted to instantly tell her you would. It was like a wish had come true for you. Then, you thought of what might happen should word get out. Biting your lip

in thought you set aside the parts and take a slow breath.␣

Carefully and with a warm smile, you explain to the filly the implications to a certain degree. Should anypony find out you kissed a filly then it might not end well. If she told her friends or anypony else then word could get around and it might not be pretty. You even mention the fact just being in her room alone with her probably wouldn't be a good thing others know of either, even if she trusts you.␣

"Oh..." said the pegasus, a little downtrodden on the news but seeming to understand. "I won't tell."␣

You weren't sure if time itself had stopped or some other phenomena as the result of her statement. The conflicting thoughts and emotions inside only bubbled up more while you sat still and wondered just exactly what to do. There was no guarantee she wouldn't tell other than her word. Of course, a filly's word might not mean much if they're prone to hasty decisions.␣

It felt like several minutes had passed but the reality of the situation was that only a few seconds had elapsed. Without another word, the small pony sat up more and propped herself onto her knees as she scooted forward. There was a pleading look to her eyes and a faint, rosy tint across her muzzle. It was when she leaned in some and smiled nervously that you had your answer.␣

In a gentle motion, you leaned down to meet her half-way and smile to the filly. She didn't seem scared or uncertain, just nervous. If she truly didn't want to then she would pull back. A joke would be a joke and nopony would be ashamed of that, right?␣

Your move forward caused the young pony to slow her own advance before tilting her head up and closing her eyes. Those lips puckered out in a rather exaggerated manner but it was far more cute than anything. Closer, your face drew in near the little pegasus who sat by idly. You could have easily just pull back and state how such an instance wouldn't really be proper. Could have.␣

Her lips soon touched to your own as you pressed your muzzles together. It wasn't anything truly engaging as other mares have done with you but it was possibly the most magical instance. Gently, she kissed back, holding herself there as the two of you committed to the act.␣

While no tongue was involved there was certainly a bit of passion behind it. In fact, you could see the small wings behind her lifting and splaying out during the whole ordeal. It took a bit to not smile so much upon noticing. Her hands clenched into tiny balls of fists at her legs while she sat on her knees and accepted the light affection.␣

It was all over too soon. Scootaloo was the first to pull away though not sharply. Her gentle lean back which broke the kiss conveyed she rather enjoyed the moment. Those violet eyes opened and blinked several times as she looked right at you while processing the new experience for herself. The wait seemed to cause a bit of nervousness in you as she glanced between your eyes and took a slow breath.␣

"M5p-wow," the pegasus said in a breathy tone. "That was... different."␣

You raise a brow and ask how so. If she meant it in a way she didn't enjoy then perhaps she'll just ignore the moment happened and the two of you can move on. No sense making her uncomfortable over it.␣

"It was... uh," Scootaloo tried explaining while her brow furrowed. "I... liked it? I think?"␣

It made sense she might be confused on how to interpret the feelings so you accepted what was given. Reaching out, you pat her head and rustle her mane playfully to help make her feel a little more at ease. The filly giggled and bat at your arm before sitting back onto her flanks and looking at the floor.␣

"M5F† æ² •ou," she mentioned and fumbled with her hands a little.␣

You tell her it's nothing and that you hope she enjoyed it. A quick repeat of mentioning to not tell anyone had her nod while shrugging some. Harping on that might just annoy her so you let it go and smiled.☺

"I promise I won't tell. Um, but could we do that again sometime?" the orange filly asked, finally looking back up to you and wrestling her thumbs together.☺

Instead of seeming a little overeager or just outright refusing, you decide to be a bit more playful over the situation. Maybe it would help her relax. Your hand reaches your muzzle as you tap your chin with a finger. There's a bit of clearly feigned thought going on to drag out your answer while she slaps at your shin before you give horribly acted acceptance for her.☺

"You goof," she teased and smiled. Her hand hit your shin again before she looked over to the scooter. "Will it be done today?"☺

She changed topics rather fast. You nod and mention the little things left to do and that she'll have it ready to go before you leave for the day. Those young wings flutter quickly as she cheers and starts to immediately help in any way she can.☺

The day seemed to roll by faster than usual. Jokes were made, mostly at the expense of yourself but you didn't mind. Perhaps it was the more coltish nature of the filly to show she liked you, much like how colts pick on fillies they like. It was a little flattering when you thought of it that way.☺

Once the riding device was finished, Scootaloo was already on her hooves and grabbing her riding protection. You almost felt like her parent telling her to be careful as she snatched the ride from your hands and thanked you in her hurry to get out of the room.☺

"Patch me!" she shouted as her hooves clamored down the stairs.☺

As if you needed to be told twice. You stood and stretched, letting her expend all the energy she had pent up to rushing outside while you took your time. No sense running out her front door with her.☺

A walk out the back and over the fence before you walked out your own home seemed more natural to any prying eyes. You stretch a bit more and watch as the pegasus bolts out of her house at a speed you didn't think was possible. Her scooter hits the ground and she's instantly kicking to go faster.☺

In all honesty, you were surprised she was capable of moving so quick. While her wings weren't helpful in flight they did seem to be okay in keeping her going on her ride. Quite the little miracle. It was fun to watch her zoom by over and over, even as you got yourself some food at one point. Giving small waves only when she offered was nice as well, usually when she got a snack or took it slow.☺

All in all, the day was once again quite wonderful for you. You had managed to kiss a filly and she liked it. The hug the day before was just as great. Nothing but warm feelings kept flooding you as the hours slipped by and it began getting dark before you knew it.☺

Instead of having to tell her when to head home, Scootaloo seemed to notice it might be time she wind down for the day. The filly hopped off her new toy and quickly carried it inside, possibly to hurry and eat her dinner you had made the night before.☺

Yawning, you rub your neck and head inside as well. Lighting a few candles to guide your way around as you worked on getting ready for bed helped make the tasks easier. It wasn't long until your hooves found their way into your bedroom while you set a candle on the nightstand and smiled at the day's rewards while standing at the window.☺

Giving a stretch, you limber up slightly from the lack of much movement in the day to ready yourself for sleep. The moon was reflecting its light perfectly as you did your

best to make sure you wouldn't have a stiff rest. You didn't quite know why you were staring out the window so openly but deep down there was a reason.␣

It wasn't long until you saw the bedroom door of your neighbor's house open and the orange filly walk in. A mild stir below the belt had your motions slow as you watched. Somehow, she was hypnotic with the way she just carried herself freely. When those hooves of hers stopped, she faced away and did her own stretches in the light of the moon and candle nearby.␣

Everything seemed so perfect for the time. You couldn't help but reach down and give yourself a few gropes to your growing arousal as you watched the filly bend and move. If had been done on purpose you would have believed it. Her perky rear stayed facing you as she moved about with her purple tail swaying this way and that. Nothing really out of the ordinary from a simple glance but you couldn't help but stare. Creepy as it probably came off, it didn't stop you from feeling those familiar wants below.␣

Much of Scootaloo's moving involved her waist, usually bending over or just simply trying to get into a position for another stretch. Your fingers held to your bulge as she practically strutted about and then grabbed the bottom of her shirt. Dragging her top up, the filly slipped the cloth above her chest and completely off before tossing it aside.␣

You wanted to her to turn around but didn't mind the cute back of her. Those small wings gave a light flutter while she rubbed at her coat to smooth out any ruffled parts from the undressing. There was a brief moment of her patting her stomach, possibly satisfied with her quick meal she ate prior, before her body turned and there was a view perfect for you. Those small breasts, so practically flat, nearly stared you down as she hooked her thumbs into the hem of her shorts.␣

Instead of waiting, your own hands went to work on your clothing. Shuffling your boxers free, you took hold of your rod and gave it a few welcome strokes. The pleasure was something a little more. It felt so sensitive since last time. Was it the mood or the circumstances? You didn't know but you hardly bothered trying to figure it out.␣

Pumping slowly, you watch as the filly undresses fully before you. Her small hips and thighs becoming bare causes you to work yourself faster. Every bit you could see seemed to encourage you onward as you masturbated to the filly. Scootaloo's waist turned as she lifted a leg to pluck the panties from her hoof and toss them aside.␣

The form of her body was perfect. Every detail you could make out flowed just right as it seemed to draw your eyes into one particular spot. It wasn't as if you wanted to look away with how eager your strokes were going either.␣

Slightly puffy and barely shown from the candlelight, the young mare's folds were on display for your perverted eyes. Each second was too fast despite it feeling stretched out. Your hand and arm worked overtime as you gazed at the eye candy given to you, knowing it was perverse but drinking it anyway. You could feel yourself throbbing and wanting to release so badly.␣

Scootaloo closed her eyes as she lifted her arms and parted her legs to stretch out more. From side to side, her waist shifted as she did her best to work out her kinks, as did you. The orange coat of her body looked soft and gentle to the touch while she twisted and did her best to tire herself out just a little more before bed. You were getting closer by the moment.␣

Every little bit of her you tried to memorize and store away for later personal use. It wasn't until she had stopped moving entirely that you finally started to realize something was off. While she stood there in the nude, you weren't sure why she had

just stopped moving until your eyes finally let up on their visual roaming of her body. Both of you locked eyes. Her face wasn't one of disgust but confusion and unknowing. You weren't entirely sure if she really saw you until the light flicker of your candle set in the dread. If you quickly blew the light out she might think something was horribly wrong. What if she did already? Your heart hammered your chest from more than the pleasure of feeling yourself up.

It wasn't until you watched her violet eyes gaze down and lock onto your girth that you fully stopped stroking. It was frightening what was happening yet also arousing. You had a filly staring at your tool while she was also entirely undressed. Maybe she had never seen a colt's body before, or just a stallion's. Whatever the case, she seemed glued to watching as you felt that urge rising far faster than usual.

Whether it was a combination of your self-pleasure and her gaze or perhaps just you getting off to her own voyeuristic curiosity, you were too close to the edge to hold back. Instead of fighting it and trying to pinch things closed, you give one stroke down all the way to the base and shudder. Hunching forward, you feel your head flare and the shaft swell before a burst of seed slings forth.

It was probably a good few ropes, one of which nearly slammed into the window itself if you hadn't tucked it down some. Looking up, you saw the filly still watching with interest as you came. It only made you pulse more as you worked out the last bit of your orgasm right in front of her, or at least as close to the possibility with two windows between you both.

Every moment of it was amazing though the mild panic quickly set in as you realized what you had just done and stagger over to blow out the candles nearby. The smell of smoke filled the air to mix with your more musty scent as you stood in the darkness and panted, trying to understand why you didn't just stop and try to play it off. If she got too curious she might ask the wrong pony about what she saw.

Calm down. Just relax. It was in the privacy of your home. Well, as private as it could have been without pulling the curtains. Either way, you hadn't exactly done anything wrong. It wasn't while she was in your room or you in hers. Still, the lingering worry had you regretfully cleaning up quickly.

A glance out the window showed the filly's room dark as well. She must have just put out the lights once the show was over. Did she know what she saw? If she never brought it up then you wouldn't either. A simple accident that neither of you would be inclined to talk about is all.

Instead of thinking more on the issue, you finish up cleaning and make sure she isn't peeking in before wiping yourself down and sighing. Flopping down into your bed, you groan and roll over. Just act normal and as if nothing happened when you see her again. Making the situation way more awkward would just make it all worse. You nod to yourself and take a deep breath and slowly exhale. Just had to relax.

The next day would be new and maybe she'll forget it entirely. You could just not mention it and stay at ease. Another nod and you smile some. It really was stupid to risk jerking off at the window. Without thinking on it any longer, you close your eyes and let sleep wash over you the best it could.

Chapter 4

Waking up, you found yourself a bit groggy for the most part. Somehow you had slept in without meaning to. It was almost habit to listen for the noises of the filly playing next door. Possibly why you hadn't woken up earlier as it was unusually quiet for the middle of the day.☺

Shifting about and tossing the sheets aside, you sit up and hunch over to stare at the floor. Now you remembered. The incident in the night. Your heart made a small drop before you sighed and shook your head. No sense worrying about it and you didn't feel like starting the day stressed. Instead, you kicked your legs over the edge of the bed and planted your hooves firmly on the floor.☺

Trying to not be so obvious, you peek from the side of your window while looking around the small, orange energetic girl. Nothing. A very careful glance into her bedroom window showed the door open and room devoid of any activity. The only sounds you could hear from where you stood were those of the birds chirping and light breeze of the wind. Where had she gone?☺

Instead of hurrying about, you lazily head off to take a shower and refresh yourself. The water was cool while you stood under the streams for a while in contemplation. You were getting a little obsessed. There were so many other things you could and should be doing instead of waiting on your new friend.☺

After the shower, you dry off and slip into some clothes while trying to think of what to eat. Various fruits, vegetables, even oats were available to you. Simple enough, you just make a small bowl of oatmeal and sit alone at the table. Several yawns seem to want to escape as you attempted to eat.☺

The day itself, so far, was rather uneventful. Felt like a bland day that blended into the others a little too well. Nothing quite wrong with it other than feeling that it was a wasted potential of doing better things. Maybe you could just bask in the sun again. That always let you relax better.☺

It didn't take long to finish your meal then clean your dishes. As much as you liked talking to yourself at times you stayed rather silent. Too much quiet. Instead of bothering with any housework, you quickly make your way out back and stand in the warm rays of Celestia's sun.☺

Hearing the birds more clearly seemed to help calm you as the cool wind made you smile. A simple bit of lounging was exactly what you needed. Practically flopping onto the lawn chair, you lean back and close your eyes while stretching out. A day to yourself. A nap, perhaps. That sounded rather lovely, if you did say so yourself.☺

For what felt like only minutes to pass, hours has managed to sneak by as you sat nearly motionless in your spot. Your backyard refrained from bothering you as well as anything else. No knocks at your door, no birds cawing too loudly. Everything was oddly peaceful.☺

Then you heard something familiar. A small voice joined by two others. One was a little squeaky while the other had a rather thick accent to it. One of your eyes finally opened as you glanced around but found nothing out of the ordinary. The voices were farther than the next yard. Perhaps the front of your dear neighbor's house?☺

You stay in your seat as you strain your ears to try and pick up what might be said though the distance and muffled tones had you left with nothing other than a giggle or two. Though, you did recognize one of those voices as your little neighbor friend

either way. Instead of hopping up and greeting her like some crazed horse, you settle in and just nod to yourself.☺

She had been out with her friends. Of course. What did you think happened to her? Your eyes roll behind the closed lids at your own incompetence over such a thing. The sounds stay at the front of the house before they seem to grow more quiet. Your ears flick at the oddness until you hear them again, closer but much more muffled than before. Guessing they have gone inside, you settle in and smile.☺

The sun had managed to dip from its high point in the sky from when you first sat down. Perhaps a couple of hours had passed. Listening to whatever you could, you let your body do its thing as you feel yourself begin to nod off once more.☺

It was odd to just nap most of the day away but you had slept in as it was. Not as though any tasks you needed to do were demanding of your attention right away. Your mind dips repeatedly from the sleeping world to the waking as you try to keep from outright heavy sleep.☺

It wasn't until hours later that you heard the voices again in more clarity. The noises stirred you awake as you grunted and rubbed your snout and eyes, trying to shake the weariness off while looking to the sky. There was little time left in the day. You really did sleep it away and still felt like you could go an extra several hours.☺

Once you heard a door close, you sat up and looked around. It wasn't yours so you relaxed a bit and shrugged. Then you remembered Scootaloo and her friends. A sly stretch and look around showed nothing but you heard two voices talking among themselves and moving away slowly. Must be getting late for them and they didn't want their sisters worrying about them staying out.☺

You nod to yourself and stand while turning to make your way back inside. A small bit to eat and maybe hit the hay would have the day come to an end faster than usual. Wondering what the giggling earlier was about, you assume it was just filly talk. Perhaps boring stuff to you but they found funny or fascinating.☺

While moving indoors, you did spot a bit of movement by one of the windows in the adjacent house. Instead of stopping, you just continue on and make yourself a late lunch and early dinner combo to fill yourself up properly. Nothing like feasting after a day of being lazy. The idea made you smirk.☺

It wasn't anything lavish though you did enjoy it. Prepping took no time and it was eaten in less than that. Still, there was something else inside that felt a tad empty. Attention? Affection? Something, that was for sure.☺

Rather than harp on it, you slowly dragged your hooves around the house to take care of at least a few things before the sun set completely. It wasn't as if you really felt up for it but more that you wanted to distract yourself from other things. Soon enough, dusk had come and there was nothing more to do than either work by moonlight and candle or get ready for bed. That was hardly a fair fight.☺

You stood and let out a yawn before scratching yourself and heading up to your bedroom. Stopping at your door, you recall the night before and think. There was a light throb below your wait but you decided to ignore it. Blowing out the candle, you stumble into your room through the dark and thank Luna for having the kindness of not letting the moonlight seep into the area.☺

Once you reach your bed, you give a small look out the window as if to confirm the filly was truly back home. What surprised you was seeing her pressed to the glass with her hands around her eyes. Was she trying to look in on you this time? Was there something she was expecting or wanting to see? The idea made you raise a brow and smile.☺

Even though she couldn't see you, you did get the urge to tease but it wouldn't really

accomplish anything. Still, you undo your pants and stand there with your firming erection facing the filly. She couldn't see a thing judging by how her violet eyes squinted and the way she tried finding better angles to look in. She must not realize how much she was showing with the moon and her own candle lighting her up like a Hearth's Warming tree.☪

Instead of toying with your risk further, you laugh to yourself and give your member a few idle strokes before crawling into bed. The feeling of the cool sheets was great in the buff. Even so, you did want to work out some growing needs but refused. You could control yourself and there wasn't a reason to keep doing so.☪

Letting Scootaloo continue peeking in until she grew tired or noticed her own obvious spying, you close your eyes and let rest take you into a much more comfy sleep than in the chair outside. Perhaps the filly will be there tomorrow and chat you up. Maybe she'll just want to have fun doing her usual running around. Whatever the case, you welcomed the comfort of Luna's embrace while passing out almost instantly.

