With Bells and Ribbons

by ChocoChipBiscuit

Summary

Cho had a long day at work, and Padma knows just how to bring some control back to her life.

Notes

I fell in love with 'sappy kinksters' as the prompt for this pairing, and absolutely had to write it!

Many thanks to Whit for Britpicking. Much love. <3

Cho Apparates home to the welcoming sizzle and scrape of Padma making fried rice.

“Smells good,” Cho says, pulling off her shoes. She sets one hand on the wall for balance, just below the red囍 paper-cutting. She tucks her shoes on the rack, heels to the wall so their little silver butterfly buckles wink out at her.

“It should, since I’m cooking,” is Padma’s tart response, but she softens it by blowing a kiss. “I figured you’d want something hot after working over hours. How was work?”
“Exhausting,” Cho groans, slumping into her seat at the dinner table. Padma’s already set a glass of water there, and Cho takes a gulp before pressing it to her forehead, the cool glass soothing her headache. “The new batch of healers started today, and they’re eager, at least, just…”

“New?”

“Yes.” Cho sighs. “And normally I like to round with the students, but then we had a code and then had to transition for the next shift to take over and I got caught up in paperwork.” Cho lowers her glass, staring into the clear liquid as if she might scry where she went wrong. “I became a healer to help people. Not to do paperwork.”

“Tell me about it,” Padma says dryly, scooping rice into two bowls. She sets them on the table, sitting across the corner from Cho.

Cho blushes, remembering her manners. “And how was your day, Padma?”

“Mostly paperwork,” Padma says breezily. She forks up a piece of egg. “Then again, that’s rather the usual in the Wizengamot. Nothing too onerous.” She raises an eyebrow. “But seriously, Cho. You had a long day, and we’re both off work tomorrow. Want me to take care of you?”

“What do you have in mind?”

“We clean up together, then I braid your hair. Massage your feet. Let you feel in control.” Her breath lingers on the last word, and Cho blushes again.

“Are you sure you’re up for that tonight?”

Padma smiles. “I wouldn’t offer if I wasn’t. You could braid my hair. Tie me up. Use that hook…” She bites her lip. “But if you’re tired, or would rather—”

“No, no, that’s good. Amazing. Outstanding, even.”

Padma chuckles. “Safeword is ‘Troll,’” she says, both joke and reminder.

“Safeword is ‘Troll.’” Cho nods. “So you take care of me first. Brush my hair, braid it, then I can braid your hair. Tie it to the hook. Lots of warm-up.” Cho grins, already perking up. “Or I could spank you first? Then make you sit pretty, on your knees. Pretty breasts pushed out—”

“Surely you won’t pinch my nipples,” Padma drawls, one hand over her mouth in mock horror as she flutters her eyelashes.

“I might. I might pinch them. I might even clamp them, or put ice on them, then put a vibration spell right on your clit—”

Padma shivers with delight. “Orgasm denial, or forced orgasm?”

Cho giggles, squeezing Padma’s hand. They lace their fingers together, and Cho raises Padma’s hand to kiss the knuckles. “No fun in forcing an orgasm if we don’t deny it a little at first, right?”

“And maybe your strap-on? The new blue dildo, the one with the sparkles?”

Cho scrunches her nose, thinking, then shakes her head. “I’m sorry, but that’s a lot more thrusting than I think I’m up for, right now.”

Padma kisses her cheek. “No worries. We can always do that some other time.”
They finish dinner and clean the dishes together, Padma streaming soapy water from the tip of her wand over the plates as Cho does a Muggle-style scrub with hot water and a brush in the wok, then dries it by setting it on the stove on high heat. While the last seeps of moisture evaporate, Padma prepares the scene.

When Cho walks into their bedroom, Padma has already placed a comb and hairbrush on the bed, as well as several lengths of soft ribbon and the gleaming steel anal hook. Padma’s already tidied up the room, too—another thing that Cho reminds herself to thank Padma for. The discarded stockings are in the hamper, the books are neatly straightened on the shelves, and it looks like Padma gave everything a good dusting as well.

Cho stands at the edge of the bed, arms out. “Can you undo my robes?”

