Lesson 1:

It must have been well after midnight when Ron awakened to the growling of his stomach. It was the ice cream they'd had for dessert that evening that was calling to him from downstairs. He had watched his mother put a cooling charm on what remained of the dessert they'd had at dinner, and in a house where there were seven children, one learned early on that if you waited too long for what you wanted, there would be none left. That was even truer when it applied to food and Charlie had
lived at home.

It was the summer before his sixth year of school, and the Burrow had become the Order's most recent headquarters. Since Sirius had been killed, there always seemed to be extra people in the house.

He padded from his room in bare feet and wearing the pyjama bottoms in which he slept and a white t-shirt. His bare foot touched the bottom stair and then the cooler tile of the kitchen floor. He opened the cupboard that had a permanent Cooling Charm on it and looked inside for the sweet his stomach was demanding with a loud churning.

"Bugger!" Where was it? Damn whoever had gotten to it first.

"Looking for this, mate?"

Ron's heart jumped in his chest, and he yelped quite embarrassingly like a little girl, in surprise at the feminine voice behind him. "Bloody fuckin' hell, Tonks!" He put his hands on his knees and tried to get his heart to beat normally again. "Have I done something to make you want shod of me?"

"What are you goin' on about, mate?"

"You do that again and my heart may not restart itself! What are you doin' sittin' down here in the dark anyway?" The blood was pounding in his ears as she rose from her seat at the table.

"I just came off patrol and I didn't want to wake the whole house." She nodded that he should follow her. She stepped out onto the porch and sat down on the top step.

He plopped down beside her, his hip and shoulders touching hers as she passed him the bowl and spoon.

"You sure?" he asked, picking up her spoon and starting it toward his lips.

She nodded. "But I'm not giving it over. I'm sharing it with you, just so you understand. Don't be a hog with it."

"Fair enough," he said, smiling. "Do you want me to get my own spoon?"

"Nah, I have a rule about sharing cutlery."

"A rule? Let's hear it then."

"Never share it with someone you wouldn't want to kiss." He could feel his ears turning red and hoped she wouldn't notice in the dim light that the moon provided.

No such luck.

"Now I've embarrassed you," she said, running her finger over the shell of his ear.

She took the spoon from his hand and dipped it into the chocolate ice cream then brought it to her lips. His appreciation grew stiffer when her tongue licked across her lower lip, and he shifted in an attempt to keep her from seeing just how much he was appreciating the view.
She dipped the spoon back into the bowl and started it towards his lips. Her hands, not graceful under the best of circumstances, lost their grip on the spoon and it landed in his lap. The cold ice cream made him yelp. She attempted to right her mistake by rubbing the cold mess from his lap. She only succeeded in rubbing his semi-erect to cock to a raging hard-on that twitched and throbbed begging for relief.

"Feels like you've got a need for more than sweets here, Ron," she said, cupping his bollocks atop his clothes.

"Fuck!" He gasped out the words.

"We can," she said.

She dipped her finger into the bowl of ice cream and rubbed it across his lips, then leaned forward and flicked her tongue slowly over his mouth, licking all traces of chocolate from his lips.

"You want some help with this, mate?" She wrapped her hand around the base of his cock tightly and began to stroke.

Ron's head lolled back, eyes closed, and his hips bucked forward involuntarily, very nearly unseating her from the position she had taken up straddling his knees. She grabbed his shoulders to steady herself.

"Sorry 'bout that." He was embarrassed by his clumsiness, and he thought it must have been evident in his burning, red ears how inexperienced he was.

"Take these down," she whispered, tugging at the silky, maroon pyjama bottoms.

"Huh? Here?"

"Is that a problem?" Tonks ran her hands up the inside of his thighs and slid one beneath his white t-shirt. Her hand was cool against the heat of his skin. She leaned forward and whispered the words again. "Is that a problem, Ron?"

Her hand slipped out from beneath his shirt and she locked her fingers behind his neck pulling herself fully astride his lap and kissing him hard. Her tongue parted his lips, and he kissed her back, though he was nervous about his lack of skill. She ground her hips against his and there simply were not words to describe how much he wanted her.

Voices from inside the Burrow became audible.

"Bugger!" Tonks said, grabbing his hand and pulling him off the porch and over to the side of the house.

She pushed him hard against the wall and kissed him again. She slid her hand inside his pyjama bottoms and nipped the lobe of his ear. She closed her hand around his shaft and whispered in his ear. "Impressive. You are a Weasley."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Does it matter? Do you want me to make you feel good or not, Ron?"
He stammered, but only because she was tugging his bottoms down his hips and no girl had done that before. She grasped hold of his bare thigh with one hand and his cock with the other as she flicked the under side of her tongue over the sensitive head of his cock.

"Merlin!" His voice was unnaturally high in pitch and his hips lurched involuntarily. He tossed his head back and moaned... loudly.

"Are you trying to wake the entire house? Hold it down," Tonks said. She licked him from base to tip and he cried out again. "I can see we're going to have to work up to this. Honestly, you're noisier than Bill."

"You mean, you and Bill—"

"Shh," she said, stroking him harder and faster as she kissed him, swallowing down his moans of appreciation. "Come for me," she said against his skin.

"So close," he said. She kissed him hard and deep and in a moment he was sagging, spent against the side of the house. "Fuck, that was amazing," he said.

She kissed him lightly this time. "Meet me by the pond tomorrow. You have much to learn... of course, I'm assuming you want me to teach you."

"I promise not to complain about the assignments, Professor. I'll be an apt pupil."

"That's my good boy." She grinned, kissing him once more before she walked away.

End of Lesson 1

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