

# *The Lessons*

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# 1. The First Lesson

Hermione was sitting in her favourite chair next to the fireplace, in the Gryffindor common room. Next to her was Ron, finishing his potions essay.

"Hermione, could you help me with this? It would get done much faster," Ron said after scratching almost a paragraph in the parchment.

"Don't think I'll help you cheat, Ron. You have to learn by yourself!"

"I won't learn a thing always making mistakes." Ron got up and sat on the other chair next to Hermione. "Lucky Harry learning Occlumency with Snape. And then...maybe not."

"Aren't you going to finish that tonight?" Hermione asked looking at Ron, who had a thoughtful look across his face, staring at the almost extinct fire.

"No, I'll just wait a minute, collect my things and go to bed. I'm very tired."

"Well then I'll go now. Will you wait for Harry?"

"I guess not. Since it's the holidays I'll be alone in the dormitory, but Harry takes too long with Snape! They should be over only an hour from now."

"Good night then, Ron" said Hermione getting up from her chair.

"Night, Hermione," whispered Ron.

Hermione entered the dormitory and changed into her white silk nightgown. After watching the ceiling for about ten minutes she realized she couldn't sleep.

"Maybe I should go and help Ron. After all he's been trying so hard, and giving a hand isn't exactly cheating." She knew that there was no time to dress – and besides that Ron was her friend – there was no problem if he saw her in just a night dress. "Fortunately it isn't see-through."

When she reached the common room, she looked around, but Ron had already left, but she looked at the table and saw a small ink bottle with a quill in it. *Well maybe I can still help and deliver this to him.* So, quickly as she could, she climbed the staircase to the boys' dormitory.

As soon as she entered the room she noticed Ron's curtains were closed. *Well he's already asleep. I'll just leave his ink bottle next to his stuff though.* But as she placed the bottle she heard a familiar voice.

"Is it you, Harry?" Ron was still awake.

"No. It's me, Hermione."

A silence fell into the room for some seconds. Afterward Hermione heard the sound of clothes being picked up. Half-a-minute later Ron appeared from behind the curtain with his chest bare. Hermione gazed at his muscles, which were small but still very sexy.

Only then did she notice Ron was staring at her too. The reasons were obvious since her dress was mini-skirt sized and the upper part showed too much cleavage. She felt a little exposed and embarrassed but decided to look Ron straight in the eyes so he would realize what he was doing.

"Ron..." He looked up at her with his ears red.

"Hum...yes?" He surely was trying really hard to focus on her eyes, instead of her prominent breasts.

"I'll be going now. Good night."

"Hum okay." But as she turned around he heard him call out, "Wait Hermione!"

"What?" She stopped her hand at the door knob...

"Well...Harry's probably going to take a while so you could...keep me company till then? I mean we're friends right?" he added like he was asking the most natural thing in the world.

Hermione, who wasn't feeling tired and didn't want to go to bed to stare at the ceiling, agreed. Ron sat in his bed and Hermione followed and sat down next to him. She noticed his bedside table and asked him what was in it.

"Some stuff. Actually not much more than the fire-whisky bottle and some cups." Ron said.

"You...you have a fire-whisky bottle in there? Ron, what for?"

"I don't know. Sometimes helps me and Harry to feel lighter before we go to sleep."

Hermione threw him a look of disbelief.

"Do you want some?" Ron asked trying to sound nice.

"Me? Well I don't know Ron...I've never drunk something like that in my life," Hermione said apprehensively.

"There's a first time for everything." Ron prepared a cup and handed it to her.

Hermione hesitated for a moment but decided to try it. Immediately she felt a wave of heat dash through her as whirlwinds of hotness danced in her mouth. She saw Ron take a sip too. "Do you like it?" he asked anxiously.

"Hum...I...well." She'd loved it, but she didn't want to admit it. "It isn't your average pumpkin juice," she said smiling nervously.

"Ron offered her four more cups, which she kindly accepted. But she began to feel dizzy after that, and, maybe some effect of the drink, the room was twice as hot as before and Ron's bare chest looked as sexy as ever.

"Sorry, Ron, I'll have to decline another cup; I'm feeling a little light-headed already."

"That's okay. I don't want to push you."

She inclined back with her hands. Suddenly as she was doing it she felt her finger got a little wet. She lifted it up and looked at the liquid. As she observed it well she realized it wasn't liquid at all. It was a whitish kind of sticky thing. It was...it was...

"RON!"

He almost dropped the cup he was guarding in his bedside table. He now seemed a little dizzy too. "What?"

"Look! At what I've found on your bed!" She threaded her finger under his nose.

"Hum. Guess you caught me."

He was smiling. He didn't seem to feel embarrassed at all. "Aren't you going to even apologize?"

"Apologize? For getting pleasure?" Ron seemed rather amused by the situation.

"I'm leaving!" Ron's eyes followed the waves the dress made around her legs.