Chapter 5

As the waking world seemed to beckon you forth from your comfortable rest, you let out a light groan as your eyes finally decided to open. The sunlight creeping into the room was gentle and calm as you took your sweet time to get up and rub out the rest of your sleepiness from your eyes. Groggy or not, you had to get up and finish a few chores you left undone the day before.☺

The mattress let out its relieved squeaks as you moved and stood up while stretching to work out the tired muscles. Oddly enough, you felt well rested and as though you could take the entire day on. Nothing really seemed too pertinent for the moment other than getting ready. Was it just that good of a sleep?☺

Taking a few strides over to your dresser and trying not to stumble, you begin looking for some clothes to dress yourself. You'll take a shower before bed, so why not just hop to getting the day started? About half-way through getting dressed there was something caught your eye out the window.☺

It seemed the young pegasus was awake as well though hardly that tired from the way she jumped when you noticed her. Your brow lifted as she turned away and feigned a quick action of something to try and play as though she were busy. Had she been trying to watch you get dressed? The thought made you smirk as you slipped a shirt on.☺

Scratching your head through your mane, you chuckle to yourself and begin to head out of your room and towards the kitchen. If the filly had been up all night waiting for a chance to see then she would look worse for wear. She seemed pretty spry for how she reacted. There was also the fact you did take note she wasn't naked, so perhaps she awoke early and waited for a short period.☺

You honestly weren't sure what the entire deal was but brush it off as you start making a simple breakfast. It felt like the day itself would be calm which put you in a good mood. Not often you could enjoy the slightly cloudy sky and gentle sun teasing between them.☺

It was a good half-hour later when you finished your meal and set aside the dishes before thinking of what task to tackle first. There didn't seem to be any big projects that needed attention though the number of smaller tasks did seem to add up. Your eyes surveyed the kitchen and the living room while you stood still until deciding on whatever was closest then work from there.☺

The various chores were quick but would take time overall. Laundry, dishes, other such routine things were on the list of what you needed to finish as well. Lucky for you, the day was young and you were prepared to finish it all by noon.☺

Each time you completed a few things you found yourself check for the time by glancing outside. Whether it was because you wanted to hit the mark of finishing by the afternoon or something more you didn't seem to focus on. At least, you tried not to.☺

Despite not wanting to create such a distraction on your work, the thoughts of the orange filly next door had you biting your bottom lip and slowing progress on the chores. Daydreaming wasn't harmful but it did make progression far more sluggish than usual. Still, you couldn't help but wonder why she was peering into your home so eagerly. The thought of her wanting to see a certain part of you did start flowing the blood to your loins.☺

Shaking your head, you work to move through the thoughts and teases your mind plays as each task is done before moving to the next. It was rough having so much time to think since the only thing you wanted to have on your mind seemed to be the filly herself. So, you liked her. Was that so wrong? She was cute and seemed genuinely interested in things you had to say.☺

The thought lingered a bit more as you stopped your work. When was the last time a mare had shown nearly that much interest in you at all? Sure, one night stands had been a thing but it wasn't like they truly cared about anything you had to say, much less what you did. Was it loneliness?☺

A small twinge of pain tickled your heart before leaving. Maybe you were just desperate for some affection yourself. True affection. Just the bland single nights wouldn't really cover the yearning needs you had. You weren't even picky. Any mare could fill the role of just being into you. So, why did it feel the filly was the only one?☺

Sighing, you sit back and rub your snout. The last of the chores could wait. You needed to let the heavy thoughts just air out. It just felt like letting the thoughts sit wasn't going to make for a very productive day.☺

Walking towards the back door, you nudge it open and take a deep breath of the fresh air. It felt invigorating having the clean air wash over you. Honestly, it was like it was cleansing your mind the more you walked. Maybe taking up a small hobby of walking around the block would keep things in check as well. You made a mental note as you headed to your familiar lawn chair.☺

You hardly even had time to sit down when you heard the sounds of smaller hooves in yard next door. Whether she was waiting for you to come out or it was just coincidence you weren't sure. Hearing her excited gallop around the yard had you smile while sitting back and placing your hands behind your head. Even if not directly, the company was more than welcome to drown out your thoughts.☺

The light noises made from your supposed friend seemed calming. Her energy doing whatever it was seemed to help balance out your mind while you sat still and just relaxed. It didn't take long to hear something more though.☺

"Hey," the orange filly called from the fence line. Her little hops made her look like a prairie dog in her attempts to see over the barrier.☺

You gave a small wave and a smile, doing your best not to leap to your hooves and greet her. As much as you did want to rush over it would probably appear very awkward and questionable at best.☺

"What are you doing, mister?" Scootaloo asked, grunting with another hop and hovering for a moment with her wings.☺

There wasn't really anything to say that would be beneficial to her question so you just state the obvious. It wasn't like you were being rude but your own worried thoughts were just that, your own. No need to make her worry over things.☺

"Oh. Is it fun sitting there?" she asked, clearly trying to spark conversation but not having much to keep it going. It seemed as if she had something specific on her mind.☺

You played around, acting as if you were thinking hard on the question before shrugging. Had to make it fun for her so she didn't feel awkward for just being friendly.☺

The giggle she gave had you smile as she waved an arm above the fence. "Come here!"☺

Raising a brow and glancing around, you sit up and make sure nopony else is around before walking over slowly. If it was some trick she was playing with you then you wanted to at least see it coming.☺

"I wanted to ask you something," she says though her voice is far more quiet than usual. There really was something more on her mind.␣

As you reach the wooden wall, you lean on it and peer over at her to keep her from jumping around so much. It was nice to just see her closer.␣

"What's it like having a special somepony?" Scootaloo inquired and looked away. The faint blush forming over her muzzle made you chuckle as you stop and think about the question.␣

That was a tough one to answer. Love in general was a hard thing to really pin down exactly. You tell her such and continue on with how you generally just feel better with that pony around. Specifically, when they're closer to you. There are other things you mention as well such as how you only think about them most of the time or how you only kiss them. The more explicit statements were omitted for her innocent ears.␣

"Oh," she says softly and glances up with her eyes. Those violet irises shine as they dart between both of your own and lower back to the grass. "How do you know if they're your special somepony?"␣

Filly was asking the hard hitting questions. You scratch your head and think for a moment on it. How exactly would you know without having both parties confess their love? Was there a way? You try giving a fair explanation of how chemistry works between ponies and things just 'click' for each other.␣

The fact she scrunched her nose at the word 'chemistry' had you stifle a laugh. She must not do so well in her science classes. She asked what a clicking was and even how you would possibly know. It seemed that she thought you had all the answers for her despite not really able to grasp the whole idea yourself.␣

You try explaining it a bit more in hopes she can get a little comprehension out of it. Naming off that colts can like other colts or fillies liking fillies was also a thing, she seemed to just nod. At least there was nothing there that needed to be filled in.␣

Things went back to general relationships in your attempt at getting her to understand. In fact, it might just be the only thing that could have her at least figure things out. Mentioning how relationships worked with ponies liking each other enough to date had her give a small nod.␣

"Okay. So, a special somepony would be one you date?" the filly asked and twisted her hoof into the ground, mashing at the grass some idly.␣

You agree and give a light sigh. That would be fine enough. Giving the last bit of examples to her such as marrying that pony you date and later having a foal together would obviously mean they were special someponies with each other.␣

"A foal..." Scootaloo mumbled and looked up. She was very ready to ask and you weren't sure you wanted to answer that one.␣

Instead, you bring up a hand and point to her lightly with a raised brow. Why did she want to know so much about relationships and all? You ask her directly though keeping your tone light to not jab harshly at her curiosity.␣

"Well, no reason," she lied and moved her hands behind her back as she wiggled in place.␣

Oh, that was hardly an answer after she kept asking you things that were harder to come up with. Asking if she had a colt friend had her shake her head and smile though her eyes averted your gaze the entire time. Was she in love with one of her friends?␣

"Wha? Sweetie and Bloom?" Scootaloo asked bluntly with an almost flustered expression. "No way! They're my friends but I don't... you know, like them like them. Like that."␣

Ah, so she did have a crush it sounded. Maybe not one she's voiced or made too

apparent but it sounded as if there might be more to her words. Deep down, you had a wish that you weren't sure if you wanted to come true or not.␣

"It's nothing. Just... I was with my friends yesterday and I... uh, we managed to talk about colts," the orange filly said while looking up to you then away. "It was dumb."␣

"They kept saying things I didn't really understand," the pegasus mentioned while lowering her ears.␣

Were her friends far more promiscuous than the adventurous filly? If your mind was heading down the way of lewd thoughts you could at least try and comfort the poor filly before you. You gently reached over and lightly pat the purple mane atop the ten year old pony's head.␣

Her eyes close as she scrunches her nose and smiles before those wings give a soft flutter behind her. A few words to her telling her that she would probably understand things as time went on had her nod some. With a light ruffle to her mane, you withdrew your arm and smiled.␣

"They asked if I had ever kissed a colt before," she said and her eyes locked onto yours instantly.␣

Your heart felt like it stopped as you did your best to hide your nervousness. It must have been a poor attempt because Scootaloo tilted her head lightly in a curious way.␣

"I promised I wouldn't."␣

You do your best to let out a slow breath without it being a heavy sigh of relief. The fact she kept true to her promise was something that meant more than most mares were willing to give. She was honestly a sweet pony and one that really didn't want to betray trust. You tell her such and her eyes light up before she smiles.␣

"Thank you," she tells you and inches closer to the fence. "I, uh, I had other stuff I wanted to ask too..."␣

Her trailing off with her sentence had you leaning in some with an ear cocked in her direction. What more was she wanting to know? Surely, it wasn't anything too bad. Her reaction was just that of a foal asking something on a subject they didn't understand, right?␣

"N-not here," she says and looks around. Both of you were still all alone in the privacy of your yards though you knew of the wariness that could come over a pony.␣

While you could offer to have her come to your home, it would be more than strange for anypony out to see her walk in through your front door. She also would have to scramble over the fence and might draw out a bit of attention doing so. Maybe just whispering it to you would work.␣

"Um, can you come over? Just for a bit?" she asks and looks out towards her home then along the fence.␣

Trying to bring up whispering would be fine she just shook her head and blushed much brighter than usual. There wouldn't be an easy way around it. Instead of making her feel uncomfortable, you agree and hop the fence once she steps back.␣

Her eyes study you quickly once you land before she turns around and practically runs into the house. What was going on with her? Obviously not wanting to seem like a crazy stallion, you walk slowly after her and making sure none other saw you leap into her yard. Her hooves were fast at getting inside and running through the

house. Whatever it was she wanted to ask, it must have been on her mind a good deal.☺

You move through the back door and shut it gently, unsure if to lock it and just leaving it be. As you walk through the house, you spot the same objects and pictures you had the first time there. Not much had really changed that you noticed. It was a little strange to be walking alone through her own home as you heard her hooves clop along the wooden floorboards upstairs to her room.☺

Each step up the stairway had you unsure if you should even be there. What was wrong with just whispering her question? Various things ran through your mind as you ascended the wooden boards to reach the second floor. When you saw the door to her room still opened, you took a deep breath and walked over then headed in.☺

Scotaloo was practically pacing in circles when you leaned in to see if she was there. Upon noticing you, the filly stopped and gave an awkward smile before looking around and sitting on the edge of her bed. It was when she reached over to pat the spot next to her that you felt your heart beat a little faster.☺

Was she wanting another kiss? If that's all it was then she sure was making a big deal over it. Then again, the fact you had kissed this filly once before blew your own mind as well. It was tender and sweet and everything you really could have asked for.☺

Taking a moment, you hesitate before carefully moving over and settling down next to the small pegasus. As strange as it was, you did your best to not making that the focus. Reaching up and back, you give her a friendly pat between her wings as you tell her whatever it is, she can say it without worry to you. Being approachable probably sounded best.☺

"Spell," she said softly and drew her knees together. "I've, uh..."☺

It was getting a little strange having her feel so wary of saying what was on her mind but you did your best to refrain from badgering her over it. The last thing you needed was her thinking whatever it was that seemed to be bothering her was something she should keep to herself. Sometimes just getting something off your chest helped immensely.☺

"I've been thinking..." she continued and looked up to you. "A-about our kiss."☺

Oh, so it was about that. Your own internal worries eased slightly as you smiled and gave a friendly laugh. Was that all? You asked her if it was something in particular or just the fact she wanted to talk about it.☺

"I mean, it's not that I didn't like it but I keep thinking about it," the filly mentions and starts fidgeting with her fingers. "I also kind of got to thinking about things when I was with my friends."☺

What kind of things would a ten year old pegasus be needing to think about to cause her so much worry? Was it even worry? You were starting to have doubts as to what was truly going on though you stayed silent to let her continue.☺

"We talked about colts and all. And stuff," she mumbled though there was clearly more to it than 'stuff' as she let on. "I was... This is weird..."☺

Indeed, it was very weird but you did your best to not make her feel strange for just having thoughts. What was this other stuff she talked about though? Was it simply mare talk and you're the only one she feels comfortable asking some things about? Whatever the case, you do your best to encourage her on and explain you won't laugh or anything.☺

"Um, well, the other night," she starts and your heart nearly seizes in your chest. "I saw your... thingy."☺

That was putting it lightly. You had hoped she might forget or possibly just not mention it. Instead, she wanted to bring it up in private. Sadly, you couldn't control

the fact your body was having a slight reaction to mentioning it at all as you placed your hands across your lap to try and conceal any unforgiving reactions.Đ

"I didn't know what it was. I mean, not right away. Never saw one before other than the books Ms. Cheerilee gives us for class," Scootaloo told you. Her face was almost burning bright from her embarrassment of telling you such things.Đ

You take a slow breath to calm yourself and nod. If all she wanted was to talk about the difference of colts and fillies, then maybe she can move on. Deep down, you weren't entirely sure what you wanted her to say. While your body was reacting one way your mind was trying to pull in the other direction.Đ

"Sorry if this is stupid," she berates herself before adding, "I just was... wanting to... know?"Đ

Know? Know what? You stare at her for a second as she looks to the floor and kicks her legs from where she sat. Her fingers fumbled about as the filly grumbled to herself.Đ

"H-how are colts and fillies different? You know... down... there...," the pegasus mumbles and lightly points down.Đ

She was too precious when she was embarrassed about something. It was also very clear that she was extremely curious. While you could tell her it was something she would learn more about in school, you figured that maybe it wouldn't hurt to at least explain some on the situation. Something to ease her mind. Cheerilee could fill in the rest with all the talk about reproduction and so on.Đ

Slowly and carefully, you try to begin your very broad explanation. Too many details might be questionable so you left as much out as you could. Being too explicit might be a bit much for her as well. About half-way into the talk, Scootaloo shook her head quickly.Đ

"No, no. I mean, not how Cheerilee would tell me," she says and bites her lip before her eyes dart over you and back. "S-show me? Please?"Đ

You had to cough at the sudden mention from how surprised you were. Maybe you heard it wrong. After all, she was mumbling a bit. You ask her what she said and do your best to keep your expression normal.Đ

"Can I see it? Y-your... you know, your thing?" Scootaloo asked, looking to your lap then up to you.Đ

Instead of just whipping it out right then and there, you smile and lightly pat her shoulder. You tell her how just showing something like that isn't really proper. In fact, she probably shouldn't even be asking such a thing. Then she frowns.Đ

"Why not? I've seen before. Kind of," she retorts and stares up at you. She was adamant.Đ

While it was true, you hoped she didn't really see you at the window that night. At least, not the part of you that you had out. It wasn't really something you just do for fillies by showing yourself off next to them.Đ

Swallowing in a nervous mess, you give her another pat and think of how to break it to her that you just simply can't do that. Other than saying how you both might get into trouble, there wasn't much else she might understand. You did try your best though.Đ

"I don't care," the pegasus snaps and pouts. "I can be grown up too! I just want to look at it. I won't tell anypony. I promise! I just want to see how it's different."Đ

Why did she have to look at way and insist so much? You could feel your desires rising even though your brain was trying its best to opt out of the situation. There was no guarantee she might not tell, though she hadn't even told about the kiss to her closest friends. That was something.Đ

"Please? I swear I won't tell anypony," she pleads and tugs at your arm lightly. "I mean it! Just a peek?"

She was really wanting to see it. More than you thought capable of a filly her age. The thoughts and more were too much for your mind. The small bend of its will was all it took. Maybe just a peek.

"@ she exclaimed and those eyes almost sparkled with her enthusiasm.

Of course, you weren't going to just show without a proper warning. It seemed redundant after she had already promised not tell but you stress it much more. She seemed to understand quickly, nodding and agreeing as she scooted away to give you room and wait.

It was impossible not to be getting aroused then. Everything was acting as a fuel for your fire as you took a deep breath and leaned back some. The second your fingers went to your pants, you saw her eyes stare intently on the area. Why did such a focus turn you on so much?

Bit by bit, you unfastened your pants and worked them open just enough to let your boxers tent up past and show off. You were really going to expose yourself to the pegasus. The thought made your length give a visible pulse as it lift the fabric more.

A small giggle from the reaction had you smile before you decided it was now or never. It was almost like pulling off a band-aid. Just best to do it and get it over with. She might stop asking at least. Your thumbs slipped into the hem of the underwear before you took one last look to the filly and her eager expression.

As you tugged the boxers down, that thick and rigid member sprang free as if you were holding it hostage. The swift flow of blood down to your loins quickly began stirring it more to life as you began getting more erect right in front of her.

"Oh~" she gasped, looking at your member from flat head to the sheath it came from. "How does it... fit in there?"

You weren't exactly sure yourself at times but tried telling her to the best of your abilities. The whole moment with your length fully in front of the filly was as distracting for you as it was her. Every heartbeat made it give light throbs while you tried telling her how erections worked and all.

"So, it gets hard when you like something?" Scootaloo asked and leaned in some. She was barely a couple feet away and it only made you want her closer.

Trying to explain it better, you detail what being aroused is and how ponies have various things that turn them on. Things that excite them or want to make them feel good. The whole moment of you in her room with your dick out was a bit much for yourself it seemed. It became harder and harder to truly focus.

"Feel good how?" the filly questioned and moved a hair closer. You really shouldn't.

Stammering, you tell her that self-pleasure is a thing many ponies did to help themselves feel better. Whether it was something to do after seeing or thinking of things they liked a lot or just to relieve some stress, almost everypony did it. That didn't seem so tough to explain at least.

"How though? What do you do with it?" the little pony asked, drawing her legs onto the bed to fully face your lap.

The lesson was quickly turning into just a masturbation session with an audience. You could stop right then and there. It could be the end of the lesson and to tell her she'll learn later. Things had already gone a bit too far. It was just that your hormones were going crazy with the given circumstances and the idea of pleasuring yourself only made you want to more.

There was a long pause as you let her look over every detail she could of your member. The veins along it, pumping with every beat of your heart, that medial ring

down the shaft, the head that wanted to flare so badly. She was practically hypnotized by it. Maybe just a tiny demonstration wouldn't hurt.ð

Slowly, your hand crept up to your length and wrapped around the warm shaft. You knew better but the moment was getting a bit too arousing for your own good. When you tell her that this was how you did it, your hand had a mind of its own as it slid down to the medial ring and back up, tugging the flesh softly to just beneath the glans. It felt so good.ð

"What's making it like that?" she asks suddenly and looks to you. "What, uh... turned you on...?"ð

Her question was asked in a way that had her unsure if she was using the terminology correctly. You nod and smile then realize exactly what you would have to say to answer it. It can't simply be nothing since you told her it was stuff a colt liked that made them hard. There didn't seem to be a way around it so you put it simply. Her.ð

"What? How?" the filly asked, her face beet red and unsure how to react.ð There wasn't much you could tell her that would sound good to any pony listening. You just mention how cute she is and that she looks more than nice overall. Using a term such as sexy might go over her head some.ð

"What about me? Is it... something specific?" she prods, wanting to know more that has you interested in her in ways colts like things privately.ð

Looking over her outfit, you stroke slowly up and down along your length as you tell her. Her slightly loose shirt kept giving hints of her chest through the neck of it though not much. The shorts she wore rode up on her to give plenty of leg as well. It was actually enough to give the faintest hint of her white panties you could barely see the edge of.ð

You tell her it's her way she acts and how she looks overall. Even though you feel you shouldn't, you even mention how her body attracts you in ways. That one made her glance down at herself and sit up some. Perhaps it made her feel better about herself?ð

"Really? I look nice to you?" she asks and glances between your thick length and your eyes.ð

That was easy to answer. Of course she looked nice to you. You reiterate and say she looked lovely. You were starting to slip into other phrasing and it wasn't going to help. Before you knew it, the word left your lips as you looked along her once more.ð

"Sexy?" Scootaloo repeated and blinked. It wasn't something she fully recognized but it looked to be trying to connect dots in her head.ð

She knew of sex though not the details. Just that it made foals. Cheerilee hadn't gone into the whole talk much so it was mostly just a stallion and mare who like each other very much and a thing called sex happens. Even though it was a confusing word, the filly did make some connections with it.ð

"You like me that much?" she almost whispered, letting you masturbate and inching to barely a foot away from your lap.ð

Nodding quickly, you agree and smile to her. Well, at least there was that. It did feel a bit better to get it off your chest at least. Her eyes followed your hand more for a bit in silence. Perhaps she was thinking on the subject longer. Possibly for the best as you didn't want to give her too much to overload her mind on.ð

"What?" the pegasus asked out of nowhere.ð

Your hand stopped as you heard her request and tried to process it several times over. Had you heard her wrong? Asking back, you barely manage to make your question sound proper.ð

“You said it helps feel good when you touch it. Does it help if other ponies do?” Scootaloo tried asking again and squirmed a bit. “Is it okay if I do?”

There were way too many instances going on to have you clearly think. Instead, you just nod and slide your hand back down to the base, massaging along the sheath and pole lightly. Did it even have to be stated again?

“‘Oh’ pon’t tell,” the filly says quietly almost as if reading your mind.

Her much smaller hand raised as she got closer to the throbbing tool before her. It was so hard to believe what was going on. You could have sworn you were in a lucid dream and just about to wake up. The good dreams always seemed to stop before the best part anyway. Then you felt it.

The soft press of her palm to your rigid length had you almost shudder out a breath as you leaned back more on her bed. Angling that large rod up, the pegasus seem infatuated with it as she wrapped her small fingers around as much of it as she could. It was insane how much just that little contact did to you.

“Whoa~” was the only thing the young pony had to say as her hand held your girth gently.

Instead of leaving it at just that, you tell her that the stroking is what really helps it. With that, her arm moved and forced her hand to tug lightly up and down the side of your shaft. It was clearly inexperience with her doing such a thing but that somehow got you going more.

Each stroke made you pulse a bit before her other hand joined in. She wanted to try her best at making you feel good apparently. Her body shifted as she managed to close her hands over the top and the belly of your perverted length before she started pumping carefully. It was an obvious sign of not wanting to hurt you but it still felt great.

Your hand snaked its way up and gently rubbed her lower back as you let her stroke away. It was beyond what you could have imagined as you felt the tugs along your cock pulling the flesh in just the right ways. The pleasure was apparently so much that you could already feel the silky and clear pre-cum beginning to bead at the head. The moment it dribbled down the shaft and onto her hands, she stopped and pulled away.

“Wp, what’s that?” she asked, making a face and touching it between her fingertips.

It was hard not to laugh a little as you explain the issuance to her. Just a simple thing that colts down when it gets to feeling really good down there. Helps with the stroking a lot and means that the big finish isn’t far behind. She was learning way more than she had any right to.

“A big finish?” the orange pony asked as she looked between the clear substance on her fingers and your leaking shaft. “Can you show me? What happens?”

There wasn’t much else to say. Though, you did have a thought. As you sat back up and started to stroke, you smiled to her and mentioned she could help without touching it if she wanted. Those cute ears perked up as she heard your words and looked around.

“How do I do it?” she inquired while sitting up and wiping her hand on her shirt.

It wasn’t much but you could start small and see how far she was eager to help. A simple request. All she had to do was take her shirt off.

