

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 7

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Uh,” stammered the little pony, looking away and having a faint blush spread across her muzzle. “About yesterday...”☺

You could feel your heart skip a beat for a moment. Did she regret the experience? Had you scared her? Nothing from the moment seemed to stand out as such but you didn’t wish to harm her if she suddenly began thinking she didn’t like it. Before you could start to apologize, her head tilted up as she locked eyes with yours.☺

“I really liked it,” Scootaloo blurted out, her tiny wings splayed out as she tried to appear strong and totally not embarrassed. The light scrunch of her muzzle held a puzzling look before she smiled and her eyes drifted away.☺

Well, at least you knew she wasn’t upset. Placing your hands onto your hips, you couldn’t hide your own smile as you asked what about it she liked. Maybe it was your own curiosity or just having that itch growing that stallions usually had on such topics.☺

“It... Well, it felt nice,” she said lightly, twisting her hips and holding an arm behind her back. “You were handsome too,” the filly added and bit her lip. “I was wondering though, could we do that fun stuff again? It was really... cool.”☺

You were surprised at her forward nature despite her shyness showing. Maybe bashful was a better term as she kept her idle motions while staring down at your hooves. She seemed too precious to tell her no. In fact, you wanted to praise her a bit at how well she did and could move on to more things.☺

“More?” she asked, looking back up. You could almost hear those gears clicking in her head. “We can do more stuff? Like what?”☺

The sudden excitement of learning there were more promiscuous activities to indulge in apparently caught her attention faster than you expected. She probably didn’t even know what defined a fetish yet but looked eager to learn. Either way, you didn’t want to take things too fast if she didn’t feel comfortable with any of it. When would somepony check on her anyway?☺

“My parents are out for the week and my aunties won’t be by for a couple of days,” explained the filly, almost as if she read your mind. “Can you teach me more of... that fun?”☺

A quick stir within your loins answered that for you as the pretty eyes of the filly stared up to you inquiringly. The loose shirt on her draped just enough to show the tiniest bit of her chest but never too low. Her sporty shorts were one of what seemed like a dozen pairs she probably had, just another color.☺

Even though you could sense the desire rising faster than usual, you knew that you should probably play things safe for a while. While she did seem to be rather eager

about learning sexual things it may be a bit fast for the filly. Being the only pony of the two trying to keep things straight, you do your best to explain things for her. The little pout of her muzzle only made it seem as though she knew and didn't care.☺

"We already kissed," Scootaloo said in a complaining tone. "I don't get why it's such a big deal. I thought we could be like... you know?"☺

It was adorable that she considered kissing the more taboo aspect of things that have happened. Innocent in a way despite having seen and done plenty more with her. The thoughts flooded your mind rapidly and made the feeling of your pants tighten more. With her last statement came a bit of confusion though you had an idea as to what she meant. Instead of assuming anything, you ask softly what she was hinting towards.☺

"You know!" she said and playfully slapped your arm. "Don't make me say it."☺

The cheeks of the orange filly burned in that blush spreading across her muzzle. She was annoyed at you for questioning it but seemed to truly have her heart on the idea. Still, you urged her to say it and promised you wouldn't laugh or do anything to embarrass her.☺

"Fine," the little pegasus mumbled while she stared at the floor. A hoof kicked at the floorboards while she put her hands behind her back. "Thought we could be coltfriend and marefriend."☺

While you did hear her just fine, you almost needed her to repeat it just for verification. It was almost like a wish come true to have the filly want to be so close and have an actual relationship with you. The problem would be having to express such feelings only in private. If anypony else found out then odd looks would be the least of your concerns.☺

Slowly, you try to tell her about the issues of actually carrying on such an idea. Besides the obvious to you, relating to her was a bit rough. Most of the thoughts or explanations could really be boiled down to just the fact the both of you would get into a lot of trouble. Slipping in a few lines of how you might not be able to see each other again if others knew or that neither of you would be able to enjoy such feelings like you currently were helped at least paint the picture better.☺

Scootaloo looked deep in thought, obviously feeling a certain way about things. Whether it was her feelings towards you or even the situation in general seemed to be left up to interpretation. Her brow furrowed as she stood in silence before looking up to you and placing her fists on her hips.☺

"Then I just won't tell anypony," the filly stated matter-of-factly. Her tail gave a few little swishes behind her as she nodded.☺