Padma nods, deft fingers undoing the small buttons and clasps. There are spells for this sort of thing, but Cho likes the tactile feel of Padma’s hands, the small scrapes and rustles of flesh against cloth and even the small tugs of the fabric on her skin before falling away. Cho shrugs off the robes when they’re loose enough, then steps out of the puddle of fabric. She picks it up with her fingertips, dropping it in the hamper, then turns to watch Padma’s hungry eyes on her. Cho grins, unhooking her bra and dropping it to the floor, then sweetly asks, “Would you like to take off my panties?”

Padma nods. Cho crooks her finger, and Padma comes closer, kissing her belly as she hooks her fingers in the elastic, pulling down to expose Cho’s curls. Padma trails her kisses lower—navel, belly, bend of the hip—but is halted as Cho pulls away, stepping out of her underwear.

Cho’s stockings stay on, along with her garter. They are bright red, a lovely pop of color against her pale skin. There are garter-free spells to help stockings stay in place, but Cho likes the old-fashioned feel of the garments. Besides, garter-free spells aren’t nearly as pretty as a set of lace.

Cho sits on the bed, back to Padma, and Padma undoes the pins and twists that kept Cho’s hair in her neat bun all day, and oh—Cho sighs as her hair falls down her back, scalp tingling as Padma rubs the back of her neck in small circles, nails gently scratching through her hair. Her hair is thinner than Padma’s, something she occasionally gets jealous about, but Padma treats it like silk, soft and gentle as she combs it in small sections, tip to root, before brushing it. Cho’s favorite part of having her hair brushed is when Padma works her way up, the bristles massaging her scalp and falling into a soothing rhythm.

“Would you like the rose oil in your hair?” Padma asks, stirring Cho out of her reverie.

“No, not tonight— I might just fall asleep if you do.”

Padma kisses Cho’s shoulder. “It’s alright if you do. We don’t have to do a scene.”

“But I want to.”

Padma chuckles. “Who am I to argue with that?” she asks, partitioning Cho’s hair as she starts a loose French braid.

“You could argue with the sun, if you wanted to,” Cho says, giggling.

Padma swats her shoulder, laughing as well. “If I wanted to. But I don’t want to argue with you right now, so you’re safe.”

“Pink ribbons, please?” Cho asks
“Pink it is.” Padma finishes the braid, tying it off with a pink ribbon and fetching a mirror so Cho can admire her work.

Cho preens in the mirror, smiling, then twists to hug Padma. “It’s gorgeous. Thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome,” Padma says, kissing her cheek. “Do mine?”

“Get naked first.”

Padma stands up and shucks her robes, tossing them in an untidy heap. At Cho’s raised eyebrow, she sighs and puts them in the hamper. Her underwear gets the same treatment—no garters for her, not unless Padma’s specifically dressing up for Cho—and she’s gorgeous and naked.

Cho’s mouth goes a little dry, just as it always does.

“Are you going to stare, or brush my hair?” Padma asks, hands on her hips.

Cho coughs and swats at her. “Sit down, then.”

She loves brushing Padma’s hair, all the lovely weight and texture of it. She uses the comb first, brushing small sections and letting them slip over her fingers. Cho leans in, taking a whiff of Padma’s hair—the earthy sweetness of it, the gentle blend of Padma’s hair oils and a whiff of the citrus perfume that Padma loves. She brushes it gently, then divides the hair into sections and selects a length of pale blue ribbon. Cho weaves the ribbon into the braid, admiring the contrast of pale ribbon against Padma’s dark hair, and ties it off in a bow.

Cho gives Padma the mirror, and as Padma inspects it, Cho asks, “Ready for a spanking?”

Padma grins, setting the mirror on the bedside table and rolling into Cho’s lap. She wriggles her arse, squirming so her hips hook over the spill of Cho’s lap, and says, “Ready.”

Cho sets one hand on Padma’s back, fingers straddling the spine, and gives a series of light finger-taps, building a rapid patter of skin-strikes as she moves from fingers to knuckles to palm, a rising intensity that goes from barely jiggling Padma’s flesh to a full-body swing that makes Cho’s palm sting, rebound, makes Padma’s spine flex as she cries out in shock, face pressing the covers and fists clenched in the bed.

“Too much?” Cho asks, rubbing Padma’s arse with her palm. Soothing, soothing. Small circles, palm cool against the warm flesh.

