

# The Filly Next Door

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*Scootaloo visits her neighbor*

*Scootaloo visits her neighbor and gets preggers*

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*Story written for me by Lorelove*

## 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 as 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.

— End of Chapter 2 —