“That’s easy!” she states, almost as if she had a game won or expected it to be challenging.

With that, her hands took the bottom of her shirt and hoisted it up. It was quick but so welcome at seeing her lithe form become naked from the waist up. Her flat chest was even cuter close up and not through some windows. The two nipples that dotted

her chest barely stood out but you admired that.ð

Your hand went to work quickly as you smeared the pre along your shaft and worked it around to really get going. It was hard not to pant as you stared at her underdeveloped chest while she stared at your throbbing member. Every second was a crazy fever dream you were sure was about to end but it only had you working harder for the finish.ð

“Do you like my chest?” she asked, sounding a little insecure with herself. “Other fillies have bigger ones, I’ve noticed.”ð

The mood kept shifting one way then other with her questions. You tell her her chest is perfect because it was hers and hers alone. It wasn’t much but she did smile at your praise. It was the truth too. You admired her for who she was, not a pony she could become. No sense in changing herself if she liked who she was.ð

It was when she moved closer and purposely tried to press her non-existent bust out that you couldn’t really hold back. Your legs tensed up as you leaned forward some and felt the deep stirring in your loins from all the attention in the afternoon build up to that release. It was time.ð

You did your best to warn her, even tried to look for something to use as a rag so you wouldn’t make the dear filly’s room a mess but it all came too fast. The mumbling of your statement had her so confused that the sudden instance of the matter shocked her, though she did seem to enjoy the show.ð

“Coming? What do you mean? You’re he-” she tried deciphering before her eyes widened.ð

The thick head flared as you massaged beneath the glans and moaned out. A bit uncontrollable but what did that matter? That meaty length pulsed and throbbed as your heavy orbs hugged to you in an attempt to send out that breeding matter as fast as it could.ð

First pulse gave nothing but you could feel it traveling all the way up that spire. The second pulse is what surprised the poor pony. It was an instant burst of thick stallion seed that erupted from the end. A glorious spray of semen that had you automatically angle it down out of habit. There was nothing more you could do other than ride out the orgasm as it hit you hard.ð

A heavy splat was heard as you groan in pleasure, cumming hard and milking the rest out with your grip. Each stroke seemed to coax another squirt to add into the torrent of lust. Your mind clouded and fogged over as you blew such a load out right in front of the filly and painted her floor in a musky bath that had you almost out of breath.ð

There was a lot muddled noises or thoughts just in the murkiness of your mind as you collapsed back onto the bed. Not much could really come into focus until your heart calmed down enough to let the blood flow back to your head a bit better. Scootaloo was practically freaking out but with a big grin on her muzzle.ð

™4ö, 6,Ü@ she began before her glanced to you, “shoot!” Nice save.ð

Against your will, you shove yourself up and take a look at the mess you made. Her floor was slick and shining in the white spunk you had let out. A decent sized puddle was at the center of it with lines trailing back to you. Sadly, you didn’t exactly miss your pants entirely and managed to get the crotch of them a bit soaked. Laundry when you got home.ð

™5F† B pas cool!” Scootaloo chimed in and smiled. “Did I help with that?”ð

The sudden realization of everything set in almost at once and nearly dampened the mood entirely. You acknowledge her and tell her she was pretty much entirely all the help to make it happen. She seemed to like that boast of confidence. Her tail gave a

few idle flicks before she slid off the bed and looked down at the large pool of stallion seed.␣

“How do I...?” she began to ask before you hoisted yourself up and started tucking yourself back into the pants.␣

No need for her to worry about the mess. You just simply asked where cleaning supplies were and went to them. It was a quick trip back and somehow you were still a little stunned to see the filly topless as if her wearing clothes were just optional entirely. Your crotch begged for another attempt but you resisted.␣

“5F† æ² •ou,” the young pegasus said softly as you began cleaning the thick goop.␣ You smile and wave a hand casually. It wasn’t anything. You were pretty used to cleaning up your spills as it were so it wasn’t any big deal. Though, the smell might linger a bit.␣

“So, I really caused all that?” the orange little pony asked once more. She must really like the idea of making such a thing happen.␣

Telling her that it was all her made her twist a bit in place as she smiled before looking down at herself and grabbing her shirt off the bed. Once she slipped it on, you could focus a little better. It didn’t much to clean up the floor though you did mention she might need to air her room out and open a window for a little bit.␣

She giggled and slid her window open a bit before staring out it. Then her hands gripped the bottom of it as she pulled it all the way up. It was confusing for a bit until you saw her looking into your room across the way. Did she want to leave less between the areas?␣

Your ears flicked as you tidied the room up a bit and made sure none of your taboo doing was left among the floor. It was a bit odd to act somewhat normal after what had just transpired. Even after a good masturbation session you usually just pass out or contemplate things. Instead, you were treating it like a fun time that just happened.␣

There was the sound of those small hooves behind you before you felt the filly lightly pull on your arm. Looking back, she smiled and did her best to maintain eye contact. What was she getting at?␣

“Could, uh... Could we kiss again?” she requested, unable to keep herself from giggling.␣

How could you say no? Well, very easily but that didn’t seem to be the case as you turned and leaned down for her. Her hands placed themselves gently on your shoulders as she stood on the tips of her hooves to meet you the rest of the way.␣

Her lips pressed to your own without a second of hesitation as you took a moment to gather yourself. She was quite the forward one when she really wanted something. You smile lightly and kiss her deeply without trying to turn the situation into something more sinful. Her hands give a small squeeze to your shoulders before she gently pulls away and slips her tongue out to roam it over her lips.␣

“Thanks~” Scootaloo said quietly and held her arms behind her back. The swaying from side to side was cute as she stood there almost expecting you to say something.␣

There wasn’t a whole lot else you really could say that was coming to mind. Instead, you thank her as well and give a playful wink that nearly had her giggle more. It had quite the moment in the day for the both of you. There was no doubt about that.␣

The sad part was that you still had things to tend to as well as a new chore of laundry to deal with, though you weren’t really upset over that part. It was the matter having to part ways despite what just happened. Was it going to be a moment never spoken of again or something treated as if it never occurred?␣

Your face must have said more than your thoughts as Scootaloo lightly reached up and tapped your chest. The distraction from your own mind was nice and very needed. She looked to understand what was unsaid as she glanced away then back to you.☺

"I won't tell anypony ever. I promise," she assured you then kind of gave an excited pat with her palms to your chest several times. "I also really liked that. Really, really."☺ You smile and softly pet her short mane while giving her ears a few rubs. Likewise, you tell her the same and how it was a lot of fun with her. The only issue is that you didn't know what to say after. Thankfully, she did.☺

"Also," she added and took your arm in her hands, kind of lazily moving it side to side. "I... really like you too."☺

That was a surprise. Instead of diving headlong into such a statement and landing on your face, you merely tell her you liked her as well. Using a very certain other word might have her not feel the same about you.☺

"I mean it!" she laughed and jerked your arm one way then the other. "I lo-... Um... I like like you. A lot. If that's okay."☺

She wanted to say it so bad. You did too. The feelings seemed mutual and the both of you knew it though there was still the situation of not knowing if it was proper to say it yet. Perhaps it was for the best the time. Maybe whatever bond you shared would be strengthened more without the word tacked on needlessly.☺

You nod and lean down to kiss between her ears as they give a few flicks against your muzzle from the sides. Telling her you know and you felt the same had her lean in and rest a little against your stomach while you pet her back gently while lightly brushing over her wings. It was a serene moment and one you wanted to last longer but you still needed to take care of things.☺

Telling her you had to do a bit more work around your house had her look a bit saddened but you reminded her you were just next door if she needed anything. It wasn't like you were in Manehattan or somewhere far off at least. That seemed to agree with her better as she wrapped her arms around your waist and hugged again.☺

You gave her a soft hug back and regretfully began your leave of her home. The walk back was a little odd but you enjoyed the fresh air outside upon leaving the house itself. Hopefully it would be enough to let her room go back to normal within the next couple of hours.☺

Giving yourself a light jump, you twist over the fence as you had done some times before and hurry to your own home. Getting inside had you quickly kicking off your pants as you threw them into the pile of laundry you planned for the next day but decided to get a head start on it all. The rest of the day seemed to go by quickly and mundanely.☺

Dinner was made and eaten, you fixed several issues going on, you even managed to fit in time to finish up a few things you had planned to leave for the next day. The entire time, she was on your mind. You still couldn't believe what had happened and what she had said. Her feelings for you were something no filly should be having at her age yet she seemed determined to embrace them.☺

It was nice. Not just for you but to have her fully enjoy a warming heart. Being cold and distant wasn't fun and you hadn't been with a mare in any way in so long. Just having the filly to talk to had been more than enough. The fact it blew up to what it currently seemed to be was astounding to you.☺

Night came faster than you expected. You had heard Scootaloo out and about playing as if the evening owed her one. She was way more energetic than you were at that age. Nothing at all seemed out of the ordinary with her. In fact, she seemed a

bit more elated going about than usual.☺

When it came time to head to bed you remembered the small instance she had done prior to you leaving. Heading up after your shower had you hurry to your room and unlatch the window. It was old and almost refused to give until you gave it more force before it slid up and opened.☺

Scotaloo was already there, waving happily to you as you returned the gesture. She was very chipper to see you to bed it seemed. You knew talking loud enough between buildings would have other neighbors wondering what's going on so you merely used simple gestures.☺

Pointing to her, you made a sleeping motion and nodded as she laughed and pointed back. You first? Was she your mother? You raised a brow and smirked before wagging your finger and then indicated both of you. She seemed to agree on that one.☺

You gave another wave and slowly move over to your bed before rolling onto it. What a day. Scotaloo had essentially said you were her special somepony. Of course, you also agreed to it but she was the one who brought it up. It was surprising to say the least.☺

Sighing in content, you roll onto your side and replay the whole moment again in your head. It was quite the thing to think of before you went to sleep. Slowly but surely, your eyes grew heavy as you kept thoughts of Scotaloo in your head while the embrace of Luna's slumber took hold quickly. Tomorrow would be another day.

Chapter 6

The birds chirped much louder as you blinked your sleep away. The room itself felt calm and rather serene as well. Why was that? You roll over and look at the window then remember all the details of the day before. If that didn't make you rise then nothing would.☺

A quick look around had you notice how things were just as you left them. Nothing was moved about and you were still at home. The window being open was something you never did. Except for just last night.☺

So it wasn't a dream. That simple fact settled in rather well as you got out of bed and stretched away the tired feeling of your muscles. Your mind didn't seem to be rushing to conclusions nor did you feel awkward about the previous day's activities. Perhaps you were accepting it more than you thought.☺

The sounds of a very special filly rang out next door. She was already outside and playing, doing whatever it was she wished. You often wished you were so carefree about your own life but it wasn't too bad, all things considered. Chores weren't terrible and you got a neighbor that you feel the both of you were growing closer together.☺

Well, maybe the last part was mostly wishful thinking. It still didn't change what she had said to you before you left. Would she still want to see you? As fast as the filly moved from one thing to another she may have forgotten most of the day that happened.☺

Instead of pondering more, you work on getting yourself ready for the day. A fresh set of clothes and some breakfast then it was off to finish up the last of your tasks. After that, maybe seeing what Scootaloo is up to. If she wished to see you, that is.☺

The breakfast itself went down fast enough though your thoughts were more on the filly than the taste of your meal. If you were being truthful to yourself, you really just wanted to toss away your responsibilities for the morning and see if she was interested in chatting. That wouldn't exactly get things done though.☺

Sighing, you resign to working on the few issues left. Once you clear those up then you'd have a lot more time to free up. No more fixing until something broke or replacing parts until they needed new ones. It had taken a long time but you were in the final stretch of putting mostly finishing touches on small parts around the house. You felt good.☺

The hours of doing just the last couple of items almost had to wanting to rush in an attempt to head outside but you steadied yourself and worked diligently. Who knows? Maybe after all was said and done you could have somepony over without things being a little messy here or there. Granted, the house was hardly messy at all but it still bothered you to have tools or other things laying about.☺

Once the last of the chores had finally finished, you took a moment to reflect and make sure that was actually all of them. Other than daily routines and laundry, there really was nothing more. Of course, that wouldn't count things popping up spontaneously you might have to work out but those weren't a problem currently. It did feel good to spend the hours getting things put up properly and more.☺

Another half-hour later and you were putting away tools and other items. It was nearing lunch and you were more than eager to eat and run. It was when the last of the items had been put away that you hurried to wash up and grab a quick bite for

your mid-day meal. Nothing was going to stop you from at least seeing the filly and giving her a wave.Ð

The sandwich was simple and clearly nothing special but it hit the spot just right. You took the rest of it along with you as the sun basked you in warmth to welcome you into your backyard. It was pleasant, to the say the least, as you strode over to the chair and plopped yourself down while munching away. The day wasn't even over and you had finished all there was with your housework. A smile crept its way across your muzzle.Ð

Nearly done with your meal, your ears flick at the very welcomed sound of a certain filly. Glancing over revealed the orange arm flailing above the fence while she did her best to hop and look over. She was more eager than ever to get your attention.Ð

TM4Ö—7FW" @ she called out before stopping her sudden spastic movements.Ð

She may have been a little worried some other pony might hear and quickly realized how loud her voice was. Instead, her calls for you were much more quiet as she beckoned you to her with a hand. The motion and noise was a little too comical but you didn't want to keep her waiting.Ð

Giving a grunt, you turn and push yourself up off the chair while swallowing the last of your sandwich. Your hooves make large strides over to the fence and the filly's last known position as you move in and lean over just enough to spot her. Those eyes beamed excitedly up at you much like a puppy's would as her wings buzzed and fluttered like crazy.Ð

TM4†Py," she greeted lightly with a tiny wave.Ð

Waving back, you smile and do the same. It was cute to see her try and suppress her energy a little. The sight of her being so happy to see you did seem to fill a void in your heart you hadn't noticed before. Maybe you had been starved for attention as much as she was.Ð

"Um," Scootaloo stammered and looked around. Very cautious when it got to secretive things she wanted to mention to you. "How are you today?"Ð

Okay, so she wanted to start off slow. No problem with that. You give her a very mundane and drawn out answer just to see how interested she might be in the boring details of what has been going on. Instead of seeing her looking away or show a vacant expression, the pegasus seemed to soak in every detail she could. Somehow, it looked as if she was loving to know such a bland thing.Ð

TM4F—B •ou get all of it done?" she asked, her wings buzzing once more.Ð

While your chores weren't really comparable to that of a foal's it did sound like she was making such a connection. At least she understood the importance of getting them done. It wasn't like she was new to them, you could hazard a guess.Ð

You nod and explain that you had managed to finally do all that was needed and then some. It wasn't much but she gave a small clap at your accomplishment. That was hard not to chuckle at. You continued to name off other things that would be a constant but specified how the bulk of it all was completed. Afterwards, you teased a bit asking if she had done her own set of chores.Ð

"Oh, uh," the filly said while looking back at the house. "I'll get to them," she promised and nodded.Ð

Whether it was because of you asking or the fact they were brought up in general, Scootaloo did seem to sound genuine in her response. Those little ears wilted slightly before perking right back up as she nodded again, reconfirming her response. Determined, isn't she?Ð

"Hey, I was wondering," said the small pegasus as she looked away for a moment, "would you... wanna come over?"Ð

There wasn't much in terms of what she was wanting but you could make a guess. The rise in your loins certainly yelled at you to accept. Even if it wasn't of that nature, spending time with her sounded like fun instead of sitting around home all alone.␣

You agree and watch her hop in place as she cheers a bit. It almost seemed like that made her entire day. The little pony ran off towards her house without even waiting as she nearly flew into the door before opening it. Having a light laugh, you hop over the fence and decide to follow her along. There wasn't much care into looking around now that you knew the feelings between the both of you were mutual.␣

Not even fully inside, you could hear those tiny hooves stamping along the hardwood floor all through the house. She was almost sprinting back up to her room. There was no denying how much was wanting to spend time with you. In what way still seemed unclear but you did have hopes.␣

Taking your time, you move around and work on getting up the stairs while the sound of those hooves quieted down. Every second was a bit exciting in the sense that you had no idea what she would be willing to ask or say. Even just an awkward sit with her would be a bit more comfy than doing nothing at all on your own.␣

When you finally managed to reach her room, you peered in to see her swaying in place with her hands behind her back. She was possibly doing her best not to bounce off the walls. A light greeting once more and you stepped in, closing the door behind you and smiling. Had you been her age you knew exactly what your parents would say about closing the door with a filly over.␣

Before you knew it, the slender arms of the pegasus were around your waist as she buried her muzzle against your stomach softly. The hug was done unprovoked and you were more than happy for it. No pony had shown you the actual care as she had. You hugged her back and held her to you for a while before finally easing up and patting her head in a playful manner.␣

"M5F† æ·0," she sheepishly stated while letting her ears flick from the patting.␣

You laugh and kneel down to give her another hug, one geared better to being at her level. Her arms held the back of your neck tightly while she practically clung to you. Lightly, you pat her back and stayed there for a moment before reaching under and sweeping her legs out and into your arms. The startled yelp had her grip tighter while you almost wondered if she might try choking you.␣

With the filly in your arms, you carried her easily through her room and over to the bed before giving her a gentle toss onto the mattress. Her squeal was quick but full of laughter as well. The orange bundle of energy bounced against the bed as she laughed more before settling and looking up to you.␣

Oh, Celestia, she looked too pure. Despite what she had essentially asked for the day before, nothing broke her demeanor of an innocent filly. In fact, nothing at all looked out of the ordinary with her.␣

"M4†V†P, that was fun!" she exclaimed as she slowly sat up before looking you over.␣

There it was. That curious look and expression held onto her face as if she wanted to ask something but couldn't find the courage entirely. Instead of teasing her about it, you knelt down at the bedside and lightly pat her leg. The simple feel of just her leg was enough to try and get your body working towards the more lewd activities it wanted.␣

You explain to her that if there's ever anything on her mind then she doesn't have be afraid of telling you. After all, you two did like each other. Without really meaning to, you even told her that's how relationships work, by trusting one another enough to freely speak your minds and hearts.␣

"Oh?" Scootaloo asked as she listened, though a faint blush seemed to be forming

across her muzzle.ð

Nodding, you tell her it's fine if she doesn't feel like saying whatever it is on her mind at the moment but you'll be listening when she wants to. Her dolphin shorts rode up on her thighs a bit as she sat up more. Possibly the same shorts from a few days ago? You couldn't recall.ð

"Well, I was kind of thinking about yesterday," the filly started and drew her knees closer together. "With, you know, you showing me your thing..."ð

You smile and calmly nod in understanding though your heart was beginning to pick up the pace. Each beat felt like it wanted you to go on impulse with the filly but you held strong.ð

"I've enjoyed it~" she stated and giggled before her teeth nibbled at her bottom lip.ð

The statement excited you a bit more than usual. Instead of just diving headlong into the wonderful ideas you had, you ask her if she really did and chuckle.ð

"Of course! It was awesome!" she says and leans over to look down at your lap. "It was huge!"ð

Clearly, her being only a filly, it would be huge considering her size. The compliment didn't mean any less though. You thanked her and gave her thigh a light squeeze before standing up and smiling at the praise.ð

"I'm sure you'll love it~" the filly asked while her tail swished against the bed sheets.ð

She had seen it and touched it before, what point was there to deny telling her such a thing? You state how it's certainly trying to be and that she seems to make it do so often. There was a fit of giggling but you laughed with her and shrugged. It was true.ð

"Scootaloo pleaded while looking up to you.ð

There was no statement coming from her that she wouldn't tell but there wasn't a need to. It would be pointless now that you both knew neither would say a word outside of your growing relationship. Besides, she seemed more keen on being treated to grown pony things than not.ð

Still, there was a brief moment of hesitation. Regardless, you did agree and lightly tapped her snout with a finger. You'd do so only if she promised to be a good filly. It was too fun just being playful with her.ð

When she nodded and agreed, you went to start undoing your pants right before her. It was when she mentioned her next phrase that made your crotch feel like it was about to tear your pants apart.ð

"Anything!" the little filly remarked and watched with growing interest.ð

You were getting more turned on by the second with her interest in your stallionhood. Her eyes trained squarely on your crotch as you popped the pants open and managed to tug them down with the boxers. There wasn't any reason to hold it back from her now.ð

As your member sprang into full view, the filly gasped softly and smiled. Her blush was making her coat look darker than usual around the face. While not fully erect, the thick rod still managed to be somewhat daunting for a small pony such as her. More and more of it grew from your sheath as you let her look all over your shaft while you shrugged your clothing to your knees.ð

Again, just being exposed to her had you becoming more aroused by the second. The taboo nature of it all along with exactly who it was giving your junk a nice once over seemed to be a perfect combination into feeding your lustful state. The girth firmed and stretched as it lifted from your lap and let the filly view spectacle the whole way.ð

"Whoa~" she breathed and turned her head this way and that to get her own viewing angles on it.ð

When it had finally become as stiff as it could without further assistance, you gave a nod and a wink to the pegasus. There wasn't much else that the filly could manage to say. Her awe was stuck on her cute face as she nearly bumped her snout against your flesh before she pulled back and looked up to you in an attempt to not stare.␣