"Wait! What's the problem?" Ron ran to her and grabbed her arm stopping her from opening the door. "It's perfectly normal. Don't tell me you've never touched yourself!"

"Well...I...That's none of your business!" Hermione was feeling some anger (the fire-whisky didn't let her stop feeling a little effervescent) but she knew it was true, she had never touched herself. She had heard sometimes Parvati or Lavender do it but, for some kind of reason, probably shame, she had never done it. Ron was now looking quite shocked at her. "You've never done it?" he asked, quite dazed.

"What if I didn't? That's my problem not yours!" Hermione turned around to look Ron in the eyes. Ron nodded but then, about ten seconds later while she was still waiting for him to release her arm, he lifted his head with his eyes sparkling. "Come here to my bed," he said while sitting at the edge of his bed? "Trust me, okay? I promise I won't do anything to you."

Hermione crossed the room and sat on the other side of the bed and Ron closed the curtains and cast a silencing spell. "Now lay down please."

Hermione obeyed. She trusted Ron and she knew what he was thinking but...would she do it? She wanted it but she always thought of touching herself in intimacy, not in front of Ron, who she noticed was gazing at her hard breath, making her breasts go up and

down her chest. "What is supposed to happen now?" He seemed to regain some sense looking at her and smiling.

"Well now you're supposed to think of something that turns you on. And then you can touch yourself where you feel the need to. Everywhere on your body if you want it. Like your nipples and stuff." He blushed immensely but looked rather excited, maybe of the idea of teaching her something she didn't know.

However she looked dazzled at him. "How do you know this stuff?"

Ron's ears turned red too but he said, "Well...actually when I was with Lavender she used to tell me what she thought of while she was doing it." But looking at Hermione's furious eyes, he added, "But I've never really cared about what she said and I really never thought about her when I touched myself."

Hermione wanted to know who Ron thought about when...but she knew it was his intimate business. Although what she was about to do now was beyond sharing intimacy. So maybe she would ask him later. "Ron can I ask you something?"  
"Anything."

"Can you close your eyes please?"

He looked kind of disappointed but agreed and turned around while closing his eyes.

Hermione tried to do what Ron told her and thought about what turned her on, but it was quite difficult since she had never really... She turned head to the side to look at Ron. She knew he meant no harm in doing this to her. She looked at his neck where his red hair ended. She wanted to touch it. Suddenly she knew what she would imagine.

In her thoughts she sat on her knees behind Ron and started to kiss his neck while grabbing his hair, stroking it carefully. Then she went with her mouth down his spine, making him shiver. While she imagined her in front of Ron she grabbed one of her breasts and started to touch her nipple while she continued to see herself whisper to Ron, "You can open your eyes now." It was easier to touch herself now that waves of fire emerged inside her legs. She began to stroke her clit, imagining Ron pulling down one of her dress straps and licking and sucking one of her nipples while grabbing and caressing her breast. She moaned out loud while an orgasm released upon her.

She opened her eyes and sat beside Ron on the edge of the bed. He opened his eyes, watching her perceiving the increased bulge between his legs.

"You were...moaning so loud Hermione...what were you thinking?"

"Do you really want to know?" Hermione asked with a smirk.

## 2. The Second Lesson

"Only if you want to tell me..." Ron answered with heavy breath.

She leaned and kissed him and felt his soft and wet lips (perhaps by some licking he'd done when she was...). They began with small kisses, feeling each others' mouths. He caressed her leg, making her sigh, making her slide her tongue inside his mouth exploring every flavour that was in it.

As she broke the kiss Ron was opening and closing his mouth like fish, like he was trying to say something. "Don't need to say anything, Ron, just relax okay?" she whispered in his ears. He nodded while watching her stand on her knees behind him. She started by licking behind his ear making him moan quietly. She made her way down through his neck, sucking, kissing and biting softly so she wouldn't hurt him. He was making mewling sounds, which made her go forward with what she wanted to do.

"Ron don't look now. In time you will see." She reached for the straps of her nightgown and pulled them down, uncovering her breasts. She bent over to Ron's back and rubbed her full breasts against him making him shudder with a groan. "Oh Hermione. I want to touch you." She lowered her hands down his shoulders and touched his nipples making him gasp in surprise and pleasure. She continued to rub her breasts against his back and to touch his nipples while she licked his collarbone and murmured "I love to tease you Ron" which made him dig his nails into his thigh.

As she watched the marks she decided the torture should end for him and pulled her nightgown straps up, covering her breasts again. She withdrew to the centre of the bed. "You can come here now." She was feeling hotter than ever, maybe because of the influence of the fire-whisky, but she didn't care. She wanted Ron so badly.

Ron got on his knees in front of her and kissed her again, but this time biting her lower lip and teasing her all over her neck too. Then he looked her in the eyes and asked, "Are you sure about this Hermione? I don't want to push you into something you don't want to do." He seemed worried about her answer, but willing to accept whatever it was.