You couldn't stop the smile creeping onto your face as you reached over and ruffled her purple mane eagerly. Her ears flicked repeatedly as she tried standing her ground before giggling and reaching up to hold your wrist. Even though you had stated not to let word get out of the intimate fun before, having her choose for herself to keep things going and just lay low came as a relief. She was smarter than she acted at times.☺

Taking a minute to act as though you had to think it through made the little pony give a light punch to your arm. Laughing, you agreed and promised you wouldn't tell anypony so long as she would do the same. Her nodding and little ear flicks were as precious as ever.☺

"Can we do more?" the tiny pegasus asked, hopping in place.☺

She was far more eager than you thought. You weren't sure if it was her or yourself that had the most interest in doing more. Far be it from you to keep the filly from getting what she wanted. Your petting to her head had made her mane look like she

just got out of bed. Some gentle pats down as she leaned in for the touch had you smile and smooth out her mane carefully.☺

Once done, the young pony beamed up to you before those little wings fluttered behind her. It was evident she wanted to continue right then. As much as you did as well, perhaps slowly easing into such advances would be best. Scaring her would make you feel rather terrible and hurting her was absolutely out of the question. Instead, you leaned down and planted a light kiss to her brow while offering anything to snack on or eat.☺

™5VÒÂ ' wVW73ù@ the orange pony answered and followed you towards the kitchen.☺ It would probably do well to make sure she was hydrated before and after. Not like the fun exerted too much energy but for all you knew she may have been playing outside a bit before she came knocking. Wasn't as if something simple would take all day anyway.☺

Seating herself, Scootaloo plopped her little plot into a chair at the table and kicked her legs. Her hooves barely touched the floor with her short height. Those violet eyes looked all over your kitchen, always finding something new to stare at or ask about. It was rather nice to have somepony to merely talk to among other things. Made the home feel less lonely.☺

Pouring a glass of juice and offering a sandwich, you lean back against the counter and sip at your own drink. She asked plenty questions which seemed healthy at her age. Curiosity was always a good sign a filly wanted to learn, or so you've heard. Her muffled sentences were a little hard to understand once in a while due to the food but she still managed to get each point across.☺

"Maybe I can cook for you one day!" she exclaimed and smiled. Her muzzle munched at the snack while she grinned.☺

The thought was sweet and rather comforting. Although, you could tell immediately she would need to learn how to cook first. It didn't stop you from fantasizing any at least.☺

"Make a good meal for my colt friend," the filly said bashfully. Her head lowered as she giggled and nibbled on her sandwich a bit more while eyeing your reaction.☺

You chuckle and nod, telling her that would be a wonderful thing. The topic of cooking and food quickly got mentioned as she confirmed having no real attempt at it beyond what you've shown her. Luckily, she was willing to learn and seemed to enjoy the idea of making you some kind of meal one day. As for what, that was left up in the air as she just shrugged.☺

Some other odds and ends of questions were raised but nothing that seemed particularly note-worthy. There was one thing lingering on both of your minds. How to go about such a thing without bluntly stating so was a bit strange. You hadn't exactly come up with much of a plan to help the filly feel more at ease despite her kicking her hooves that barely dangled from the chair.☺

™46 â ' 7V0k your thing again?" Scootaloo asked brazenly.☺

Well then. Seemed formalities were done with. The twitch in your pants was obvious enough to you but just jumping onto the opportunity might be a little strange. Even though you had been promiscuous with the small pegasus already you didn't want to seem like too much of a creep. Instead, you laugh a little and mention how you did enjoy that last time.☺

"It tasted a little weird," the filly added while looking you over. "How does it fit in your pants?"☺

Oh, so you're getting right into those questions? You raise a brow and take a moment to think of ways to explain it before just sighing. She was rather smart and

knew more than she should at her age. May as well just explain it rather straightforward.ð

As you do, her eyes keep darting between your face and your lap. It seemed as though she understood what you said but had a hard time interpreting it in her mind.ð

“So, it goes inside you and stays there until you need to do stuff?” she asked plainly, trying to remember what you had told her before. One of her ears tilted in confusion while she tried recalling her up close encounter with the living pool noodle.ð

You nod and confirm for her that is how it acts, repeating yourself a good deal. As odd as it sounded to her it felt just as strange trying to explain the stallion body to her. You had lived with it your whole life so no real deep thoughts ever bothered entering your mind much at all. Curiosity barely surfaced after having explored yourself at some point. It did feel rather weird to tell her how your dick functioned though.ð

