

# Therapy

*by HermioneWeasley1972*

Can he be cured of his phobia?

## One shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Can he be cured of his phobia?

Disclaimer: I don't own any of these characters.

Severus looked around at the spot which Hermione had chosen for their vacation. He had agreed to go wherever she chose, since she had made so many allowances for him in the past few months. But had he known she was bringing him here...

"Hermione," he started, not knowing how to say it. "Why did you choose the beach?"

"Well," she started, "we're always down in the dungeons brewing potions, and we don't get to see the sunshine much. Plus, I have heard some good things about using different kinds of sea kelp and seaweed in potions. That with the combination of the different types of shells which can be collected here and also used in potions, I thought that this would be not only a nice place to spend our summer holidays but also to collect some new potion ingredients."

Severus tried hard not to smile. It was a typical Hermione answer, something that she had never outgrown and that he never wanted her to outgrow. She looked so eager that he didn't have the heart to tell her.

"Very well. We can have our holidays here."

Severus and Hermione moved into the cottage by the ocean which Hermione had rented and set things up for their month-long stay. They visited the nearby wizarding village for supplies and for amusement and enjoyed their time out on the porch, watching the waves roll in.

But it soon became evident to Hermione that something strange was happening. She would stroll the beach looking for shells and for other items that could be used in potions, but Severus would always have an excuse why he didn't join her.

When she returned from her daily stroll, she said, "I would love to take a walk with you on the beach tonight and watch the sun set together."

He froze in what he was doing, not daring to look at her. Finally, he looked up her, his normally sallow face flushing. "I - I can't," he said quietly, apologetically.

Her brow furrowed. "Why not?"

Sighing, he put his quill down and rubbed his temples. "Hermione, I saw how much you wanted to be here. But I have Eremikophobia."

"You're afraid of sand? Why didn't you tell me?" she asked incredulously.

"Because you were so pleased with being here and I love you, so I didn't want to disappoint you."

She went over to him and gave him a kiss. "I think I know how I can help you. If you will let me, that is," she said with a coy grin.

He cocked his eyebrow at her, wondering what she had planned.

Several hours later, Hermione and Severus lay together on a blanket in the sand, another blanket covering their naked bodies. Both of their faces were rosy in the afterglow of lovemaking.

Severus no longer suffered from Eremikophobia.

Prompt from Mazzy: beach vacay, phobia, prefer SSHG