

# The Filly Next Door

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Published: June 7, 2026

Status: Complete

Rating: Safe

Word Count: 51,144

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

*Scootaloo visits her neighbor*

*Scootaloo visits her neighbor and gets preggers*

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*Story written for me by Lorelove*

## Chapter 6

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

across her muzzle.␣

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Scootaloo pleaded while looking up to you.␣

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The filly asked in her eagerness.␣

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

all in my mouth.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TM5F†W&R @ she stated and smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

— End of Chapter 6 —