"Feeling good?" she asked while her tail swished in excitement behind her.␣ You honestly did feel good being able to just display yourself so fully towards a filly but you knew what she meant. Instead, you gave a light shrug and mentioned how it could always be better. The fact she leaned forward had your length give a visible throb before she looked right down at it.␣

"The filly asked in her eagerness.␣

It was hard not to almost beg her to but you still held some form of control. Your head gave a nod as you gave her verbal permission to help. It really did still feel like a dream happening. Something about being with her and getting intimate in any way had you feel like it wasn't real.␣

There wasn't a predetermined point to which Scootaloo had offered to help so it surprised you plenty when she took a few steps back and began pulling at her shirt. She remembered you liked looking at her flat chest. The fabric was fumbled about as she tugged and yanked until it came free from off her head and was instantly discarded to the floor.␣

The two nipples dotting her chest stood out just enough for you as the little pegasus smiled and tried to show off as much as you were. Your hand gripped your length as you began working in slow strokes to the sight. It felt great having a filly willingly showing her chest just for you to get off to her.␣

A thought occurred as you began your work on your rod, giving slow pumps up and down. She must have liked watching you jerk off for her quite a bit to suddenly jump to such a thing. While it was hot, things could easily be hotter. Of course, that all worked only if she agreed to going further than what you had shown.␣

Careful slides of your hand along your member had you give a light grunt as she looked down at herself and smoothed out the orange coat along her slender waist. Oh, she was sexy. How you were able still keep control was beyond your knowledge but you held strong.␣

It didn't take too long before the feeling of a slick substance began leak from the pulsing end. Your pre-cum drooled down lazily but you swept it up with your fingers and used it to get a much smoother working of your shaft. Standing on your hooves and masturbating did seem to start numbing your calves though.␣

A quick lean to the side and you moved over to her bed where you plopped yourself down right on the edge but kept up the work on your rigid pole. Everything was too good for such a scene before you. The only way it could even get better would be if she wished to have things escalate into more of the debauchery you knew. The thought had you nip at your bottom lip to restrain yourself just a tad while Scootaloo moved in front of you and roamed her little hands down her body more.␣

She was either a quick learner or had a natural talent at being seductive. You parted your knees to let her get a better view of the full plums that hanged from your lap. Her eyes instantly moved to the orbs that held such virile seed before she looked back up. Those tiny wings were splayed out in arousal as she pressed her legs together here and there.␣

You wanted to see more of her. It almost felt like a carnal need. The pleasure you were receiving was good but it could increase so easily with her help. Instead of staying silent, you speak up with a small request. Just one to have her remove her shorts for you.␣

“Y-yeah? Would that help?” the filly asked as her hands already began moving to her hips.␣

Of course it would, you knew. You tell as such and nod quickly while lowering the shaft to point at her. She giggles and reaches out to lightly run her finger over the flat head and along the stringy pre of yours still dribbling out. It made you shiver and smile wide.␣

The reaction had the pegasus grin back at you before she played with the substance for a moment and wiped it on her shorts. Soon after, those fingers moved to the hem of her outerwear and slipped the garment down in one smooth motion. Suddenly, she was just a mere cotton barrier away from baring it all to you.␣

Those panties clung to her in ways you wanted to. They were a cute yellow with flowers dotting them all over. A million things ran through your mind as to what you wish to do. Whether they were to her, her panties or just outright in front of the filly, it didn’t matter. At the moment, she was your world and you were going travel every little cranny she had if you could.␣

“This feel silly,” Scootaloo commented and blushed. Her hands made various attempts to subconsciously cover herself though she kept moving them away.␣

Perhaps the moment was having her realize how naughty things can be when she becomes more revealed instead of being a bit too carefree with her body. It wouldn’t stop her from showing you, that much was evident. Though, her rough play outside might have her watching herself once in a while.␣

Trying to help with her confidence, you tell the orange pony how she doesn’t look silly at all. You mention to her exactly how you felt. She was a beautiful and very sweet looking filly. One that you would love to always see in any way she felt comfortable with.␣

The praise did seem to help some as her hands moved around behind her where they intertwined and held there. A soft crease just barely noticeable lined the crotch of her panties. You knew what it was and it only spurred you on harder. Every tug became tighter around your tool while you gaze from that underdeveloped chest to the camel toe being shown off to you and only you.␣

As much as you wished to see more, it was dawning on you that she was mostly standing there. Maybe she wanted to become more involved? The least you could do was ask the sweet filly and ask you did.␣

“Like last time? With my hands?” she questioned and looked at the slightly glistening member.␣

You nod and slow your pace to calm down. If you had gone on any longer you might have just painted her little body without trying. It wasn’t something to rush so you merely sat still for her and let the pony go at her own pace on things.␣

Scootaloo took a few steps forward and looked at the meaty shaft before her hands came out from behind her back and hovered near your length. There was a comment about it being real warm that made you chuckle before you could finally feel those little hands against your member once again. Her fingers clasped around as much of it as she could before slowly moving up and back down like you had last taught her.␣

It felt incredible, having a filly stroking you off once more. This time, however, you planned to let her handle it more than just several strokes. Each pass over your medial ring had you shiver as the pre made the travel with her palms much smoother. It was a sensitive spot for you, though not as much as the head, but you loved it.␣

You fell back onto the bed as you let the filly do her best in giving quite the eager

handjob. Each stroke was better than your own due to the sheer fact it was a mere filly doing the deed. Of course, it being Scootaloo managed to make it even more enjoyable. Every pass her hands made caused more of you to leak out and along the shaft.Ⓔ

To your surprise, the young pegasus even smeared the clear pre-nut more along your girth. The slick motions became so much smoother and it felt like an intimate massage that shouldn't be possible. Lots of moaning came from you as she worked her magic against your cock, pleasing you in ways you only dreamed.Ⓔ

The underage pony smiled at the constant reactions you gave her while her arms did their best to keep up the work. Who knew what the scene looked like from an outsider. Probably as erotic as it felt with a grown stallion laying in bed and a filly between his legs just pumping his dick while wearing nothing more than her tight panties. The mental image made you twitch.Ⓔ

"Is it feeling really good?" Scootaloo asked, her breath almost teasing you with how close your length was to her muzzle.Ⓔ

You commend her for such a great job so far and that it feels better than anything. Her light laugh at the positive reinforcement has more of her breath brush along your slick member. It's enough to make you gasp softly and spurt some pre out instead of having it leak.Ⓔ

The quick launch of your personal lubricant catches both of you by surprise as it splats onto the filly's shoulder and chest in an instant. Her stroking comes to a halt as she looks it over and touches it several times before looking back at the floor behind her. What was she doing?Ⓔ

"Did it shoot already?" was the question that came from her lips while her ears flicked in curiosity.Ⓔ

Oh, the slight squirt of pre-seed had made her think you came. You shake your head and pant, trying to catch your breath in the light moment of downtime while she looks at her chest once more. You had actually leaked onto the filly. Your cock twitched in those small hands and she held tight with a grip that made you shudder.Ⓔ

"It didn't? I bet I can make it do it!" she claimed, swiftly starting her work on your shaft once again.Ⓔ

It suddenly became a challenge for her to make you cum and that was insanely hot to you. Every stroke was sounding out at the motions due to the clear layer of pre that she had smeared along every inch. Your body was almost begging for release before you feel yourself hit that brink and tip over.Ⓔ

There was no way to warm her with how quickly she had started jerking you off. Her adorably sexy handjob had done the trick in no time with the redoubled effort of taking on a challenge she had made herself. Your back arches some as you tense up and that head flares swiftly. She was looking down a barrel with how she had it angled.Ⓔ

As much as you wanted to tell her to watch out you could only groan. Your legs lifted slightly before those thick orbs drew against your body and began their natural reaction. Oh, it was amazing and so very messy.Ⓔ

The first rope was a direct spatter against her chin and neck. The warm fluid sprayed against her coat, matting it to her instantly as she gasped in surprise. A second rope came as your member flexed to expel seed within, nailing her chest as she lowered the tip.Ⓔ

It was impossible not to cum on the filly. Her orange coat enjoyed a cream soaking as you blew your load onto her from the energetic stroking she had given you. Each blast of seed either hit her directly or had a bit land on her somewhere. Your lust

painted her in a way that acted as if you claimed the little filly all for yourself.␣
There was a long pause as the last few throbs manage to ebb the flow of your hose. You couldn't really focus from the experience as you lay still and wait to recollect your senses, hoping Scootaloo wasn't mentally scarred from the surprise. Then came the playful cheer.␣

™4' F-B —B @ the filly called out and thrust her arms in the air. "I made your thingy shoot!"␣

An accomplishment no pony her age should have, she boasted to herself and you at making you hit your orgasm and cover her in the feat. You gave a drunken clap and laughed, though your member refused to lower. It almost seemed like it wanted to salute her on a job well done.␣

™5@old you I could!" she boasted and stood up.␣

Lifting your head, you finally got to see the damage done in her battle with your prick. She had taken a few head-on hits for sure. The marks of your desire were clear as day and soaking into her by the second with the scent of your musk filling the room. It didn't look too bad but there was no way in Tartarus she would get away with it going anywhere. A shower was going to be the next thing she needed.␣

It took a bit but your hazy mind began to clear up as you tried sitting up in the bed and looking at the new mess you might have made. It seemed a good deal of it went on the pony rather than the floor. Well, her and her clothing. Laundry would also be on the list of things needed. You sighed a bit and smiled before giving your length a small glare. Why wasn't it going down? One load was usually all it took to be satisfied.␣

"What's wrong?" Scootaloo asked, finally lowering her arms and standing there in dressed in little else than her panties your perverted doing.␣

You take a second to steady yourself and indicate to her with a simple gesture. When she looks down at her body, the filly just shrugs and smiles. She may not see the issue but you sure did. Oh no, she wasn't going to weasel out of a bath or shower.␣

After getting up, you give a good word on getting cleaned while looking down at yourself. The fresh strands that decorated much of the area before you also seemed to have hit your legs once it had calmed down. Perhaps you could also use a good rinsing or more.␣

™5Vv,Â &V ÆÇ"ò ' Föö² öæR Æ 7B æ-v†BÀ" she groaned and rolled her eyes in annoyance.␣

That wasn't mud on her and she was surely not going to be stepping outside in the slightest with what was caked on her. Your glaze of love wasn't anything to simply ignore by even the most casual of glances. Telling her it would be best that she cleaned and made sure she wasn't messy after that bit of fun had her give reluctant sigh.␣

"Fiiiiine," she groaned again. Her arms crossed over her chest. "But you have to take it with me!"␣

The silence that filled the room was a little awkward but mostly due to the fact you hadn't expected such a statement. Bathing with a filly? You hadn't been in the bath or shower with anypony in the first place.␣

"My aunties won't be around until the day after tomorrow, if that's what you're worried about. Parents are always out late," Scootaloo mentioned before her tone went faint during her last words.␣

Poor filly hadn't been able to have much time with her parents for a while. Is that why she latched onto you so quickly? Was it just merely coincidence or did she genuinely like you? The questions swirled in your head before you knelt down as best you could in your half-dress state and tucked a finger under her chin to lift it.␣

You told her it was okay and you'd be happy to help her wash up. Even though it might not have been needed, you also say that she's a very tough filly for having been home alone so often. That seemed to get a smile out of her as she looked away and pointed down.␣

"Your thing is still hard...," she announces and reaches over to lightly fondle the head.␣

The action made you coo a bit and shiver as the sticky tip coated her palm and left a few strings connected them both when she pulled away. You really couldn't understand why you were so horny even after the fun but you shrug it off and stand up, asking where the bathroom is so you two can get started on the cleaning.␣

Promptly so, the filly turned and hopped out of the room as she called for you to follow her. The sounds of her hooves were light by somehow resounded off the walls a bit too well. You give a light lift of each leg, tugging your lower clothing free and carrying them with you as you did your best to travel after the pegasus.␣

Down the hall and near the stairs, Scootaloo stood at an open door still dressed in only her panties and the drenched coat from your release. The sight made you give your lower lip a small bite at just how casual she looked doing mundane things while being lewd. Was it your mind or the actual fact of what happened playing part in it?␣

Her thin arm beckoned you to her before she slipped into the room without a word. You made your way slowly around the doorway and peered in to see quite a nice set up for a simple room. The tub itself was old fashioned but with a nice shower curtain around it along with the shower head hanging from a simple stand. The sink was bigger than your own, possibly a personal replacement, and had a wider edge to make for a better counter top. Toilet was simple along with the mirror above the sink.␣ You stepped in and closed the door behind you before setting your clothes down on the sink's counter. Stripping the rest of the way, you let your clothing pile up and look over the filly who seemed to eyeing you more than ever. To put it simply, it felt rather flattering.␣

Scootaloo blinked her stare away before turning to the tub and twisting the knobs. Each one was adjusted as water loudly rushed out of the faucet. She gave quite a show of her panty-clad backside for you as well.␣

Once the water was at her preferred temperature, she stood and smiled then hooked her thumbs into the edge of her panties. As simple as the act was, you hadn't been as close as you were for when she undressed before. Your member gave a swift jerk up as you waited and watched with rapt attention.␣

Slowly, her hands and arms moved down in a fluid motion as she let the hem of her panties slide effortlessly down her hips. The garment moved lower and lower, revealing the top of her flanks as she stripped down nude with you. That purple tail attached to her rear flicked a few times and gave perfect glimpses of her cheeks and the cute crease between as the pair of panties finally fell to her hooves and let her step out of them.␣

The moment she turned around you could almost feel your heart stop. She was lovely and beyond attractive. It seemed that the distance and windows didn't do her kindly as you were in awe at her body. Her soft mound was far more than arousing and just seemed as if she molded to be quite the perfect filly in every way. You couldn't believe you were so close to her with the both of you naked.␣

"Something wrong?" Scootaloo asked as she stood there, still coated in your jizz, while tilting her head.␣

You had to shake your head to keep yourself from probably going into some kind of trance. How you never really took note of how stunning she was could have been a

factor of not letting the synergy between the two of you kindle until recently. It took a moment before you just laughed it off and told her she was a very pretty filly. Keeping it simple would work easier than explaining more things. She did like to ask lots of questions.☺

“I am?” she retorted and looked down at herself before swaying a little. “If you say so~”☺

Cheeky, taking the compliment without trying to come off as too flattered. The blush along her cheeks was enough proof for you though. When you walked over, you couldn't help but rub her head and ears lightly as she giggled and pat your stomach playfully. Then her hands brushed over your still-hard member.☺

“Oh! I'm sorry! Did that hurt?” she exclaimed, suddenly giving very light pets to your length.☺

Even if it had hurt, those caring strokes made your nostrils flare as you tried so very hard to not get too worked up. It was sensitive but not enough to be painful. You had a few times of going multiple times in a row but those were when you were younger. It seemed your libido was kicking in full gear as of late.☺

You tell her you're fine and that it just surprised you. Instead of asking her to stop, you also decide to mention how nice it felt with her hands. The running water in the tub continued as a nice background noise to comfort both of you. With the rising temperature in the room from the water, it was also adding to the whole factor of you being aroused.☺

“It does?” she asked softly, holding your member and giving it a few more pets before leaning down and placing her lips on the head.☺

It was all so much so fast. You drew in a quick breath and nod as she kissed the tip lightly before licking her lips and glancing up. She must have had her mother or aunts kiss her wounds before and thought the same for her pat against your rod. It was incredibly sweet but also had you almost twitch enough to smack her in the muzzle with your erection.☺

“Did that help?” the tiny pegasus asked as she held your member in her palms while waiting for an answer.☺

It was all too much. Her being entire nude with you, holding your member, the kiss to the end. Everything was driving you wild once more. You couldn't help but start telling her that there are other ways you make it feel good.☺

Apparently, Scootaloo wasn't done with exploring possibilities on sexual doings. Her eyes lit up and those ears stood on end as she listened. It took a moment for you to relay to her that a pony can also use their mouth to suck on it and make a stallion feel really good. Those hands cradling the belly of your beast just felt so nice it was hard to make words form.☺

“My mouth,” the filly repeated, though you hadn't specifically told her that she had to do it.☺

Judging by the size of your shaft and her muzzle, there probably wouldn't be a whole lot to fit. Even so, the filly leaned in and gave the head a few sniffs before opening her mouth and placing it over the top of the flat glans. You grunted at the feeling and watched as she sucked a bit eagerly until you gently had to have her ease up.☺

Perhaps explaining it a bit more would have her understand it easier. The steam from the water rose more as you begin telling the filly just how it can be done. There wasn't a lot you could really compare it to until your mind came across a frozen treat of popsicles. Surely she had enjoyed those before.☺

“Oh! Like that?” she inquired and looked down at your tool. “I don't think I can get it

all in my mouth.”

Assuring her that trying was what mattered if she really wanted to, the orange pony nodded and tilted your member up to face her. Those small hands wrapped around the shaft as best they could while her snout stood mere inches away from the end. You don't know if there had ever been a more tense stand-off.

Just as you were about to tell her it was okay if she didn't feel like it, that tiny mouth opened as wide as it could before she lowered her head. Warm, inviting and just so very tight was what you felt. Her tiny maw pulled in the head and a good portion of your shaft as she held it in place and tried sucking again.

You couldn't help but moan out for her. That little tongue rubbed and caressed all against the underside of your length and drove you crazy. Her lips pressed tightly to the flesh as she let her teeth give only the tiniest of grazes. Telling her that teeth could hurt had her doing what she could to not use them on you.

No mare would be able to top it. Even if she wasn't moving, the sheer fact it was happening with dear little Scootaloo seemed to trump all other possible expectations. Your hand found the top of her head and pet lightly, encouraging her on as you ran your fingers through her mane and told her she did really good getting so much in her mouth.

A light pulse while in her muzzle made her pull back a tiny bit for a second before slipping back forward. Oh, the pleasure! You lifted your own head as you felt the motion and gasped with an audible moan. It was a bit hard to tell her to keep doing just that so you tried to simply explain her moving her head back and forth on it just felt really good.

Taking the directions, the filly slid her hands along the exposed member outside of her as she looked up in clarification. What more could you do than nod and state she should try with her mouth? Then you lost all train of thought.

Those soft hands stroking you as she did not too long ago and her head beginning to bob carefully along your prick had you feeling weak kneed instantly. Everything was amazing. That tongue, those lips, the hands, even the warmth of the muzzle, all of it just was perfect. As much as you wanted to do something for her there was little for you to even attempt other than rubbing her head and giving her moaned praises. Seeing her tail flick and ears stay perked up looked to be just what she liked. Being told she was doing a good job had her working herself into a somewhat nice rhythm. Of course, it could easily be adjusted better but you hadn't felt any oral pleasure like she gave in some time. Truth was, she probably gave the best you ever had in the first place.

Every light suckle made the faintest noise when her lips slightly left your cock. Her tongue ran along the belly and made you tense every time as she bobbed her head to help make you feel even better than earlier. She was a gift for sure. Every second was bliss as her muzzle slid back and forth with the sounds of her oral treatment barely being audible over the running water nearby.

Steam rose and wafted about, seemingly keeping most of the musky odor from being too overbearing. You knew after the shower it would be easier to air things out anyway. Thankfully, the tub hadn't been plugged so only the water bill would be the thing to worry about at some point. Distractions weren't what was working your member though.

