

Ashes of the Heart

by Gelsey

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Loss and grief burn away the memory of that happiness and leave but ashes of the
heart.

Blaise/Pansy, Pansy/Draco.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Ink wells on the tip of the quill, the same shining colour of her hair. He hesitates but then presses it against the vellum, letting the words flow out of his heart and onto the paper.

Hair of sable softly falling

Brushing breasts so ripe and full.

Pansy straddled him on the bed, moving so slowly. The pace was driving him mad as she rocked with unhurried deliberation, teasing him to the brink of insanity with the slick slide of skin.

Blaise's hands gripped her hips, chocolate macchiato against delicate cream. His voice was a dusky murmur in the dimly lighted room, hoarse as he urged her to go faster.

Her laugh chimed across the room, filling the once-lonely corners with warmth, his heart with fullness and his loins with fire.

Clever fingers skimmed up her body and tugged pert nipples, changing laughter into moans. She finally moved faster, his hands urging her on, cupping her arse, her breasts. Breaths shortened, senses heightened, and the world imploded with her at its center.

Kisses like the summer mist

Eyelashes flutter like a hummingbird.

Pansy always woke up the same way every morning. He'd discovered the endearing routine early on in their relationship. It always started with her burrowing into the covers – and his chest – with a little noise.

She'd lick her lips, murmuring inaudible words of objection. Smooth and plump, her lips would brush against his chest enticingly, tiny fairy kisses that were unintentionally both sweet and sexy.

As the room lightened, her eyelashes fluttered as though protesting the invasion of the weak beams. He often leaned down and kissed her. When he did this, her lips would curve up in a sweet smile he felt before he saw, and when her eyes finally opened, they were sleepy and content.

He fell in love with this early morning Pansy. He'd promised himself once that he wouldn't fall for her; she'd belonged to his bestmate at that time. But now Draco was promised to Astoria, betrothed because his parents gently urged him. Draco was a good son.

The soft morning vulnerability stole his heart, however. The lure the dawn emphasized was something he could not resist.

Long legs so smooth and silky

Wrapped and twined about mine.

There were afternoons when he left *The Daily Prophet*, which he had bought after the war, early and charmed his way into the offices of *Witch Weekly* where she worked as a well-acclaimed columnist. He tempted her away, back to his home and his bed.

He fed her chocolate and seduced her as thoroughly as possible. There was nothing more beautiful than seeing her sprawled on his bed in the afternoon, naked and wanting him.

Sometimes it was a fiery, hot coupling, while other afternoons he took it slow, watching every reaction – the way she would writhe when he thrust ~~just~~o, how she would bite her lip the instant before coming.

They lay with limbs entwined, lazy and sated in the aftermath. He collaborated with her, naked, to solve the crossword puzzles that he ran in the paper.

He told her he loved her one of these afternoons, and though he received only a kiss, he was happy.

Yet here I see her walking,

Walking far away from me.

Blaise overheard while walking through the newsroom. He moved silently, and his proofwitches had no idea that he was behind them.

"It's true! I heard it from Violet – that girl who works at the flower shop. They were handling the Malfoy wedding. Draco called it off, said he couldn't marry someone he didn't love."

"How romantic!" another witch gushed, but Blaise didn't stay to hear anymore. There was a stillness inside of him, as if everything seized up in anticipation of a painful blow.

He went to his office, but it offered no sanctuary. Pansy stood in front of his desk, tears on her smooth cheeks. He knew, knew then that while she was happy with him, while she might even love him, that love paled next to what she felt for Draco.

"Go," he said, voice hollow like his heart. "Be happy."

She threw her arms around his neck, and he held her fiercely, but in the end, he let her go.

Never looking, looking backward,

As my heart breaks at my feet.

The ink gleams wetly, but he doesn't wait for it to dry. It slides from his fingers into the fire, crumbling to ashes before his eyes – the ashes of his heart.

Author's Notes: The poetry was the hardest part to create. My apologies if it sucks. Thanks to Lady Whitehart for the proofing and for the summary!