

The Anchor

by schmoo999

Hermione knows who she can cling too.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The sandbox belongs to J.K. Rowling. I only play here.

Hermione sometimes felt like she would never come clean.

That there was a blackness in her that was sticky and clinging. That it did not want to let go. She would sit by herself for hours with her novels wanting nothing more than to escape that which was her reality now.

But when her professor was near in his black robes, imposing, with arms crossed looking down at her with no patience. It pulled her from the sucking black that sometimes threatened her soul.

Severus Snape was her anchor in the way she was for Harry and even Ron at times.