The pegasus continued as her eyes kept making frequent checks on you while she tasted your stallion meat. Each pass of her lips kept working up that internal meter of yours, growing faster and faster as you knew what would come soon enough. It was far better than only her hands but you couldn't deny her hands were also doing

quite a bit of work to you down below your waist.Ⓔ

You could feel the beginning of pre-cum start issue from the end. It was a sign of how well she was doing but also it made you worry she might stop and check it. Instead, Scootaloo slowed her movements for a bit as you felt that small tongue graze the bottom of your shaft and swivel around until it flicked over the end to swipe up the clear pre. It made you tense up and bite your own tongue to keep from startling her.Ⓔ

That cute head moved right back down your shaft as far as it could reach as you felt the tongue smear and lick all along the shaft. Her head twisted one way, then another, trying to reach as much of your girth she could with her wet muscular organ. The sensation drew forth plenty of pleasure as you nearly ended up on the tips of your hooves from how incredible she made it feel. Even though it was her first step into oral play, she was doing beyond amazing for you.Ⓔ

The purple mane bobbed down in front of you as you took in the feeling. Every bit of her mouth felt too good while she suckled gingerly when needed and drew out more of your stringy pre. Once you drizzled out into her mouth, she would pull back enough to help use her tongue and coat your moment further. You couldn't help but reach over and grab onto the shower curtain hoping it would support your lean.Ⓔ

Seconds melted into each other as time itself felt like it wasn't a constant for you. Nothing else mattered other than right then and there. Scootaloo worked her head with growing noises due to the slickness she had managed to build up around your shaft while you tried to maintain a steady head and not either fall over or ram it down her throat. Both felt impossible to keep up.Ⓔ

It didn't take much longer as you felt the heat of your length drawing up and becoming more of a focus than any other part of your body. Those dangling fruits between your legs began to lift as you knew was about to happen. Even if you did tell her to stop or warn her of your impending climax, she possibly wouldn't listen. Maybe the scent of your crotch had worked herself up into the flurry of sucking and bobs for her oral assault on your cock.Ⓔ

Each passing noise with the suction sounding out became too much. The feeling and sounds along with so much more just couldn't be handled by your mere body. There was no point and no way of holding out. Your hand gripped the curtain tighter as you moaned and shut your eyes tight. You were cumming.Ⓔ

The first burst hit the back of Scootaloo's throat instantly and caused her to choke on your semen. Thick and musky, your lust flew into her muzzle without a care in the world other than doing its natural ability of search for the ability to breed. It was when the second flow of horse spunk came that she finally couldn't take it and pulled off with an audible pop.Ⓔ

Cum and saliva went all over the floor and the filly. Your spray from your organ increased when her hands tightened as she tilted you up to keep from giving her a second coating. It was a little less than your first hefty load but by no means small. The heavy thuds of thick liquid hitting the floor were like hail in the rain considering the running water nearby.Ⓔ

It quickly ebbed as you came down from your initial high and panted heavily as the filly coughed and held her muzzle. The seed drooling between her fingers was something you never expected to see as she closed her eyes tight and continued her soft coughs before finally easing up. You felt bad you had surprised her so hard but there was no denying how great she did.Ⓔ

Just when you found your voice, you tried to tell her it was okay if she spit it out and all. Apologizing for the sudden rush of fluid, there was a moment where you almost

suspected she might be mad or even scared at what happened. The slight panic of her silence turned your fear into a small bit of arousal when she tilted her head up and let you see her throat swallow the hearty load she had caught.␣

That was way hotter than you expected it to be. The lines of white love leaking from the corners of her muzzle and off her chin had you staring at the filly in genuine surprise. Sure, you were turned on at her feat but also impressed with her managing to swallow a good deal of your load in one go. You couldn't help but ask why she chose to swallow when she didn't have to.␣

"It tasted kinda funny," the pegasus answered in a meek voice, possibly from the small coughing fit. "In a good way."␣

Not the answer you expected but certainly one you liked. Then again, a sandwich or something later might do her better in terms of filling her up. Her arm wiped at her mouth, trying to clean away the stringy and thick rivers she had left before reaching over to a towel rack nearby and simply tossing one over the second mess you made in her house. You'll show her how to clean them properly after you get yourselves washed down.␣

Instead of drenching the poor pony in another load, you nod to the tub and smile. Water might be a better option and help clean your mind more. As it was, you felt as if you were in a fog while being around her and having such an open time with the sweet filly. If it was any consolation, she seemed pretty happy with the events thus far as well.␣

Once you saw her step into the tub your eyes did their best to avert from her adorable bottom and the cute slit trailing between her legs. Perhaps you were just having one of those days where your horny nature needs to be sated more than usual. Libido or not, your body did seem to be reacting to things far more than you expected.␣

A small step and you followed behind the little pony, tugging the shower curtain around and looking for the right lever for the overhead faucet. The shower head sprang to life, spraying your face instantly as the orange pegasus laughed and wiggled her hips.␣

"You back!" she claimed, her hand still on the lever.␣

You chuckled and ruffled her mane while letting the water coarse over your body. Dampening your own coat, it felt great to have a shower and let your muscles relax. Tensing them so much over a short amount of time wasn't really something you were used to but you didn't mind it. The outcome was certainly enjoyable.␣

First thing was first. Grabbing the shampoo bottle, you squirted a good deal into your palm before starting to rub at the filly's head. Her giggling and help with the washing of her mane was cute. Those fingers worked into her violet hair more as she tried scrubbing it all. She must have got pretty dirty before from lots of roughing around to be trying to clean so much. Either her aunts or parents had probably got onto her for not cleaning well before.␣

Admirable. She seemed set on making sure she got all over her mane while an eye closed as she looked up to you. The suds had made her look like she had a bubbly mane that would put even Pinkie Pie to shame. You stuck your tongue out playfully and leaned down to kiss her brow as she smiled and stepped under the streams of water.␣

You did your best helping her wash out the work done in the rinse as she kept her eyes closed and laughed with you. Best to make sure she got herself washed well even if you might not have got any in her mane. When she came out from under the water, her body turned as she looked over her shoulder down at herself.␣

TM46 "You help me with my tail too? Please?" she asked nicely and looked up.

The wet violet over her head was dangerously close to covering her eyes but still held back just enough. There wasn't a reason to say no to her at the point you were at and gladly grabbed the shampoo once more. A good dollop in your hand and you crouched down to get to work.

You were a little surprised by just how soft her tail was even when soaked. It almost felt like silk and so you ended up being as gentle with it as possible. Careful scrubs up and down along it worked the possible gunk out that might be in there. There was high doubt you hit it at all in your fervor of desire but she had asked and you obliged. There was small talk to be had, mostly of what sport you play or what you know of them. Scootaloo had a lot of interests in that field. Sadly, you weren't one to keep up with them much though you were thinking of taking more of a look now that you knew how invested she was in them. Wouldn't hurt to try and be a part of such a hobby if she wanted.

Plenty of other small and mundane things were asked about or talked along as you finished the washing of her tail. When she lifted her arms at you, it was a little confusing before she stated she can't reach your mane up there. Smiling, you let yourself kneel down into the tub with her as the water hit your lower half while you tilted your head forward to let her get to work.

It was enjoyable having somepony else help you with washing up. Her fingers really got into your scalp as she worked her hands vigorously against your head. Avoiding your ears, she made sure she got every bit she could before patting the top of your head as if you were a puppy.

TM5F†W&R @ she stated and smiled.

You snickered and leaned forward, washing the whole amount of shampoo out, making sure you turned your head this way and that. When her hands came back in to rub the rest of the sudsy concoction out, you laughed and let her help. The whole moment was something that felt soft and wonderful to you.

"Turn around, mister!" she ordered, clearly not letting you get out of the shower without having your own tail tended to as well.

You gave her a look though had trouble hiding your smile. Yes ma'am. It was adorable seeing her assert herself a bit to make sure you were both treated equal. Standing up, you turned around and slicked back your mane to make sure you could still see. The small hands went to work almost instantly as you felt her tug at your tail a little then looked back to watch her begin scrubbing like crazy.

Had to hand it to her, she really went to town on getting clean. Probably a habit to please those who got onto her for not doing so properly. You let her go about it as she liked while waiting until she finished before backing into the streaming water. It felt comfy having somepony tend to your bathing needs for once.

Of course, nothing was going to be washed that well unless you got the sponge and soap. For a filly who seemed to despise the bath, she looked to be in high spirits. Maybe just the memory of others nagging her about it got to her. Either way, you hold up the sponge and raise your brow, awaiting an answer.

Chapter 7

“I’ll do you first,” she stated and jumped up, swiping the sponge clean out of your hand.Ⓓ

Wow, she was fast and agile. You blinked and smiled before agreeing to her terms and offering up the soap as well. It shouldn’t take too long though you did have a larger body than hers. Still, she seemed eager to help and let you sit as she lathered up the sponge and began scrubbing at your coat.Ⓓ

Quickly enough, her hands worked against your body to make sure she got as much grime out that there might be. Since neither of you had done too much other than some fun there wouldn’t be a lot to get rid of. Strictly speaking, the filly was the one needing this more but you let her continue without saying a word. It did feel nice anyway.Ⓓ

Her hands worked the sponge back and forth, over and under, making sure each spot she got to was properly cleaned. Your arms and back being worked on was more than relaxing. If she kept up the motions into those muscles you could have fallen asleep right there. It was when she moved around to your chest that realized she would have to go lower at some point.Ⓓ

The thought did seem to spark an interest of some desire though you did your best to push the ideas out of your head as best as possible. Every pass the filly made with the sponge had it lowering more and more along your body. When you felt her brush just above your backside you took a breath and began to stand up.Ⓓ

She seemed a bit silent for her work as she kept scrubbing along. You’d probably have the shiniest plot in Equestria with how hard she rubbed there. It did make you laugh a little but you let her keep going as she moved around and to your front. While your erection had begun to go down a great deal, her sudden touch to the sensitive area made you tense lightly.Ⓓ

There was no helping it. Your member gave a visible lift at her touch until she started lightly working her way to clean it as well. Every part of you was going to get washed down. Whether or not you felt it was fortunate enough, her cleaning of your horse meat meant plenty of stroking motions along every bit of it.Ⓓ

Scotaloo had to have noticed it growing larger and back into the length from minutes ago. Her hands were gentle, clearly trying not to hurt you as it was apparently your feel good spot. Those fingers glided seamlessly up and down as you let out a soft pant and grunted at her very tender brush over the head. You were going to either be very sore the next day or very tired by the time you got to bed. A good possibility of both.Ⓓ

“Does it do that when you wash it?” she asked, finally moving on to the area around your groin and dabbing lightly to your dangling orbs.Ⓓ

You tell her the truth that it honestly doesn’t. When she asks why you can only tell her what you know. When other ponies touch it then it seems to get big. Sadly, you did let slip a rather coarse wording choice for her ears.Ⓓ

“Our... cock?” the filly questioned and looked up confused.Ⓓ

As usual as the word might have been in your daily life or so, having a filly speak it out loud put a pause on things for a moment. It wasn’t that she was being lewd or offensive with it but merely asking about the word. That didn’t seem to matter to your growing arousal at hearing her say it though.Ⓓ

You nod and quickly tell her it's a grown up word that she probably shouldn't use around anypony else. Her brow furrowed in thought before she smiled and nodded. An agreement at least.☺

"Okay! Our secret word," she stated and went back to rubbing you down along your thighs.☺

Whatever helped her not blurt it out in front of others. Although, you wondered if she knew of the other words for specific parts of her own body. Not like it would matter a whole lot but you couldn't help but have your mind drift to such things after she had been working over your stiff member.☺

When she got down to your hooves and made sure to work at the frogs beneath, the pegasus stood up and put her hands on her lithe waist. She seemed pleased she got through the task of it all though there was still work to be done. Didn't take long for the filly to remember it too as she lowered her ears and sighed before offering the sponge.☺

You gave a light chuckle and took it before kneeling down to start working against areas on her orange coat you knew had matted down from the spray of love earlier. Her body was as petite as you could imagine. Lifting her arms, you got under them with the sponge and kept working, being sure to clean her well. Then came her chest.☺

Taking a deep breath, your hand moved the wet sponge over the flat area and bushing over her nipples lightly. That seemed to make her shiver and giggle. Your length demanded attention but you forced yourself to continue washing the filly's little body.☺

Moving around to her back, you scrubbed more and worked out any of the possible areas that you may have made a mess on. Her backside was so perky and cute. A small grope wouldn't hurt, you thought. Gently, you reached down and cupped one of those cheeks under her tail before washing the other.☺

"5F† I s my plot!" Scootaloo called out and giggled more.☺

You agreed and laughed with her as you gave her a soft pinch and made her yelp for a second. The laughing continued as you tried being as gentle as you could with her until you needed to go back around. A territory you hadn't really visited was next and you couldn't help but twitch at the fact.☺

Slowly, you reached around and rubbed at her lower stomach. Of course, you could have just turned her around but the idea of seeing her small mound might have worked against you. Instead, you opted to just scrub from behind as she stood still and let you move your hands over her.☺

The head of your member gave a small poke at the back of her legs as she laughed and looked down to watch you wash her. Finally, you dipped your hands lower and rubbed the sponge against her folds while she parted her legs lightly. A few fingers caressed the areas as you made sure that there was plenty of suds before rubbing a bit more at her slit.☺

"Nng," came the sound from the filly as she closed her legs for a second then spread again.☺

Asking if you hurt her had her shaking that wet mane and flailing water against the curtains. You nod to yourself and move in closer, unintentionally letting your firm rod brush up against her supple rear then down to her thighs. It was so slick you could just glide against her coat. The idea was so sexy and you desired to do so but tried to hold back.☺

It took a moment to realize you were really working on getting her small folds cleaned though she had said nothing. Your fingers were rubbing up and down

against her mound before you stopped and apologized as the sponge moved to her legs. Was she breathing a bit heavier?Đ

The cleaning of her legs and hooves would have been faster had she balanced herself well enough. Must have been tub and water making things a bit too slick for her. Once one leg went down, the other raised to let you get all you could of it. It was when that leg went down that you gasped.Đ

Both of those small thighs had managed to straddle your member with her looking at the protruding appendage. You could even feel the warmth of her body on the top of the shaft as you sat there for a moment to assess the situation. The whole instance seemed to happen so fast you weren't sure what to do.Đ

™4 v -ãù@ Scootaloo voiced out and looked back up to you.Đ

You weren't sure what she meant for a moment as she blinked and reached down. The hands upon your shaft made you gasp again.Đ

™4FöW2 —B æVVB Fò `eel good again?" she repeated. "Your... your cock?"Đ

The word made her blush a bit but also let out a small laugh. It must have been a little funny to her but the way she asked and using such language made you nod without realizing it. There was a whispered acknowledgment before she used her fingers to massage the head and stroke at the bit of shaft poking out between her legs.Đ

Dropping the sponge and soap, you gently wrapped an arm around her small waist and pulled her to you. The feeling her tiny frame against your own was wonderful. It was only rivaled by the sensation of her little legs sliding along your length to your lap. The water and soap had made there be very little resistance and it was all you needed.Đ

It felt nothing short of blissful. While not really penetrating the filly, it was possibly just as good. Your hips moved from habit as you held Scootaloo close and began to gently thrust between her legs. The slick feeling of her thighs and cute rump in your lap had you moaning already.Đ

It wasn't hard to succumb to the sins of enjoying the filly once again. Your hands groped gently at her hips and caressed her flat chest more than enough times. The thrusts gained a perfect rhythm as you proceeded to thigh-fuck the pegasus in her own bathroom. It was far too erotic to stop once you had started.Đ

Every press forward felt so good and the pulls back left you craving to press again. Her hands held steady along with her legs as you pumped and brushed your length against her young slit, back and forth. There was a faint panting you could hear coming from her but the running water made it a little hard to hear. It could have been your mind just teasing you further.Đ

The wet pats of your lap meeting her backside began to sound out as you kept up your horny nature. Every thrust had you grunting as you used those ten year old pony thighs to work yourself towards another orgasm, clearly wrapped up in the lust too much to halt. It was one of the best things you could have dreamed of experiencing while you held the orange filly close and bucked eagerly but not too hard.Đ

Her little hips shook lightly while you ran your member against her tender mound more. Each pass had you pulsing and eager for the big finish. Though the water made it hard to see you were certain that you were leaking plenty of pre into the tub. The only downside was how sensitive you were from the past bouts of fun.Đ

You couldn't tell how long you could last working between her legs and grinding on her adorable plot but it didn't seem like it would take much more with how far along things felt. Each slide through her thighs made you gasp and hug her gently while

her little wings flapped against your chest. Muttering phrases and words to her felt automatic as you rolled your hips faster.␣

“What?” she asked, not understanding what you meant.␣

It was a bumbling of words to explain to her about being near climax and about to shoot. More mature language was used as you grunted and felt her hands work with your thrusts to help stroke more of you. It was like a lucid dream having her enjoy the idea of making you get off sexually with her. Things felt like a blur as you rutted faster and panted heavier.␣

“Yeah?” the filly said before looking up to you with her own grunts at trying to stroke you faster. “You going to sh-... uh, cum?”␣

That did the trick. You couldn’t hold it after such an innocent way of asking for quite the lewd action. Your hips bucked a few more times as you hugged her tightly and moaned as the thick member rose between her legs and pulsed. Shot after shot of white foal batter hit the curtain and the tub as you let her watch you blow yet another load for the day.␣

Each trail was washed away rather quickly from the water but it still felt great. Having her ask you if you were about to do so tickled that bodily response instantly. Perhaps it had something to do with somepony asking things they shouldn’t or maybe just how she phrased it. Either way, your third orgasm of the day was milked clean as those thighs pressed a bit from the rising shaft.␣

As the last of your seed spilled forth and ran into the drain, the filly drew in a shaky breath before patting the member gently. She was a sweetheart without knowing it. You smiled and carefully pulled yourself from her thighs until it popped free which made you wince slightly. It was a bit too sensitive to hardly touch. You’d need a good bit of rest.␣

The two of you slowly washed up a little more before the shower was turned off and the dripping water fell from your bodies. Hoisting the pegasus up under her arms, you carried her out of the tub and onto the floor before grabbing a towel for her and yourself. There wasn’t a whole lot else to do in the tub anyway so getting out right away might make the filly happier.␣

Trying to wipe down the excess water from your mane and tail had you noticing Scootaloo being mostly motionless. The towel draped over her shoulders moved slightly but she wasn’t doing much drying herself. It wasn’t until you leaned over that you saw what was going on.␣

Whether it was from you or from other things, the filly had learned to begin touching herself. Inappropriately at that. Her fingers were pressing at her mound and running along the slit though she seemed a little flustered at something. As exciting as it was, you knew you wouldn’t be able to take another moment to blow a load, despite your penis wanting otherwise. Instead, it was time you helped her out.␣

Asking if she was okay had her almost jump before she pulled her hands away from her lap and turned around. She must know touching herself like that isn’t exactly a thing to do in front of others. Aunts or parents may have told her so one day. It didn’t matter. You just wanted to help a filly in need.␣

“Uh, I’m okay,” she lied and pressed her legs together. The visible slit tried best to hide but her soft mound kept it exposed even just a bit.␣

You smiled and helped begin drying her off before looking to her lovely violet eyes. It wasn’t bad to have simple urges like that down there and you told her so. It was just that she didn’t need to be doing it in front of family or anypony else for that matter. Then it hit you. You could have her feel good just like she made you feel good.␣

“Yeah?” Scootaloo asked, perking up a little. “My... thing can feel good and sho-uh, cum?”␣

Snickering at her wording choice you explain a bit more upon it for her. The vulgarity of the words were something you weren't sure on but since she seemed to like using new phrases around you it might be best she used them with you and not out in public. Her ears flicked as you told her differences but left out some very key details about breeding. Specifically how to initiate it.☺

"So, you have a cock... and I have a... pussy?" she asked, almost hissing the last word.☺

You merely nod and tell her that vagina is probably a much more acceptable term to use but she seemed to be disinterested in that. Cheerilee must have told them about the typical wording and using those must remind her of school. Something to distance herself from there and in private possibly had her feel more comfortable to a certain degree.☺

"Okay," the pegasus said softly and stood there, still mostly wet from her shower. "Could you... make my pussy feel good?"☺

The blush almost made her look like she was burning up. No pony else had really touched her there, even to clean, other than her parents or aunts. Whatever she was experiencing with you was something brand new and had her interest entirely.☺

You take the towel from her shoulders and lay across the floor while gesturing to it. Her hooves stepped along the cloth before she found herself a proper area and sat down while looking to you. There was a small laugh you couldn't help but give before lightly touching her shoulder and telling her to lay back.☺

Slowly, Scootaloo moved her body back onto the towel completely as her legs stayed bent at the knees. You wanted to lay with her so bad but she needed a bit of help to not have the sensation between her legs bothering her all day. Gently and in a fluid motion, you part her legs and gaze onto the untouched valley of her little fillyhood.☺

No pony had probably looked or given her nearly as much attention there as you were. Her tail swished several times beneath her as she watched and let you stare at her tiny mound for a long while until you scooted forward. Your breath made her jump slightly but not as much as your tongue did.☺

Her body tasted pristine and slightly tangy. A clean and naughty flavor only capable of a filly. The little pegasus gasped and lost her breath for a moment as she got her legs to rise before clutching her hands together across her chest. Your tongue pressed against her pudgy mound and slid up against the cleft as she let out a shuddered breath before you noticed her breathing quicken. Telling her to not worry and just let her body do what feels like it needs to had her shiver a bit. Your breath must have teased her plenty.☺

A small kiss to her filly cunt and you continued your own oral work on her. Tasting the sweetness of her body had you wanting to do so much but you knew your own member wouldn't be up for the task again so quickly. Instead, you slid along the labia and traced her folds carefully, making sure to see what she liked most.☺

Reaching up near the top had her almost squirm as her hands reached for your head, nearly about to shove you away before you stopped. Indeed, she was incredibly sensitive on her pleasure button. You nosed lightly to the filly's loins before kiss at the crease and rolling your tongue up slowly along her.☺

Scootaloo's arms shuddered visibly before she hesitated and gripped the towel beneath her. Little fistfuls of the fabric were clutched tightly as you carefully ate the pegasus out. Holding her thighs, you reached under and cupped her rear before lifting her slightly to better get at the lovely treat she had offered you.☺

Bit by bit, you kissed and licked along the filly's pussy. Every second that ticked by was absent from either of you. Nothing mattered more than the time you were

spending together. A few attempts to ease your tongue into her had her almost whimper before you pulled back and teased her clit more. Whether it was due to being afraid or the pleasure was too much you didn't want her to fear a natural reaction.␣

