

# Never Let You Go

by zyra

She had never wanted to let him go. How she wished that people would understand that and leave her be.

## Never Let You Go

Chapter 1 of 1

She had never wanted to let him go. How she wished that people would understand that and leave her be.

*Author's Note: This was posted in GS100 under 'Addiction Challenge'. Thanks to dickgloucester for reading them through and fix the errors for me.*

~.~.~.~.~.

She was floating lazily on calm and peaceful waves when she felt something tugging to pull her apart from him. Wouldn't people stop harassing them? She chose him. And she would never let him go. Period.

She strengthened her hold on her husband when she felt the invisible force pull harder. *Something or someone is going to be on the receiving end of my wrath and hexes, and they'll regret the day they were born*, she furiously thought.

No. *No one can take me away from my husband*, she continued feverishly as she renewed the strength of her firm embrace.

~.~.~.~.~.

She felt a soft touch on her cheek and a warm skin swipe across her forehead, and she didn't realize that she was sweating from the current effort until she felt a cold breeze blow past them.

A voice called out to her faintly, but she couldn't decipher what was said. She strained her ears to try and listened again. She didn't know why, but with the voice came a sudden sense of protection over her. It was weird because nothing, *nothing* could make her feel secured unless her husband was by her side. And he was beside her now.

~.~.~.~.~.

Then why was a voice of an unknown entity able to overcome such feeling?

The voice called out to her again. This time she was ready and listened intently.

"Will you let go of my pillow before I get jealous of it?"

"Severus?" she asked sleepily.

"Who else could be clever enough to bypass your ridiculous complex wards? The conference ended early; I didn't see any reason to stay away from you any longer. And now that you're awake ..."

She pushed her until-recently-addicted Severus' pillow to accept the real person. Sleep was the last thing on their minds that night.

~FIN~