“No, no. More. I want more,” Padma says, voice wet and hoarse all at once. Her cunt radiates heat, a hot patch over Cho’s thigh.

“Good girl,” Cho says, and it’s a joy to read the flex and tension of Padma’s spine, the way she braces herself for the next blow before forcing herself to relax, to sag her body into Cho’s attention. Cho keeps a careful pattern, tracking symmetry as she goes up, down, left, right, taking fractional movements to get a precise overlap of strikes and fresh skin. They’ve exchanged places before, well enough that Cho’s own skin remembers how it feels to have new strikes on places already tender and inflamed, the euphoric rush of pain and heat as it builds, how it feels to have new blows on untouched flesh, the cold shock of it fading to red warmth.

She takes breaks, now and then. Flips her hand to rub Padma’s arse with her knuckles, to lean over and blow cool breath against the skin, to play with temperature as much as sensation while Padma moans and sighs into the bed.
It’s never been about pain, with them. Not truly. Pain is a means to an end, just as studying is a means to knowing. Pain breaks barriers, lets them sink into body and self. Distracts from the mental buzz and hum that drones through the rest of their lives.

Cho likes controlling that pain, that sensation. Sometimes, it feels like the only thing she can control.

Padma’s moaning, moaning. Body limp, shoulders loose. Deep in that space where Cho has sent her.

“Padma, talk to me. How are you doing?”

“Outstanding,” Padma murmurs, mouth thick. She swallows, that tiny gulp echoing in the ringing silence.

“Would you still like me to play with your arse?”

Padma nods, but Cho waits until she verbalizes it as a “yes” before conjuring lube and sliding it over her fingers, almost dripping as she spreads Padma’s cheeks, slipping one finger down the cleft, then to that tight hole, and— ah, yes. Padma is always so relaxed after a spanking, that first finger slips in with no resistance, a welcoming warmth and clench once inside. Cho rocks her finger in and out, Padma almost sucking her in when Cho rocks in, and Cho slips a second finger along the first, continuing that rocking as Padma moans.

When Padma starts grinding against Cho’s thigh, smearing arousal on Cho’s skin, Cho says, “No.”

“Please?” Padma sighs, too weak for true begging.

“Not until you have the hook in you. Would you rather I slip it in cold, or heat it up?”

Padma groans with indecision, but finally says, “Cold.”

“Kneel on the bed, then.”

Sometimes Cho likes Padma on the floor, helpless and submissive, but today Cho wants Padma on display. Padma crawls off Cho’s lap, shuffling to the center of the bed on her hands and knees. She tilts forward, forearms flat, and shivers as the mattress dips beneath her.

Cho takes her time lubing up the hook, smearing it in a cushioning layer over the ball and coating farther up the rod. Anticipation is part of the pleasure, watching Padma tremble before Cho rubs the heavy metal ball against her hole. Padma clenches against the cold, but Cho slides it in with a gentle pop.

“How are you feeling, Padma?”

“Outstanding,” Padma groans. She arches her back as Cho pushes the hook farther in, the metal’s bend nearly flush with her arse.

“I’m going to tie your hair to the hook now, if you’re alright?” Cho says, wiping her hands on the covers. When Padma murmurs agreement, Cho takes another length of ribbon— blue shot with silver threads, darker than the one in Padma’s hair— and loops it through the ring of the anal hook, knotting it before tying it to Padma’s braid. Sometimes Cho thinks it would be lovely to get a longer hook, something they could directly tie with Padma’s hair, but the ribbons offer a certain amount of safety as well. If something goes awry, the ribbons can always be cut. Padma would be less upset over cutting ribbons than her hair.
“How is that?” Cho asks.

Padma tilts her head forward, testing the tension in the braid as it pulls between her scalp and driving the hook deeper. She straddles her knees wide, breasts dangling, and wriggles her arse before hissing at the hook’s restriction. “Outstanding.”

Cho cups one of Padma’s breasts in her hand, thumb dragging across the nipple. She pinches it, rolling the tight brown bud to a hard point, and kisses Padma’s shoulder. “I was thinking the clothespins, or—”

“No, not the clothespins. Please,” Padma shudders.

Cho chuckles, squeezing Padma’s breast. “How about the little clamps? The ones with the bells?”