You could feel the tiny nub of her hidden secret slip across your tongue every time. She groaned and breathed heavier as you kept up the pace. Upon licking down her folds you found something new. She was wet! Aroused beyond what you knew capable of a filly.␣

Going to work, you lapped up the secretion of her arousal, finding a stronger taste than just her body. The filly groaned and writhed against you but didn't pull away. Her hips even lifted to your muzzle several times over. Kissing her sweet clit had her almost whine as she closed her eyes tight and drew her small legs over your shoulders.␣

There was no telling how much time had gone by since you first entered her home but you didn't care. Time was unimportant to you. The little pony was taking all your attention anyway. Could have been mere minutes or long lengths of hours but you weren't going to leave until she was satisfied.␣

Her orange coat was slowly drying as she let you continue the cunnilingus upon her immature body. Every tongue lashing made her squirm while she held to the towel tighter. Those hooves locked behind your head as she panted faster. You could tell she was close.␣

"S-s-something... Something's... going to...," she tried to explain, unable to really comprehend what was happening to her for the first time ever.␣

You mumble lightly against her mound and gently shake your head. No need for words. She just had to let it happen. The vibrations of your voice against her must have been what ticked that final mark for her as her little love box gave small convulsions with her breathing. You kept going.␣

There wasn't any words the little pegasus could have used even she had a voice right then. Her body tensed and you felt her legs tighten around your neck. Those hooves pulled you to her crotch more as she nearly yelped in a scream from her first climax. It must have been an intense one for how her back arched and her hips rolled to try and ride it all out.␣

It took a minute before Scootaloo finally came down off her sexual high, panting wildly and letting go of the towel. Her legs loosened up and allowed you to gently lay her back down as you licked your lips and tasted the last bit of her nectar that coated them. It was a magical thing to witness a filly in the throes of pleasure like she had been.␣

Her eyes were glazed over in a lust you knew well while she tried to focus on something, anything. The pegasus' head turned one way and then the other until she finally locked eyes with yours and they slowly started to adjust. The moment went through her mind several times over as she looked to you then smiled and gave a lazy thumbs up.␣

"5F† B`elt weird," she commented and closed her eyes.␣

You let out a hearty laugh and leaned over to kiss her cheek. The filly was still trying to recover from the apparent mind-blowing orgasm she had. Her first ever and you gave it to her, much less the one that had her a limp mess on the floor. You took the liberty to gently dab and wipe at her to dry her off the rest of the way so she could get herself mentally organized.␣

It was about by the time you managed to start trying to slip her panties back on that she began coming around. She stayed a bit silent as she got dressed in the panties

and let you explain how to clean your spunk from the floors. It seemed she was still a little out of it but she tried her best to stay focused.␣

The two of you worked on the nearly stained floor before finishing up in the bathroom and opening the door. The cool air hit you both like a wall and woke you up instantly. Scootaloo seemed to take the sudden temperature change quick as she rushed her hooves to her room to find something more to wear. You took your time in striding over and watched her slip into some new shorts and a much more baggy shirt.␣

“That was a lot of fun,” she finally stated and smiled to you. “Can we do it again soon?”␣

She acted as if you were about to leave already. Still, you agreed and pulled her in for a nice hug. Petting her mane, those little ears fidgeted about as she stayed against you and smiled.␣

“I’ve learned a lot,” the pegasus mentioned and nuzzled against your stomach.␣

You couldn’t deny that at all. She learned how to pleasure herself as well as other terms for body parts. Not something a ten year old pony should know but she didn’t seem to be acting odd about it. Whether it might make her a little insatiable later on no pony knew. Either way, she seemed happy and that was what mattered most to you.␣

Things had finally started winding down for you. Your lust seemed sated, she seemed happy, the day was past noon. It was a bit incredible to think of all that happened since you woke up. No pony would believe it but then again you weren’t exactly going to be shouting to Equestria what had transpired.␣

The two of you talked about things for a good deal after. Ranging from what sports Scootaloo was best at to what you liked doing for your own hobbies. There was plenty of room for food after all that happened. You must have worked a hole in your stomach with how much fun you had.␣

Cleaning the filly’s room was a little slower than usual. You tried to get to better understand how to clean the mess and keep from it staining things. The concept was pretty simple and she learned faster than you did. Then again, you hadn’t exactly had an instructor on how to clean up your seed from things and mostly had to wing it.␣

Once a few hours had passed, you opted to help the pegasus with a late lunch or early dinner. She was more than happy to have you stick around as you asked her all sorts of things she liked to eat. From the items you found, the choices seemed to be more soup or a good sandwich of sorts. Turning to the filly, you asked and could almost guess what she would pick.␣

“Sandwiches!” she shouted and bounced, her arms raised as the baggy shirt kept giving you peeks of her navel.␣

Then it was decided. You did your job of making the meal, being sure that she got most of it. A growing filly needed to eat and you weren’t going to take a large portion of her own food. If it came down it, you were willing to make a bigger meal at your own place and bring it over for her should the need arise.␣

Scootaloo seemed elated with the outcome. She totally wasn’t trying to figure out if you had bigger sandwich slices when both plates were down. You let her look and made sure she started to eat before you snacked on your own plate’s worth. It was nice to sit back and enjoy the company of another while you ate.␣

Both of you ate in mostly silence. The sun lowered more as the day started to get near its end. From all the running around the filly had wanted to do, you were surprised she still energy left. You were probably just recharging her with the meal

too. Hopefully she would be ready for bed soon enough.Ⓔ

Things were calm and you knew that eventually you'd both be heading to separate beds. It wasn't as if you wanted to but any surprise visits wouldn't look too great. Minutes slipped by faster than you expected while you finished up your sandwich and saw only half of the filly's gone. Maybe you gave her a bit much.Ⓔ

Deciding it might be best to head on home, you stood and stretched out. Scootaloo sat up quickly and put her food down before leaning over to hug around your waist. It was sweet of her to be affectionate. You pet her mane and along her back between her wings as she held to you for a bit longer than smiled up you with bright and shiny eyes.Ⓔ

"Thanks for all the fun today," she said and squeezed harder. She was stronger than she looked.Ⓔ

You told her it you should be the one thanking her and had a small laugh. It was a bit painful to go but knowing you'd still see her and she lived right next door eased any of it. Not like everypony had such a luxury.Ⓔ

"Will you be by tomorrow?" the pegasus inquired, her eyes staring up at you in search of an answer.Ⓔ

Giving a light shrug you smile and tell her sure you would. Why not? She squealed lightly in excitement before hugging again and punching at your stomach. Oh, she hit hard. You coughed a bit and chuckled, knowing she meant no harm and wanted to just roughhouse.Ⓔ

Telling her you'll be over when you wake up, the filly nods and smiles. Then it was settled. You'd spend your entire day with her upon waking. Not like you had a whole lot to take care of now. It was a fun idea anyway. She could show off tricks or whatever she liked on her scooter and more.Ⓔ

One last wave and hug had her yank at your shirt to pull you down enough before she kissed your cheek. You returned the favor and rubbed her head while moving to the door. It was a quick open and you slid out while still waving to the orange pony.Ⓔ

Moving across the yard, you vaulted the fence and landed in your own yard before walking to your door. Things had moved rather quickly between you and the filly. Not that you minded but it was certainly unexpected. You smiled to yourself a bit as you went inside and navigated your surroundings slowly.Ⓔ

A bump on some furniture and bounce against a wall had you almost cursing before finding your way up to your bedroom. Stepping in showed the moonlight beginning to peek out and try to cover the land. Your eyes moved to the window almost on instinct as you looked for a certain somepony to be across the area.Ⓔ

There she was, waving again in hopes you'd see as you strode to the window and leaned out to let her see you clearly. She smiled and used two hands to wave before letting you move back. You returned her gesture and chuckled before leaving the window open and stripping down for the night.Ⓔ

You were worn out. All that fun had you expel so much cum that you hadn't remembered the last time you were so riled up. Flopping onto the bed, you roll into the sheets and sigh, entirely content with the promiscuous happenings of the filly you got to take part in. Nothing else would ever compare.Ⓔ

Welcoming Luna's embrace, you closed your eyes and eagerly awaited for the next day. Morning wouldn't come soon enough. Being excited for something like a colt on Hearth's Warming Eve had you unable to rest until a bit later when you finally let your body just give in to the comforting rest it so dearly needed.●

The sudden stir from your slumber left you confused for a good moment. It certainly was daylight yet you had no real understanding as to why there was a slight

abruptness to waking. Your body felt rested from the previous day, as it so needed, but your head was fogged over as you tried finding clarity in the waking world.☺

It wasn't until your ears picked up a noise that you thought you understood your sudden wake up. There came a knocking at your front door. Not loud but enough that you did pick up on it. Perhaps it had been continuous and that was the reason for it bringing you out of your sleep. Rubbing your head and mane, you let out a light sigh to work away the lingering effects of the rest.☺

There seemed to be a faint call from outside but you couldn't quite hear it. The small voice stopped along with the knocking for several minutes before starting up once again. Instead of trying to sleep through it, you did want to at least enjoy the day and not sleep all of it away. Slowly but surely, your body stretched out as you heard various pops and felt the tension ease from being so still in one spot for a while.☺

Yawning and scratching your head, you sit up then throw the sheets off your legs. Hooves on the floor but taking time to let your senses focus, you flick an ear at the light noise. The voice itself sounded as though they didn't wish to bring too much attention to themselves but still wished at least for you to hear. It took a moment but you made the connection and smiled.☺

How long had she been lightly knocking at your door? Did the filly even sleep? It was something else to know she must be wide awake before you as well as the fact that she seemed very eager to meet up once again. The thoughts of the day before filled your mind and seemed to kindle some quick energy as you stood up and made your bed as fast as possible.☺

Answering the door in just your boxers or less wouldn't exactly look good should the passing pony notice. Luckily, you could tug on a pair of pants and pull a random shirt over your head without making the filly wait any longer on you. You just had hoped she hadn't been standing there for longer than the few minutes it took you to hear her knocking.☺

Struggling with your shirt, you head out of the room and down the stairs while making careful steps to ensure you don't fall. Finally managing to straighten it all out, you hop to the landing and smile wide, grabbing the doorknob. You were really looking forward to seeing her more but making that apparent in public could easily come off awkward.☺

Giving the knob a turn and tugging the door open partway, you lean to the side and peek out playfully. There was a moment of confusion on the little pegasus' face before she spotted you and beamed. Those little wings fluttered happily as she gave a friendly wave and let you pull the door open the rest of the way.☺

"Hey!" she said in quite the chipper tune. "Um," Scootaloo said while looking around, "How are you?"☺

She obviously knew that the fun times weren't something other ponies should know but seemed to seek you out anyway. Maybe she really did have stronger feelings for you in general and not just for introducing her to more intimate things. As new as the experiences were to her, you still had to be careful with her overall.☺

You answer her casually, putting on your best look to appear relaxed. Any passerby would think she was asking for a cup of sugar or for her ball in your yard. To your luck, nopony looked to be walking the road at the moment.☺

"So," she said slowly and rubbed at her arm. Oh, Celestia, she was cute. "Could I come in for a minute?"☺

Feigning thought, you tap your chin before giving a fake sigh and smiled. Of course she could. Wasn't as if you two didn't know each other well enough already. The thought made you smirk as you moved and gestured to her through the doorway.☺

Those violet eyes lit up as she hopped in place briefly. The little jumps made it clear how much energy she had stored away. Always one to find some kind of physical activity to do it seemed. No wonder the filly liked to play on her scooter or try out random sports. You only wished you had been as energetic as she could be at any given time.☺

Quickly the small pegasus slips under your arm through the door, brushing past you and making you smile. You could probably guess what had to her wanting to come over to soon but it did seem best not to rush things. For all you knew, maybe she just wanted to learn how to cook a few things so she could prepare for her own dinner when night came.☺

The purple tail attached to the orange filly swished playfully while she bounded into your home and turned, watching you close the door. A quick press to make sure the door was held in place and you turned with your arms up. So, what did she wish to come in for?☺

“Uh,” stammered the little pony, looking away and having a faint blush spread across her muzzle. “About yesterday...”☺

You could feel your heart skip a beat for a moment. Did she regret the experience? Had you scared her? Nothing from the moment seemed to stand out as such but you didn’t wish to harm her if she suddenly began thinking she didn’t like it. Before you could start to apologize, her head tilted up as she locked eyes with yours.☺

“I really liked it,” Scootaloo blurted out, her tiny wings splayed out as she tried to appear strong and totally not embarrassed. The light scrunch of her muzzle held a puzzling look before she smiled and her eyes drifted away.☺

Well, at least you knew she wasn’t upset. Placing your hands onto your hips, you couldn’t hide your own smile as you asked what about it she liked. Maybe it was your own curiosity or just having that itch growing that stallions usually had on such topics.☺

“It... Well, it felt nice,” she said lightly, twisting her hips and holding an arm behind her back. “You were handsome too,” the filly added and bit her lip. “I was wondering though, could we do that fun stuff again? It was really... cool.”☺

You were surprised at her forward nature despite her shyness showing. Maybe bashful was a better term as she kept her idle motions while staring down at your hooves. She seemed too precious to tell her no. In fact, you wanted to praise her a bit at how well she did and could move on to more things.☺

“More?” she asked, looking back up. You could almost hear those gears clicking in her head. “We can do more stuff? Like what?”☺

The sudden excitement of learning there were more promiscuous activities to indulge in apparently caught her attention faster than you expected. She probably didn’t even know what defined a fetish yet but looked eager to learn. Either way, you didn’t want to take things too fast if she didn’t feel comfortable with any of it. When would somepony check on her anyway?☺

“My parents are out for the week and my aunties won’t be by for a couple of days,” explained the filly, almost as if she read your mind. “Can you teach me more of... that fun?”☺

A quick stir within your loins answered that for you as the pretty eyes of the filly stared up to you inquiringly. The loose shirt on her draped just enough to show the tiniest bit of her chest but never too low. Her sporty shorts were one of what seemed like a dozen pairs she probably had, just another color.☺

Even though you could sense the desire rising faster than usual, you knew that you should probably play things safe for a while. While she did seem to be rather eager

about learning sexual things it may be a bit fast for the filly. Being the only pony of the two trying to keep things straight, you do your best to explain things for her. The little pout of her muzzle only made it seem as though she knew and didn't care.☺

"We already kissed," Scootaloo said in a complaining tone. "I don't get why it's such a big deal. I thought we could be like... you know?"☺

It was adorable that she considered kissing the more taboo aspect of things that have happened. Innocent in a way despite having seen and done plenty more with her. The thoughts flooded your mind rapidly and made the feeling of your pants tighten more. With her last statement came a bit of confusion though you had an idea as to what she meant. Instead of assuming anything, you ask softly what she was hinting towards.☺

"You know!" she said and playfully slapped your arm. "Don't make me say it."☺

The cheeks of the orange filly burned in that blush spreading across her muzzle. She was annoyed at you for questioning it but seemed to truly have her heart on the idea. Still, you urged her to say it and promised you wouldn't laugh or do anything to embarrass her.☺

"Fine," the little pegasus mumbled while she stared at the floor. A hoof kicked at the floorboards while she put her hands behind her back. "Thought we could be coltfriend and marefriend."☺

While you did hear her just fine, you almost needed her to repeat it just for verification. It was almost like a wish come true to have the filly want to be so close and have an actual relationship with you. The problem would be having to express such feelings only in private. If anypony else found out then odd looks would be the least of your concerns.☺

Slowly, you try to tell her about the issues of actually carrying on such an idea. Besides the obvious to you, relating to her was a bit rough. Most of the thoughts or explanations could really be boiled down to just the fact the both of you would get into a lot of trouble. Slipping in a few lines of how you might not be able to see each other again if others knew or that neither of you would be able to enjoy such feelings like you currently were helped at least paint the picture better.☺

Scootaloo looked deep in thought, obviously feeling a certain way about things. Whether it was her feelings towards you or even the situation in general seemed to be left up to interpretation. Her brow furrowed as she stood in silence before looking up to you and placing her fists on her hips.☺

"Then I just won't tell anypony," the filly stated matter-of-factly. Her tail gave a few little swishes behind her as she nodded.☺

You couldn't stop the smile creeping onto your face as you reached over and ruffled her purple mane eagerly. Her ears flicked repeatedly as she tried standing her ground before giggling and reaching up to hold your wrist. Even though you had stated not to let word get out of the intimate fun before, having her choose for herself to keep things going and just lay low came as a relief. She was smarter than she acted at times.☺

Taking a minute to act as though you had to think it through made the little pony give a light punch to your arm. Laughing, you agreed and promised you wouldn't tell anypony so long as she would do the same. Her nodding and little ear flicks were as precious as ever.☺

"Can we do more?" the tiny pegasus asked, hopping in place.☺

She was far more eager than you thought. You weren't sure if it was her or yourself that had the most interest in doing more. Far be it from you to keep the filly from getting what she wanted. Your petting to her head had made her mane look like she

just got out of bed. Some gentle pats down as she leaned in for the touch had you smile and smooth out her mane carefully.☺

Once done, the young pony beamed up to you before those little wings fluttered behind her. It was evident she wanted to continue right then. As much as you did as well, perhaps slowly easing into such advances would be best. Scaring her would make you feel rather terrible and hurting her was absolutely out of the question. Instead, you leaned down and planted a light kiss to her brow while offering anything to snack on or eat.☺

™5VÒÂ ' wVW73ù@ the orange pony answered and followed you towards the kitchen.☺ It would probably do well to make sure she was hydrated before and after. Not like the fun exerted too much energy but for all you knew she may have been playing outside a bit before she came knocking. Wasn't as if something simple would take all day anyway.☺

Seating herself, Scootaloo plopped her little plot into a chair at the table and kicked her legs. Her hooves barely touched the floor with her short height. Those violet eyes looked all over your kitchen, always finding something new to stare at or ask about. It was rather nice to have somepony to merely talk to among other things. Made the home feel less lonely.☺

Pouring a glass of juice and offering a sandwich, you lean back against the counter and sip at your own drink. She asked plenty questions which seemed healthy at her age. Curiosity was always a good sign a filly wanted to learn, or so you've heard. Her muffled sentences were a little hard to understand once in a while due to the food but she still managed to get each point across.☺

"Maybe I can cook for you one day!" she exclaimed and smiled. Her muzzle munched at the snack while she grinned.☺

The thought was sweet and rather comforting. Although, you could tell immediately she would need to learn how to cook first. It didn't stop you from fantasizing any at least.☺

"Make a good meal for my colt friend," the filly said bashfully. Her head lowered as she giggled and nibbled on her sandwich a bit more while eyeing your reaction.☺

You chuckle and nod, telling her that would be a wonderful thing. The topic of cooking and food quickly got mentioned as she confirmed having no real attempt at it beyond what you've shown her. Luckily, she was willing to learn and seemed to enjoy the idea of making you some kind of meal one day. As for what, that was left up in the air as she just shrugged.☺

Some other odds and ends of questions were raised but nothing that seemed particularly note-worthy. There was one thing lingering on both of your minds. How to go about such a thing without bluntly stating so was a bit strange. You hadn't exactly come up with much of a plan to help the filly feel more at ease despite her kicking her hooves that barely dangled from the chair.☺

™46 â ' 7V0k your thing again?" Scootaloo asked brazenly.☺

Well then. Seemed formalities were done with. The twitch in your pants was obvious enough to you but just jumping onto the opportunity might be a little strange. Even though you had been promiscuous with the small pegasus already you didn't want to seem like too much of a creep. Instead, you laugh a little and mention how you did enjoy that last time.☺

"It tasted a little weird," the filly added while looking you over. "How does it fit in your pants?"☺

Oh, so you're getting right into those questions? You raise a brow and take a moment to think of ways to explain it before just sighing. She was rather smart and

knew more than she should at her age. May as well just explain it rather straightforward.ð

As you do, her eyes keep darting between your face and your lap. It seemed as though she understood what you said but had a hard time interpreting it in her mind.ð

“So, it goes inside you and stays there until you need to do stuff?” she asked plainly, trying to remember what you had told her before. One of her ears tilted in confusion while she tried recalling her up close encounter with the living pool noodle.ð

You nod and confirm for her that is how it acts, repeating yourself a good deal. As odd as it sounded to her it felt just as strange trying to explain the stallion body to her. You had lived with it your whole life so no real deep thoughts ever bothered entering your mind much at all. Curiosity barely surfaced after having explored yourself at some point. It did feel rather weird to tell her how your dick functioned though.ð

The sight of her standing up and giving a small stretch awakened that deep desire rather quickly. Her form fitting shirt hugged to her more than the looser kinds she had worn previously. Two, tiny dots poked from her chest at the fabric, almost unnoticeable if it weren't for her arms raised high and her back arching.ð

“Something wrong?” she asked, righting herself a bit after the muscle work and tilting her head slightly.ð

You hadn't realized you were staring so much until she broke the spell herself. One of your hands waved lightly as you smiled and assured her nothing was amiss. Leaving a small comment of just admiring her seemed to flatter the little pony as she smiled and tried hiding her blush. The two of you obviously had a thing for one another.ð