"Ron..." She kissed him again and touched his nipple, making him sigh inside her mouth. "I want this as much as you."

That answer seemed to be the final signal for him to move on. He began to slide one of her nightgown straps up and down her arm, while he caressed her cleavage, leaving some small kisses, and making her moan. Then he pulled down her dress gently, while he kissed above her breasts going down slowly, until he reached a nipple and started licking and stroking it. She picked up the middle finger of his other hand and sucked it, letting Ron open his eyes but understanding when she placed it on the other nipple. He then stroked one nipple while sucking and licking the other, occasionally grabbing her full breasts and sucking her neck, exciting her and making her groan, until she had an orgasm.

Ron looked satisfied with himself and Hermione smiled and blushed. "You don't need to blush Hermione," he sighed in her ear, while trying to remove her dress. "I wanted to do this to you a long time ago." He then looked down to observe her panties. By his look she realized he liked them, luckily she was wearing the ones she thought fitted her best. Realizing her situation was unfair to him she hugged him around the waist and began to touch the waistband of his trousers. She pulled them down and grabbed his bottom to push him forward to her. She felt his hardness next to her inner thigh, which made both groan and gasp at the same time. He dared to do the same and reached to her sliding a hand inside her panties and feeling her bottom's soft skin. "Hermione I want to give you so much pleasure," he sighed to her while kissing her collarbone softly.

She noticed her breath was rising, and then she pulled his boxers down and touched the tip of his cock. He shivered with delight and dug his fingertips into her back, while grabbing one of her breasts again, kissing her with faster excitement. Hermione heard his loud groans inside her mouth and ran her hand up and down Ron's cock, eliciting some of the most wonderful noises she'd ever heard.

Suddenly he stopped her hand from stroking it. She looked alarmed, worried she was doing something wrong, but he read her thoughts. "I just don't want to come now; there's still a lot I want to do to you first."

She agreed and felt Ron push her down and settle himself above her. He was now above her, kissing her in a way he had never done before, rubbing his cock against her inner thigh. She was controlling his thrusts with her hands on his bottom, still covered by his boxers, and caressing too. She felt his mouth going down her neck and again to one of her nipples. Then Ron slid one of his hands under her panties and began to stroke her clit gently, watching her reaction. She trembled, while feeling the softness of his skin against such a wet place, he began to massage her entrance, which made her grab the sheets and moan, "Ron." He told her to close her eyes and she obeyed; she felt her body was Ron's now, the way he made her shudder, the way he touched her, the way he made her come...

She felt Ron's hands remove her panties and open her legs. She peeked a little while Ron wasn't watching and saw him lean to her and lick her clit. He had to grab her hips so she wouldn't thrust into him from the pleasure he was giving her. He lowered his tongue to her entrance and slid his tongue inside her, making her scream his name. As she knew he felt her wetness she came again, a release much bigger than before.

He was above her again, his hands holding him up. He was now looking at her intensely. "Hermione, I don't know if it's the fire-whisky that's giving me the courage to do these things to you, but I'm grateful it is."

"I don't want to talk Ron, I want you." She reached his mouth before he could respond and reached her hand into his boxers, removing them while kissing him passionately. She reached a hand down and grabbed his cock, pushing it down until she could feel its head touch her arousal. Ron pushed himself down and placed his hand instead of Hermione's rubbing his cock against her wetness.

He looked at her with more fervour than ever and said something she never expected: "I love you Hermione"

She was sure he said that so she would know he wasn't doing this only because of the fire-whisky. But she knew she felt the same way too. She knew from the moment she agreed to touch herself in front of him. "I love you too Ron." She smiled at him. She grabbed his wand, which was on the bed-side-table, and made a contraceptive spell in her. Ron was staring at her with a weird expression on her face, but he opened his mouth to speak what he was thinking: "I love when you do the I-know-many-things-you-don't thing." He kissed her deeply, not letting her speak again, while continuing to rub his cock against her and tried to enter her, stopping when she dug her teeth into his neck from the pain of losing her virginity. After that he continued to sink into her, groaning louder and sexier. Hermione felt the pain change into pleasure and grabbed Ron, so now his ear was next to her mouth and she could whisper, "I love you doing this to me." She opened her legs wider and he quickened his pace, making her moan louder, feeling waves of pleasure through her body while she tightened her walls around the penis inside her. She heard him scream her name and felt him come inside her, while she released her pleasure and screamed his name too.

He removed himself from her and cast a cleaning spell on them both. Hermione's eyes were closed, and she felt the softness of his sheets covering her naked body. She opened her eyes to see him gazing at her. Ron kissed her tenderly and hugged her. She felt all that had happened between him and her crush into her. She could not blame her feelings on the fire-whisky anymore. "I love you so much Ron".

"I love you too Hermione and I loved this night."

She closed her eyes and the last thing she felt was Ron's hand pressing hers.