

# Falling Away

*by indie blues*

Overcome with the pain caused by recent events, Pansy is nearly out of her mind and acts accordingly.

## Consequences

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: I own none of the characters, only the plot.

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"Pansy?" Draco called, entering the bedroom and being careful not to spill the cup of coffee he was holding.

Pansy was sitting on the bed, a letter grasped in her hand and a horrified expression on her face.

"What's wrong?" Draco asked, frowning in concern.

"I don't understand," she murmured softly. "I just – I don't understand, why did it have to be like this? I had to kill so many people... children... And then, people died for me. They died to save me," she said, almost disbelievingly. "How did I lock it away?" Pansy gasped, her eyes filling with tears, and the letter dropped out of her hand. "Oh God," she held her hands to her mouth. "Why?" she repeated, tears streaming down her face.

Draco put the cup down on the mahogany dresser next to the door and went over, sitting down next to her and embracing her quivering form.

"Please," Pansy gasped, burying her head in Draco's shoulder. "Make it stop," she sobbed. "It hurts too much! I can't take this," she sounded almost panicked.

"It's okay," Draco said, rubbing her back. "It's okay. I'm here," he told her.

Pansy cried harder, her body shaking with every sob. "I can't –" she gasped. "Draco, it hurts too much," she said shrilly.

Draco put a slender finger under her chin and tilted her face towards him. "You're not a bad person," he said firmly. Tears still flowing down her cheeks, Pansy said nothing.

Grey eyes filled with sadness, Draco leaned forward and kissed her. Pansy kissed him back, clinging to him as though afraid he would disappear. She fell backwards, her head landing on one of the cerulean pillows. Draco lay down beside her, one hand on her waist, the other on her cheek, reassuring and familiar. His kisses deepened, silently begging her to let the pain go, to accept that what he was saying about her being a good person was true.

After several minutes, Draco slowly lowered his head onto the pillow beside her, his cheek against hers. "It's going to be all right," he whispered. Looking down, he saw she had fallen asleep.

A few hours later, Pansy awoke, Draco still beside her but asleep. Carefully, she disentangled herself from him and stood up. She went into the bathroom, stopping to retrieve her wand from the bedside table, and shut the door behind her.

Pansy waved her wand over the bath, filling it with hot water. She placed the wand on the edge of the tub, then undressed and got into the bath. She sank down, letting the hot water soak her dark hair and cover her face briefly.

Pulling herself up into a sitting position once more, Pansy picked up her wand. In one smooth motion, she waved it over her left wrist; a deep cut appeared across it. Her eyes filled with tears as she silently cast another cut over her right wrist, but she did not let them spill.

Pansy put the wand back on the ledge and leaned back. "I'm sorry," she whispered and sank beneath the steaming surface.