“Um,” Scootaloo mumbled before biting her bottom lip. Her hands clasped behind her as she swayed from side to side, twisting at her waist.ð

The shyness of the spunky filly was something special. It felt as though only you were privy to such a thing and made it all the more adorable. Her violet eyes looked up to you as she tried her best to keep from harping on the subject both minds were beating on.ð

Instead of making her wait any longer, you nod slowly and rub at her head. Those cute ears flicked rapidly as she pulled her arms out from behind her to make little fists. You could almost hear the hiss of her breath in excitement, maybe a small ‘yes’ was uttered.ð

Your nod to the direction of the stairwell and beyond signified the filly's wants finally coming to fruition. Her little hop of excitement made you grin as her smaller hand reached out to grab yours. It was comforting to have her being so willing to enjoy your company. Of course, it was more intimate than mere friends and the age gap was something that would do more than raise eyebrows but you were happy. It seemed as if she was too with how her fingers grasped around one of your own and she tugged you along as if your arm was a leash.ð

Waiting was for the weak apparently. The orange pegasus giggled as she kept looking back at you and let her violet eyes sparkle at getting to do things only grown ponies should. Every pull from the kitchen to the stairs had you chuckling as she urged you to keep moving. You didn't exactly wish to drag your hooves but it was fun to see her get a little antsy overall.ð

™46öÖR öâ @ she groaned with a smile. “I wanna do stuff!”ð

You agree and hop up the steps with her towards your bedroom. The little clippity-clop of her hooves on the hardwood flooring makes your own home feel more alive. Sure, it might just be sounds but it was also proof you weren't alone in the home for now.ð

Her tail swished from side to side as she yanked on your finger, nearly popping it in her attempt to get you where she wanted you. For being merely ten she did have some strength to her. Maybe all the sports she got into and roughhousing toned her up better than you imagined. The shorts clinging to her supple backside seemed to be in your face near the end of the steps before she turned and looked between the doors.ð

Pointing, you indicate which one was the bedroom and she rushes forward without a care in the world. It wasn't until you were both inside of the room that she stopped and turned around to face you. Her head tilted up as she looked to your eyes and smiled, happy to have you as her secret, special colt friend. It'd be a lie to say you weren't just as happy to have her.ð

The day may be young but there was no telling how much she wished to do. After all, she seemed keen on knowing all about having sex and more. Thoughts of the tantalizing blowjob danced across your mind as you felt your loins react aptly. Her height was at such a perfect level for doing such sinful deeds.ð

"Is it ready?" Scootaloo asked, her hand raising up and pressing against the bulge in your pants.ð

She really was wanting to move things along quickly. The simple touch was enough to make you feel that sheath adjust and work to press your growing needs against the fabric. It looked as if she felt it too seeing as her eyes moved down to observe the shifting in your lap.ð

"5v†ö Å" she said softly as her fingers groped gently to the filling bulge.ð

You almost wanted to tell her to ease up and take things a little slower but your body reacted as it would with anypony feeling you up in such a way. Her nimble fingers grasped the outline of your swelling shaft, moving along it and seemingly coaxing it forth with such little effort. She certainly had a magic touch.ð

Carefully and slowly, you reach down and place a hand over her own, holding her palm to the warmth of your crotch. It felt so nice on multiple levels as you guided her fingers up and let her help you unfasten the button. Both of her hands were small and struggled just a little before she popped the front of the leggings open and stared at the boxers beneath.ð

"4' 6 â 6ÖVÆÂ —BÂ" the filly said softly, leaning forward some.ð

It was hard not to just give in immediately but you restrained yourself well. Each brush across the fabric to the flesh beneath had you tense lightly. The touch of a female was something you still craved. Each factor of the situation only made it that much better as she tugged a bit at the front of your underwear.

Chapter 8

Hearing the small sniffs through her cute snout made you smile as she ran her fingers up along your lower stomach and through your coat. It was a bit surprising to have her act in such a way briefly but you loved it. Every second that ticked by was another one that seemed to increase your desires. Those boxers held just at the base of your member, showcasing quite a bit of sheath for the girl as she slipped her fingers into the hem and slid the undergarment down to your knees.Ð

The heavy girth of your rod tried to spring forward but stopped quickly as she placed those soft palms on either side of it. While you were still getting more erect it was manageable for her to not at least get slapped in the face. Getting her to touch it once more was wonderful. Gentle and firm, not trying to hurt you but obviously wanting to make you feel good once more.Ð

Slowly, her hands began moving along the meaty shaft. Her arms worked back and forth as her fingers and palms stroked against your naked flesh in ways no filly ever should. The tingling sensation of such an act performed by the little pegasus made you shiver in delight. Her eyes were glued to your exposure, her face mere inches from the stallionhood that wished to breed her.Ð

“M4Æ—°e this... Right?” she said softly with her breath teasing the end of your pole.Ð You nod and tell her she’s a fast learner as she smiles some during the work. Each stroke up urges your dick to press to those adorable lips on her muzzle. When she works her hands down it only makes you wish you had a perfect hole to bury it in. You could even feel her breathing quicken as she openly gave you a handjob, glancing up to make sure you were enjoying you new marefriend’s attempt to please her older crush and colt friend.Ð

The whole moment felt dreamlike and hazy. It was quite astonishing how forward she was being. Perhaps the introduction to such things had kicked a part of her into jump-starting faster than she was meant to. Her sweet hands stroked along you, working you into that needful urge to do more but you still held back.Ð

Scootaloo’s face moved in just enough to let her lips press to the end of your already throbbing member. Such a light kiss sounded out as she planted the affection to the tip and smiled. It felt as though she was wanting it just as bad as you did. Her arms picked up the pace while she kissed the flat head once more and let out a warm sigh over the exposed cock.Ð

Your back gave a light arch as you felt her attention shifting from the shaft to the head and back again. Motions of her hands tugging along the flesh in a gentle manner left you yearning for more and breathing a bit heavier. Was she planning to get you off just like this?Ð

A sudden look of surprise appeared on the filly’s face. Her brow lifted as she let go of your rod and took a step back. Before you could ask what was wrong, her hands moved down and grabbed her shirt, tugging it up to reveal her navel and more of that orange coat. Seeing that flat chest certainly got you going a bit more as she pulled her top up and off, tossing it aside and shaking her head.Ð

“Just in case,” she commented and grinned wide while moving forward and letting your length rub along her deliciously smooth chest.Ð

It was so quick you couldn’t stifle the light moan and shudder of feeling her tiny nipples and smooth coat along your length. The reaction seemed to entice the filly to

keep doing it as she enjoyed the response. Her shoulders moved back a little as she pronounced her flat form more against your member and let the belly of your cock rest on her for a moment.Ⓔ

Seeing your shaft on and against her turned you on quickly. The sight of her little body with your dick seemed to almost demand you breed her. It also showcased exactly how much larger you were compared to her underage body. Despite having the urge, you wondered if you could even fit inside that cute frame.Ⓔ

Bit by bit, the filly's body moved against your shaft, teasing your sensitive member with the light brushes of her coat. The pegasus used her hands to keep you firmly against her, rocking her waist enough to slide you between her palms and flat breasts.Ⓔ

It didn't take long for you to feel the drip of pre-nut oozing out from the head. The substance dribbled down and into her orange coat freely, getting worked in from the motions as you panted softly. It felt so good to be tended to in such a manner. You didn't even need to ask as she seemed perfectly happy to make you happy.Ⓔ

Seconds bled into minutes as she continued her work. The petite body moving against you to make sure you had the most pleasurable experience possible was something you knew couldn't be surpassed. Every motion begged for your release onto her. Just imagining unloading your heavy sac onto her body filled you with temptation and desire. You wanted to see it. You wanted to feel that bliss again.Ⓔ

Almost picking up your thoughts, Scootaloo shifted her pace to be faster. Her young titjob was the best you've had despite her lack of said equipment. In fact, that possibly aroused you more that she was completely flat yet so perky. The slight wobble of her movements here and there landed your shaft on either side of her chest briefly and let you feel the small, hardened nipple drag against you. She gasped each time with you when such happy accidents happened.Ⓔ

You knew you wouldn't last long if she kept it up. Her head dipped down as she lapped at the leaking end of your cock and made the clear fluid spurt out. It was crazy to have such a feeling all around your massive tool. The only downside of enjoying the moment was that your legs wished to sit. The muscles were tensing and your weight wanted to shift.Ⓔ

Even though you were unsure of when you might blow your foal batter, Scootaloo never once seemed to stop. It was almost as if she wanted you make you cum right then and there for her. That young tongue worked against the head more as she stood against you and moved closer. Each step of her hooves angled your dick higher up until it was pressing under her muzzle.Ⓔ

The closeness helped you relax in some ways but also made your cock tremble in need. Every pulse of the girth made the filly hug tight as her arms wrapped around your waist and pinned your length between you both. Her body instantly started rubbing up to you, working her chest up and down the underside of your girth as she nuzzled the head of your rod and against your stomach.Ⓔ

It was too much. You couldn't handle it all as everything started to work on getting you off. Her young body against your own, working that beautiful chest against your shaft and tending to the very sensitive head drew forth the familiar feelings that were stirring below. Your hands rubbed at her back, letting her know how much you loved it all and held her close while that twitching started up. It was surprising to experience such a quick release but you weren't at all upset from hitting that mark.Ⓔ

The throbbing continued and your pre leaked against her more until the end flared up and those hanging orbs pulled to your body. Instantly, your muscles tensed and that cock pulsed wildly. A heavy burst of seed sprayed under her chin as she

laughed in surprise, wiggling against you and causing you to dry hump to her chest. It was stupendous.☺

Each blast of your hot cum splashed onto her body from the neck down. Her chest and shoulder got a good coating while her neck was absolutely doused in your love. Every twitch made her hug to try and milk out the rest before you simply had to pat her head while panting heavily.☺

“5pow! You shot a lot!” she exclaimed, finally stepping back and looking over herself.☺ Your own body wasn’t immune to any of the blow-back as your lap was showed that very well. Still, it didn’t change that your throbbing erection had yet to wilt. Something about the filly kept you going like no other mare. Whatever it was, you were happy for it.☺

Instead of just staring at each other, you hurried to grab a towel from the nearby bathroom and began helping soak up as much of your perversion from her body. She would smell like you for a while if she didn’t wash it off at some point. Well, a very musky version of you.☺

“4†V†P, got me all sticky~” chided the filly before playfully sticking her tongue out.☺ Laughing, you agree and help wipe her down as best as possible. Taking a small moment to tend to your lap, you set the towel aside and look her over. Even with the damp coat she looked amazing. Topless and cute with adorable wings fluttering behind her as she awaits the next bit of fun. Maybe she knew the taboo nature of it all did aid in the arousal you got. Not likely, though she did show quick she was to learn things.☺

“Did you want to see my...,” she began before trying to remember the term you had taught her. “Uh, did you want to see my... pussy?”☺

Her thumbs moved into the hem of her shorts but stayed still. It was as if she were awaiting your answer before showing off her body fully to you. Wrong or not, it was incredibly sexy for her to act in such a way.☺

Your head was lucky it was attached to the rest of you seeing as how much you went into a nodding frenzy. The soft laugh from Scootaloo made you chuckle yourself as she nodded in agreement. Her eyes gazed up to your own and locked completely before her arms and hands began shifting and pulling her fabric down.☺

The filly kept her eyes on yours as her hips gave a slight wiggle while she tugged her shorts free. Inch by inch, her body was revealed as she willingly undressed right before you. The tender frame that played so rough outside looked extremely delicate in such a situation.☺

Each hip and her lower navel came into view, slipping her shorts down further until hanging just above the sweet peach you wished to eye once more. The near agonizing wait had your eyes shift to focus on her body before she finally let go of her clothing. Those shorts and her cute panties dropped to the floor around her hooves as she did her best to keep from covering her intimate area.☺

Just as you recalled, it was the sight many could only dream of. That perfect little swell that creased so carefully down between her legs made your length give a visible twitch. Blushing furiously, the filly stayed there for you to drink in visually. Every little detail was going to be known to you about her as she let you do as you pleased while looking her over.☺

The matted coat from your spunk had made her look almost as if she just took a quick shower. Of course, both of you knew the real reason. It was lucky that her mane hadn’t managed to get soaked even though it came close. There would obviously be more collateral taken upon her the longer things would go on but you didn’t mind. It seemed that she didn’t either as her hands moved behind her back

while she swayed lightly and smiled.Ⓔ

“Do you like it?” the tiny pegasus asked, almost in a whisper. Her demeanor changed a bit in the privacy of the bedroom but she was still the same Scootaloo.Ⓔ

As if you would have ever told her you didn't, you instead praise her and the body she was gifted with while leaning in to kiss her brow. The filly's ears perked up as she heard the praise and stepped out of the clothing while looking down to your engorged member. It gave the faintest pulses with every beat of your heart for her as you continued eating up all the precious eye candy.Ⓔ

Perhaps she was nervous or maybe just trying to figure out what the next step was but she didn't seem to move from where she stood. Her hooves twisted one way then the other as she unknowingly flaunted her body to you. There was no sense waiting for her to make the next move as she clearly started things off for the both of you.Ⓔ

Gingerly, you reach out and take her hand, holding it within your own as she glances up from your lap. A small pull in a direction and the filly followed for you, her fingers around as much of your hand as possible. The bed was as clean as you could make it prior to answering the door not long ago. A little shake with her wrist and she nodded, hopping up and crawling onto the neat sheets.Ⓔ

That soft rump stared at you as she moved across the mattress in an attempt to make room for you. Both of those little cheeks gave the lightest bounce as she crawled and parted her legs some. Her violet tail swayed from side to side which often gave plenty of glimpses to enjoy. The fuzzy rear of your underage lover finally turned at some point as she swiveled and plopped herself down with a bounce and giggled.Ⓔ

Her entire attitude was softer when she was around you and it showed. Whether or not she meant to act tough didn't matter. There was a connection between you two and it was clear as day.Ⓔ

“5p-what do I do?” Scootaloo asked and let her tail swish against the sheets.Ⓔ

You did your best to not scare her by simply jumping on the filly. A soft caress to her leg made her smile as she let you touch and watched. Slowly, you trailed up and ran your fingers through her soft coat while massaging against her upper thigh. She seemed to like that if her eyes starting to lid were any indication.Ⓔ

Speaking softly, you tell her that if she really is wanting to do more and continue things then to understand that it might hurt a little. Being honest would be the best way to handle anything going forward and not sugar-coating it with an attempt to gloss it over. The information did flash a bit of worry over the filly's face before she relaxed some and nodded.Ⓔ

“I trust you. You wouldn't hurt me on purpose, right?” she asked, her little hand resting on your forearm.Ⓔ

Nodding, you mention to her that it would never be in your interest to actually bring harm to the filly. Her ears flick as she listens and quickly leans in to peck your chin with a kiss. Unable to help yourself, you return the favor right on her nose and allow the both of you to get a soft laugh in. Helping her relax would be key if things were really going to go through the way the both of you intended.Ⓔ

There were a few other brief explanations you wished to bring up to her as well. Seeing as you were obviously larger than her there might be discomfort. She only shook her head and kept her muzzle in that innocent smile as if to tell you that didn't matter at all to her. Reminding her once more that it really will sting a bit only had her repeat herself for you again. It really did seem that she was ready for the taboo deed.Ⓔ

With that, you kissed her lips softly and helped guide her onto her back. Those little wings gave soft flutters to the sheets as she let you take the lead. Her small hands caressed along your arms, probably just assuring herself how you wouldn't wish harm upon her and instilling that bond of trust further. Your heart melted at how affectionate she was towards you.ð

"I'm ready... I think," the pegasus said quietly, knowing that the secret union with you would be something she couldn't take back.ð

Giving a few moments to mentally prepare herself, you ask if she still wished to continue. A nod came from her as she looked you over. Even telling her that if things got to be too much to just say so had her shake her head.ð

"I'm ready... I think," she simply stated.ð

If she were any other pony then you'd probably be worried. She was indeed a tough cookie. You only hoped that if she wanted things to stop then she would speak up. No sense making her do something against her will.ð

Lightly, your hands moved to run down her body. The soft and lithe form of her waist and hips were something you probably could never get fully used to. Her legs parted with ease as you gently nudged them apart with your knee. Running your fingers to her inner thigh made her shiver and watch with your member hovering above her sweet lap.ð

You weren't even trying to fit it yet and already looked to be massive compared to her. The ample amounts of pre that had slicked up that head and shaft, along with your seed, would hopefully be enough to make the moment easier. The idea of lube quickly entered your mind as you leaned over the filly to the nearby nightstand.ð

Having your length brush along her lower half made you giving a few light humps to her. The giggling that ensued after must have meant it tickled a bit to rub along her cute lower stomach. With the added substances rubbing into her soft body she was definitely going to have the scent of a horny stallion wafting off her.ð

It took a minute but you did manage to find the half-empty bottle of lubricant in the drawer. You nearly started applying it instantly before taking Scootaloo's hand and telling her to open her palm up. The filly obeyed as you poured a bit of the clear liquid into it then snapped the cap shut. She seemed rather interested in having something new shown to her again.ð

The simple application was easy enough to explain. Her ears stood up straight as she toyed with the new substance in her hand a moment longer before grasping your length. Simply telling her it made things very slippery sparked no joy in the filly. She was a pony of action.ð

That hand ran up and down your shaft for a moment until she attempted to give it a little squeeze. With it slipping from her grasp, she stared in awe before rubbing it more and really starting to give it some pressure. Each stroke was getting you going again so quickly while she lathered your stallionhood up and tried seeing how much of it she could keep a grip on.ð

It wasn't that you meant to try and fuck her hands but it was so good having her hold onto it in such a way. Her smile never left her muzzle as you gave a few bucks and felt the tightness of her fingers around your shaft slipping up and down it. Oh, you could enjoy that forever. Every pass just got more intense for you as your hips nearly took over the whole moment.ð

Droplets of pre landed onto her stomach and chest from the thrusts as you panted over her and smiled. What was a simple test of the liquid had turned into another moment of lust very quickly. How many loads did you have ready for the little one? Were you going give her a few gifts like the day before?ð

Her efforts doubled as she tried stroking with your movements. Every thrust forward had her moving her hands down past your medial ring and to the base. A pull back had her fingers worming around just behind the glans. It was amazing how she worked it at such a young age. Perhaps you should invest in more lube if such things were going to be common practice.☺

A few times, the tiny mare had managed to massage the head by simply grabbing it. Her fingers squeezed but not too tightly and fondled you more than you had expected to do to the filly. The work she was putting in nearly became too much while you reached down to hoist her legs up around your waist. Holding just under her knees and letting her hooves lightly press against the back of your thighs let you grind the belly of your shaft up along her sweet slit while she handled your member.☺ It was an odd position but she showed no sign of caring. Those tiny fingers kept at your throbbing meat while you humped against the filly in earnest. The sliding motions ran your warm length along her tender folds which seemed to get a good reaction out of her as well. A combination of the lubricant and the pressure made it easy to let her slit cradle your rod and rub right against her immature pleasure button.☺

Panting soon took over the soft laughing as the two of you continued the slick motions. Non-penetrative sex looked to be the quick relaxer as you spurted a rather good bit of that self-lubrication against her chest. The filly's legs gripped a bit tighter as she lifted her hips, working her groin against your own as she shuddered. You didn't need her to say anything. You knew.☺

Her hands held tight to your rod as she bucked back against you, working her slick cunny up and down the underside of your cock before she let out a shaky moan. The light warmth that spritzed your member was as clear as her high-pitching moaning. You would have loved to admire the sight of the filly hitting her climax but your own orgasm hit hard and fast.☺

The swift release left no time to warn or prepare. Your balls lifted and expelled that viscous foal batter out like a cannon. Of course, your dear Scootaloo could feel every throb as the first of many volleys of cum arced over her. You nailed the headboard instantly and quickly painted the filly's face right after. Each subsequent rope of jizz had managed to spatter the girl in ways you never thought possible. She really did bring out the best in you!☺

That flare was gripped in the struggle for her to maintain her own sexual high which only made your buckle under the pleasure. Both of your bodies stayed tense as you finished out that last of your load onto the ten year old filly's chest and stomach. Her pants were softer but clearly deep as she shut her eyes and tried her best to smile.☺ Minutes ticked by as you slowly came down from the intense session, somewhat admiring your handiwork done to the orange pony below. The pools of white love in her coat were obvious to anypony that could see if the scent alone wasn't enough. With the towel too far to bother with, you resigned to simply rub her waist and help come to. The light grinding against your lap had slowed to a stop and all those tense muscles finally loosening up to at least help with things.☺

"W-wow..." came a breathy voice. "I... W-wow..."☺

It sounded as if Scootaloo had hit quite the high point and left speechless. A job well done, if you were to pat yourself on the back. You quickly lean down to kiss her cheek and tell her if she needs time to recover then you can hold off on the plans they had set. Her eyes seemed unfocused for a bit before finally getting some clarity back and looking to you.☺