The sight of her standing up and giving a small stretch awakened that deep desire rather quickly. Her form fitting shirt hugged to her more than the looser kinds she had worn previously. Two, tiny dots poked from her chest at the fabric, almost unnoticeable if it weren't for her arms raised high and her back arching.ð

“Something wrong?” she asked, righting herself a bit after the muscle work and tilting her head slightly.ð

You hadn't realized you were staring so much until she broke the spell herself. One of your hands waved lightly as you smiled and assured her nothing was amiss. Leaving a small comment of just admiring her seemed to flatter the little pony as she smiled and tried hiding her blush. The two of you obviously had a thing for one another.ð

“Um,” Scootaloo mumbled before biting her bottom lip. Her hands clasped behind her as she swayed from side to side, twisting at her waist.ð

The shyness of the spunky filly was something special. It felt as though only you were privy to such a thing and made it all the more adorable. Her violet eyes looked up to you as she tried her best to keep from harping on the subject both minds were beating on.ð

Instead of making her wait any longer, you nod slowly and rub at her head. Those cute ears flicked rapidly as she pulled her arms out from behind her to make little fists. You could almost hear the hiss of her breath in excitement, maybe a small ‘yes’ was uttered.ð

Your nod to the direction of the stairwell and beyond signified the filly's wants finally coming to fruition. Her little hop of excitement made you grin as her smaller hand reached out to grab yours. It was comforting to have her being so willing to enjoy your company. Of course, it was more intimate than mere friends and the age gap was something that would do more than raise eyebrows but you were happy. It seemed as if she was too with how her fingers grasped around one of your own and she tugged you along as if your arm was a leash.ð

Waiting was for the weak apparently. The orange pegasus giggled as she kept looking back at you and let her violet eyes sparkle at getting to do things only grown ponies should. Every pull from the kitchen to the stairs had you chuckling as she urged you to keep moving. You didn't exactly wish to drag your hooves but it was fun to see her get a little antsy overall.ð

™46öÖR öâ @ she groaned with a smile. “I wanna do stuff!”ð

You agree and hop up the steps with her towards your bedroom. The little clippity-clop of her hooves on the hardwood flooring makes your own home feel more alive. Sure, it might just be sounds but it was also proof you weren't alone in the home for now.ð

Her tail swished from side to side as she yanked on your finger, nearly popping it in her attempt to get you where she wanted you. For being merely ten she did have some strength to her. Maybe all the sports she got into and roughhousing toned her up better than you imagined. The shorts clinging to her supple backside seemed to be in your face near the end of the steps before she turned and looked between the doors.ð

Pointing, you indicate which one was the bedroom and she rushes forward without a care in the world. It wasn't until you were both inside of the room that she stopped and turned around to face you. Her head tilted up as she looked to your eyes and smiled, happy to have you as her secret, special colt friend. It'd be a lie to say you weren't just as happy to have her.ð

The day may be young but there was no telling how much she wished to do. After all, she seemed keen on knowing all about having sex and more. Thoughts of the tantalizing blowjob danced across your mind as you felt your loins react aptly. Her height was at such a perfect level for doing such sinful deeds.ð

"Is it ready?" Scootaloo asked, her hand raising up and pressing against the bulge in your pants.ð

She really was wanting to move things along quickly. The simple touch was enough to make you feel that sheath adjust and work to press your growing needs against the fabric. It looked as if she felt it too seeing as her eyes moved down to observe the shifting in your lap.ð

"5v†ö Å" she said softly as her fingers groped gently to the filling bulge.ð

You almost wanted to tell her to ease up and take things a little slower but your body reacted as it would with anypony feeling you up in such a way. Her nimble fingers grasped the outline of your swelling shaft, moving along it and seemingly coaxing it forth with such little effort. She certainly had a magic touch.ð

Carefully and slowly, you reach down and place a hand over her own, holding her palm to the warmth of your crotch. It felt so nice on multiple levels as you guided her fingers up and let her help you unfasten the button. Both of her hands were small and struggled just a little before she popped the front of the leggings open and stared at the boxers beneath.ð

"4' 6 â 6ÖVÆÂ —BÂ" the filly said softly, leaning forward some.ð

It was hard not to just give in immediately but you restrained yourself well. Each brush across the fabric to the flesh beneath had you tense lightly. The touch of a female was something you still craved. Each factor of the situation only made it that much better as she tugged a bit at the front of your underwear.

— End of Chapter 7 —