

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 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.

— End of Chapter 3 —