"Wasn't the... the sex?" she asked incredulously.☺

The surprise of such a reveal couldn't hold back the light laughter from you. Her reaction was a mix of confusion and excitement. There may have been a tinge of worry in her voice but she seemed all too eager to really be against stopping things. Feeling her violet tail swish beneath you and brush up against your taint and pouch made you shiver in delight.␣

It wasn't hard to tell her exactly how sex was performed but she did seem a little more uneasy. Steeling herself, the tiny pegasus nodding briskly. She was probably as ready as she ever could be. Your still-hard length showed no signs of easing up either. Maybe your brain was working full throttle to make sure you would stay hard until you got to try your chance with her.␣

Carefully and as softly as possible, you lower her legs to the bed and tell her to keep them spread. The petite slit that split her beautiful mound down the center looked more enticing than anything in your life. The soft coat made it look even softer as you moved down against the filly and kissed her cheek several times. Her little squirms and light giggles made you smile.␣

Things would have to be slow for her to accept you. Of course, that didn't even mean you would be getting inside despite how slick or relaxed things were. Your hips shifted and moved back as you knelt on the bed more, leaning over the precious pegasus and gliding your still-lubed up member down her tiny body.␣

The thick end of your heated and glistening rod finally reached below and slipped down as you angled your lap. Even the briefest touch to her folds sent a shiver of bliss along your spine. You were really about to do it. Scootaloo was prepared to lose her virginity to you fully. A taboo union that only made you want it more while you smiled down to the little lover and asked if she was ready.␣

"Yeah... I wanna do it," she said and tilted her head to see your girth between her legs, ready to stake claim to her once and for all.␣

Anticipation was at an all time high for you. The soft folds cradling the end of your member seemed to bring all sorts of feelings to you. Comfort and arousal, serenity and lust. It was as if a wish had been granted and you were the only thing holding yourself back from taking what you desired.␣

Scootaloo looked to be just as interested as her little chest, sticky in your seed, rose and fell while she waited. Telling her to relax and breathe easily had her nod while you kissed one of her ears. The light flick it gave tickled your snout before you held the filly's body gently and readied yourself. Just take it slowly for her.␣

As you had told yourself, your hips gave a light press forward and nudged against her entrance. Your thoughts raced as you tried to reign yourself in to not hurt the poor pegasus while applying more pressure. Her hips wiggled a bit and squirmed from the action but she didn't try pulling away. No voice sounded out to tell you to stop.␣

Another press and your flat head pushed against her underage hole. The warmth you could feel almost teased you to keep going but you tried your hardest to keep from thrusting hard. Carefully, you pushed your hips more and felt that tiny love tunnel finally spread over the end of your eager prick.␣

The filly gasped and tensed up which forced you to halt your progress though you couldn't deny how amazing she felt just from that little bit. Those muscles teased and groped against the end of your rod while you held it there and gently pet her mane. Telling her how she was doing so good had her smile and relax a bit.␣

Slowly, you eased forward more, letting her underage body accept you as best as it could. Each bit you managed to squeeze inside only brought out such hidden desires more. Your tail swished wildly as you gave a light grunt and felt the head

work its way into her. Then you felt it. That resistance that kept her pure and innocent.␣

The look in your eyes must have been telling as Scootaloo merely nodded to continue and reached up to grab your shoulders. Her small hold was an attempt to brace herself as she took a few deep breaths and closed her eyes. It was now or never.␣

To make it as quick as possible, your hips lurched forward and sent your length deeper into the tight passage. The pegasus cried out and shuddered, tensing up quickly as her legs pressed to your hips. She had finally lost her virginity and to none other than the one she had come to trust so fully.␣

You let out a few pants and softly pet her mane while commending her over and over. She had been stronger than you thought. Praise rained down to her from your lips as she opened an eye from her wince and slowly grinned. Clearly, she was still having some pain and stinging going on but you could only hope it would subside quickly.␣

“M5F,xF† æ² •ou,” Scootaloo breathed out, her legs tensing and relaxing repeatedly.␣ When you mention it might sting for a bit she seemed to not care as much as her breathing normalized and her eyes opened more. Once her brow eased up, she looked to at least be in better shape. You didn’t want to ruin the moment but there was the pressing matter of if you should continue.␣

“Yeah,” she said and nodded, trying to keep her body from seizing up more. “I want to have sex...”␣

It was a bit frightening to be in such control over a fragile body but you slowly leaned in and slipped your arms under her. Hugging her close felt so right. Such a soft warmth that would be irreplaceable. The feeling her muscles constantly squeezing at you below also lent itself to quite the comfort in other ways.␣

In a smooth roll, your lap presses more against her own. The feeling of her body slipping down along you has your own coat stand on end along your back. Each inch you feed her only works to make you want her that much more.␣

Soon, you had nearly sunk in over half of your length inside of her ten year old body. Your hug tightened as you told her how good she felt while starting to ease back and press into her again. The motion rang out a moan from both parties involved as her spread legs wrapped to your waist and held there. It was beyond incredible.␣

Your hips began a rhythm, gentle and light, starting your lovemaking with the filly. Her little folds rolled against your girth that stretched her out so well while she panted and let you have your way with her. Every thrust, despite how small, was amplified ten-fold from her inner walls massaging all along you the entire time.␣

Pre-cum drooled into her in a way that felt like you had never enjoyed sex before. The amount was impressive and lubed up the actions more while it leaked from between both of your bodies. Scootaloo moaned and looked to you, hugging close as you humped against her. The mattress and headboard sounded out their own groans during your taboo fornication.␣

Whether seconds or minutes had passed didn’t matter. The world outside was devoid of interest as you laid with the tiny pegasus. Her hips began their own gyration after a while, rolling to press you deeper into the already too tight hole. It felt so good to have such a lover as she panted in her lust to your chest.␣

Each press into the young body had you attempting to reach further. The head of your cock plunged in while the moment turned more eager as time went on. If she wished to have it be gentler then she kept it to herself. The light spasms of her stretched folds told you she was near her limit. Even the wetness not of your own

indicated that she might already be so very close to her orgasm.Ⓓ

Still, you didn't want to rush things. Your thrusts slowed as you craned your head down to kiss along her neck. A hand moved along her hip to her lower back while you teased her rear, giving light gropes under her tail. The soft and young panting in your ear was something you knew could work you up all by itself if she ever tried teasing you with it. She was special and no pony would be able to tell you otherwise.Ⓓ

The motions were obviously working for the both of you. Your member pulsed and stayed as firm as it had ever been while her freshly deflowered tunnel seemed to be gripping you repeatedly. Whether it was just the sheer tightness or something more was something you didn't think too heavy on. Her hips pressed to yours while she groaned in pleasure, letting her immature clit brush against you again and again.Ⓓ

The taut filly cunny rode you as much as you pressed inside. Sensations you never thought possible worked through your body, clearly more directed at your shaft but your heart also swelled at the fact that you had a dear little lover all to your own. Her moans rang louder as you pressed just a hair deeper and nudged to the wall of her womb.Ⓓ

Knowing what you did about mare anatomy, pushing any harder would just hurt her. Instead, you drew back and slid up to that point to draw out a pleased groan from the youngster beneath you. Each pass made her writhe in pleasure while she curled her fingers into your coat and tugged. While it did sting a little it hardly mattered. If she needed to pull your ears or something just to ride out her needs then you'd gladly let her.Ⓓ

Things would never go back to the way either of you knew them after this. Though, it wasn't like you wished them to so long as you had a filly in your life. Every press into her drew forth that desire to be with her forever. She had your heart and more.Ⓓ

The tempo raised as her legs kicked lightly behind you. Her hips squirmed wildly as she started to breathe rapidly, nuzzling to your head and raking her fingers along your back. She was so close. No sense in making her wait any longer.Ⓓ

Your hips bucked faster as you moaned into her neck, cradling her against you and letting your body do the rest. That thick piece of stallion cock worked in overtime as she cried out in her pleasure, letting you practically ravage her petite body raw. It must have been the new feeling of you inside her along with her little filly button rubbing all across the top of your shaft.Ⓓ

Whispering to her in pants, you tell her to just enjoy the moment. She had no reason to hold back for you as it was just as much her time than yours. Those fingers clenched into tiny fists as she shuddered and nodded against your shoulder while you continued your eager thrusts.Ⓓ

It took no time for her to do as you asked. Her back arched and pressed her flat chest against your own while you heard a deep gasp. Those walls squeezed tightly against you, almost making it impossible to move inside of her, as you held her and let her hit that blissful state she so desperately wanted. Scootaloo came hard and swift.Ⓓ

The filly's body rocked against you, forcing you to lodge that member inside and practically locking you there. You hold her steady and keep trying to wedge your length in and out of the underage pegasus more while feeling your own approach to that proverbial cliff. Time stood still as you could feel her bucking back to you and throwing her head into the pillows below.Ⓓ

It was a wild ride for her. She had to be flying high with the way she had convulsed and tried riding it out. You couldn't help yourself for a bit as your hand caressed her tiny chest and roamed over the sweet nipples of the filly. Her pussy groped at your cock, begging it for the release it instinctively knew despite the severe age gap. Why

fight it?Đ

Your own body reciprocated the action in earnest. Powerful throbs from all that blood coursing through your body made you grit your teeth and tense up. There was no holding back even if you tried. The act and all just became far too much and you were sent over the edge in an amazing climax.Đ

A torrent of virile cum gushed forth into Scootaloo's tight body. Her eyes shut tight as she muttered out her praise while you sprayed all you had directly inside. The thick fluid of foal batter flooded that womb, filling the little one up properly as you moaned out your ecstasy for her. White ropes of your highly potent load splashed into the underage cunt again and again as you emptied every drop possible right into the most dangerous of places.Đ

Her body almost went into a fit from the sheer volume you managed to deposit, your body doing its damndest to breed her. Every throb sent another load into her as your balls practically clung to your body while they attempted to give everything they had left. Nothing had ever felt nearly as fulfilling at that moment. You couldn't imagine anything else even getting close.Đ

With such a hefty load squirting into your tiny marefriend, there was an obvious case of there being too much. Coupled with the age difference and sizes, a good bit of your creamy love that had painted her in your lust within managed to spray out from between your conjoined laps. The sheets took the collateral for that one as the pool of seed grew while you panted hard and tried to keep from collapsing right on top of the pegasus.Đ

Scootaloo was right there with you, both physically and mentally, as she let you fill her to the brim and over. The light swell in her lower stomach certainly showcased the heavy needs you had given her. Both of your minds were fogged over and hazy, hardly taking in anything but the fact of how good life was. Endorphins were going wild as you felt your heart beating like crazy, buried so far inside of such a small filly.Đ It wasn't until you finally felt your muscles give that you laid yourself down against Scootaloo's side. Carefully pulling her over, you roll onto your back to not smother the poor thing as you let her rest atop instead. Your room smelled like sex, musty with sweat and more intimate scents. Surprisingly, you were slowly starting to soften within the young depths. Perhaps you finally worked out that tempting need.Đ

An idle thought crossed your mind as you let your love-drunk partner rest against you. There was obviously a lack of protection for such a deed. Was she capable at her young age? Was it possible fillies at ten could bear foals? The idea was slightly scary but also one you didn't mind too much.Đ

A family was something many ponies wished to start. It did seem like a wonderful thing to think of. The only issue would be how would you be able to get around the issue since it wouldn't be unnoticeable if that were the case. The sexual high seemed to be fleeting as you kept your thoughts to yourself and stroked Scootaloo's mane and back softly. No sense in worrying her about something that probably didn't matter much.Đ

As you let her listen to your heart thumping in your chest, you rubbed at the soft spot between her wings. Light coos were heard as she snuggled herself up to you more and nuzzled under your chin. It must have taken a lot out of her as she seemed to be drifting off to sleep so quickly. As much as you wanted to check the time it seemed like such a useless thing to bother with.Đ

Instead, you continued stroking her mane and back as the two of you stayed in bed, letting the day move by without you. Uttering small words of your love to her had an ear twitch but nothing more as the filly dozed off peacefully. You were almost jealous

with how quickly she could pass out from such a session until you caught yourself yawning.☺

Well, there you go. Guess it was time to put your own needs into action as you lightly bounced your head into the pillow to find a suitable spot before closing your eyes. It felt instant but there was no telling how much time passed as sleep took hold and refused to let go until you were properly recharged.☺

There were no dreams. Luna could never bring forth anything to surpass what you had experienced. No amount of money could buy your love. Instead, you enjoyed your rest with the small body atop you and let things be as they were. Upon waking up, you would continue your life with the one and only Scootaloo. You could even hear the soft mumbling of her voice as you both drifted off into sleep.☺

™4' Æðve you~"•

As you had made sure, life did indeed move on from that day. The added bonus of getting to have a secret little lover did brighten each day. The first couple of days after she had let you take her had her coming over at the break of dawn. She wanted to stay around you and be a part of your life as much as you wished to be of hers.☺

She knew of the risks and swore herself to secrecy until ponies would think nothing of it. Of course, that day would be years away but she seemed to be patient enough for it. After all, you were happy together and that's what really mattered.☺

Teaching her how to cook was particularly fun. Plenty of times the kitchen got its fair share of a mess. Most of the ingredients would hit the floor more than the containers. The whole time it was spent with smiles and laughter. She did learn fairly quickly as well. In fact, her first attempt at a cake came out far better than your own first try.☺

™4' panted to thank you for everything," she had told you when she brought it over.☺ The sweet smile on her muzzle as her cheeks grew that rosy color was all too precious. She clearly thought a lot of you and you weren't about to let anypony hurt her. Things just seemed so perfect with her in your life. She also tried spending all of her free time with you despite you telling her she should attempt keeping her life looking less odd.☺

Ponies would start asking questions if they saw her over at your place every day. Her friends might find it strange that she no longer wished to try sports or hang out. As carefree as she appeared, Scootaloo did take the warning to heart and agreed to keep things as on track as possible. You would still give her playful winks and wave when nopony else was looking though.☺

It didn't take too long, possibly a month, before you felt a lingering worry in your mind. Scootaloo had complained about her stomach and feeling nauseous. Thinking back to the fateful day made you wonder if things would be different with a simple layer of protection but you quickly brushed it aside. Fillies and colts got upset stomachs plenty of times for many reasons. There was no need to stress yourself out about it.☺

Taking heed of her issue, you did your best to make her comfortable and let her stay the night. Promiscuous activities seemed to be off the table to help her heal faster. You knew better than to think of yourself during a time. Her love only grew stronger as she stayed with you.☺

The day after, the rambunctious pegasus was back at it. Kicking and yelling as many young ones do while having the time of her life. Things were obviously only just starting between you two but as for how much you had no idea.☺

As days went on, so did her supposed sickness. She seemed more inclined to just

settle onto the sofa or cuddle up in bed than even jog around the area. It wasn't until a few weeks after her first stomach issue that you got quite the surprise.☺

"I think I'm eating too much," the filly had said in passing, staring at the stew you had prepared.☺

When you asked why she seemed to shrug before leaning back in her seat and lifting her shirt. The small swell of her stomach brought a flash of your great first time with her but then the realization of what it truly might mean. Her light pats to her little belly made you gently take her hand and hold it tight as you thought of how to explain things.☺

There was the possibility that she merely did eat too much so you ran through the list of things with her that she had eaten. Nothing too fatty seemed to be on it and she did still get her exercise out there. Your worried look must have scared her a bit before you quickly hugged her close. As best as you could, you made mention that it may not be just any belly she has.☺

"What do you mean? I'm not getting fat?" she asked bluntly, looking to herself in mild annoyance.☺

Taking the time to ask her if she knew how foals were made had her shrug a bit. She did say she knew but never really thought about it. Her exact term was that it sounded 'gross' because of Cheerilee explaining in such a way. You couldn't help but chuckle and tried to see if you could have her notice the better side of it.☺

Carrying on a family, living together, having a cute foal to learn things you teach them. So many ideas and it was all a wonderful thing to bring a new life into the world. Some of it did seem to interest the filly but she furrowed her brow quickly.☺

"What do you mean? I'm not getting fat?" she asked and poked her stomach. "Is it... now?"☺

You shake your head and tell her it takes a while but that her stomach is going to get bigger. Hearing that didn't make her a happy camper. She seemed to be a tad upset with you but knew you didn't intend such a thing. After all, how were you to know you could breed a ten year old filly?☺

Telling her that she would be the best mother there is did seem to pique her interest some. She mostly like the idea of having another she could teach all her fun activities to. Using her scooter and showing them how to do cool tricks made her smile when you told her. One thing did make her beam rather quickly which was mentioning how they might look up to her like she did Rainbow Dash.☺

"I can be seen as awesome as her?" the filly questioned and stared in awe at her stomach.☺

She very easily could and you told her as such. Those violet eyes sparkled as she looked at herself in a new light. While she still thought Dash was the coolest pony ever, the idea that she could be on that level to the very foal she was making must have set her sights high.☺

"You'll be the coolest and most rad... uh... filly?" Scootaloo asked and looked up to you.☺

You just shrugged. It would be a mystery until it happened or she had some motherly instinct to tell before then. Prediction or not, she seemed to be more for the whole thing rather than against it. Even telling her it was her choice to do as she wished had her wanting to get the foal. Iterating to her a few times that she could choose one way or the other never once deterred her. You were both having that foal and that was final. Though, it was hardly as if you didn't want them.☺

Just stressing the point that she could do as she pleased was your main focus and she seemed to understand. Beyond that, it was a matter of figuring out how to hide such an obvious sign. Lies would have to start and missing school days at some

point. Perhaps you should have thought ahead just a bit but it was too late for that. ð
As the days went into weeks and fall began, Scootaloo's stomach billowed out more. She wasn't as large as most mares get due to her size but it was clearly noticeable. Bigger clothes were worn and she seemed to try ducking out of anything that got her close to other ponies. It wasn't until one day you were raking your lawn and heard the joyous cries of her friends from next door. ð

The noises were loud but seemed rather normal as for when they came to hang out. An hour later and they went outside to gossip and more. You couldn't help but peer over and see what might be going on between them. Mostly, you just wanted to make sure they weren't picking on your pegasus. ð

"5v€y's it so big?" Apple Bloom voiced while her hands were perched on her hips. ð
She was standing in front of Scootaloo who was mostly holding herself and glancing around. When she saw you, her eyes lit up but she refrained from saying anything. You gave a small wave before the sudden turn of the little apple horse made you freeze on the spot. She had followed her friend's gaze right to you. ð

"Yeah, are you doing a neat contest or something? Eating to get fat?" Sweetie Belle piped in, leaning down and almost pressing her face into the orange stomach. ð

Silence fell across both yards as you glanced from Scootaloo to her friend, unsure how to react to the situation. Thankfully, Sweetie seemed preoccupied with the pregnant belly rather than the awkward moment. Swallowing down your pride, you continue with the wave and cheerfully greet them. ð

Bloom's eyes narrowed, clearly having other ideas brewing as she slowly looked from you to her friend and back again. Sweetie seemed to hop up at your greet and waved with both hands while Scootaloo offer her own single handed wave. Both of them cheered while their red-maned friend finally did the same. ð

"4†VÆÆð, mister!" Scootaloo yelled, doing her best not to mention you by name. ð
That seemed to relax Bloom as she gave her howdy and shook her head before turning away. Well, that could have gone better. At least you didn't have to worry about being confronted by them. Maybe you should heed your own advice and keep things low. You do as you think and turn your back to them while continuing your lawn care. ð

The rest of the day went uneventful, thankfully, as you bagged up the leaves and went inside. It would take a lot of convincing lies to weasel out of why your filly's belly goes from plump to flat again some day but now was not the day. You'd cross that bridge when you came to it. ð

By the time the evening came around, you heard your back door open and the sounds of lighter hoofsteps sounding out. The little clip-clops of the familiar noise made you smile before small hands rubbed at your shoulders and ruffled your mane up. Looking up to see Scootaloo had her giggle while walking around to plop down onto the sofa with you. ð

"Apple Bloom seemed a bit suspicious about us," she stated then cuddled up closer. "I wouldn't worry though. Sweetie Belle thought up a lie for me without knowing it so I'll just run with that for now." ð

You draped an arm around your pregnant filly and held her close. That free hand of yours moved in and caressed over the round stomach of your lover while you enjoyed a comfy evening together. It was still surprising how you had clearly managed to knock up somepony so young but it also felt rather good. You liked to tell yourself you were just that potent. ð

Soon enough, those small hands of your dearest drifted down and caressed your thighs before moving to unfasten your pants. There were still plenty of times you two

fooled around, just that you had to be careful in current circumstances. You had grown more aroused by the second as she fished you from your clothing and lightly stroked while kissing up to your neck.␣

“Mm, don’t stop rubbing and I won’t,” she whispered, letting her palm run up the underside of your shaft.␣

How could you say no? Your hand rubbed at her belly in soothing motions as she tended to you right there on the sofa. Things would be different once you had your foal brought into the world but it was going to be something special for sure. For now, you relaxed and let your young pony stroke you off before feeling her dip down and begin those familiar suckles to the end.␣

”Æ`e was great.

— End of Story —