Padma nods, biting her lip. As acerbic as she can be outside of play, she melts into a beautiful puddle of want and need. Cho fetches the clamps and fastens them snugly in place over Padma’s nipples. The tiny bells jingle, tinny and sweet, as Padma rocks herself forward, back. Biting her lip to keep from making sound.

The real fun will come when the clamps come off, of course. Cho grins, rubbing her thighs together. God, but she’s horny. Doesn’t need to act on it, not yet. Building the scene is the main event.

She murmurs a charm, conjuring a vibrating ball of energy at her fingertips. It buzzes, ticklish, and Cho slides her hand between Padma’s legs, slipping up her lube-slick thighs and pressing Padma’s clit.

Padma gasps, bells tinkling as she struggles to stay still. Her braid is taut, her spine arched as she clenches the covers. Cho laughs, merciless and sweet, and ups the vibration to a steady whine. Watching Padma clench, clench, clench, arse tight and toes curled and Padma hisses, groans, a mad cacophony with the bells’ jingle—

Cho stops.

Padma pants for breath, beating her fist against the mattress. “Cho! Let me—”

“I’ll let you come when I’m ready.” Cho giggles, slipping her fingers down the cleft of Padma’s cunt. She dips in, shallow, and pulls her hand out again to inspect the glistening mess. “Why don’t you clean it off?”

Padma opens her mouth, struggling to keep position. The bells give an occasional tinkle as she wraps her lips around Cho’s fingers, teeth grazing skin as she swirls her tongue, lapping at every crevice of Cho’s hand before Cho pulls her fingers away.

Cho starts the vibrations again, hand between Padma’s legs. Lets it build, build. High, higher. Stops each time before Padma can come, slips those two fingers inside Padma’s cunt with shallow thrusts, pulls out. Does not stop until she can see Padma’s fluids web between her fingers, clear and sticky.

Padma’s sweating now, shoulders dewy and spine damp. Cho finally takes mercy, turning the vibrations up to a teeth-rattling whine and bracing her fingers around Padma’s clit, thumb dragging up the hood and fuck, her wrist can’t hold it, but she doesn’t need to hold it for long as Padma comes, screams, cries, writhing and trying to curl in on herself but her hair tied to the hook and preventing her, half-collapsed on the covers and Cho’s hand clamped between her legs, her bells lost between the scream of orgasm—
Padma comes, but Cho does not stop. Not this time. Hand still wedged in place, Cho forces another orgasm, another, another, Padma still screaming and crying and her body jackknifing forward, back, braid pulling the scalp so Cho can see her roots, and oh—

“Troll! Troll!” Padma gasps.

Cho stops immediately, wrenching her hand free and kissing Padma’s back.

“Ribbons. Undo the ribbons,” Padma says, still panting. “Don’t have to cut them. Just untie.”

Cho pulls the bow apart, and Padma lets out a long sigh of relief as she collapses forward on her belly. Cho pulls out the hook, setting it aside, and rubs Padma’s arse. “How are you doing?”


“Want me to remove the clamps? You’ll be more sensitive,” Cho warns.

Padma groans again. “Better now than later.”

Cho undoes the screws, rolling the bells in her palm before setting them on the bedside table. Padma’s nipples are pointy and perfect, practically begging to be pinched, but Cho resists. Instead, she asks, “Was there anything I could have done differently?”

“Mm.” Padma flops her head back, sighing. “It wasn’t bad. I wasn’t safewording because it was bad. Just. Too much. Overstimulated. I enjoyed it. I’m not hurt.”

“Would you like tea?” At Padma’s nod, Cho asks, “Mint?” At the second nod, Cho goes to the kitchen. She starts the kettle as she gets two bags of mint tea. One goes into her favorite Tutshill Tornados mug, and the other into a dark blue mug decorated in constellations. She pours the water and carries the steaming mugs back to the bedroom.

Padma’s already tucked herself into bed, idly flipping through a Muggle photobook on endangered butterflies. Cho sets the mug beside her, then climbs into her side of the bed with a dog-eared romance.

“Well? Did it work?” Padma asks, pillowing her head against Cho’s shoulder.

“Did what work?”

Padma smiles. “Did it make you feel better?”

Cho laughs, dipping to kiss Padma’s cheek. “Oh, definitely.”

“Outstanding.”

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