

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 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 here 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.

— End of Chapter 5 —